

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 161

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 161 Accepted Into The Program

Upon hearing those words. Quincy completely fell apart. She lay weakly against Benedict, her eyes drooping with a profound sense of resentment. "Calista! How could you be so ruthless? I'm your sister! What's wrong with me taking your work? Why must you do this to me?"

Deep within Quincy's heart, she swore that if given the chance, she would make Calista suffer humiliation ten thousand times worse than what she had experienced that day.

Barry's decision, too, dealt a devastating blow to Yelena. Is he going to expel Quincy? No! Calista should be the one getting expelled!

Bayview University boasted one of the country's top medical faculties. It had taken her quite some effort to secure Quincy's guaranteed admission into the university. Which medical school would still be willing to accept Quincy if she's expelled from here? And how would she secure a job at the family business after graduation?

The more she dwelled on it, the angrier Yelena became. All of a sudden, she let out a bizarre cry and charged in Calista's direction!

It was evident to everyone that Yelena was about to act, yet Calista remained composed. In an instant, Emmett, drenched in sweat, positioned himself protectively in front of her. Barry, too, hurried over to mediate the situation.

Calista instantly noticed that Yelena's nails were filed to sharp points, clearly not for aesthetics. It was apparent that Yelena was fully intent on disfiguring her face.

"Calista narrowed her eyes, watching as Yelena approached with a threatening gesture. However, two burly men held her back, preventing any further advance. Despite the monstrous fury in her gaze, there was nothing she could do.

Calista's laughter in response immediately fueled Yelena's anger. "Calista! You heartless wretch! Go to hell!"

The spectators, initially engrossed in the drama, couldn't help but gasp at this point. The curse was not something they would expect to hear in a family argument. What kind of parents could utter such words to their children?

Benedict stepped in and pulled Yelena away, swiftly giving her a slap across her face. "Calm down!"

His face was flushed with anger. He had slapped Yelena so hard that she was knocked to the ground.

Upon seeing this, Quincy hurried over and threw herself into Yelena's arms, crying with regret. "Dad! This is all my fault. Don't take it out on Mom!"

Quincy was acutely aware that within the Stafford family, Yelena was the only one who truly cared for her. She understood that, when the moment was right, she needed to demonstrate to Yelena that she deserved her love more.

As expected, Yelena couldn't bear to see her daughter in such a miserable state. She covered her face, tears welling up in her eyes as she looked at Benedict, her voice filled with resentment. "Fine. It seems you only consider Calista as your precious daughter, right? Go ahead, hit us! Kill us if you want! I know you never

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Benedict, often oblivious, had always felt guilty for impregnating Yelena. Her bringing this up not only made him feel awkward but also gave him a splitting headache.

Meanwhile, Yelena and Quincy were already huddled together, crying desperately.

Suddenly, Calista strode confidently toward Yelena while clapping her hands, exuding an air of victory. Despite her arrogance, Calista's demeanor commanded respect, leaving no room for dislike. Her smile and gaze sent a shiver down the spine of onlookers. "You know what?"

Calista crossed his arms and directed his attention to Yelena. "What I did today was for Quincy's benefit. Look at her; she inherited your acting skills. It's a waste for her to pursue an education in medicine. She should enroll in a drama school where her talent can shine."

Quincy's face instantly turned as pale as snow. Some onlookers couldn't help but wonder if Quincy would end up vomiting blood out of anger because of Calista.

After all, Quincy was not as bold as Mirabelle. Even if she wasn't pushed to the point of vomiting blood, she wasn't far from it. She couldn't even cry when Calista uttered those words. Instead, she sat still, feeling incredibly embarrassed.

Calista glanced at the flustered Benedict, who was standing to the side, before turning to Barry and, in a softened tone, saying, "It seems they're quite emotional. Perhaps it would be best to take them to the office for some tea to calm down. I must be going: I have a class to attend to. Thank you for your help, Professor Lockwood"

Barry nodded in response. "No trouble at all. It's all part of my job."

Calista finally locked eyes with Benedict. Despite seeing the mixed emotions in his eyes, she left without uttering a word.

At that point, Benedict wished there was someone who could offer him advice to navigate such a challenging situation. Everything that had unfolded today was overwhelmingly stressful for someone as image-conscious as him.

While Calista's achievement had filled him with pride, her actions had also caused him considerable embarrassment. Although Calista sympathized with the hardships Benedict had faced in his past life and was determined to help him avoid such misfortunes now, she had lost the will to continue being a dutiful daughter to him.

Moreover, she did have a class to attend..

Emmett finally handed over the item that Quincy had given him to Colin, marking the end of Calista's examination. This time, a total of thirty people were accepted into the program. Most of those who came to take the exam were graduate and postgraduate students, so Calista, being in her teenage years, stood out among the class. Nevertheless, the other students, who were in their twenties and were considered prodigies by others, all had favorable impressions of Calista. Her assertiveness in standing up for herself and dealing with two deceitful women had propelled her into the limelight at the school's forum.

Send Gifts

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Chapter 162 All Hail Queen Calista.

Meanwhile, at the Fairchild's residence, Quintus, brimming with excitement, reported on what Calista did in school.

His admiration for Galista intensified after he finished recounting the entire incident. "Mr. Kallum, You really should check out the school forum. Even though Ms. Calista keeps a

low profile, she's unavoidably become a celebrity on campus! She has gained quite a number of admirers, and her popularity is through the roof!"

Kallum had just finished reading a document when he heard the news, Without hesitation, he logged into Calista's campus network, and the first post that popped up was about her.

In addition to discussing today's incident, the original poster also shared another post highlighting how Calista had pushed Mirabelle to utter frustration.

The post read: Unmasking Fake Apologies: Exposing Pretentious Behavior

The post included pictures as evidence, each accompanied by captions perfectly capturing the scene. They illustrated how Calista powerfully counterattacked step by step and withstood the pressure of public opinion in the end. They depicted how she pushed Mirabelle to the brink with just a banknote.

As Kallum observed, his lips curled up slightly, reflecting the resentment and frustration Mirabelle must have felt at that time just by looking at the images. Moreover, the Yost family had the sensibility to eventually send Mirabelle to prison without resorting to any underhanded tactics.

"How's Mirabelle?" Kallum asked casually, his feelings toward the woman, who had deceived him for nine years and still sought to harm Calista, nothing but disgust.

Quintus replied, "The Yost family spent a hefty sum to ensure Mirabelle has a cell to herself. They've also made arrangements to make her stay more comfortable. She shouldn't be all right."

Nonetheless, there was no way for Mirabelle to completely evade hardship. After all, any kind of unexpected incident could occur behind bars.

Kallum gave a slight nod, his attention primarily focused on the comments that followed: Queen Calista is just too cool! I want her to be the mother to my children!

This comment garnered the most upvotes, and regardless of gender, a multitude of people liked and replied to it, reflecting the fervor of fans chasing after their favorite celebrities.

The corners of Kallum's mouth suddenly tightened.

A commenter, with the emoji of starry-eyed admiration, wrote: I was right there! Queen Calista's aura was simply unparalleled! When she got closer to me, I didn't even dare to breathe! I wish I could just lick her feet!

Someone else responded: You're disgusting. But... I guess you're not alone who feels this way...

Another person wrote: You guys are such perverts. I won't stoop to licking Queen Calista's feet just because she has an icy cold voice, a sharp gaze, and a striking smile. That's coz I'm already on my knees worshipping her!

A comment followed suit. A punch of dirty-minded men. What makes you think you're worthy of Queen Calista?

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through her clothes...

Imaginations ran wild, each one more outrageous than the last, causing Kallum's face to darken progressively. How dare these people fantasize about my woman!

Kallum quickly signed up for an account!

He furiously pounded on the keyboard and typed out a message: Calista is mine. You can admire her all you tant, but don't you dare harbor any thoughts or make any moves on her. I mean what I said, and there will be dire consequences if you don't heed my warning!

The bustling forum quieted for a moment before exploding into another round of commotion.

A netizen retaliated: Callie's Man? Who is he? He's got some nerve to call Queen Calista his woman. Has he no shame!

Someone else echoed: What's with that expression? Acting all high and mighty like some overbearing CEO, What's your game? Have you been daydreaming so much that you actually believe you're above us all?

Another person chided: Outrageous! How dare he call himself Callie's man? I should call myself Callie's Woman too!

Kallum erupted with rage, astounded by the audacity of these people! Calista is clearly mine. How could they shamelessly claim her as their own?

Quintus sweated bullets as he watched from the side. To divert attention, he quickly flipped to another post on his tablet and handed it over, ingratiatingly saying, "Mr. Kallum, don't bother with those ignorant students. Look, this is today's post. Ms. Calista is really popular!"

Kallum began to feel it was pointless to argue with them. He swallowed his anger, tossed the notebook aside, and took a look at the tablet.

The title of the post read: The Stepmother and Sister Duo's Embarrassment: Witness Queen Calista's Triumph

Initially, Kallum was engrossed in the images and subtitles. His expression gradually settled into calmness, finally giving way to a hint of a smile. He watched how Calista cornered Benedict until he was at a loss for words, and how she drove Quincy out of school. Feeling proud, he couldn't help but acknowledge how formidable Calista was, clearly outshining all other women who paled in comparison. How can I let her deal with such atrocities by herself? I must recover as soon as possible. It's time for me to shine.

Kallum couldn't stop smirking as he scrolled through the comments.

One of the comments wrote: I'm off to warm up the bed for Queen Calista now. Bye!

Another person added: I'm off to give Queen Calista a leg massage. See you!

The next comment followed suit: And I'm going to make Queen Calista some soup. She has had a long day.

Imagination ran wild when someone wrote: I want to dress Queen Calista. She has such an exceptional figure.....

The final comment appeared under the post: I don't need anything. I just want Queen Calista to carry my

children!

With a loud smack, Kallum abruptly closed his tablet on his lap, hoping to turn a blind eye to the things he

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her bed every day, and she even massages

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Chapter 163 Stop Acting Like A Pervert

Still feeling unsatisfied, Kallum fired off a few more sentences. His arrogance and dominance were apparent from the get-go, enough to draw people's ire. That subsequently led to the whole forum turning against him.

It was tough for Kallum to take on so many. Coldly looking at their relentless counterattacks, he suddenly broke into a quiet laugh and lifted his head to look at Quintus.

"Those from Bayview University are all future social elites, so how can they indulge in trivial matters and lose their sense of purpose? This campus forum is quite toxic, it'd be better to shut it down."

Hearing this, Quintus, drenched in cold sweat, hastily made a phone call. Strangely, the campus forum. crashed minutes later. By the time it was fixed, posts that were not related to "announcements" or

academics" were no longer allowed, leading to a wave of complaints and protests from many.

A devilish grin crossed Kallum's face.

Trying to compete with me? Callie is mine!

Calista returned to see that scene. Kallum looks like he's in a good mood today, huh? TI

Seeing her return, Kallum quickly sent away everyone attending to him in the room. Being quite sharp-witted, Quintus had some fruit-flavored coffee and snacks served.

Calista settled into the single-seater couch, sinking into its comfort. She let out a satisfied sigh. "Finally, it's

taken care of.”

A hint of a smile finally graced her face at this point as she announced proudly, “I got accepted into the combined master’s and doctoral program!”

Kallum poured her a cup of coffee, looking proud. “I knew you could do it.”

Calista looked at him, somewhat baffled. “I didn’t realize you trusted me that much.”

Kallum brought the cup of perfectly warmed fruit–flavored coffee to Calista’s lips, his tone brimming with affection and his gaze unintentionally tender. “As long as it’s you, I’d have trust.”

Calista felt a bit at a loss. Initially, to her, Kallum was like a high and mighty divine being, who subsequently became a somewhat awkward young master. But now, he always seemed to unintentionally show an indulgent attitude toward her. It was as though she could do whatever she wanted, and he would be there to let her have her way.

She blinked and couldn’t help but ask, “Is this a perk of being a younger sister?”

A smirk played on Kallum’s lips. This is a privilege only you’re entitled to.

“Have some coffee,” he said.

Calista took a sip from the cup in his hand. The warm latte, rich with a fruit aroma, slid down into her stomach. She wasn’t fond of drinking milk, always finding that it had a weird taste, perhaps because of her sharp sense of smell. As such, Kallum came up with all sorts of ways to get her to drink milk without feeling disgusted by it.

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warmth of the room, but her words were laced with determination about how she would only see him as a brotherly figure no matter how wonderful he was.

Kallum took a sip from the cup she had just drunk from. That ambiguous action, or an indirect kiss, left Calista slightly wide–eyed, yet all he did was laugh.

“I’d only take care of you.”

Uhh... Calista pursed her lips. I can’t stay in here any longer! He’s just killing the conversation!

However, she didn't know where else she could go, apart from this room. Silas was not at home and Wanda had also been fairly busy recently. In the over five thousand square feet massive mansion, she and Kallum were the only main occupants. Besides, she had the responsibility to look after him at night and couldn't leave him alone for too long as there might be accidents.

"I'll go take a shower! Just press the alarm if there's anything!" Calista got up and strode toward the bathroom.

Kallum nodded. "Go ahead, I've had someone prepare the bath for you."

That peculiar sensation surfaced again. When she turned to look at him, he was casually seated on the couch, with one hand propped on his chin and his gaze fixated on her with his head slightly tilted upward.

Even though he was seated, his tall and slender figure exuded a dominant aura. Not to mention his strikingly profound features and his violet eyes that seemed to sparkle with an electrifying intensity. The room was filled with a palpable, stirring sense of masculinity that inexplicably made Calista swallow nervously.

"What's the matter?" Kallum flashed a smirk. "Too tired to undress yourself?"

I'd be more than happy to help out.

Calista shivered under his intensely predatory gaze. Did I just get teased?

"No need."

After firmly rejecting him, she immediately retreated to the bathroom, intending to thoroughly wash away the inexplicable thoughts that had suddenly sprung up in her mind.

After Calista left for the bathroom, a surge of impatience filled Kallum. It felt as though he was repeatedly being tickled on the tip of his heart with a feather. Just the thought of what Calista was doing in the bathroom sent a tingling sensation through him as if he'd been electrified.

Calm down. There's nothing I can do. I've got to stop acting like a pervert!

Regardless of whether he was deemed a pervert or a lovestruck fool, he simply couldn't stand to bear Calista vanishing from his sight. He licked his lips, attempting to suppress those terrifying and twisted thoughts in his head.

I can't hurt Callie! Calm down! Calm down!

Unaware of what was on Kallum's mind, Calista was comfortably lounging in the water in the bathroom, a sigh escaping her lips,

The temperature in every corner of Fairchild Manovas consistently regulated, so she didn't feel cold.

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Even though it was already autumn, she could still delightfully play with bubbles in the warm water.

The top floor where they were on was typically off-limits to unrelated personnel. Entry and exit were controlled through a door, and if one were infected by the virus, the door would trigger an alarm. Fortunately, throughout their stay, the alarm had never sounded.

Send Gifts

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Chapter 164 Crumbled Self Control

Calista closed her eyes, her thoughts wandering away.

The selection of a mentor was imminent, offering her the opportunity to identify deficiencies and gradually refine the thoughts swirling in her mind. As for the future, she had her plans. Once Kalluma recovered from his illness, she intended to establish her own research center since she had a fondness for medical research. Of course, all of this was contingent on her dealing with those pesky individuals first.

Images of her adversaries, both known and unknown, flashed in her mind, one by one. Calista opened her eyes, her gaze icy cold.

Striking a deal with the Fairchilds is a wise decision. At least those enemies can't do anything to me for now. That said, I should still establish my own influence, in case I fall out with the Fairchilds in the future. It's unwise to put all of one's eggs in a basket.

After washing up, Calista wiped her body dry, gathered her energy, and prepared to perform acupuncture on Kallum. The thought that his life was in her hands brought a mischievous grin to her face. She reached out to grab the neatly folded pajamas.

Huh?

Calista picked it up to see. The pajamas she used to wear had always been of a conservative and adorable style, and it was clear the butler had prepared them. But this silk slip nightgown; isn't this a little too excessive? It's obviously too seductive!

She glanced at the dirty clothes she threw on the floor, then picked up the bathroom phone to call Paul.

Extreme guilt engulfed Paul. He knew Calista would come looking for him, so he had prepared his excuses

in advance.

"C... Clothes? Oh... It's like this. Mr. Kallum feels it's been rather cold recently, so we've adjusted the indoor temperature from sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit to eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit. I took the liberty to change the pajamas, and all the old ones have been discarded..." he said seriously.

Calista frowned. "Buy some more clothes, then. I prefer the style from before."

Sweat poured down Paul's forehead. "I... I can't make that decision. We need to consult Mr. Kallum first..."

For the first time, he rudely hung up the phone after saying those words, praying that Calista wouldn't call again.

Indeed, Calista didn't call back. She stared at the phone in her hand, her eyebrows raised in

contemplation, but eventually gave up, changed into a fresh set of pajamas, and started blow-drying her

hair.

She was curious to see what exactly Kallum was planning to do!

When Calista emerged, Kallum's gaze was immediately drawn to her. The steamy mist had lent a touch of rosiness to her overly pale skin and her damp hair clung to her silk nightgown. The nightgown, tailored to fit her measurements, accentuated her figure perfectly. It was no doubt pajamas, but a rather sexy one.

Initially, Kallum merely wanted to have a feast for his eyes. Not being able to touch was already a severe punishment in itself, so he sought to comfort himself in another way.

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Chapter 164 Chrambled Self Control

Little did he imagine that this approach would cause his much-prided self-control to crumble in an instant. His Adam's apple bobbed continuously, and only then did he remember that he had no self-control in front of Calista!

Pleasure filled Calista at the sight of Kallum's reaction. With a chilly expression on her face, she walked over, stood before him, and looked down at him with her arms crossed over her chest, exuding an air of regal dominance.

"Is this outfit your idea? What are you trying to achieve?"

Kallum tried to divert his gaze, eventually settling on her face. Under the glow of the lights, her pupils shone brighter than a multitude of stars. His breath hitched, almost as if a hand had delicately grasped his

heart.

His gaze, no doubt, carried the look of infatuation.

"L... I just thought you'd look good this way."

His voice was extremely raspy. Compared to Calista's icy demeanor, his blood was circulating rapidly, almost like it was blazing with flames,

Calista raised an eyebrow, her expression far from pleasant.

"So, you want to look because you can't touch? Kallum, aren't you perhaps a bit too desperate, hmm?"

Her high-pitched voice toward the end of the sentence instantly set Kallum's ears on fire, and her calling his name simply sent a strange thrilling sensation through his entire body. Have I been driven to abnormality by something that's beyond my reach?

Seeing Kallum shut his eyes in frustration, Calista leaned in closer. Her long hair cascaded down his knees, a cool fragrance wafting in the air.

"You look like you're really desperate," she concluded.

Sure enough, the very next second, she was abruptly pulled into the arms of the man who was longing for

her!

He was breathing heavily next to her ear, and in a nearly frantic manner, he uttered, "Don't move!"

He tightened his grip, let go, then tightened it again.

His voice was hoarse, almost as if being scorched by fire. "Let me hold you for a moment. Just a moment!"

If possible, Calista would have wholeheartedly agreed. In her opinion, Kallum's current state of mind was perilous.

He might've suppressed himself too much because of his illness, resulting in him having such extreme desires. It's normal for one to be more radical when their life is under threat. Some would choose to suppress their emotions, some inflict harm upon others, while others simply accept their fate. It's obvious Kallum is the kind that chooses to suppress himself. The burden of his family alone has already left him gasping for breath. If he dies, it wouldn't just affect him, so how would he dare die in such a circumstance? And with that extreme repression, it's only right he needs an outlet to vent his feelings. So, from how things are now, it seems like he's venting it on me, huh? Perhaps it's because I'm the only one who's willing to approach him, or maybe there are other reasons, but clearly, this situation is putting me in great danger.

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Chapter 165 Complete Trust"

If Kallum knew about the nonsensical thoughts going through her mind, he would surely burst out laughing and tell her that what overwhelmed him was his desire for her, and that was why he could only

vent it on her.

It was that desire that compelled him to throw all caution to the wind to possess her and pull her into the depths of his obsession, ultimately descending into hell together.

Kallum held her even tighter, seemingly as if he wished to meld her into his very being.

"Callic..."

He called out her name helplessly. Calista was being held so tightly she couldn't move, and the utterance of her name sent a shiver down her body.

Her body tensed up. What do I do if Kallum needs a woman to vent his frustrations? I can't possibly offer myself to him, but finding him a woman is out of the question! What a headache!

The two nestled tightly together on the single-seater couch. In the utterly quiet room, distinctly hear Kallum's ragged breaths and pounding heartbeat.

Calista could

As his grip tightened, he cautiously explored her body as if he were handling some valuable treasure. The spots he touched left her trembling involuntarily, and she figured that if this continued, it would spell danger.

Calista gritted her teeth and wriggled her body, but Kallum only hugged her even tighter. No matter how many sweet nothings he yearned to whisper, and no matter how deep his desire, it could only culminate in a mere embrace. He felt as though he was on the brink of madness, driven to the edge by his longing for her.

"Kallum... C-Calm down a bit!"

I can't stay calm! There's no way I can calm down!

Calista struggled to free a hand and gently patted his back. "Calm down. If you're feeling uncomfortable, how about I accompany you to the gym?"

Kallum didn't respond, but with Calista's gentle pats, his tense body oddly began to relax gradually.

"Callie..."

"Mmm..."

"Callie."

"Mm-hmm."

I love you.

He mouthed these three words, not making a sound, but Calista's head was pressed against his shoulder, so she didn't see it. They remained in this embrace for over ten minutes,

Sensing that Kallum's physical reactions were gradually subsiding, Calista let out a long sigh of relief. Well,

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Chapter 165 Complete Trust

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After being released, she sat on his lap, panting. She felt as if her bones were about to be squeezed out of

She couldn't help but turn back to glare at Kallum, but surprisingly, she found that his face had turned bright red

Ton't it a little late to play the innocent newer You brute!

Catching sight of Calista's condemning gaze, Kallum surprisingly turned his face away in embarrassment. / almost couldn't control the surge of passion within me... Luckily, I'm still rational enough.

"I... I'll have Paul change your pajamas tomorrow.

Kallum had come to terms with his lack of self-control. To avoid hurting her in a moment of irrationality. he figured it was best not to hastily grant himself any privileges.

Calista nodded, feeling that everything that had just happened was an unwarranted disaster. She could only hope that Kallum would continue to stay rational. Although she wasn't afraid of the K Virus, she absolutely didn't want to experience its effects again.

The acupuncture session that followed left the two in an even more awkward situation.

Throughout, Kallum had his face buried in the pillow, appearing shy. Calista couldn't help but want to sneer at that. The sick do have a lot of incomprehensible emotions, huh? Hopefully, Old Mr. Yancey can quickly find a cure for the K Firas, otherwise, I feel like I'll lose my sanity soon, too.

Kallum, who lay obediently on the bed, was actually holding his breath.

Being unable to see, hear, or smell, his sense of touch was more than ever sensitive. He felt that he would go insane even before his death came because the mere existence of Calista was enough to drive him to

A peculiar sense of pleasure washed over Kallum as Calista administered the acupuncture. The way he allowed her to have her way with him, this level of trust and

intimacy, was something no one else could ever achieve. Their relationship was the closest one could possibly be.

All desires, distortions, and madness were forcefully suppressed beneath a veneer of calmness. After administering the acupuncture, Calista was extremely exhausted, so she retired to sleep after briefly instructing a few things.

energy to Despite being held in Kallum's arms and having to share a bed with him, she couldn't find the resist as she was too tired. But before sleep fully claimed her, she was resolute to cure Kallum as soon as possible so that she could escape this room, for she was finding it increasingly hard to breathe.

What she didn't realize was, that hael she truly succeeded, she might not be able to escape that room ever again.

The hour or two following his acupuncture treatment was the period when Kallum found himself in the most comfort, with his physical pain miraculously subsiding. He cuddled Calista in his embrace, his eyes inadvertently straying to places they shouldn't. His emotions rose and fell unpredictably, much like a roller coaster ride.

Seeing Calista so peacefully asleep, completely oblius, was a testament to the trust she had in him. After

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Chapter 165 Complete Trust

all, what else could it be, if not complete trust, that would allow one to relax in the presence of a potentially dangerous patient?

"I've really lost to you..." Kallum pinched Calista's nose, his expression blissful-looking.

If it weren't for the threat of death, this moment would truly be blissful.

Kallum's will to live had once again intensified. He couldn't bear to die just like that, not because of anything else, but solely because of her.

Kallum planted a kiss on Calista's forehead, feeling almost like a sacred act of adoration.

While

they were basking in warmth and sweetness, a storm was brewing on the other side.

Send Gifts

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Chapter 166 Study Abroad

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The thought of being expelled sent Quincy into a frenzy of destruction. I've already started my education late Am I not expected to retake and re-sit the exams? I doubt I could even pass them! Why is it that at the same age of eighteen. I have to repeat a year to prepare for my university entrance exam, while Calista can skip several grades to pursue her combined master's and doctoral program? A genius? What a remarkable genius!

This time, Yelena did not bother with Benedict. She didn't see the point of behaving subserviently to gain favor when her only daughter had suffered such a blow. It would be better to comfort her daughter, lest she be so devastated that she couldn't recover.

"Quincy, don't be upset! If you don't go to Bayview University, you can go somewhere else. There are plenty of good universities out there. We're not short-

Quincy simply couldn't keep her cool. Right in front of Yelena, she flipped the entire dressing table. "What's the point of my existence? In a few years, Calista will be seen as a genius in everyone's eyes! I'm being overshadowed to the point of insignificance! Even Dad supports Calista, and Granddad won't back me up! I'm nothing but a joke!"

The sound of shattering echoed, scattering debris all over the floor. With a heart filled with distress, Yelena embraced her daughter tightly. "Don't be upset. Don't be upset. You still have me!"

"What good are you?" Tears welled up in Quincy's eyes. "I want Calista dead! Can you help me kill

someone?

The more Quincy thought about it, the more desperate she felt. The mocking gazes of those at the school were still vivid in her mind. She feared she had already become the laughingstock of the entire Horington.

"Quincy... How about this? You should study abroad!" Yelena suddenly suggested, and the more she thought about it, the more feasible it seemed. "Calista is now favored in the Fairchild family, and she's conceited. We shouldn't confront her head-on. Give it some time. Mr. Kallum might grow tired of her. We can deal with her by then. There's no rush."

“You want me to flee to another country?” Quincy’s voice was filled with disbelief. “What about Granddad? Is he just going to stand by and watch me get bullied?”

Seeing her emotional state, Yelena had no choice but to reveal the Langley family’s plans to her.

“Remember when your granddad was publicly humiliated by Calista last time? There’s no way he’d let that slide. But being the cautious man he is and with the Fairchild family watching his every move, he couldn’t make any drastic moves. But given the chance, he’d surely make Calista pay!” Yelena said.

Quincy’s mood instantly cooled down when she heard that Calista was going to be in trouble. However, her expression still held a hint of distortion.

“How much longer?” Quincy was growing impatient, eager to see Calista’s unfortunate predicament.

Yelena displayed a troubled expression. “All these things aren’t the crux of the matter. You’re the important one now! You should first go abroad and further your studies, When you return, you need to surpass Calista firmly. That’s what truly matters!”

Seeing Quincy’s displeasure, Yelena reluctantly said, “When the time comes for your granddad to deal with Calista, I’ll call you back, okay? Calista is quite malicious now. If you stay, who knows what she might do to you!”

1/2

Chapter 166 Study Abroad

Upon hearing this, Quincy agreed. Who knows what else that ruthless woman, Calista, might do?

“All right! I’m heading overseas, Mom. You must make sure Granddad gives Calista a thorough lesson! A real thorough one!”

“Of course! I understand, Yelena assured wholeheartedly, yet deep inside, a wave of worry began to swell. That’s the current plan... Quincy has to excel on her own. Otherwise, that man might not acknowledge her in the future, even if he were to have no children of his own.

Upon learning that Quincy was planning to go abroad, Calista didn’t react much. She had initially planned to wait until Kallum had recovered before dealing with those people. That approach would accomplish more with less, and there would be no more surprises. The Langley family and the Wolford family will no longer be my match in the future! After all, the Fairchild family wouldn’t ignore the debt of a life saved! I’ll just let Quincy enjoy her freedom for a little while longer.

Seeing Calista's cold expression, Benedict couldn't help but sigh, asking, "Could you see Quincy off on the day she leaves?"

Calista raised an eyebrow, drawing the attention of passing students who couldn't help but steal a few extra glances at her. She was looking at Benedict, surprised that he would go to school and make such an unexpected request of her.

"I believe the last person Quincy wants to see is probably me."

Benedict was skeptical. His temples were streaked with white, and recently, the chaos of family affairs had truly left him in a state of distress. However, he still harbored a certain kind of innocence and hope against the odds. "Does a family hold grudges overnight? Both you and Quincy were at fault in the last incident. Can't we just let bygones be bygones?"

Calista scoffed, observing her father, who appeared both pitiful and naive. "Dad, constantly backing down doesn't always lead to harmony, and maintaining an appearance of peace doesn't make everything fine. The moment I crashed the Langley family's wedding banquet, my ties with Quincy and Yelena were severed. We're no longer one family."

Upon noticing Benedict's furrowed brows, as if he were about to lecture again, Calista added in a rather cold-blooded manner. "You don't need to feel indignant on their behalf. In their hearts, they only see the Langley family as their family. Do you really believe they value you that much? You're just deluding yourself. When push comes to shove, they'll sacrifice you for their family without a second thought, and they won't feel a shred of guilt."

When Calista pointed it out so bluntly, Benedict's face couldn't help but fall. "Callie! Why do you always think the worst of them? There's a big misunderstanding between you guys! Yelena watched you grow up. believe she still..."

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Send Gifts

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 167 A Year Later

"Loves me?" Calista couldn't help but chuckle. Seeing the discomfort on Benedict's face, she patted his shoulder and said. "Don't force yourself if you can't say it, Dad. I have to tell you that the Langley family already considers me an enemy. It's time for you to face reality."

The color drained from Benedict's face. He brushed off Calista's hand and opened his mouth before closing it again. He couldn't utter a word in rebuttal.

"All right, I'm off to class now." Calista glanced at the time and left with a smile.

As Benedict watched Calista's retreating figure, he let out a long sigh. He wasn't clueless. He just yearned. for the past harmony.

There and then, he thought perhaps it was a good decision for Quincy to go abroad.

The roar of a plane taking off filled the air as Quincy departed, carrying with her Yelena's admonitions and her resentment toward Calista.

In school, Calista seemed to sense something, her gaze drifting toward the sky. A cold smirk suddenly appeared on her face. When she reincarnated, her only thought had been to end things swiftly, to eliminate the person she despised the most. At that moment, however, she had suddenly become. composed. Let's play a cat-and-mouse game!

A year later, as soon as a figure appeared, the group of reporters at the school gate swarmed toward it.

"Hurry! Hurry! Calista has come out!"

Calista was engaged in conversation with someone nearby, her demeanor even colder and more resolute than a year ago. However, the hostile aura that used to surround her had significantly diminished. Mainly because, over the past year, all the annoying individuals had vanished from her life, allowing her to fully immerse herself in her research. In addition, her dealings with the Fairchild family had kept her mind intensely focused on conquering K Virus. She rarely reflected on her unpleasant past experiences. As a result, she was even more radiant and unstoppable than before.

"Calista! Is it true that you developed MAC39? It's reported that you're only nineteen. How did you manage to do it? Who helped and inspired you?"

"Calista! Calista! The introduction of the MAC39 vaccine will benefit women all over the world. With such an achievement under your belt, could you be the next head of the Stafford family?"

"Calista, would you be interested in an interview for In Focus? The public has always been quite intrigued by you."

Calista was just surrounded when two men behind her swiftly escorted her through the crowd, guiding her to a car not far away. It was clear they were some sort of bodyguards. However, upon seeing the car's emblem, the reporters hesitated to go after

her. After all, this was the car of the head of the Fairchild family. No one would dare to stay in its way.

This goddaughter of the Fairchild family was indeed well-protected. Any reporter who managed to snap a photo and tried to fabricate stories would receive a stern warning from the Fairchild family, forcing them to erase the photo. As a result, since Calista became famous, there hadn't been a single piece of negative news about her. Namellu no one dared to be the first to hear this trend

Balance:

1 Coin

128

1 Pearls

Chapter 167 A Year Later

show it, her eyes reflected a significant amount of joy. Quintus, who had been with her for a long time, could naturally guess a bit of what she was thinking.

Seeing her in a good mood. Quintus said, "Ms. Calista. Mr. Kallum is waiting for you at Havenrock Villa. Today is the big day of the medicine's launch, and he wishes to celebrate this milestone with you."

Calista was somewhat puzzled. "Why go to Havenrock Villa? Can't we celebrate at Fairchild Manor?"

Quintus certainly couldn't admit that Fairchild Manor was teeming with people and that Kallum had long desired to have some private time with Calista alone.

Hence, he answered earnestly. "Mr. Kallum mentioned that the new medicine has been launched, but the specific response is still uncertain, so it's not appropriate to make a big deal out of something. He wants to celebrate with you privately for now."

When Calista heard his organized explanation, she didn't probe any further. However, she did murmur to herself. "With his health in such a terrible state, why is he still running around? Ugh..."

Although the research had been progressing steadily and Calista had been trying to prolong Kallum's life, the inevitable decline of Kallum's health was unavoidable. K Virus was too aggressive, and Kallum, not being of her constitution, was essentially fighting for his life each day. The fact that he could still move around was nothing short of a miracle.

The small car followed the only road leading to Havenrock Villa. Surrounded by the azure sea, Havenrock Island appeared like an isolated haven, bathed in sunlight and exuding a sense of tranquil elegance..

Upon arrival, Quintus didn't stick around to be the third wheel. The entire mansion was devoid of people that day. Kallum had also put off all his official duties for the day, all in pursuit of an undisturbed vacation with Calista.

When Calista saw Quintus drive away, she didn't pay him any mind. Holding up her skirt, she headed toward the mansion. The delicious scent of food wafted out, making her realize she was somewhat hungry. However, as she reached the entrance, she suddenly paused in surprise. Kallum isn't alone here, right?

She hesitated slightly. If Kallum is alone here, could I leave?

The main issue was the strange sensation she had gotten from Kallum over the past year. It was so peculiar. She would avoid him whenever possible during the day, but at night, there was no escaping him, no matter what she did.

With a sense of hesitation, Calista pushed open the grand doors. The entire house was adorned in a dreamy mix of pink and baby blue. Colorful balloons floated around the grand hall, and a long table was laden with various delicacies. The aroma of wine and grilled meat filled the air. Beyond the windows was a beach and the vast sea. Despite the beautiful atmosphere, she felt a sense of retreat, for indeed, no one else was around.

"Are you looking for me?"

Suddenly, a magnetic male voice echoed in her ears. Calista snapped back to reality and turned to look, only to see Kallum, dressed in a well-tailored deep blue leisure suit, smiling warmly at her.

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Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 168 Her True Self

"Dear Callie, I've been waiting for you for a long time," he said.

Calista furrowed her brows. Not because she was overthinking things, but because she genuinely felt that Kallum's choice of words was odd.

-Didn't you mention throwing a celebration for me? Why is it just you?"

Kallum subtly raised an eyebrow, his deep purple eyes concealing a hint of danger, yet his smile didn't falter in the slightest. "Who else were you hoping to see?"

Calista took a half step back, attempting to maintain her composure as she said, "Ambrose also mentioned. he wanted to congratulate me. Maybe"

"Do you want to invite him along?"

Kallum's smile seemed to twist for a moment, but it was very subtle. Despite Calista maintaining a cold facade, she felt completely unable to suppress him..

Hence, she pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Kallum suddenly laughed, his smile shimmering like the brightest diamond, illuminating everything around with its radiance.

"Actually, there's no need for you to be so tense." Kallum picked up a glass of red wine beside him and took a sip with narrowed eyes. "He was your first patient to recover under your care. It's only natural for you to feel a bit more fond of him than others."

Calista let out an almost imperceptible sigh. She then heard Kallum say in a soft voice, "I just dislike the way Jarrett looks at you, that's all."

Ironically, those two brothers were close. Whenever Ambrose was around, Jarrett was sure to be there as well.

However, Calista was Kallum's, and she was the only one he ever wanted. Yet, Jarrett was coveting her. Thankfully, Kallum had always restrained himself and hadn't done anything drastic. Otherwise, a terrifying storm might have swept through Horington..

Calista let out a sigh. "Just the two of us, then. Given your current condition, you shouldn't be drinking. After this glass, no more."

Obediently, Kallum set down his glass. He then checked her out and said, "But you can drink a bit more. It's rare to see you so happy. This is also an acknowledgment of your abilities in the outside world!"

A hint of a smile appeared on Calista's face when those words fell. "That's true. I'm really happy."

At school that day, she maintained an unruffled demeanor throughout. It was only when she returned home that she could reveal her true self.

Over the course of a year spent in close quarters with Kallum, he became like family, like a friend, yet there was a slight distance between them. Unknowingly, he had become the person she felt most at ease

Balance:

1 Coin

97 +0

1 Pearls

Chapter 168 Her True Self

getting drunk in his presence.

“This drink isn’t too bad. Crown Russe vodka... It’s quite strong, fitting for your current mood

Calista took the glass, displaying an air of boldness, and drained the clear liquor in one gulp. Her tolerance for alcohol was high, so a couple of shots of strong liquor posed no problem for her.

Once she had finished her drink, Kallum selected another from an array of different glasses. He held it up and took a sniff. His act of lightly inhaling was refined and elegant, exuding an inherent grace that radiated

from within.

“Johnnie Walker Red Label whiskey. Rich and aromatic. Would you like to give it a try?” he asked.

Perhaps it was the strong liquor getting to her, but when Calista saw him looking at her with a smile, she found herself inexplicably parched. Instinctively, she reached for the drink. Even though the glass wasn’t filled to the brim, she didn’t down it in one gulp as before but savored it instead,

“Are these from your personal collection?” she couldn’t help asking.

Kallum shook his head, a hint of arrogance in his eyes. “No, I don’t usually drink, but there are many who gift me alcohol each year. Besides, the Fairchild family owns a distillery, so our cellar is never short of good alcohol. Naturally, there’s no need for me to collect any.”

This also indirectly showcased the profound heritage of the Fairchild family. As one of the Fairchilds, one had every reason to be proud.

Alcohol could lower one’s inhibitions, and Calista couldn’t help but ask again, “Many people have their own hobbies, like my passion for medical research. What about you? I don’t seem to have noticed any particular hobbies of yours.”

Kallum blinked. "I'm really into you!"

"Huh?" Calista suddenly became cautious.

Seeing her gaze fixed on him, Kallum laughed and pulled her to sit beside him. In a serious tone, he explained, "Right now, the only one who would come close to me is you. Apart from you, what else could I possibly like?"

Calista found it somewhat peculiar, yet it seemed to make some sense. Just as she was about to say something, Kallum reached out and brought over the third glass of alcohol, its distinct aroma discernible even from a distance.

"This is Ricard anisette. It has a unique taste and isn't too strong. Would you like to give it a try?" he asked.

Calista had heard of this particular brand of alcohol before and was somewhat curious. She brought it over, took a careful sip, and found that she liked it. Therefore, she ended up drinking it all in one go. "Indeed, there's a strong taste of fennel! Intriguing!"

After a few drinks, a blush gradually spread across Calista's usually stoic face. Her eyes glistened, and even though she maintained a stern expression, she radiated an irresistible charm. At that moment, Kallum found himself longing to kiss her captivating eyes. However, he restrained himself, knowing that the timing was not yet right.

Balance: 68

12:15 F1, 31 May EMD

Chapter 168 Her True Self

84%1

Calista nodded, feeling a bit dizzy at the moment. However, there was nothing to fear. Kallum couldn't touch her, and his life was in her hands. He could only serve her.

Therefore, while she might need to be worried around others, she had absolutely no need to when she was with him.

As soon as Calista took a hearty sip of her drink, Kallum, who had been somewhat tense, relaxed slightly. He moved a little closer to her, his eyes fixed intently on her without blinking. "Do you know something?"

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Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 169 Childhood Friends

“Sometimes, you’re like Spirynus rectified spirit vodka, so strong it feels like it could pierce through someone.”

Kallum spoke, and to her surprise, he actually took a sip of the alcohol. Under Calista’s slightly intoxicated gaze, he suddenly kissed her lips. It was a gentle touch, yet his breath was even hotter than the alcohol.

“You...” Calista suddenly felt that something was off, but the alcohol had numbed her senses, making it impossible for her to react. Coupled with her implicit trust in Kallum, she found herself not pulling away when he kissed her.

Kallum raised his eyebrows and smiled. His fingertips gently brushed against her face. He slowly said, “Sometimes, you remind me of a botrytis–affected wine, sweet with a hint of sourness, rich and lingering. One taste of you, and it’s hard to forget.”

Initially, Calista had no idea what he was up to that day. Her eyes were solely focused on the botrytis affected wine he had brought out. However, upon seeing him down it all in one go and then frown, she suddenly realized something and gasped softly.

“Today is your birthday!”

A clear flicker of frustration flashed across Calista’s face. Once upon a time, she had always remembered this day vividly. However, in her previous life, during those final years, she had spent each day in hiding, subconsciously choosing to forget everything about Kallum.

Moreover, in her entire life, she had never celebrated Kallum’s birthday with him. A year ago, he had his birthday in Lostaria, a place she hadn’t visited yet. That day, however, was Kallum’s twenty–fourth birthday.

Kallum was also taken aback. He hadn’t expected that Calista would know it was his birthday. In the past, he seldom celebrated it and had never told her the exact date. Well, perhaps Wanda had informed her, but he was surprised that she actually remembered it.

Calista’s face turned even redder, her eyes brimming with self–doubt.

“How could I forget? I remember it clearly. How did I forget?” Her thoughts were a bit muddled, her words following suit. In her previous life, she recalled Wanda mentioning that Kallum rarely celebrated his birthday due to his busy schedule. However, he had a habit of tasting different alcohol on his birthday, which was how she remembered it.

Hearing her say that, Kallum held his breath, feeling as if the joy in his heart was about to overflow. Could it be that Callie has been making a heartfelt effort to remember my birthday?

“I don’t blame you. It’s understandable if you’ve forgotten, given how busy you’ve been lately.” That was truly what Kaiser felt inside. He was already overjoyed that Calista remembered his birthday, happier than receiving any gift or closing any deal.

Calista took a gloomy sip of her drink, grabbing a strong liquor straight away and downing several glasses in succession. “I should have prepared a gift!”

It was rare for Kallum to detget frustration from her indifferent tone. Seeing that she was genuinely drunk, he no longer restrained himself, letting his gaze reveal tangible affection. Due to the fact that he was in high spirits, he seemed to radiate light.

1/2

12:15 Fri, 31 May El D

Chapter 169 Childhood Friends

“You are the greatest gift. I don’t need anything else.”

84%0

After he finished speaking, he couldn’t help but yearn to kiss her face. Unexpectedly, he was stopped by Calista’s firm hands.

Kallum lowered his gaze, and there it was, the most radiant smile Calista had ever shown, after all this

time.

“Let me take you somewhere!”

As she spoke, she took Kallum by the hand and led him outside. Kallum was entirely captivated by her radiant smile just moments ago, and before he knew it, he was actually following her. Once they were in the car, she confidently said, “Let’s head to Maple Tree Garden near Fairchild Manor!”

Though Kallum had consumed some alcohol, his tolerance was undoubtedly immense. He drove steadily, heading straight for the suburbs.

When she said Maple Tree Garden, Kallum immediately knew where Calista wanted to go. Maple Tree Garden was where Calista’s grandparents used to live. Later, he heard rumors that it had been burned down by an unknown person.

At that moment, Kallum couldn't help feeling puzzled. Why go if it's already been burned down? Perhaps now that Callie is drunk, she has forgotten about the place being burned down.

After reaching Maple Tree Garden, Calista led Kallum up the hill. Long-forgotten memories burst forth, and Kallum vaguely remembered that, as a child, his mother had brought him to visit these two elders. Back then, a little girl of about eight or nine had also pulled him along, just like that. Back then, he wore a look of impatience on his face. However, they were still childhood friends.

bring

Kallum's personality was indeed very extreme. There was a time when any recollection would only bring him agitation and unpleasant memories. However, after falling in love with her, those memories transformed into their own unique, sweet recollections. He even felt an impulse to travel back in time and punch his past self. How could I have treated Callie like that in the past? I was truly blind!

At that moment, Calista suddenly tripped over a protruding stone. Kallum quickly rushed to steady her.

Feeling the effects of the alcohol, Calista found it difficult to control her limbs. Seeing her in this state, Kallum took the opportunity to get closer to her. He gently held her as they slowly made their way toward the small wooden hut.

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The sunlight filtered through the forest, casting a dappled pattern on the ground. An encompassing silence held the area, broken only occasionally by the call of a bird.

As expected, Calista was indeed intoxicated. Her eyes sparkled brightly as she alternated her gaze between the trees and Kallum, her mind seemingly lost in unknown thoughts.

Kallum suddenly had a feeling. It was the same when Calista was drugged last time as if her personality had reverted to the way it used to be. Could it be that when she gets drunk, her dominant character will fade away, revealing her original personality? Could it be possible to ask her about her past experiences and why her demeanor cha

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Chapter 170 An Understatement

Once this thought had taken root, it spread like wild grass. No matter how close they were, it was never enough for Kallum. He wanted to infiltrate Calista's life, to bind her tightly to himself. Naturally, he was curious about what Calista had been through.

Unfortunately, he usually didn't dare to ask, always feeling that the answer might not be favorable to him. However, things had changed.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Kallum.

Bewildered, Calista glanced at him. "I'm bringing you to my grandparents' place."

"Why?"

Calista shook his head, refusing to speak.

"Why are we going there?"

Kallum moved closer, and to his surprise, he noticed that Calista seemed to blush. She didn't dare to look at him, and even the palm of her hand that he was holding started to sweat.

"I—I'm giving you a s—surprise..."

After she stuttered out her words, she suddenly let go of Kallum's hand and staggered up the mountain.

Suddenly, a wave of joy washed over Kallum. Was Calista feeling shy? Indeed, she must still harbor feelings for me!

With that in mind, he quickened his pace to catch up, his eyebrows arched in a broad, unmistakable smile.

However, once she arrived at the wooden hut, Calista was taken aback. Tears immediately began to fall, even she didn't understand why she was crying.

Back when everything was ablaze, she mustered the courage to burn all her bridges, not shedding a single tear. Later on, she didn't even have the slightest inclination to look back.

Once it was burnt, it was gone. If it was gone, there was nothing left to see.

Yet, when she was drunk, it seemed as if she had truly reverted back to her old self, far from the calm she exhibited when sober. She stood there crying so sorrowfully that it instantly disconcerted Kallum.

"Don't cry..." he urged.

He hadn't expected such an intense reaction from Calista. He clumsily wiped her tears, glanced at the ruins, and assured her earnestly, "Don't worry. I'll find out who was bold enough to burn this place down!"

When the house was discovered to be on fire, because Calista expressed indifference, the Stafford family merely reported the incident but didn't pay attention to the progress of the case. Therefore, up until then, there hadn't been any news. Seeing Calista so heartbroken, Kallum wished he could drag out the arsonist and tear him to pieces. His tone was filled with murderous intent.

"No need..." Calista sobbed, wiping her eyes as she choked out, "I burned it myself..."

Balance: 39

Chapter 170 An Understatement

Calista didn't pay him any attention, but her sobs slowly began to quiet down.

Kallum, with a pang of distress, offered her a handkerchief. A sharp glint flashed momentarily in his purple eyes. "Why did you burn it in the first place if you couldn't bear to part with it?"

Calista gradually stopped crying. She used a handkerchief to wipe her face clean, her eyes, red and swollen, fixed on the ruins.

"Because I couldn't afford to be weak anymore..."

Kallum, with his keen awareness, realized that he might be on the brink of uncovering the secret. His Adam's apple bobbed before he finally asked, "Did someone hurt you?"

He then pondered, deciding to follow his heart, and said softly, "Actually, you can still live like before. I'll take care of you. Even if I'm gone, I'll ensure your life is smooth sailing."

His tone was firm, yet Calista merely glanced at him, letting out a muted humph.

"You despise me. As long as it's out of your sight, you wouldn't care about my death or how I die!" she responded.

Perhaps it was her earnest tone that made Kallum's heart skip a beat, prompting him to immediately assure her with utmost seriousness, "How could that be possible? I would never let anything happen to you! Regardless of whether I can see or not!"

Yet, it seemed as though Calista hadn't heard him, giving him a peculiar look. "Forget about it. I'm already used to you not liking me."

To Kallum, that was nothing less than a colossal defamation.

If he were sober, Kallum would never utter words related to emotions. This had become an unspoken agreement between him and Calista. But then, as Calista was drunk and questioning his feelings, he felt even more terrified.

“Calista, listen to me!” Kallum placed his hands on her shoulders. “I really like you. No... That’s an understatement. I love you! More than you can ever imagine!”

Bewildered, Calista stared into his eyes, yet it felt as if she had been pierced by a thorn.

“Liar!” Calista suddenly snapped in anger, slapping his hand away. She turned to leave but was held back by Kallum.

His gaze was intense, and deep within his eyes, there was a powerful emotion so strong it was almost overwhelming. “I’m not lying!”

He studied her with a complex gaze for a long time. In the end, his voice lowered, yet the weight of each word he spoke became heavier.

“If I hadn’t loved you so deeply, I would have certainly dragged you to hell with me! Do you know what torments me the most every day? It’s not the uncertainty of life or death, but the dilemma of whether to possess you!”

His voice gradually grew hoarse, yet his expression subtly hinted at madness.

Balance:

9+0

Chapter 170 An Understatement

you great pain. If I could love you a little less, I would drag you into hell with me, disregarding your life or death, all to derive the utmost pleasure from you! Anything goes, but you can’t question my feelings for you!” he said.

Send Gifts

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50