

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 211

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 211 Better To Let Them Gossip

Kallum raised an eyebrow. “Why do you have to sell your body like that? Can’t you just pay me for protecting you?”

Seraphina shook her head and replied, “I don’t trust the words of men. I believe more in winning over others through my body, building a rapport through physical connection.”

As she spoke, she loosened her grip, allowing her bathrobe to slide down and reveal a voluptuous and alluring body that was enough to quicken anyone’s pulse.

However, Kallum had turned his head away instantly!

“What are you doing? Put your clothes back on!”

Huh? She took off her clothes? Calista attempted to sneak a peek but was pushed back down by Kallum.

What are you trying to see? You’re only allowed to look at me!

Seraphina was somewhat hurt. She hadn’t anticipated that despite going this far, Kallum would still resist. Could it be because of the woman in his bed?

“Mr. Kallum, what are you pretending for? You were all lovey–dovey with your godsister before, yet now you’re in bed with another woman. I’m offering myself to you, so why are you holding back?” She sneered, “Or coul

it be you have some sort of cleanliness obsession and only accept one woman per night?”

Her words carried a hint of mockery.

Kallum couldn’t hold back anymore. If it weren’t for Calista being there, his first words would have been “Get out!” He had been patient for so long, but this woman still wouldn’t give up. It was truly infuriating!

“Are you that desperate for a man?”

A smirk tugged at the corner of Kallum’s mouth as he went all out. With just a single sentence, he managed to deeply humiliate Seraphina.

“You...!”

Seeing that if Kallum uttered another word, they would have another enemy on their hands, Calista couldn't help but hold him tight under the blanket! Then, slowly, she wriggled her way out.

It was better to let people gossip a bit rather than offend them.

"Calista?" The moment Seraphina saw Calista emerging from the blanket, her eyes widened in surprise. Immediately, she was overwhelmed by a wave of embarrassment and shame!

However, her dignity wouldn't allow her to just run off like that. She forced herself to stay calm, picked up the clothes that were piled at her feet, and put them on. She then spoke softly.

"So th

'So that's how it is... It seems I misunderstood you, Mr. Kallum."

a hint of helplessness, Calista said, "You're right. Tonight was a misunderstanding, Ms. Bushwick. Let's pretend that we didn't see each other tonight, shall we?"

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Seraphina's lips were pale as she nodded slightly. Then, she straightened her clothes, ready to leave.

Before she left, she remembered her grandfather's request. He had repeatedly emphasized that she must succeed, but...

She turned her gaze to Calista and asked, "Are you two really in that kind of relationship? If so, why would you choose to present yourselves as siblings?"

The reasons behind it all couldn't be simply summed up in a few words. Calista let out a sigh before she suddenly wrapped her arms around Kallum's neck, delivering a passionate kiss.

The moment she drew near, Kallum instinctively let down his guard, pulling her into his embrace. With at natural dominance, he accepted her kiss. Although it was a fleeting contact, after their lips met, Kallum found it hard to resist muzzling against Calista's face. The desire and affection in his eyes were as deep as the ocean.

“Now, do you understand?” Calista, hanging onto Kallum, turned to look back at Seraphina.

Only then did Seraphina take a step back. Without uttering a single word more, she swiftly walked out the door.

The room fell silent once again.

With a swift roll, Kallum skillfully pinned Calista beneath him!

“What are you doing?” Calista asked in a whisper. She wasn’t scared at all, knowing that Kallum couldn’t really do anything. The most he could do was to hug and kiss her. But hadn’t he taken advantage of her in this way over the past year? She was already used to it.

Kallum’s body grew increasingly hot. He gazed at Calista, his eyes resembling a dense pool of ink.

Suddenly, he lamented in a deep, husky voice, “Callie... I think I’m losing control.”

“Oh?” Calista’s eyelids drooped to half-mast, her thoughts unreadable,

Yet, Kallum couldn’t stop himself from gently rubbing his face against hers.

Despite their undeniable closeness, despite the entanglement of their minds and bodies, there was an unsettling restlessness that lingered amidst their sweetness.

It was like an incessant itch that couldn’t be scratched, or being famished but unable to indulge in the dessert right in front of you. People were inherently greedy, especially when it came to the ones they loved. No amount of satisfaction was ever enough. Yet, he was in a position where he could do nothing.

“Callic...” Kallum barely managed to utter her name, his heavy panting echoing clearly within the quiet room. His voice was hoarse as he asked, “If I recover, would you really marry me?”

He lifted the thumb ring in his hand as if to say, “Look, I’m always wearing it. There’s no getting rid of me, even if you wanted to.”

Calista chuckled lightly. “We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it, okay?”

way!” Kallum glared at her stubbornly, then changed his tone. “I was just teasing you. In reality, who else could you possibly want besides me? Don’t even think about it!”

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Even though the words were meant to be domineering, why did they not sound imposing at all? Calista even felt the urge to laugh.

She gently ran her fingers through his hair, and in that moment, she felt a hint of sweetness, as if she were

in a dream.

Taking the initiative, she wrapped her arms around Kallum's neck and gave him a kiss. "Are you in pain?"

Kallum huffed. "Just a little bit."

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Chapter 212 He Seemed Normal And Healthy

Then, he gently licked her lips and added, "But the pain will go away once I have you..."

With a generous smile, Calista said, "Then dig in!"

"I won't be holding back!"

Kallum pounced, and in an instant, the atmosphere in the room became thick with desire. They had experienced all the intimacy a man and woman could share, stopping just short of the final step. If it weren't for the looming threat of the K Virus, perhaps they could have found even more happiness.

However, the very next day, Kallum received a piece of news that was utterly vexing.

"Are you certain you didn't make a mistake?" For the first time, Kallum questioned the competence of his subordinates..

From all the way in Chanaca, Paul the butler assured him confidently, "No. Sterling has indeed returned. Moreover, he personally came to Fairchild Manor to leave you an invitation. He said he'd like to invite you and Ms. Stafford to attend the Wolford family's banquet."

The butler paused for a moment, then added, "His complexion was normal and healthy. He didn't look like he had the K Virus at all."

As Calista listened from the side, her expression gradually darkened. Could it be that those people were as indestructible as cockroaches?

There was no way Sterling could pass through that laboratory where the virus had leaked without getting infected. Moreover, they had even found the blood that he had coughed up. It was clear he was infected, so how could he appear normal?

After hanging up the phone and seeing that Calista was upset, Kallum hastily reassured her, "No matter what he plans to do, don't worry. You still have me."

Kallum wasn't afraid of the Wolford family's retaliation, as long as they had the capability to do so.

"Right now, Sterling has lost the resources from Jeahron, making it nearly impossible for him to make comeback. At this point, charges like arms trafficking and profiting from war are enough to bring him down. You don't need to worry."

Calista shook her head. "That's not it. I was just wondering about the purpose of his invitation to the banquet."

"He definitely has ill intentions, so we just won't go."

Suddenly, Calista let out a sigh. "I have a feeling it's not that simple. This action of his seems quite reckless. I think he might have lost his mind."

Sterling was indeed going mad!

"Check again! You must have made a mistake!" Sterling was frantically clutching a doctor, who looked even

re terrified than if he had been seized by a demon!

Ir Wolford... um. There's no mistake. You... you have indeed contracted the K Virus!"

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Chapter 212 He Seemned Normal And Healthy!

No sooner had he finished speaking than he was forcefully kicked by Sterling, leaving him groaning on the ground.

"How could this be? How is this even possible?"

No matter how Sterling thought about it, it all seemed absurd to him. He was perfectly fine, even managed to leave Jeahron without a hitch and took a passenger plane back. How could he possibly have contracted the K Virus? Didn't those infected with the K

Virus suffer from a high fever for three days and experience intense body pain? Forget about returning to his country; he shouldn't have even been able to leave the mountain.

Upon his return, he considered himself to be among the extremely fortunate. Despite having passed through the laboratory where the virus had leaked, his only symptom had been coughing up a bit of blood. He had no other issues, leading him to believe he hadn't contracted the virus. He felt as though even the heavens were on his side!

Just yesterday, he returned home in a fit of rage and sought solace in the company of a woman. However, not long after their encounter began, the woman started to spike a fever. Haunted by the specter of the K Virus, he was immediately petrified. Upon examination, the woman had indeed contracted the K Virus.

However, she had been perfectly fine when she arrived!

After what happened with the virus in Jeahron, Sterling was feeling traumatized. Hence, he had insisted. that his butler first arrange a comprehensive medical examination for the woman. Only if there were no issues could she be brought over...

If the issue wasn't with her, then it must be with him! It was only then that he tested himself and was informed of the earlier conclusion.

Sterling collapsed onto the ground with a mixture of laughter and tears. He was uncertain whether he was fortunate or unfortunate. On one hand, he was lucky to have returned alive. On the other hand, he had indeed not managed to escape the K Virus.

Gradually, as he watched the doctor groaning on the ground before him, a glint of murderous intent flashed in his eyes.

Why do I have to die while these insignificant creatures get to live comfortably?

When Sterling's gaze swept over him, the doctor didn't dare to make a sound. Bearing with the severe pain, he sprawled at Sterling's feet, his eyes filled with pleading-

"Mr. Wolford, please don't kill me! I swear I'll keep my mouth shut!"

His face was ashen, slick with cold sweat that almost dampened his glasses as he pleaded, "My daughter was just born, while my wife has been frail and sickly since childhood. I can't die. Mr. Wolford, I beg you, give me a chance. I promise I won't breathe a word of this!"

Sterling stared at him for a moment. Eventually, his tears and laughter stopped. It was as if he had accepted reality.

He asked softly, "If I were truly infected, then why don't I have any symptoms?"

ing that Sterling had calmed down, the doctor quickly tried to appease him. "Mr. Wolford, it seems

you have a unique natural constitution, making you immune to the K Virus. You are an asymptomatic Carrier of the virus, but you're not completely insulaed. In other words, you can infect others, but you

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won't be affected by the virus yourself. As long as you're careful not to infect others, you can still lead a normal life!"

The doctor's frantic words made Sterling laugh. "Can I still lead a normal life like this?"

A glint of bloodlust flashed in his eyes. Suddenly, he sprang up, lunging at the doctor. His mouth opened wide, and he bit fiercely into the doctor's neck, drawing blood instantly!

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Chapter 213 In Despair

"No." The doctor was truly in despair.

His frantic struggles were in vain. After all, how could an ordinary doctor possibly be a match for Sterling?

After Sterling released the doctor, the latter quickly retreated, clutching his neck. His face was ashen while he was in a state of shock.

Indeed, an antibody injection was a possible solution, but he simply didn't have the money for it. Furthermore, even with the injection, there was only a one percent chance of survival. For most people, a one percent chance was synonymous with impossibility.

He finally let out a loud scream. His body, covered in blood and struggling on the ground, was akin to a wild beast gone mad. "Why? Why on earth did you do it?"

Inside the confined space, Sterling laughed heartily upon hearing those words, revealing his blood-stained teeth. "Well, now you're sick too. Come, join me in living a normal life."

The doctor's eyes instantly turned red.

"I'll kill you!" He lunged at Sterling with all the strength he could muster as if he was courting death himself. He was hell-bent on tearing his opponent to shreds.

"Why did you have to do this to me? Why did you harm me?" However, after only hitting Sterling twice, he

collapsed from a high fall

His body curled up, reacting just like the woman from the previous night.

Sterling felt a strange surge of pleasure as if he were a king in the world of viruses, holding the power of life and death.

Thus, surprisingly, he ended up shooting the doctor with a calm demeanor. Ignoring the bewildered stares of those around him, he descended the stairs and shot the woman who was still feverish.

Most of Sterling's trusted aides in Corleon had perished, leaving only a handful of people in the room. Those individuals were still in the dark about what had transpired. Keith was perplexed by the events of the previous night, unsure why the woman he personally escorted for examination contracted the K Virus so suddenly.

While Keith was still pondering if that was someone else's sinister scheme, Sterling had already

summoned them all.

Sterling pointed at the doctor on the ground and said, "Someone's trying to kill me. This woman wasn't the issue. The problem was this doctor. Luckily, I discovered the truth in time and killed them both. They were both infected with the K Virus."

The words of Sterling filled the eight people standing in the living room with a desire to flee, their faces etched with fear. It was only the unintentional display of murderous intent from Sterling that kept them from making any rash moves.

Sterling cast them a glance, sneering, "Luckily, I'm unscathed. Take care of these two bodies properly. Since others have dared to intrude into my home, it wouldn't make sense for me not to retaliate. Keith,

someone tidy up that house in Horington. I'm going to host a banquet. I want those people to know.

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Chapter 213 In Despair

Thus, it came to be that Sterling personally visited to extend an invitation to the banquet.

At that moment, Callista decided to head back with Kallum first because Sterling's situation was strange. If she didn't figure out what was actually going on, she felt she would be quite unsettled.

The matter concerning Seraphina had already been negotiated by Kallum with Nevio. It was unclear to Callista what Kallum had said, but when he returned, his mood was fairly good, evidently indicating a win-

win outcome.

Callista glanced over the frail, gaunt patients, whispering softly to Bowen. “Mr. Haught, we're entrusting the matters in Corleon to you. With so many research subjects, I'm confident we'll see results soon. When that time comes, we'll be able to save many lives.”

“Ms. Calista, rest assured, I'll be here waiting for your return,” said Bowen.

“Right.” Callista nodded. “It shouldn't be too long before I can come over. I'm also looking forward to hearing some good news from you. If you make any progress, make sure to tell me immediately.”

“All right, be careful on your journey.”

Once everything was settled there, Callista, carrying a sizable amount of wealth, returned to Chanaea with Kallum. Despite not being gone for long, returning gave her a surreal feeling. She felt as if something significant was about to happen, waiting beneath the calm city.

When they returned, both Wanda and Silas were present. After all, Kallum's venture outside was no small matter. Although it was unclear how Kallum managed to pass through checkpoints, such actions were extremely risky. If anyone were to discover that Kallum was a carrier of the K Virus, he would immediately face the prospect of being apprehended and quarantined. That was no laughing matter. The situation was indeed that grave.

Therefore, when Callista was talking to Wanda, Silas had no choice but to pull Kallum aside to discuss the pros and cons of the situation.

“She had lost weight...” Wanda didn’t know what Callista had been up to in Corleon, but she knew that the latter had gone there with the intention of helping Kallum. At the time, she was incredibly moved by that.

“Callic, you’re a good child. It’s me who has let you down...” Wanda spoke, on the verge of tears again.

Over the past year, it seemed as if she was trying to shed all the tears she had never cried before, and she had aged significantly.

Whenever faced with Wanda, Callista was always soft-hearted.

“Aunt Wanda, I’m fine, so you don’t need to worry about me. Besides, we made significant progress and gained a lot during this trip. Who knows, maybe in a year’s time, Kallum will be fully recovered.”

Wanda was somewhat comforted by Callista’s words. Even though she was well aware that a year’s recovery was impossible, she couldn’t bear to discourage Callista. After all, Callista was trying her best. She felt that if she couldn’t lend a hand, she shouldn’t at least hold Calista back.

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Chapter 214 Such A Risk

Silas spoke at length, but seeing that Kallum remained unmoved, he couldn’t help but let out a long sigh. “Kallum, I understand that whatever you do, you always have a plan. However, in times like these, it’s better to be safe than sorry. With so many eyes on our family, how could you take such a risk?”

Seeing the white hairs at Silas’ temples, Kallum realized that he might have crossed the line. Unable to help himself, he patiently tried to calm things down. “Don’t worry. When I returned, I had already reached an agreement with Nevis Bushwick. From now on, I can freely come and go from Corleon without taking any risks.”

Upon seeing that Silas still disagreed, Kallum furrowed his brows. “My life was saved by Callie. If anything happens to her, I won’t be able to live. Therefore, I need to keep her close to feel at peace. Let’s not discuss this anymore. I won’t change my mind.”

Seeing his resolute attitude. Silas resignedly skipped over the topic. “By the way, you know about Sterling hosting a banquet in Horington, right? Over the past year, you’ve

been constantly antagonizing the Woldford family. There's a chance they might be coming to seek revenge on you."

Silas didn't hold absolute power, so he knew very little about what Kallum had done. The fact that Callista had made a big profit in Corleon was only known to his trusted aides. As for Sterling, perhaps seeing that they had already handled the supplies and destroyed the evidence, telling the truth would not have any corroboration and would only stir up trouble for himself. Therefore, he didn't spread rumors after returning to his home country.

Kallum said, "I'll handle that matter myself. Since Sterling wants to play dirty, we can release the evidence we have. If he dared to collaborate with Uriah, he should be prepared for his reputation to be ruined."

Only then did Silas feel at ease. "All right, I'll stay out of this matter then."

As he spoke, a shadow passed over his eyes. "Take good care of yourself. I can tell that there seems to be something wrong with your health."

Kallum was taken aback, not expecting to be discovered so quickly.

After contracting the disease, he was originally expected to live for only a month at most. The damage inflicted by the K Virus on the human body was devastating. Even though Callista managed to save his life, the K Virus wouldn't just let him off. Instead, it would only get worse.

Callista had mentioned before that, despite daily exercise, medication, and treatments, his health was still deteriorating. That was evident in his muscle atrophy and weakened immunity, among other symptoms. Unless the virus was defeated, there was no way to prevent that.

He might become disabled in the future, but what was truly terrifying was the potential for his skin to become inflamed and decay. Eventually, it might get to the point where a single drop of rain landing on him would feel as painful as being shot. In the end, when all sensation of pain had disappeared, he would be living like a walking corpse.

Thus, Kallum was well-prepared for the changes in his own body.

In front of Callista, he had always maintained an air of normalcy. In reality, every stride he took felt as if his leg muscles were on the verge of tearing apart and his bones were being ground down by a knife. Each

he took was akin to walking on the edge of a blade. Even in Callista's presence he usually managed to

Balance: 540 +

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Chapter 214 Such A Risk

However, in the presence of others, Kallum either refrained from walking or didn't bother to conceal it excessively, so Silas noticed.

Kallum's expression remained unchanged. "The changes in my body are normal and unavoidable unless the virus is defeated."

He looked at Silas with a serious expression. "So, there's no need to let Callie know about this. It would just add unnecessary stress for her."

Is he worried about her stress or that she would be concerned? Silas didn't voice his thoughts, but it was evident to him that his son was deeply in love. It was as if every time Kallum went to find her, he was ready to fight against the Wolford family till the end. Even though every attempt was challenging and thankless, he undertook them willingly.

Indeed, thanks to Callista, Kallum's life had been extended. Silas and the others had no choice but to place all their hopes on her, wishing she could truly succeed.

The following days passed by rather peacefully.

During that time, Callista had a meeting with Benedict.

Benedict was vastly different from his past self. Initially, with the unconditional support of the Fairchild family, he was somewhat cautious but gradually grew more complacent. Despite his naturally non-confrontational nature, even when he got carried away, it merely manifested in boasting. He never dared to do anything excessive.

However, Yelena was a drastically different person from a year ago. Given Callista's high status and prominence, even if she harbored deep resentment, she couldn't express it. In this past year, she had been behaving subserviently, which ironically led to Benedict sleeping with her a few more times.

Upon hearing Callista's words, Benedict responded with a hint of perplexity, "The Wolford family? Sterling did send me a message, but something about it seemed off. I don't even know him, so I decided not to pursue that connection."

Callista found her father quite amusing. Even though he was confident, he remained as he always had been, avoiding the limelight. He would still dodge influential figures whenever he could.

“Indeed, it’s best if you stay away because I have a grudge against Sterling. Of course, the Fairchild family is shielding me now, so you’re not directly in the line of fire. However, you should still be cautious,” said Callista.

“What? You have a grudge with Sterling?” Benedict frowned. “Everyone says the Wolford family is vindictive, you...”

“No worries, because I’m also vindictive.” Suddenly, Callista laughed.

Sitting on the couch, she was almost unrecognizable from the timid girl she once was.

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1 Coin

1 Pearls

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Chapter 215 Gunner Is Impressive

“Basically, just avoid him for now. In a few days, Gunner will come to help you. With him around, you don’t need to worry,” said Callista.

Only then

did Benedict feel at ease, nodding. “Gunner is indeed impressive. Also, those Parker Guards, including Gunner, are all not ordinary people. Each one of them is a capable subordinate of Mr. Kallum’s and could hold their own outside. Now that you’ve become Mr. Kallum’s sister, you shouldn’t have any feelings for him, right? I think Gummer is a good choice...”

“Dad, I’m not even twenty yet.” In fact, Callista had just celebrated her nineteenth birthday five months ago. I’m still young. And to pair me with Gunnert Ugh... The expression on Kallum’s face will be quite a sight.

“Ah... Indeed. I forgot”

Over the past year, Callista became too decisive. Thus, subconsciously, Benedict began treating her as if she were in her twenties, gradually developing a sense of yielding to her opinions and advice.

“Oh yeah!” Benedict stuttered as if something had just occurred to him. He took a sip of his coffee before he said. “Quincy mentioned that she’s thinking of coming back...”

Callista suddenly raised an eyebrow.

Listening in secret from the shadows, Yelena grew increasingly nervous. There was no helping it. After all, she was the one at a disadvantage at the moment.

Feeling a bit unnerved under his daughter’s intense gaze, Benedict nevertheless mustered up his courage. Recalling Yelena’s words, he said, “What kind of longstanding grudge could there be between sisters? Besides, every time Quincy calls home, she mentions wanting to apologize to you. It’s just that you’re rarely home. Hence, you haven’t received the message.”

“Oh... So Quincy didn’t have my number, huh? I was actually quite keen on hearing her apology,” Callista remarked with a half-smile.

“Callie.” Benedict expressed a look of disapproval. “In any case, Quincy is coming back. I’ve already agreed. to it. Once she returns, the two of you need to get along. You two are my only daughters. I really can’t bear to see you tearing each other apart. You’re all grown up now. It’s tinre to act accordingly.”

Upon seeing that Benedict was speaking forcefully, Callista realized he was actually waiting for her approval. In that household, her words had subtly carried more weight. “Let her come back if she wants to, but not until three months from now. I have some matters to attend to in the meantime.”

Benedict was somewhat puzzled. “What does your matter have to do with Quincy’s return?” However, as soon as he thought about Callista loosening up, he quickly added, “All right, I’ll have her back in three

months.

At that moment, Yelena was also pondering, Why three months?

If Callista had known their thoughts, she might have answered them.

It was because, regardless of Sterling’s circumstances, she had lost interest in waiting any longer. In three months, with the evidence in Kallum’s hands, the money she had, and Sterling’s state of overwhelming

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Chapter 215 Gunner Is Impressive

After exchanging a few more words, Callista was ready to leave. For her, the Stafford residence no longer felt like home. Her visits felt more like she was a guest. As she stepped out, she glanced back at the magnificent mansion in front of her and spoke to Benedict. “Yelena and Sterling are somewhat connected. If Yelena invites you to a banquet, don’t go.”

Since Callista couldn’t quite grasp what was going on with Sterling at the moment, she decided to bring it up again.

Benedict found it hard to believe. “How could Yelena possibly be familiar with the Wolford family?” If Yelena had the ability to ingratiate herself with a high-status family like the Wolfords, she would never have married him in the first place.

Callista knew all too well how stubborn Benedict could be. Without concrete evidence, he would never believe her. Moreover, ignorance was bliss. Thus, in the end, Callista chose not to say anything at all.

Before long, the day arrived for the Wolford family to host their banquet.

On the day of the banquet, a manor in the suburbs was eerily quiet. Had Sterling’s banquet been in Summerbank, beyond the reach of the main authority, many would have attended it. However, the banquet was held at Horington, the Fairchild family’s home turf. Only those wishing to offend the Fairchild family would dare to attend. It was obvious to everyone that the two families were at odds.

Before noon, Sterling never imagined he would face a situation where no one would attend his banquet. After all, even with a poor reputation, it was impossible for him not to have a single friend. However, those who Sterling considered his “friends” were either out of town or too busy. That made him fully realize that he had become a target of public criticism.

For Sterling, who was already on the brink of madness, that was a brutal slap in the face. The words that followed from Keith delivered a fatal blow.

After meticulously grooming himself, Sterling sat alone in the middle of a spacious hall that could accommodate a hundred people, asking Keith with an odd expression. “The old geezer secretly got in touch with Yelena?”

Keith was trembling. He hadn’t anticipated that no guests would come. Sterling’s mood had been quite erratic lately, so he was afraid that Sterling might vent his anger on him.

Keith replied with a shaky voice, “Yes, contact was made, but no one knows exactly what they said-”

‘So, once I’m deemed no longer useful, I’m just casually discarded? And then he remembered that unwanted daughter he initially disregarded?’ Sterling smirked, his voice even more chilling. “He didn’t even consider who got me into this mess with Callista. If it weren’t for his old flame and her stupid daughter, would I have crossed Callista? Would I have ended up where I am today? Now that I’m no longer of use, this is how he treats me. How wonderful. Truly wonderful.”

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Chapter 216 Disown Him

His eyes revealed a touch of madness, what he was thinking at that moment, perhaps only he himself

knew

He was already driven to his wit’s end. Ever since he returned from his overseas trip, his phone had been ringing incessantly. Prior to his departure to Corleon, he had made a promise that he would bring back a significant amount of funds to fill the void. But now, he had nothing to show for it, and naturally, people were not pleased.

From the outset, he had incurred massive losses due to reckless land purchases and spending habits. Then, the Fairchild family intervened, leading to repeated defeats. The chronic shortage of funds had forced him into the precarious partnership with Uriah. Now, he was left vulnerable, with incriminating evidence held by others, constantly suppressed by the Fairchilds.

One could argue that he was already ruined. Unless Harvey dipped into his own pockets to cover the shortfall, which was no small sum. Knowing Harvey’s disposition, he was more likely to cut his losses, abandon the disgraced individual, and choose a new successor to start afresh.

Sure enough, Harvey's call came through.

"Dad?"

"Don't call me Dad!" Harvey snapped, his tone dripping with disdain. "You promised you'd make money after heading to Corleon. But instead, you returned empty-handed and started avoiding me! And now you're planning to throw a party? It seems your mind isn't as sharp as it used to be. The Wolford family doesn't need an heir who isn't clear-headed. So, don't call me 'father' anymore. If you have nowhere else to go, you can still work as a manager in the company. I've already been more than fair to you, so don't accuse me of being heartless."

Sterling was taken aback for a moment, then scoffed. He sure knows how to sweet-talk his way through. He wants to kick me aside, yet still finds me useful. He's keeping me around for further exploitation, squeezing me dry, and even using me to pave the way for Quincy.

His expression grew terribly gloomy, and his fingers gripping the phone had started to turn pale.

Now, he had contracted the K Virus, not knowing when his condition would deteriorate and lead to his death. Besides, Harvey was the one responsible for putting him in such a dire situation. At such a time. Harvey had the audacity to abandon him, to sever ties and pursue an unreliable and incapable woman. The humiliation was indeed timely!

Suddenly, Sterling burst into laughter. He said, "Harvey... why don't you just drop dead?"

Harvey had initially been waiting for Sterling to grovel, just as he had done in the past. However, upon hearing such words, his eyes widened in shock.

"Y-You dare speak to me like this..."

"Why wouldn't I dare? All these years, I've been working like a dog for you, and this is how you repay me? Fine, if you won't let me liv

peacefully, then I'll make sure you have no lineage to carry on!"

With that, Sterling forcefully hung up the phone!

Balance:

482

1 Coin

1 Pearls

Chapter 216 Disown Him

“It’s me. The game is over now. Take Quincy, tie her up, and have your fun. Then, send me the video. When I give the order to kill her, make sure it isn’t too easy for her.”

After hanging up, Sterling stared blankly at Keith for a long while. The butler’s legs trembled in fear. Realizing that Sterling was actually planning to harm Harvey’s only daughter, Keith felt an overwhelming urge to expose the plot.

Just moments ago, he had heard Harvey’s voice declaring Sterling was no longer the heir to the Wolford family. So, he.....

“What’s on your mind?” Sterling’s voice was haunting. Although seated, he exuded a menacing aura, making Keith feel as though Sterling might pounce and shatter him into pieces at any moment.

“Were you... thinking of betraying me?”

“No, no, no! I wouldn’t dare! Mr. Wolford, I absolutely didn’t have such thoughts!” Keith’s heart skipped a beat as he practically blurted out the words, on the verge of kneeling, Sterling simply chuckled without a word, leaving a chilling silence hanging in the air.

“Keep the meals warm: the banquet must go on. If they don’t show up by noon, we’ll switch it to a dinner party instead.”

The butler broke out in a cold sweat, dreading the possibility that no one might show up for the dinner party either.

Despite his worries, he swiftly agreed with a smooth reply and quickly backed away.

Sterling chuckled coldly. “So, you all want to drive me to my death? Then none of you should live either!”

After receiving the video of Quincy, he excitedly made a call to Yelena.

“Listen, there’s something you need to do if you don’t want your daughter to die...”

Once he had finished the call, he felt much more at ease. However, at that moment, a friend from the police station phoned him.

“Mr. Wolford, didn’t you strike a deal with Uriah a year ago?” The other party got straight to the point, their tone anxious.

A chill ran down Sterling’s spine as he admitted outright. “Yes...”

There was a long silence before his friend said, “You need to run! I’ve heard that evidence of your arms smuggling and war profiteering has been submitted to the higher-ups. Anyone involved with Uriah right now is in deep trouble. It’s better if you leave first, let your father clean up the mess, and lay low for a few years.”

The color gradually drained from Sterling’s face, his smile fading. The onslaught of bad news felt like the final straw that broke the camel’s back, leaving him with a suffocating sensation.

Would Harvey help him clean up the mess? That was laughable. He could already picture it, once things went south, that scoundrel would conveniently forget all the benefits he’d reaped, push all the blame onto him, and wash his hands clean of the whole affair.

Balance 453 +

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 217 Blackmail Her

Could it be that he was destined to die? Even if he survived the K Virus, was he destined to never escape?

“How much time do I have left?” Sterling’s voice was chillingly calm. The other party found it a bit odd, but responded nonetheless,

“Two hours. From what I know, once the police receive the arrest warrant, they’ll come for you...

“I’ll give you the three villas I own in the capital, in return for a favor from you.”

The other party initially wanted to refuse. After all, he had already returned his favor by leaking such information to him. However, the thought of the value of the three villas in the capital made him unable to resist the temptation.

He stated plainly, “If it’s too difficult... I’m afraid I might not be able to fulfill it with my current ranking.”

“It’s not difficult.” Suddenly, Sterling revealed a smile, as if a heavy burden had been lifted. The terrifying gloom that had once dominated his face vanished in an instant.

“All I need from you is to delay the arrest warrant a bit, preferably until after eight tonight.”

“You’re thinking of escaping?” his friend guessed.

Sterling chuckled lightly. "Yeah... I want to escape." But there was nowhere to escape to.

Meanwhile, Calista was resting at noon. The warm sunlight filtered in through the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting her in a languid elegance reminiscent of a graceful cat.

After making some calls to a few political figures, Kallum sought her out, ready to share some good news.

"Darling, I'm coming!"

Despite the intense pain coursing through his body, he tenderly embraced Calista as he climbed into bed, pulling her into his arms. Only then did he let out a satisfied sigh. If one could overlook the bead of cold sweat trickling down his forehead, the scene would truly be picturesque.

He felt an increasing inability to control his body, a sensation that filled him with fear, yet also a chilling calmness. If one day he were to wake up and find himself paralyzed, he might not even be surprised.

Feeling a bit uncomfortable, Calista turned around, positioning her back toward Kallum.

He was easy to please and held her from behind, enveloping her completely within his embrace, as though their lives were intertwined.

"Callie, is there any place in particular you'd like to visit?" he asked, worried that he might be confined to a wheelchair in the future. If he had the chance, he wanted to take her out while he was still able to walk.

Calista, annoyed by his antics, finally grumbled in response, "Besides research, I'm not going anywhere!"

She was a research fanatic, a fact well known to Kallum. She seemed to lack the usual pleasures of a nineteen-year-old girl, leading a monotonous life. Yet, it was this very monotony that allowed her to constantly be by his side. Without her, he was certain he wouldn't have been able to maintain his

nism and hope over the past year.

1/3

Chapter 217 Blackmail Her

He fell silent for a moment, then spoke again with a burst of enthusiasm. "By the way, after today, you won't see Sterling anymore. There will be no third outcome other than him rotting in jail or dying. Are you happy about that?"

At last, Calista opened her eyes.

“Oh? It’s quite a pity that I couldn’t kill him with my own hands. But this kind of ending... it’s not bad either. It saves us from any further complications,” Calista said.

Just then, her phone rang. She furrowed her brows, reached for it, and pressed the answer button.

“What’s wrong?” The number belonged to Benedict. She wondered why he was calling.

“Calista... To her surprise, the voice on the other end was Sterling’s. His tone was calm, almost eerily so.

“Sterling?”

Calista instantly sat up..

“Did you kidnap my father?”

“Heheh...” Sterling chuckled softly. “I sincerely invited you to the banquet, but you didn’t show up. Left with no choice, I had to resort to this.”

“What do you want?” Calista’s face turned icy, her star-like eyes sparking with a chilling light, creating an unwelcoming aura.

“What do I want from you... I want you to attend the party. To be honest, I knew I’d be taken away by the police today. So, before that happens, I want to have one last moment of glory.”

Kallum and Calista exchanged a glance before she replied, “What if I don’t come?”

Sterling’s voice remained remarkably composed. “If you don’t come, I’ll take someone down with me before I die. Even though he seems innocent and oblivious to everything, pitifully naive.”

“Enough,” Calista frowned. “I can go, but how do I ensure my father’s safety?”

“Don’t worry,” he assured. “The moment you show up. I’ll set Benedict free in front of everyone. However, you’ll have to bring some people along. The people of Horington are really timid; none of them dare to come here because they’re afraid of the Fairchild family. It truly saddens me.”

Calista arched an eyebrow. “So, you’re saying that only if I call the guests over will

over will you release my father? I’m sorry, but I can’t do that. What if something happens to them if I send them over?”

Sterling was incredibly persuasive. "All right, here's the deal," he proposed. "Just bring along Kallum. As long as he shows up, I'm sure those petty people will flock to my banquet like bees to honey. Let's settle on this then—six in the evening, no excuses for not showing up."

With that, he hung up the phone.

Calista stared at her phone for a long while, deep in thought. "I can't help but find Sterling's actions peculiar. Knowing he is to be arrested today, why would he still insist on hosting a banquet? Could it be that he's given up on life, hoping to strike me down before his end?"

um snorted. "You'd better not go. I'll send some to save your father. He'll be fine."

2/3

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 218 At The Banquet

Calista shook her head. "Sterling clearly isn't in his right mind right now. Even if your men are highly skilled, I fear they wouldn't be able to save my father before Sterling acts. Now, we might as well go and see for ourselves. I'm quite curious about how he managed to return from Corleon!"

She paused for a moment, turning her gaze toward Kallum. "I'm sorry for dragging you into this."

Kallum wasn't fit enough to be out and about given his current circumstances, which was why Calista felt apologetic.

With a raised eyebrow and a smug smile, Kallum suggested, "If you're truly sorry, how about giving me a kiss?"

Calista chuckled, but deep down, she was still filled with worry. In this life, though she never planned on being a good daughter, she didn't want Benedict to just die like that. His previous life had been filled with enough sorrow. This life, he deserved a better ending.

"Don't worry." Seeing her downcast, Kallum comforted her, his tone turning dangerous. "It's good to come him, so he can't escape. Rest assured, after tonight, there won't be anyone named Sterling in this world anymore. Your father will be safe."

That night, at Sterling's suburban villa.

A procession of luxury cars rolled in one after the other. As the occupants stepped out, they exchanged puzzled glances, clueless about what was happening.

Originally, they had decided not to associate with Sterling. However, in the afternoon, Sterling unexpectedly called them, declaring his intention to reconcile with Kallum. He even assured them that Kallum would definitely come that evening.

Carrying this peculiar sentiment, they all arrived without prior arrangement. In the world of business, there are no eternal friends, only eternal interests. Even if the Wolfords and the Fairchilds had made amends, it wouldn't be anything out of the ordinary. They had been invited over and over again, with insistence that they must come. This made their feelings somewhat delicate.

Upon entering, the atmosphere felt strange and unsettling. The food had clearly been reheated, only to be left to cool down again. The grand hall was devoid of any servants, with only Sterling standing at the entrance to welcome them. He then ushered them in, encouraging them to start eating.

There was no music, no ambiance. Though called a banquet, it felt eerily like a funeral. The guests murmured in hushed groups, finding it all very peculiar.

At that moment, a servant finally came in.

"Hey, hold on a minute!" A middle-aged man called out to the butler, his question laced with confusion. "Where are the servants? The musicians? Is this how the Wolford family throws a party?"

The butler's face was a frightening shade of pale. He cast a panicked glance at the man, hastily dropped what he was holding, and scurried away, completely ignoring his surroundings.

At that moment, Calista and Kallum arrived.

flum gazed at the Wolford family's mansion, lost in thought. "Sterling has some munitions with him,"

nad. "Ifha's indu darnarara tanishi's hanana All certainlu ha men than maste the

1/3

Chapter 218 At The Banquet

"I'll have people surround the place shortly, just in case he's set up a sniper or is planning to escape. Once you go in, try to stand near the window. I'll have someone constantly checking to see if he's laid any other traps."

Kallum, regardless of the details, took the time to remind Calista thoroughly. It was as if he was sending a child off to take the college entrance exams, covering all bases,

Internally rolling her eyes, Calista reached out and grabbed his hand.

“Anyway, as long as I have you, I’m not afraid of anything that might happen.

Kallum’s eyes lit up at that moment, he found her dependency on him extremely gratifying.

By the time they arrived, the hall was already bustling with people. Seeing that Kallum really did show up, everyone finally breathed a sigh of relief. Their main concern was that they had been tricked by Sterling into coming. If, by any chance, Kallum had not made peace with Sterling and misunderstood that they were siding with Sterling, things could have turned sour.

However, both Kallum and Calista had cold expressions. Upon entering, Calista swept her surroundings before directing her statement at Sterling, who had come forward to greet them.

“I’m here, where’s my dad?”

With just one statement, a shock rippled through the crowd! Judging by the demeanor, it seemed the Fairchild family hadn’t come for the banquet, but for revenge! The reason being, Sterling had captured. Calista’s father!

Sterling’s smile didn’t falter in the slightest. With a clap of his hands, someone brought Benedict out. Benedict didn’t seem to have suffered much, just a bit shocked and dazed. Upon seeing Calista, he seemed to have found his anchor as he moved toward her.

“Hold on.” Kallum stepped forward to interrupt. His right-hand man immediately moved from behind him to escort Benedict aside. He needed to conduct a thorough check first; only if there were no issues would Benedict be allowed to approach Calista

Seeing how cautious Kallum was, a glint of light flashed in Sterling’s eyes.

After a thorough examination, Ryder gave Kallum a nod of approval. Only then did Kallum let out a grunt.

“Let’s go.”

With that, he grabbed Calista arms, intending to leave.

“Hold on.” All of a sudden, Sterling spoke up, smiling at Calista, “I heard Ms. Calista recently visited Corleon, and even acquired the ‘legacy’ of Uriah. With so many people here today, don’t you plan to announce this good news?”

Upon hearing this, everyone was secretly taken aback!

Uriah’s status as a political figure meant that any association with him could spell disaster for those involved. Yet, when Kallum seized Uriah’s possessions, not a whisper of protest arose. This was attributed to Kallum’s esteemed position and outstanding performance in Lostaria; the nation conveniently overlooked the transgression, turning a blind eye to the matter.

ever, the situation was vastly different for Calis Entangling herself with Uriah would prove to be a

2/3

Chapter 218 At The Banquet

formidable challenge to disentangle from. Should she accept anything from Uriahs, she’d find herself obliged to reciprocate in kind, finther complic

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 219 Being A Clown

Noticing the crowd’s gaze on her, Calista felt a sense of bewilderment. Could it be that Sterling had: obtained some sort of evidence and, in the lace of death, wished to drag her down with him, hence the reason for this banquet?

But what difference would his evidence make? Even if she were to hand the money over, it wouldn’t benefit him. Regardless of the worst

outcome, she would remain unscathed. So, what was Sterling’s real. intention?

She scoffed, “I have no idea what you’re talking about. Uriah? I’ve never even heard of his name.”

Inside the banquet hall, Calista and Sterling confronted each other, their auras starkly contrasting. One emanated icy reserve, while the other exuded a sister and mysterious presence.

Sterling’s lips curled into a sardonic smile. “Let’s dispense with the pleasantries. I once collaborated with Uriah, supplying him with a considerable arsenal. Yet, in an hour’s time, the police will arrive to apprehend me. I can’t help but feel aggrieved. I worked alongside Uriah, only to face arrest now. Meanwhile, there are others who engaged in

dealings with him, even pocketed a hefty sum from his coffers. Why haven't their misdeeds been brought to light?"

The insinuations in Sterling's words twisted Calista's expression sour. "Me? Collaborating with Uriah? If it weren't for your involvement, orchestrating my capture by Uriah, I'd never have crossed paths with him. Or are you implying that since you're headed for a jail cell, this is your final act of defiance before confinement, dragging innocent bystanders into your downfall?"

Calista paused, a wry smile dancing on her lips. "Yes, the auction incident was a huge blow to your finances, but surely, you don't hold such a grudge?"

The doubts sown in the crowd's minds lessened significantly. Before her induction into the Fairchild family, Calista was just an ordinary girl from a respectable lineage. How could she possibly be connected to Uriah? Conversely, Sterling bore a palpable grudge against Calista. Her previous deception, tricking Sterling into acquiring worthless land, still stung. That night, Sterling seethed with fury, nearly bursting a

vein.

Witnessing Calista's effortless escape from his grasp left him dumbfounded. That idiot Quincy, without external aid, would have crumbled under Calista's cunning within three moves.

"So, you're admitting to having met Uriah?"

Sterling's gaze swept the assembly, his voice projecting. "Just returned from Corleon myself. Went there on a hunch that Uriah had stashed something. It took some digging, but guess who I stumbled upon at Uriah's hiding spot?"

He pointed at Calista, a light chuckle escaping him. "Caught Calista red-handed, masquerading as a medical aide for a special support team. Later, Kallum made a hefty purchase of goods from Corleon. Sure, Corleon boasts a robust underground market, and I acknowledge Kallum's possession of items confiscated from Uriah a year ago. But when I uncovered the hidden cache, it was gone. Kallum then made a special trip to peddle what he'd acquired a year prior. It wasn't hard to deduce his intention to bury at secret, was it?"

Sterling shook his head, sighing theatrically. "Even Uriah couldn't resist the allure of a beautiful woman. Initially, I ordered for your demise, yet not only did you survive, you unearthed a clandestine affair. Who

buy that there's no connection between you two?"

13:23 Fri, 31 May

Chapter 219 Being A Clown

His words provoked murmurs among the attendees, speculative glances darting at Calista. Sterling's insinuations painted a picture of Calista having received something substantial from Uriah, their association seemingly more than casual.

"Are you quite finished?"

Calista restrained Kallum's urge to intervene, casting an indifferent gaze at Sterling.

"Admittedly, you spin quite the tale. However, my venture to Corleon was solely driven by global concerns, contributing modestly to societal welfare. If you knew anything about me, you'd understand my recognition as a prodigious figure in medical research! I delved into studying the K Virus, joining a specialized research team, risking interaction with K Virus patients. It's disheartening to see my altruism twisted."

She paused, her tone measured. "Kallum's return for me stemmed from concern over my safety in a perilous locale. Recognizing Corleon as a lucrative trading hub, he seized the chance to offload his wares amassed during his visit. Selling Uriah's wares locally would prove cumbersome."

A trace of mockery gleamed in her eyes. "Where did you hear about Uriah's mythical treasure? Your assumption that Kaiser's sale of numerous items equated to your quarry was rather hasty." She continued, dismantling Sterling's claims one by one. "Moreover, the existence of this treasure has only ever been your assertion. Is this vendetta because I once cost you a considerable sum? Are you attempting to besmirch my connection with Uriah, hoping to extort this so-called 'treasure' that may not even exist? Quite cunning of you, exploiting Uriah, a man both sensitive and devoid of concrete evidence due to his demise."

Calista's eloquence was masterful, articulating every facet with clarity, elucidating all dubious implications. Her demeanor remained composed, her aura detached. Her gaze upon Sterling was akin to observing a mere jester.

Sterling's laughter dwindled, incredulity etched onto his features. It was hard to fathom that a year prior, Calista was a timid recluse. Their initial encounter bore an opportunity for Sterling to throttle her and seize her USB drive. Yet now, she bared her claws and fangs, effortlessly ensnaring his lifeline.

Indeed, he should have dealt with her decisively from the outset.

Send Gifts

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 220 Planted A Bomb

“Why should I listen to someone who’s about to be locked up in jail, acting like a rabid dog, biting at anyone in sight?”

Kallum fened, his expression revealing his discontent. “Callie, let’s go,” he said. “Let him he wants. Anyone who would believe him is probably as crazy as he is.”

Suppressing the odd sensation, Calista gave a slight no.

say whatever

Despite her efforts, she still couldn’t figure out how Sterling had managed to dodge a bullet and avoid

infection.

Before she arrived, she had considered the possibility that Sterling might be, like her, an asymptomatic carrier. But observing his demeanor, she dismissed that possibility due to the lack of physical discomfort. However, since Sterling was going to jail anyway, any questions she had could be asked later. It was best not to linger in this place for too long

“You’re leaving?” Sterling finally broke the silence, smiling as a hint of madness flashed in his eyes.

“I’ve planted a bomb here. If you take another step, we’re all going to die together. You’ve pushed me this far, I don’t even want to live anymore!”

His words sent shockwaves through the crowd! A bomb? Did Sterling actually intend to kill them all?

“Quiet!” Sterling’s hand slid over a remote control. “Make another noise, and I’ll press it!”

His expression didn’t seem feigned, he genuinely wanted to take everyone down with him!

Calista looked at Kallum with a stern expression. However, Kallum was well-prepared for all of this. The people he had arranged beforehand had already infiltrated the Wolford residence. Even if there were explosives, dismantling them was only a matter of time. Hence, both of them remained composed.

Upon seeing that Kallum remained silent, everyone else also calmed down. However, they were still filled. with a mix of fear and anger!

“Sterling! Have you lost your mind? We trusted you. That’s why we came. How could you even think of blowing us up?”

“How could you do such a horrifying thing? My child is still at home waiting for me....

“Drop the remote now! If you don’t want to end up in jail, we’re all friends here, we can find a way out for you. You don’t have to go down this path alone.”

“Jerk! You’ll go to hell for doing this!”

Upon hearing the surrounding persuasions and insults, Sterling laughed in triumph. Everyone was focused on him, everyone despised him, yet they were powerless against him. At that moment, he was the man in charge! These people were nothing but ants to him!

He toyed with the remote control. “It seems you are truly courting death.”

Balance:

1 Coins

370 +

1 Pearls

Chapter 220 Planted A Bomb

“What do you want?” Calista asked calmly. Having experienced death once, she feared nothing. Of course, she also valued her life more than anyone else.

“What do I want? I want money... The money you took was supposed to be mine! If I had it, I wouldn’t have had to go to prison. Harvey, that b*stard, wouldn’t have abandoned me, and my capital flow could have been restored. All of this... you’ve ruined it! You b*tch!”

As Sterling continued to speak, his gaze grew increasingly fierce. Each word he uttered seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth!

Calista chuckled lightly. “You look quite pitiful. Are you saying all this in hopes of gaining my sympathy?”

A cold glint surfaced in her eyes as she scoffed. “What a pity. In my view, you are no different from Harvey. If he once favored you, it just means that you both share the same nature. Discarding something when it’s no longer valuable, isn’t that a tactic you’re quite familiar with? Or is it that you’re the one being discarded now, and you can’t bear the humiliation?”

“Calista, are you deliberately provoking me?” His voice was laced with frustration. “Do you think what I’m

holding is a toy? If they die, it’s on you!”

Sterling seized the chance to cast shade on Calista.

Calista scoffed coldly. “Pleading for mercy from a madman is as ludicrous as expecting a butcher to lay down his cleaver. Even if it means death, I won’t beg you, not even a single word.”

Upon hearing this, Sterling revealed a peculiar expression. He held the remote, silent for a long while, his gaze swept over Calista and then over Kallum. Finally, he abruptly gestured toward Calista with a twisted smile.

“How about this? If you come over, I’ll hand you the remote. I know Kallum’s men are still trying to locate the bomb, but they’ll need time. All you need to do is come over right now, and I’ll give you the remote.”

Upon seeing Kallum reach out to grab Calista, Sterling’s expression darkened.

“If you don’t come over by the count of three, I’ll detonate the explosives! One!”

Everyone was intently looking at Calista, hoping she would step in and prevent Sterling from losing his mind any further!

That was people’s true nature. For the sake of their own safety, their sense of morality tends to mysteriously vanish.

Kallum tightly grasped Calista’s hand. “Don’t go. Even if there’s an explosion, we’ll be fine.”

When he entered, he had already conducted a scan with his device. If there had been a significant amount of explosives, he would have detected it prior to his entry. However, the alarm did not sound, indicating that the amount of explosives Sterling had planted was minimal, so minimal that it was undetectable.

The explosive’s blast wasn’t going to be that powerful, at least not enough to endanger everyone in the banquet hall.

Moreover, they had all donned bulletproof vests.

Balance:

1 Coin!

1 Pearls