

# Her Vengeful Rebirth ( Calista ) Novel Chapter 225

Released on June 6, 2024

Chapter 225 Her Own Research Center

80%

Those with deeper insight into the Fairchilds knew more about her; Calista was not only a medical prodigy but also the goddaughter of the Fairchild family and Kallum's younger sister on paper.

As Calista stepped into the spotlight, Kallum's usually icy demeanor softened momentarily, giving the reporters pause. Before they could bombard her with more questions, she tilted his head toward them and spoke clearly.

"I know the question on everyone's mind. Yes, my brother was indeed attacked by that lunatic. But just now, in the car, he received the antibody shot. It's quite evident that his fever has subsided. He's now part of the fortunate one percent."

Some of the reporters seemed convinced, noting that Kallum appeared free of any feverish symptoms, his eyes bright and exuding authority.

Yet, skepticism lingered among most of them, driven as they were by the hunt for controversy. Unintimidated by the possible repercussions from the Fairchilds, they pressed on with their probing questions.

"The implications of this situation are significant. Is the Fairchild family considering a press conference to perform a public blood test to allay public concerns?"

A reporter eagerly chimed in, microphone in hand, "Given that the K Virus is extremely contagious and uniformly fatal, immediate confirmation is crucial to prevent a potentially disastrous impact on the Fairchild family's stock values. What measures is your family planning to take?"

These issues were already weighing on Kallum's mind. He knew that if they weren't addressed swiftly, not only the Fairchilds' branch families but also their shareholders and rivals lurking in the shadows would start causing trouble.

But that's okay, thought Kallum, glancing at Calista with reassurance, feeling invincible with her by his side.

Calista, feeling the reassuring squeeze of Kallum's hand, looked up at him and addressed the crowd, "After receiving the antibody shot, a recovery period of one to three months is required. During this time, my brother will be in seclusion. What is there for you all to worry about? Those infected with the virus rarely survive beyond a month.

By the time he's seen in public again, any speculation or rumors will have naturally dissolved. So why push for a press conference when he's unwell?"

The reporters frowned, processing her logic. It seemed plausible that Kallum had indeed joined the rare survivors of the virus, and any doubts would be clarified in a month's time.

But what if Calista is misleading us? What if Kallum inadvertently spread the virus within that month? The implications could be catastrophic.

At that crucial moment, Kallum stepped forward, positioning himself protectively in front of Calista. His aura grew more formidable, a clear sign of his resolve.

"What Callie has said mirrors my own stance. If you really insist on a press conference, it will have to wait until after my recovery. I'm sure you can understand how taxing the recovery from an antibody injection can be. Despite knowing I'm unwell, you persist with these intrusions. Are you trying to provoke a lawsuit?"

Balance: 2753 +0

1 Pearls

13:39 Mon, 3

Chapter 225 Her Own Research Center

80%

Kallum then led Calista, step by measured step, inside. He adjusted his pace to accommodate her high heels, making their entrance seem less like that of siblings and more like a couple deeply in tune with each other.

As the grand doors swung shut behind them, a hush fell over the crowd. Inside, they both knew this was merely the beginning of their struggles.

Upon receiving the news, Silas was already mobilizing influential allies, while Wanda had retreated, turning down any visits to focus on the crisis at hand.

After a month, a critical period, they would be poised to act decisively, potentially doubling their impact with half the effort.

Inside, Kallum turned off his laptop and addressed his assistant, Quintus, "What's the latest on Sterling?"

Calista, too, was keenly interested in the man's fate. Given his unique medical condition, he presented a rare research opportunity as a human test subject.

Quintus responded, “Sterling is not only a serious health risk but also a major criminal. Exposing him will require careful handling and a legitimate justification.”

Kallum glanced at Calista with a mischievous grin. “A justification? I think I have the perfect one.”

Curiosity piqued, Calista looked at him expectantly.

“My dear sister has always been deeply involved in researching the K Virus, even traveling to Corleon for it. As her brother, it’s only right that I support her,” Kallum stated.

He continued, stroking his chin thoughtfully, “I recall that Grandpa’s will mentioned a property meant to serve as a nursing home. I could convert that into a biosafety level four research center and get it nationally certified. That way, you can conduct your research openly and legitimately right here.”

“The missing piece is a unique subject like Sterling. But once successful, it could be a monumental contribution to the world. I’m sure the government would see the benefit,” Kallum concluded, watching the excitement light up Calista’s eyes.

“Are you really setting up a research center just for me? My own research center?” Calista was not the kind of girl who dreamed of luxury bags or makeup; her dream was far more substantial.

Seeing the spark in her eyes, Kallum chastised himself. Had I known it would make her this happy, I would’ve done this sooner!

He nodded affirmatively. “Exactly, I’ll establish a research center just for you. And Sterling will be your very first subject”

Released on June 6, 2024

Chapter 226 Where Is Quincy

Calista couldn’t suppress a chuckle, realizing the twisted irony of her situation. In her previous life, Sterling and Quincy had tormented her relentlessly for three years at the research center. Now, the tables had turned dramatically, with Sterling at her mercy. Should I exact a merciless revenge, or should I allow him a swift and less painful demise?

At the same time, Sterling was summoned for a private meeting. “Dad...”

When Sterling entered the room, he resembled a junkie who had overdosed. His cheeks were hollow, his appearance drastically declined within just a few days. Whether this alarming deterioration was due to psychological torment or the virus’ toll was unclear.

Harvey sat across him, separated by a protective barrier, his eyes icy as he scrutinized Sterling, assessing what little value he might still possess.

“I came to let you know,” Harvey began coldly, “even though you managed to bite Kallum, he’s recovered. He was administered an antibody shot, and his fever has already subsided. If all continues to go well, he might just survive this ordeal as one of the fortunate few.”

Initially, Sterling’s expression was vacant, but it shifted dramatically at Harvey’s words. His face twisted into a mask of terror.

“This can’t be possible!” His disbelief exploded as he slammed his hands against the glass, his voice escalating into a desperate shout. “I don’t believe this!”

Harvey instinctively leaned back as Sterling approached, his expression tightening in a mixture of fear and caution. “Calm down!”

But how could Sterling calm down? Internally, he was in turmoil, bordering on madness. He had risked everything to eliminate an enemy, only to discover his target was unharmed. The irony was maddening. Sterling clutched at his chest, feeling as though he was about to cough up blood once more.

During these past few days, coughing up blood had become a grimly ironic routine for him. Although he felt no pain—whether from numbness or actual freedom from discomfort—his body was betraying him, growing frailer each day, making his existence worse than death.

Harvey noticed Sterling’s troubled state but pressed on, knowing the questions that needed asking. “I came only to inquire about something specific—where is Quincy? Did you have her kidnapped?”

A few days ago, Yelena had been calling him relentlessly, worried because Quincy seemed to have vanished, presumably taken by the Wolfords. Yelena, fearful of making waves, had merely sought Harvey’s

assistance.

Harvey, having never engaged in kidnapping, vividly recalled Sterling’s spiteful comments from their last confrontation. Thus, he had leveraged his contacts to arrange today’s meeting.

“You came to see me just to ask me this?” Sterling asked, his voice laced with bitterness.

He realized Harvey hadn’t come to rescue or comfort him; he was here solely for his missing daughter.

At this, Sterling's eyes reddened with a mixture of rage and despair.

Balance: 2753 + 0

13:39 Mon, 3 Jun M•

Chapter 226 Where Is Quincy

80%

actions, I've had to dissolve two subsidiaries just to stabilize the situation. You've not only caused me significant financial losses but also drawn the ire of the Fairchilds. And despite your promises, you've failed to settle your debts and even contracted the K Virus!"

Harvey's long-held resentments poured out, his speech fueled by Sterling's powerless state. However, he didn't lose focus on his daughter's whereabouts.

"I didn't come here to point fingers, especially given your current state. I just need to know, what did you do with Quincy? Where have you hidden her?" Harvey pressed.

When Sterling remained silent, head bowed, Harvey played his final card. "If you hand her over to me, I'll arrange a comfortable place for you to spend your final days."

This offer was a blatant lie. Harvey had no intention of extending any real assistance to a man he deemed worthless. His true motive was to uncover Quincy's location.

Nevertheless, Sterling knew the man standing before him all too well. Harvey's heart was as dark as the night, his soul filled with deceit, yet his cunning was unparalleled, always clinging tightly to his core interests.

"I won't tell you," Sterling responded with a deep, resonant voice. "Because, as I've said before, I plan to ensure that you have no descendants to carry on your name."

Harvey's face contorted in anger.

Sterling pointed at him and burst into mocking laughter. "I'll end your lineage for abandoning and using me! You want to discard me now? Fine! Take your wealth to the grave. I'll make sure that even in death, you'll be utterly alone."

A twitch ran across Harvey's face as he stood, his voice darkening. "Do you think I'm out of options?" Despite the challenge, with Sterling's condition, the only path forward for his subordinates was to side with Harvey.

Harvey stood up, his stomach protruding, looking down on Sterling from a superior stance. "Since chose to do it the hard way, I guess you'll be drawing your final breath here," he declared.

you

With that, he walked out, determined to exploit Sterling's butler to gradually infiltrate Sterling's network. While it might take time, as long as the leads were alive, he was confident he could uncover Quincy's whereabouts.

Released on June 6, 2024

Chapter 227 Kallum Has Turned Into A Doll

And there's still Kallum... In Harvey's calculating eyes, there gleamed a shrewd glint.

It seemed almost too coincidental that Kallum had emerged as that rare fortunate one percent. Harvey couldn't resist wondering if luck was indeed on his side.

Meanwhile, the Fairchild Manor had become a bustling hub of activity, with a steady stream of visitors arriving each day.

The motivations of these visitors were not always transparent, but most were there to probe the depths of the truth about Kallum's condition.

Kallum and Silas had decided that hiding away was not a sustainable solution. After much deliberation, they planned a family banquet under the guise of celebrating Wanda's birthday. Officially, it was a festive gathering, but unofficially, it was a strategic move to allow close associates and skeptics alike to see Kallum firsthand.

Many of Kallum's friends were in attendance as well. Over the past year, face-to-face encounters with Kallum had been rare, their interactions largely confined to the digital realm of video calls. Consequently, when the news of the family hosting a banquet spread, each of them made it their priority to attend.

The day of the banquet saw the mansion brilliantly illuminated, its location in a sea of expensive houses made it the center of attention.

Despite the pretext of a family banquet, the underlying concern for Kallum's well-being was palpable. If he truly had recovered, many would need to reassess their positions and perhaps behave subserviently to return to get into the Fairchilds' good graces.

However, if the Fairchild family was concealing the truth, the implications could stir endless speculation. The Fairchilds had long been a prominent and enduring prestigious family, often the subject of envy and intrigue, though Calista had yet to witness the complexities of these internal dynamics, let alone the outsiders.

Luxury cars lined up one after another, turning the driveway into a spectacle resembling an exclusive car show.

As the event's honoree, Wanda was naturally the first to be greeted, although a dressed Kallum was momentarily delayed due to another engagement.

"Mr. Kallum, you really let me down! We had agreed to go on vacation together, but it's been a year and I haven't seen hide nor hair of you!" Remus Shaw, the son of a real estate tycoon from Summerbank and a childhood friend of Kallum, expressed his disappointment. Remus' grandparents resided in Horington, and that was how he got to know Kallum.

"You look quite frail; are you feeling better now or not?" Louis Maynard inquired, his concern genuine and palpable.

Kallum glanced at them both, his internal debate on whether to reveal the truth of his condition ending with him choosing silence. Instead, he grumbled, "What could possibly be wrong with me? It's just that this d\*mned recovery period is truly unbearable. I haven't had a decent rest in days!"

Their faree mirrored cumnathu and Remus clanning Kallum on the hack offered a half-hearted joke

Balance:

2700 +

0

t

80%

Chapter 227 Kallum Has Turned Into A Doll

At this, a faint smile touched Kallum's lips as he thought of Calista.

Isn't she a blessing? Assuming I won't die, of course.

Shaun intervened then, his voice cautious, "Gentlemen, please be mindful. Mr. Kallum is still very weak. Even the slightest touch could cause him intense pain."

Upon hearing this, Remus stepped back abruptly, looking guiltily at his hands. "Why didn't you say so earlier? I wouldn't have touched him if I knew. He's truly turned into a doll!"

Kallum fixed him with a glare, though the corners of his mouth twitched slightly. "Even in my current state, I could take you down. Want to give it a try?"

"No, no! You're always the boss!" Remus replied with a laugh.

While their corner buzzed with laughter, elsewhere the mood was more somber.

Benedict glanced uneasily at his daughter, impeccably dressed and seated on the couch. "Is Mr. Kallum really all right? People have been asking me lately, and it's been making me feel uneasy."

Benedict genuinely hoped for the best for Kallum, feeling a deep sense of guilt over the circumstances that had ensnared them both. If only I hadn't been kidnapped, this wouldn't have happened.

Calista scoffed lightly. "Well, that depends on who's asking, doesn't it? I haven't had the time to reach out to you lately. I've clearly warned you to be careful. Why did you still end up getting caught by Sterling?"

Alone in the room with her father, Benedict felt compelled to confess. His brows furrowed as he looked down. "Callie, I was foolish and got tricked by Sterling. He sent me a message, claiming he had kidnapped Yelena and demanded a million for her release. He also warned me not to tell anyone, or else he would hurt her. When I saw the photo he sent, it looked like Yelena, and I couldn't reach her on the phone, so I... But it turned out Yelena was never kidnapped. The photo he sent was probably photoshopped."

Calista closed her eyes, a headache brewing at her father's naivete. Considering his past, it was no wonder he had been swindled so thoroughly, his judgment often lacking when it mattered most.

"Okay, let's consider this matter settled then," she decided, thinking of the repercussions if Sterling or Harvey learned too much. Benedict was not one to hold secrets well, and stirring up trouble now could complicate her path of revenge.

Seeing that Calista wasn't going to delve deeper, Benedict exhaled in relief. "By the way, you haven't mentioned how Mr. Kallum is doing? He should be... fine, right?"

His tone was tentative, fearing the consequences if the truth were otherwise.

Calista responded indifferently, "Don't worry, he's fine."

Reassured by her words, Benedict could finally relax. If something were to happen to Kallum, not even my death could get me out of this situation, and it's precisely why I dared not step foot in the Fairchild Manor for the past few days.



Released on June 6, 2024

## Chapter 228 Who Could Have Possibly Caught His Eye

Calista, checking the time, turned to Benedict with a nod. "All right first. I'll join you there shortly with Kallum."

you can head on to the banquet hall

Benedict's face brightened with a look of sincere admiration, his smile softening the lines of his somewhat ruggedly handsome features.

"You seem to be on much better terms with Mr. Kallum now. Indeed, it might have been better had you two been siblings from the start. It would have spared you both considerable hardship."

Calista laughed at this, finding her father's musings endearingly naive at times. I wonder how Kallum would react to such an observation.

"Perhaps you're right," she responded thoughtfully. "I'll go on ahead then."

"All right, but don't keep Mr. Kallum waiting too long," Benedict added quickly.

Calista took a few steps, then paused and looked back, noticing Benedict still there, his gaze following her departure.

He stood tall and lean by the window, the sunset casting a warm glow that highlighted his refined features. Unlike many men of his age, Benedict lacked the typical middle-aged spread, his demeanor exuding relaxed charm. His eyes carried a hint of youthful naivety that belied his years, reflecting a man who, despite occasional obliviousness and bias, deeply cared for his daughter.

"Off you go, off you go!" he encouraged, waving her off with an amused chuckle when he caught her looking back.

For some reason, Calista was reminded of an incident in her previous life, when her father had let her go, only to end up severely beaten. He had, on the brink of death, managed to secure some money by selling his kidney and entrusted it to a stranger to give to her.

The one hundred and fifty thousand from that desperate act was the most bittersweet money she had ever spent, tainted with the essence of his sacrifice.

Benedict's act of letting her go, driven by his own misplaced courage, was arguably the boldest thing he'd done. The memory made her eyes sting with unshed tears.

Regardless, Benedict had already paid the price for his foolishness in his past life.

Calista blinked back her emotions and continued on her path, determined that in this life, Benedict would live out his days in peace and stability—a repayment for both his sacrifices and to honor her grandparents' legacy.

Meanwhile, Kallum seemed distracted, his thoughts lingering on Calista. He had chosen a pink gown for her to wear, eager to see her in it, imagining the soft and delicate image she would present, reminiscent of the shy girl from his past.

“Mr. Kallum, why do I sense something off about you today? Speak up! You were smiling just now. What were you thinking about?” Remus, always perceptive, caught the slight change in his demeanor.

I mis akim.

im with

S

L

minion “Vallm

Balance:

2674 +

0

13:39 Mon, 3 Jun M.

Chapter 228 Who Could Have Possibly Caught His Eye

chasing after him; when has he ever chased after someone? I can't imagine any woman having enough charm to capture Mr. Kallum's attention.”

Yet Louis remained unconvinced, adding, “Who knows? Maybe there is one.”

Kallum glared at them both, a bit annoyed. “Can you guys stop being so nosy?”

His lack of a retort surprised them.

80%

Remus, taken aback, pressed on, “You’re kidding, right? Mr. Kallum, you’re seriously interested in women now? Who could it be? The one from the Quinn family? Surely she’s too easy a conquest for you. Or maybe the Lozano family girl? She’s far too arrogant for your taste.”

After a moment’s thought and finding no suitable candidate, Remus continued, “Helena? Stella? Don’t tell me it’s your former fiancée? Hahaha…”

Laughing at his speculation, he persisted, “Come on, Mr. Kallum, who is she? I’m dying to know who could possibly catch your eye!”

Louis observed the exchange, suspecting there was truth to the teasing. “I think you might be onto something,” he said to Remus, noticing Kallum’s annoyed but silent response.

Kallum remained tight-lipped, but Remus couldn’t contain his excitement. “Helena? Maureen? Stella? Did I mention these names already? Who could it be!”

As Kallum’s impatience grew, he tried to usher them out. “Enough, the banquet is about to start. Let’s get going!”

But Remus blocked his path, playfully threatening, “No way! You have to admit it, or I’ll start rumors that you’ve fallen for your former fiancée!”

He felt confident about his bluff, adding with a smirk, “Remember, a smart person does not dwell on past. Let’s see how you can show your face in the future!”

“From what you’re saying, it sounds like liking me is something shameful?” Amused by the banter, Calista, dressed in the pink mini dress and hair styled like a princess, chimed in.

Her appearance was deceptively sweet, but her cool, sharp gaze betrayed a keen intelligence. Her slightly deeper voice cut through the playful atmosphere, challenging the notion of sweetness with her incisive wit.

“Callie,” Kallum turned to her with a proud smile, then back to his stunned friend. His eyes, shining with admiration, left no doubt that Calista, standing there in all her contradictory grace, was the one who had truly captured his heart.

Remus, still in disbelief, exclaimed, “Oh, come on! Are you serious? This is your plain, clingy, and unattractive fiancée?” He recoiled slightly under Kallum’s stern look.

Released on June 6, 2024

Chapter 229 A Complete Transformation

it could potentially draw blood from Kallum in an instant.

86%

Most would dismiss such an incident as an accidental scrape from an unpolished gemstone, chalking it up to mere coincidence. Yet, it was this very design that could cunningly collect a blood sample without suspicion.

“Sharp?” Charlene responded, visibly startled, then quickly recovered with a forced chuckle, “Are you talking about the pearls and gems on my bag? Oh, they are not sharp in the slightest. I’m puzzled as to why you would ask.”

As she tried to reclaim her purse, her efforts were futile against Calista’s firm grip. By then, Kallum’s expression had darkened considerably.

Exchanging a significant look with Calista, he then turned his piercing gaze to Charlene, his voice cold and steady. “I trust what Callie said. As for you, what exactly are you after? My blood sample? Considering our families are connected through marriage, are you trying to sever that tie now?”

“No!” Charlene’s face blanched at his accusation. “Have you misunderstood something?”

She continued to struggle to reclaim her bag, persisting despite the awkwardness of the situation. “Mr. Kallum... Please don’t be swayed by her words! Take a closer look; is there really anything amiss with my bag?”

She was confident in the bag’s subtle design, convinced that the tiny, less-than-half-a-centimeter needle was well-concealed by the gemstones’ brilliance. Surely, Calista must have been setting a trap for her.

Hista maintained her playful demeanor, locking eyes with Charlene. “Well, the only way to be certain of any issue is to put it to the test, isn’t it?”

Charlene hesitated, unsure of Calista’s intentions.

In the next instant, Calista tightened her grip on the purse and, without any warning, pressed the side with the embedded needle against Charlene’s arm.

A sharp cry of pain escaped Charlene as the needle broke her skin. Calista held her firmly against the wall of the corridor, immobilizing her completely. She didn’t stop there; with a chilling smile, she slowly dragged the needle down, creating a superficial cut along Charlene’s fair skin.

The pain was akin to a knife's edge, exacerbated by the intensity of Calista's imposing stare, which seemed even more menacing than the needle itself.

Charlene felt her sanity fraying at the edges as she cried out, "Let go! You b\*tch, let go of me!"

In her panic, Charlene's free hand flailed, reaching to grab at Calista's hair, but Kallum was quicker, seizing her hand before it could make contact. His gaze fixed on the fresh bloodstain, his eyes ablaze with a fierce protectiveness that bordered on murderous.

Tue,

Released on June 6, 2024

Chapter 230 I Wonder What They Have Planned

86%

"So, how do you justify the wound on your hand? The lengths your family has gone to just to obtain my blood sample are truly remarkable," Kallum stated, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Hearing these accusatory words, Charlene was overwhelmed with a mix of guilt and fear. Cold sweat beaded on her forehead, and she was unsure if it was due to the pain from her arm or the sheer panic gripping her heart. She gazed at Kallum, her eyes wide with turmoil, and her body ceased struggling; instead, she began to sob uncontrollably, her voice tinged with desperation.

"M—Mr. Kallum, please, I beg you to forgive me! I didn't intend for any of this to happen! I'm your cousin! It was merely out of curiosity, nothing more. It wasn't a plan orchestrated by my family!"

Calista observed the unfolding scene with a bored expression, eventually tossing the bag aside and releasing Charlene.

Maybe it was the residue of the fear she had instilled, but as soon as Calista let go, Charlene began to slump against the corridor wall, slowly sliding down until she was forced to squat to keep from collapsing entirely.

With a dismissive wave of his hand, Kallum summoned Ryder, who seemed to materialize from thin air. "Throw her out, and make sure to remove everyone who accompanied her as well," he commanded.

"Mr. Kallum!" Charlene's plea was filled with desperation as tears streamed down her face. "Please, don't do this, Mr. Kallum! We are family!" The thought of her parents also

being expelled filled her with dread; the punishment she would face at home would be severe.

“I have no need for relatives who conspire against me,” Kallum declared coldly as he continued walking away with Calista, who seemed to relish the drama.

“I had a hunch tonight’s banquet would be quite entertaining,” Calista remarked with a mischievous smile. “I’m curious about what other surprises they might have planned for you.”

Kallum’s expression grew serious. “Tonight is probably just a preliminary test. Knowing the nature of these people, the real spectacle is likely still to come.”

As they entered the banquet hall, all eyes turned towards them. The room was filled with genuine smiles, beaming with sincerity.

Quintus and three others positioned themselves around Kallum, forming a protective circle that prevented anyone from coming within a meter of him, effectively isolating him within a small, guarded

space.

“Mr. Kallum, you are truly fortunate. Even the K Virus couldn’t subdue you. It’s quite impressive!” A portly middle-aged man approached, one of the company’s shareholders, his eyes sharp yet somewhat elusive as he appraised Kallum.

Many shared the man’s intent, but thanks to Quintus and his team, they were kept at bay, preventing any further incidents like the one with Charlene.

Kallum exchanged a few curt words with the shareholder, then made his way to Wanda, his demeanor softening. “Happy birthday, Mom,” he greeted warmly.

10:51 Tue, 4 Jun DJ T

Chapter 230 | Wonder What They Have Planned

86%

“Thank you, my dears,” Wanda accepted the gifts, her eyes moist with emotion as she looked on at Kallum and Calista. If it hadn’t been for the setting, she might have cried tears of joy.

After making the customary greetings, Kallum addressed the gathered crowd, his voice clear and composed. “Today, I am deeply grateful to all of you for joining us to celebrate my mother’s birthday.”

His gaze swept over the assembly, his eyes not quite as warm as his words. He knew all too well the difference between those who were genuine and those merely putting on an act.

“However, as some of you may know, I recently had an accident and received the K Virus antibody injection. I am currently in the recovery period and have been advised by my doctor to rest. Therefore, I won’t be able to stay long tonight. Once I have fully recovered in a month or two, I promise to host another gathering to celebrate properly with everyone.”

The crowd responded warmly, most seeming to believe that Kallum’s recovery was well underway. And even if there were doubters, none dared to challenge his statement openly.

Yet, as is often the case, unexpected developments were bound to arise.

Suddenly, a new voice called out, “Mr. Kallum, you wouldn’t mind if I showed up uninvited, would you?”

The banquet attendees murmured among themselves, curious about the newcomer no one seemed to remember inviting. This was intriguing because each guest had been allowed a plus-one, yet no one could place this individual.

Kallum did not recognize him at first, but others did.

“Warrick? What brings you here?”

Varrick Zielinski, a slim man with a cunning smile, replied, “Well, I do have some connections with the Fairchild family, don’t I? So why shouldn’t I be here at a family banquet?”

It then dawned on Kallum that this man was a former shareholder who had been ousted, a minor foe of the Fairchilds.

Seeing no reason to engage in petty disputes, Kallum was prepared to leave, but Warrick quickly interjected, “It’s only natural for Mr. Kallum to rest if he’s feeling unwell. I just wanted to ask Ms. Stafford a few questions in front of everyone today.”

Positioning Calista protectively behind him, Kallum turned to face Warrick directly, raising an eyebrow and smiling coldly. “And what right do you have to question her? If I remember correctly, you’re nothing more than the least favored illegitimate offspring of a disgraced family. Callie is my treasure. You’re overestimating yourself, don’t you think?”