

Chapter 3 Seeing Her Enemies Again

If the old Calista heard that she was making the Fairchilds unhappy, she would have chosen to remain silent.

But now she knew that if she did not explain herself in front of everyone right now, who knew what terrible rumors would spread tomorrow!

Calista looked at the guests and laughed hollowly even though she could feel her body weakening.

"I'm upset too! The Fairchild family is having a party and yet someone is trying to murder me! I've just narrowly escaped death, but you're accusing me of debauchery. Such care and concern you have for me, my lovely sister!"

Quincy was unable to respond to this. The word 'murder' sent another uproar through the guests.

They were all people of high status and feared for their lives too. If not for the fact they trusted the Fairchilds and were bound by social rules, they would have started running in a panic by now!

Benedict finally came back to his senses and rushed over to Calista, "What? Someone wants to kill you? Who?"

The elegantly dressed lady beside him merely frowned while taking a step forward and smiled, "Benedict, don't listen to Callie babble on. She must have just gone out to have fun. This is not some lawless country and we're in the Fairchilds' house – who is so daring as to attempt to murder here?"

What she really meant to say was that Calista had gone out to have so much 'fun', she ended up looking like this, and then simply said someone was trying to kill her to cover up.

The moment she started speaking, Calista turned her gaze to Yelena Langley, her stepmother.

How lovely...we meet again.

Yelena froze in shock when she saw the way Calista looked at her and stopped herself from saying more slanderous words. *She was shocked – Calista was normally a very timid child, why does she look so frightening now?*

"Mom, be careful of what you say. Today is a happy day for my fiancé's family. Are you trying to make things difficult for the Fairchilds by slandering me?" Upon hearing the phrase 'make things difficult for the Fairchilds', Yelena panicked and quickly replied, "What are you going on about? I am merely concerned about you! I'm so afraid that you're only interested in having fun and end up embarrassing the Fairchilds! Look at what you look like now! Who knows what you've been up to again!"

Only heaven knew that Calista had grown up under the tight rein of her stepmother, and her stepmother's cruelty to her had traumatized her psychologically. And so even after she had grown up and became more capable, she still did not dare to go against her stepmother, her personality growing more and more timid, allowing anybody to step all over her.

But now she actually managed to cheat death – why should she still be afraid?

"Thank you for your concern."

Calista looked back down at herself and laughed bitterly.

She was standing all wet and dirty in the cold of early spring, yet their first show of concern was to malign her.

"So this is what concern looks like huh – you're not worried about why I look like this, instead you twist the truth about me being chased down by a murderer, and you even join my sister in slandering me. Your sort of concern makes me really frightened."

Her words left no room for mercy, and each word slowly drained the color from Yelena and Quincy's faces.

"You little ingrate! What nonsense are you spouting!"

Yelena glared back at Calista and couldn't contain her true self.

Quincy panicked and shouted in time, "Mom!"

She quickly continued, "Mom, I know you are very concerned about Callie, but please try to stay calm!" *Don't you remember where you are?* Yelena suddenly came back to her senses – indeed, this house was not a place for her to lash out like this.

Quincy looked back at Calista and felt a chill in her heart. For some reason this usually useless sister of hers was behaving like she was possessed or something and had become bold enough to say anything she liked.

But she had to tolerate her words, because Zane was already on his way – she wanted to see how Calista could still defend herself after that!

But on the surface she still kept up her act of being the good sister, saying, "Callie! Did something agitate you? Mom didn't mean any harm, how can you talk like that to her? Mom has been so kind to you – if you behave like this, others will laugh at you!"

When he heard that they might get laughed at, Benedict's mind suddenly cleared as if he just woke up from a dream.

He saw that everyone around looked mildly amused by all this, and so he quickly cut in, "Quincy is right – Callie, why are you so rude? Apologize to your mother! Now!"

Calista couldn't help but laugh.

Did her father think that she could tolerate anything just because she never complained about being mistreated since she was a child? So, whenever something bad happened she had to take the rap?

As the saying goes, "Only the babies who know how to cry will get milk to drink." She was born with a personality that was more forbearing and passive, and that was how she ended up being oppressed to death by this mother and daughter in her previous life! This time around, she wasn't going to tolerate any of this.

"Dad, I'm so badly hurt, and you don't even ask about how I am. Mom and Quincy are slandering me and you don't care either. Then when I defend myself, you want me to apologize? Am I the one who has behaved embarrassingly? If Quincy didn't start by spouting nonsense but called the police instead, did you think I would stand here and be a laughingstock?"

These words sent Benedict into shock. He suddenly realized that this situation was a result of what his younger daughter and wife had said, and not his eldest daughter. But he was still perplexed – his elder daughter was usually obedient, and always looked at the big picture even if it meant that she had to be on the losing end. Why was she being so immature today?

At this moment, the butler came running over in a hurry. The party tonight was a small one so Silas Fairchild was not around, and his wife was outside seeing other guests out. The butler was shocked to hear something so serious was happening.

The moment he saw Calista, he got a shock! "Ms. Stafford, are you alright? Do you need me to take you upstairs to get your wounds dressed and take a shower?"

Calista's heart felt lighter when she saw him.

"Paul, I'm alright, but there are two men trying to kill me, please call the police to arrest them!"

"What?" The butler grew serious, "How could such a thing happen? We have failed in our duty. Please be rest assured, Ms. Stafford, we will take care of this matter. As for our other guests, please do not worry, we will assure your safety as well!"

The crowd merely smiled and said it didn't matter – they could see that whatever was happening did not actually concern them.

Quincy's face darkened when she heard what the butler said and saw he was calling the police.

What is taking Zane so long? If Zane and Yael get arrested now, then Calista will get away with this! The police will also interrogate them hard so as to be answerable to the Fairchilds, and these two might confess that I'm part of the plan too! No! I must smear Calista's name tonight! Then people will only focus on the future daughter-in-law of the Fairchilds being a promiscuous woman, and won't think that there's a bigger scheme behind it all!

Perhaps the heavens had heard her thoughts – before she could open her mouth to say anything, a skanky voice came through the door.

"Ohhhh so Ms. Stafford has run all the way here – Didn't you have fun just now? Why did you suddenly make a run for it? And get yourself so dirty in the process?" Zane said boldly with Yael Zimmerman following behind him. Unlike the overly confident Zane, Yael saw the large crowds and shrank in fear out of a guilty conscience.

All the guests recognized these two – they were famous in the elite circles for being wastrels, squandering their family fortune on a variety of vices. Judging from what he said, did it mean that they were with future daughter-in-law of the Fairchild family's ?

Calista saw them and coldly declared, "Paul! These are the men trying to kill me!"

Before the butler could respond, Zane pretended to look surprised and shouted loudly, "That doesn't make sense – just now you were enjoying yourself in bed so much, calling us Honey and all, but someone came by and you made a run for it. Then now falsely accusing us because you're afraid of being found out? Nothing will happen to you for simply making accusations, but this could land us in jail! Besides, I'm richer and more powerful than you, why would I want to kill you? Find a better excuse next time!"