

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 301

Released on June 8, 2024

Chapter 301 Where Is Calista

Kallum frowned impatiently. How is it that there isn't even someone to inquire here?

Hearing his displeased tone, the short, chubby middle-aged butler, Normansqueezed through. "Mr. Kallum, welcome! Welcome! I apologize for not coming to welcome you sooner."

Kallum snorted coldly, his sharp eyes piercing through him. "I'm asking you. Where is Calista?"

"I-I don't know..."

Before the man could finish his sentence, Kallum grabbed him by the collar and lifted him up.

"You're telling me you didn't know when someone entered this house?"

The rising anger in his tone sent shivers down everyone's spine. At this moment, a familiar woman rushed out, trembling as she spoke. "Mr. Kallum, I-I know! I just saw Calista, and she was with a man..."

—

Kallum quickly let go of Norman, turning to Mirabelle. Something told him that this was a conspiracy.

However, is it possible? With the barely surviving Yost family, coupled with the powerless Wolford family, will they dare to lay hands on Callie?

"Then lead the way!"

"Yes... yes." Mirabelle dared not delay, jogging ahead. The other guests quickly made their way, eager to avoid being in her path.

Kallum followed Mirabelle. To ensure his safety, the men behind him discreetly loaded their guns. Kallum wanted to see how this small place had swallowed up someone belonging to him.

Along the way, although Mirabelle was terrified, the fact that this matter had "nothing to do" with her bolstered her courage a bit.

“Mr. Kallum, I truly pity you! You might not be aware, but Calista was taken away by a man shortly after entering here...”

Seeing Kallum’s silence, Mirabelle gritted her teeth and continued, “Calista isn’t the same person she used to be. Many people outside are saying that she’s the most successful and scheming woman in the city. From being your fiancée, to becoming the Fairchild family’s goddaughter, to marrying you, how long did it take her? Mr. Kallum, I think...”

“I think I don’t need you to tell me what kind of person she is.”

Kallum’s ominous voice rang out, causing Mirabelle to freeze in place. She could feel the cold muzzle of a gun pressed firmly against the back of her head!

Mirabelle gulped nervously. She hadn’t expected Kallum to bring a gun. But then again, as the head of the Fairchild family, how could he not carry one?

Seeing Mirabelle finally quiet down, Kallum sneered, “Move!”

Mirabelle didn’t dare utter another word and obediently led the way.

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two men and went elsewhere.

Although Kallum was sure that Mirabelle would lead him to witness a drama related to Calista, he decided to split his forces to

prevent accidents.

In front of the closed doors, the group stopped. Looking scared, Mirabelle said, “This is it. I don’t know anything. I just saw Calista come in here!”

She had indeed seen it, so everything she said was true.

Kallum didn’t bother to listen to her nonsense any further. He waved his hand, and someone behind him kicked the door open.

Suddenly, an unpleasant, carnal scent filled the air. A sense of foreboding crept into Kallum’s heart. He looked over and saw a sight that made his blood boil with rage.

Seven or eight men were crowded onto a single bed, and Calista was right in the middle of them, doing things that were difficult to even speak of!

“Calista” seemed delirious, completely immersed in carnal pleasures. The scene was incredibly debauched.

The intrusion startled the men, who began to panic.

Seeing this scene, Mirabelle screamed in shock. At this moment, Norman also arrived with some guests who were friendly with the Wolford family.

“Mr. Kallum, this is where distinguished guests reside, you cannot...” But before he could finish His sentence, he saw the extremely debauched scene in the room. Those behind him also saw it. Why are they all naked? Is this an orgy!

Someone exclaimed, “Isn’t that the soon-to-be daughter-in-law of the Fairchild family?”

A ripple of shock spread through the crowd! Many subconsciously looked over, indeed recognizing “Calista’s face. Calista is actually doing such things before her wedding?”

“Shut up!”

Kallum was truly p*ssed off. His eyes turned red, glaring fiercely at the approaching people. Is the Wolford family’s intention to tarnish Callie’s reputation, preventing her from marrying into the Fairchild family?

Mirabelle was already stunned by the scene before her. She never expected that Quincy’s supposed gift for Calista would be so intense. The timing of Norman’s arrival with the guests was impeccable. Calista was doomed.

Mirabelle quickly closed the door, putting on a pretense of being a good person. She anxiously said, “No no... Calista isn’t inside. She didn’t enter this room previously.

These attempts to gloss over the truth only provoked silent derision among the crowd. Prior to this, they had feared and respected the Fairchild family, fully aware of how Wan Hong had met his end. But now, Kallum was publicly humiliated by his fiancée, who had clearly cheated on him with not one but a few men. This was certainly turning out to be an interesting spectacle.

Moreover, there were many of them. The Fairchilds couldn’t kill them all, could they? With that thought in mind, they grew bolder.

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Chapter 302 Not On Purpose

“Who would’ve thought? That woman who just came in is so horny. Even though she has a husband, she’s still insatiable.”

“No wonder she disappeared as soon as she got here. Turns out she’s here.”

“But that woman seems a bit delirious...”

“She’s probably been played until she’s lost her mind.”

The malicious whispers made Kallum feel sick. He didn’t care if he got his hands dirty and angrily yelled at Mirabelle. “Get out of the way!”

Mirabelle’s eyes lit up. If Mr. Kallum is this furious, will he start a massacre? That would be best! However, she still put on a face of earnest persuasion.

“Mr. Kallum, don’t be impulsive! I believe Calista didn’t do it on purpose!”

Kallum was utterly repulsed by her. Why had I only seen Mirabelle as vain before, and not as fake?

Immersed in her act, Mirabelle didn’t notice the murderous look in Kallum’s eyes and continued, “Mr. Kallum, give Calista a chance. Don’t be impulsive. Murder is against the law!”

“Yes! Mr. Kallum, calm down. We’re at the Wolford residence.”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three gunshots rang out, followed by a chorus of screams. Kallum, unable to bear it any longer, fired three shots into the ceiling, silencing the world around him,

His menacing eyes bore into Mirabelle as if looking at a dead person.

“I told you to get lost!”

Terrified, Mirabelle crouched down with her hands over her head. Kallum’s glare reminded her of the time by the pool when he wouldn’t let anyone save her. He wanted her dead.

The feeling of being so close to death was unbearable. With her legs shaking. Mirabelle moved away.

As she had finally moved, Kallum’s rage subsided a bit. He kicked the door open, ready to see who dared use Calista’s face to ruin her reputation.

Hearing the gunshots, Quincy was momentarily stunned, then she laughed out loud. “Fantastic! As expected, Kallum couldn’t handle the shock and started killing people!”

Upon hearing Quincy, the initially tensed Calista asked in confusion, “What have you done?”

"It's simple!" Quincy leaned against Jason, smiling seductively, "I had someone provoke Kallum and then let him see his beloved fiancée with other men! And I called a lot of people to watch. Unless Kallum kills them all, by tomorrow everyone in Horington will know how promiscuous you are!"

As she said this, Quincy's eyes turned frighteningly cold. Because of Calista, everyone in Horington looked at me as if I were filth. I might be in the spotlight now, but no matter how glorious I am, I will always be a mistress. If I'm

Her 302 Not On Purpose

So, you had someone impersonate me?"

Calista showed a peculiar expression, which Quincy, in her pride, failed to notice.

"Yes, we had her face surgically altered in Hestrya! Plus, she's drugged, so Kallum won't get any answers from her. Maybe he won't even ask. Did you hear the gunshots? Perhaps he killed her on the spot! And his actions will decide your fate, my dear sister..."

She continued, "If Kallum kills that woman, then unfortunately, after Mr. Jason has had his fun, you'll have to die too. If Mr. Kallum takes her away, even better! We can use you to exchange for that woman, ruining your reputation. How could the Fairchild family ever marry you then? Even if you run out to clear your name, who would believe you? Either way, your reputation is ruined. Be grateful you came here. At least you can die knowing why. If you hadn't come, I would've had more interesting tricks for you! My only fear is that you might not be able to handle it."

In essence, Quincy could do everything she couldn't do in the past now with Jason's support.

Even though Jason was a bit eccentric, he wasn't a fool. Though he had done this, what could the Fairchild family do but suffer in silence?

If Kallum acted impulsively and killed someone, he'd face the death penalty in Chanaca.

Even if he didn't, once the news of Calista's orgy spread, the scandal alone would keep Kallum busy. How could he possibly deal with Jason?

In any case, it was a great opportunity for revenge against Kallum, who was so detestable.

Jason patted Quincy's head approvingly. "Your ideas are always so interesting. I'm eager to see Kallum's reaction. Do you think he killed her or took her away?"

“It doesn’t matter; we’ll find out soon. With so many people around, Kallum wouldn’t be able to tell that the woman wasn’t Calista. Even if he did, he’d take her away first to protect the Fairchild family’s reputation...”

Quincy snorted. “Mr. Jason, don’t worry about it now. Kallum came so quickly. Even though this is a secret room, he might find it. To avoid complications, you should deal with this woman first. Haven’t you wanted her for a long time?”

Jason nodded excitedly. His desire for Calista was one reason he indulged Quincy. He motioned for his bodyguards to approach. The others in the room, numbed by drugs, were ready to watch the show. They needed more stimulation to keep their dulled senses entertained.

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Chapter 303 Cripple You

Forced to retreat. Calista chuckled softly. “I must commend you for coming up with such a thorough plan. Seems like all you’ve been thinking about lately is how to harm me. You didn’t think of anything else, right?”

Calista’s ability to remain calm at this point infuriated Quincy to no end.

“Yes! Not only do I want to ruin your innocence, but I also want to cripple you for life! You’ve brought me to this point, and there hasn’t been a day I haven’t wanted to kill you! In my plan, your situation will only get worse. There’s no limit to how miserable you can be!”

She snorted triumphantly, “Are you ready to face what’s coming? Even if Kallum tears this place apart, he won’t find you! Whatever he decides, you’re at his mercy!”

Calista wiggled her finger. “There’s another outcome. As long as I can appear before the public, your schemes will fall apart on their own!”

Quincy sneered, retreating with Jason. “I know you’re skilled, but do you think I’ll give you that chance? The doors are sealed from the outside. Even if Kallum wants to find you, he’ll be led away by my people. Accept your fate!”

At that moment, a bodyguard lunged viciously at Calista from behind. But the next second, he screamed

in agony falling to his knees with two silver needles piercing his eyelids.

Seizing the opportunity, Calista grabbed the knife from the guard’s waist and darted behind someone else watching the scene, holding the knife to their throat. In imminent danger, her actions were as swift as lightning.

“You want me to accept my fate? I’ll only do so after I’ve killed everyone here!”

After Kallum burst in, the men were still frantically dressing.

“What’s going on?” they demanded of Norman. “We were told we can have fun with her however we want. How did so many people barge in?”

Their answer came in the form of Kallum’s men’s iron fists!

How dare they tarnish Ms. Calista’s reputation? They are practically asking for death!

Dragging the still-dazed woman from the bed, Kallum demanded, “Where’s Callie?”

Clearly high on drugs, the woman babbled nonsensically, “Callie? I...I’m Callie...”

Norman hadn’t expected Kallum to recognize her as someone else at this moment, especially since they’d found someone with Calista’s figure!

He hurried over and said, “Mr. Kallum, if you need to handle family matters, please do it elsewhere. There are people watching!”

Kallum sneered, tossing aside, the drugged woman like trash, his icy gaze falling on the middle-aged man.

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legs snapped.

He let out a bloodcurdling scream, shocked that Kallum would act so recklessly in someone else’s territory, and in front of so many spectators. Does he not care about the Fairchild family’s reputation at all?

“Ahhh! Mr. Kalium! Even if you kill me, this won’t be covered up...” Norman was in excruciating pain, his eyes filled with hatred. His back was soaked with sweat.

Punctuating his words were two resounding slaps from Gunner.

“That’s not Ms. Calista. You shouldn’t make false accusations!”

Seeing Kallum going mad, many guests wanted to flee, but Ryder and his men blocked their path from behind.

“Without Mr. Kallum’s orders, no one is allowed to leave!”

He ignored those guests who had paled with fright. Approaching Kallum, Ryder said. “Mr. Kallum, I’ve searched everywhere, but I haven’t found Ms. Calista in any room.

He paused for a moment, then added, "However, the layout of this house is quite peculiar. There's definitely a secret room somewhere."

Hearing this, Kallum worried even more, thinking that Calista might have been taken to a secret room unexpectedly. They had underestimated this trap set by Quincy. For her to dare do such a thing, she must have found new backing. The only question was whether her backer could withstand his wrath!

Kallum glared fiercely at the groaning butler on the floor. "Interrogate him. If he doesn't answer, break a finger. And let those outside who enjoy watching the commotion come in and see the consequences of lying!"

The entire floor was turned upside down by Kallum. Most of those who wanted to leave were blocked by the large iron gate, not knowing what those big shots were up to.

In a corner on the second floor, a silenced gun was aimed at Calista.

"Oh no, did I miss?"

The seven or eight people who had been here watching the scene were now being protected in a corner by their bodyguards because Jason was just too crazy. A moment ago, the person Calista was holding hostage wasn't exactly a nobody, yet Jason had just fired at her without hesitation. Although the shot missed, it was still too much!

"Mr. Jason, what do you mean by this? We came here to have fun, how can you do this?"

One of the startled guests, now more sober, questioned him with a mix of dissatisfaction and fear, only to be met with Jason's indifferent gaze.

Jason, who was in a somewhat delirious state, laughed and said, "I had no choice. My little kitten has grown claws. Didn't you see how my men got scratched when they approached her? With women like this, I have experience—only by breaking their legs will they behave! So I had to aim for her leg, but who knew I'd miss? Besides, don't you think this cat-and-mouse game is fun?"

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Chapter 304 Play A Game

The others were clearly displeased with his answer and were about to say more when a gun suddenly pointed at them.

“We’re all here to have fun, right? You don’t want to ruin the mood, do you?” Jason asked with a crazed

smile.

Being inexplicably held at gunpoint, the bodyguards of the others quickly drew their weapons.

“Mr. Jason, what is the meaning of this?” Most of their faces turned unpleasant from fright. They had come here because it was supposed to be safe and out of respect for Jason, but this madman dared to point a gun

at them?

Seeing that Jason’s irrationality was about to cause an internal conflict, Quincy quickly intervened with a smile, “You’ve misunderstood. Mr. Jason is inviting you all to join in a game!”

Quincy took the gun from Jason and glanced at Calista, who was on the other side.

She scoffed, “Didn’t you hear what Mr. Jason said? Since Calista won’t cooperate willingly, let’s play with her! From now on, we’ll play a game of shooting the beauty. Whoever hits Calista’s leg gets a prize—like being the first to kiss Mr. Kallum’s woman!”

Under normal circumstances, they wouldn’t dare to be so bold, but everyone here, except Quincy and Calista, had taken some drugs. Things they wouldn’t normally dare to do or ever think about doing were now becoming temptations under the influence of their desires.

Jason didn’t react when Quincy took the gun from him, indicating he might genuinely want to play. So, the previous tension quickly dissipated. After all, it wasn’t them who had been shot for protecting Calista earlier.

“Really? We get a chance too?” They had initially thought Jason had claimed Calista for himself.

“Of course, everyone who comes here is a friend. We can share anything and everything,” Quincy reassured them smoothly.

The shock from seeing blood quickly faded, and some started to eye Calista with lustful expressions.

The man nearest to Quincy took the gun from her with a grin, rubbing his fat chin. “Mr. Kallum’s woman? That’s something we wouldn’t dare even think about outside. But is it safe here?”

“It’s safe!” Quincy guaranteed. “Even if Kallum didn’t leave with that woman and insists on finding Calista, my people will ‘confess under duress’ and ‘be forced to tell him Calista’s whereabouts... In any case, Kallum will leave soon. And playing with his woman right under his nose. Doesn’t that sound thrilling?”

Quincy’s words were like adding fuel to the fire, making everyone eager to join in.

Calista took a deep breath. She was grateful for the numerous sofas and beds here.

She also had to thank Quincy for resenting her too much. From the start, Quincy never intended to kill her. Instead, she wanted to capture her and make her life a living hell.

Now, they wanted to play a cat-and-mouse game with her.

Chapter 304 Play A Game

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With that in mind, Calista suddenly dashed to the other side. There were two soft thuds as bullets hit the wall, producing a different sound than usual.

Calista squinted. She had found it!

Hiding behind a sofa, she grabbed a bottle of strong vodka from under a table and smashed it against the bullet-ridden wall. The room was instantly filled with the smell of alcohol. Quincy’s expression changed.

“Sh*t! She’s going to set a fire!”

Right after Quincy said that, a lighter that had been unknowingly left on the table was tossed aside. The flame ignited instantly, spreading across the room and climbing up the wallpaper, generating a thick cloud

of smoke.

“D*mn it!” Quincy cursed in anger. “You think you can force me to open the ventilation and let you. escape?”

While instructing others to put out the fire, she sneered, “Don’t be naive. Mr. Jason, stop playing games. So what if you got pricked a few times? If she goes blind, so be it. Just have her captured directly! None of the electronic devices here work. I don’t know if Kallum has left yet, but let’s not create more trouble!”

Jason, still somewhat dissatisfied, muttered, “I haven’t had enough fun yet!”

Nevertheless, he tossed the gun to his bodyguard beside him. "I'm too drunk to shoot straight. You do it. Just don't hit anything vital. I don't want a dead plaything."

The bodyguard hesitated but then aimed in the direction where Calista was hiding. Amidst the thick smoke, some were putting out the fire, while Calista took cover behind tables and chairs. The dim lighting should have been the perfect disguise, but unfortunately, the room wasn't big enough, and any movement she made would give her away!

With a loud "bang," Calista was forced back by a bullet as soon as she peeked out. Unlike Jason and his drugged companions, a trained bodyguard wouldn't miss.

"Come out. No matter how hard you struggle, you can't escape."

Quincy pressed a ventilation button, and the smoke quickly dispersed. The people fighting the fire had to use water, taking considerable effort since there were no fire extinguishers and they couldn't leave the

room.

On the other side, hearing Kallum's threat to break his fingers, Norman finally broke into a cold sweat and confessed.

"She was taken away! Ms. Wolford took her!"

Kallum raised his hand, signaling his men to stop. The ones searching for the secret room returned disappointed. "Sir, this building's design is very strange. It can't be measured using conventional architecture. We know there's a secret room, but we can't determine which floor it's on."

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Chapter 305 The Secret Room

"Let's not search anymore then."

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Kallum's words made Norman secretly pleased but also somewhat disdainful. The secret room was. previously Harvey's study, a place designed for storing confidential

materials. Once the door was sealed, it was almost impossible to find easily. Otherwise, Harvey wouldn't have spent millions to build a secret room in the first place.

Yet, through his sobs, he insisted, "It's true, she was taken away in secret! I swear, I'm not lying to you!"

Kallum stood up abruptly, looking at him with a deathly cold gaze.

"Had I not kept this place under surveillance, hearing you say that would have probably sent me off in a frantic search."

Norman was taken aback. He hadn't expected Kallum would be this careful.

Irritated, Kallum tugged at his tie. His violet eyes were filled with deep unease. He couldn't wait any longer. If they couldn't find her, there was a simple solution.

"Evacuate everyone and set the place on fire. Burn it down!"

Kallum's command made Norman utterly shocked! Burn it down? Surely, Kallum won't dare to do that. He can't possibly commit arson in someone else's home.

But Kallum's men, except for two who stayed to protect him, all went out. The guests, who had been trapped, seized the opportunity to rush outside, but they couldn't leave because their cars were in the yard! Kallum wouldn't really burn down this five-story mansion, would he? What about our cars?

To quickly meet Kallum's demands, his men gathered the fuel from the cars in the yard, making it easier

to set the fire.

This five-story mansion held Harvey's collection of antiques and cultural relics accumulated over many years. It wasn't just a house!

More importantly, what about the people inside if Kallum set the house on fire?

By now, the first floor was gradually catching fire. Norman was frantic, fearing the people in the secret room would be burned alive. He wondered if it was too late to tell Kallum where they were.

Unfortunately, Kallum's aura was too intimidating. Every time Norman wanted to confess, he chickened out. He felt that if he tried to run, Kallum would burn him first! Thinking of his own life and Quincy's threats, he hesitated and ultimately chose to play dead.

“Okay, hiding any longer is pointless... Ninety-Two, are you doing this on purpose? You missed so many shots!” Jason’s voice was tinged with annoyance.

The bodyguard, not daring to hold back any longer, quickly promised, “She’s too cunning. This time, I’ll definitely hit her!”

Just then, the house alarm suddenly went off with a blaring level one alert that echoed throughout, even

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Chapter 305 The Secret Room

“It should be the fire alarm. It only goes off for major fires...”

Before the person could finish, water started spraying from the ceiling. It couldn’t be turned off. Quincy hadn’t expected there to be a sprinkler system here.

“What’s going on? Is there a fire? But we can’t go out now...” Quincy was stumped. To prevent Calista from using a satellite phone, all electronic devices were cut off, and she couldn’t contact the outside world.

“Should we go out and check? What if there really is a fire?” The guests lost interest in the party, worried about being burned alive if a fire broke out. They no longer cared about playing games.

Someone pointed at a wall. “What’s with this wall? It’s so thin. I can see the glow of the fire outside!”

Quincy and Jason followed his gaze and saw numerous holes in one of the previously sealed walls, with some holes piercing through to show the fire outside!

Quincy suddenly realized why Calista had set fire to that wall and kept drawing their shots to it. Since they aimed for Calista’s legs, the wall was now riddled with bullet holes. Initially, the charred wall wasn’t noticeable, but now it was emitting firelight, Calista had known all along that this wall was fake, made of glass wool insulation!

“Hurry! Where’s Calista? Catch her! She’s trying to escape!” Quincy’s urgent words merely elicited a snort from Jason.

“This is the second floor. Where could she run to?”

Despite his words, they instinctively searched for Calista’s figure. With the ceiling constantly spraying water and everyone distracted by the firelight, they had lost sight of her. Now, looking at the sofas and beds, they had no idea where she might be hiding-

“We should leave! There’s a huge fire below! We can see the flames from the second floor!” someone said. fearfully

Quincy forced herself to stay calm. “Don’t worry. We have security. If there’s an emergency, the police and ambulances will arrive first! Have your bodyguards help search. Even if we need to leave, we must catch Calista first. Otherwise, she’ll be a threat!”

The seven or eight individuals who were reluctantly dragged into this mess had no choice but to assist them in their search.

“That woman is so sneaky. In such a small space, where could she have gone?”

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Chapter 306 The Fire Blazes

As the seconds ticked by, Quincy’s anxiety intensified dramatically.

Has Kallum already left? He must’ve; he wouldn’t tolerate a woman causing turmoil while masquerading as Calista. And even if he had chosen to stay, surely the butler would have ushered him out to protect his loved ones. After all, his wife and children are in my hands.

Quincy’s thoughts then drifted to the fire engulfing the lower floors.

Could this blaze have something to do with Kallum? If it isn’t his doing, then surely the butler would have sought me out by now, wouldn’t he? Why aren’t the police here yet?

With each moment that passed, her sense of panic escalated, her carefully orchestrated plan had been thrown into disarray by an unexpected fire.

Suddenly, a loud crash resounded as the wine rack toppled over. While the attention of those present was diverted. Calista saw her chance and dashed toward freedom. Quincy, however, was the only one who noticed her fleeting figure.

She shouted urgently, “Quick, grab her! She’s trying to run!”

Meanwhile, Kallum stood transfixed by the advancing flames, his heart pounding with anxiety as he scanned the area intensely. Where’s Callie? Where could she be hidden in this vast house?

Just then, Gunner pointed urgently toward a melting wall on the second floor and exclaimed, “Mr. Kallum! Look at that wall, it’s melting!”

“You can’t run, Calista!” Quincy managed to snatch a gun from Jason’s grasp and aimed it at Calista, firing several shots as the latter darted toward the exit. She had a sudden foreboding that if Calista successfully made her escape, the repercussions would be dire.

At that crucial juncture, Calista’s muscles tensed as she gathered every ounce of her strength and hurled herself against the soundproof wall, which was already significantly weakened. The dual layers of battered wood splintered under the impact. Shielding her head with her arms, she leaped down to the second floor.

As the flames roared, consuming everything in their path, Calista recalled the layout of the house from her previous life. She knew there was a lawn below, clear of any hazards, which emboldened her reckless leap. However, the ferocity of the fire was unexpected, and she braced herself for potential injuries.

Hearing a disturbance, Kallum instinctively looked up just in time to see a figure descending. Before he could clearly discern who it was, his instincts propelled him forward, and he caught the person in his arms. “Found you!” His voice resonated with surprise and palpable relief.

Upon realizing Calista was unharmed, he embraced her tightly, a deep sigh of relief escaping him. “D*mn it, you scared me to death!”

Calista, still slightly dazed, murmured, “Kallum?”

She hadn’t anticipated that at such a perilous moment, she would be caught by someone—let alone

Kallum.

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Chapter 300 The Fire Blazes

Gradually, Calista relaxed into his embrace, her arms wrapping around him, feeling an overwhelming sense of affection and security. “Thank you...” she whispered, overwhelmed by emotion. Having often relied solely on herself, being rescued when she least expected it stirred profound feelings within her.

As they left the chaos behind, Kallum carried her in his arms, his posture erect and his stride confident. He seemed to glow even in the night’s darkness, “Do we still need to

say thanks?" he chuckled warmly, holding her close, reluctant to let go. "We're husband and wife, you silly girl..."

Calista nestled into his embrace, murmuring a content "Min"

The Fairchild family's bodyguards, relieved to see the lady of the house safe, turned their attention back to the fiery ordeal. "Mr. Kallum," one of them inquired, "should we continue with the fire? People are still

inside!"

Just then, a desperate shout echoed from the second floor, "Help! Why is the fire so huge? Someone, please come and save me! There are still people alive!"

As the ambulance was delayed, a paramedic approached Kallum, wiping sweat from his brow, "Mr. Kallum, lives are at stake. Please, let us attend to the injured first!"

Calista tugged at Kallum's clothing, whispering something that made him chuckle. He glanced back at the engulfed mansion, raising an eyebrow. "Of course, we have to save them," he said. "Even though some

folks gathered to indulge in drugs and accidentally set this place on fire, we still need to rescue them. And while we're at it, let's make sure to collect evidence. We can't let these matters slide!"

Kallum's declaration carried a wealth of implications. They were taking drugs? No wonder they chose a secret room to gather

As for the arson, those present were not ignorant. They were well aware of the fire's originator. Yet now, it was Kallum who positioned himself as the fire preventer and the people inside who started the fire. Although the truth was known to some, fear kept them from voicing it out loud.

Nevertheless, the pressing circumstances allowed little room for such concerns. The immediate imperative was the preservation of human lives. Amidst the chaos of the ongoing rescue operations, Kallum had already departed with Calista, leaving Gunner to manage the situation on the ground.

The onlookers, taken aback by the unfolding events, harbored a profound bitterness. Yet, the idea of harboring a grudge against Kallum seemed futile; they recognized their lack of power. Their wrath, therefore, was redirected toward the Wolfords, who had dared to provoke a dangerous figure. Of all the people to antagonize, they chose Kallum's wife. Are they courting death?

Upon arriving home, Kallum wasted no time in summoning a doctor. Throughout the journey home and during the medical examination, Calista was extraordinarily

cooperative and well-mannered, displaying a level of compliance that was unusual for her.

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Chapter 307 Momentary Lapse In Judgment.

This uncharacteristic behavior did not escape Kallum's notice, prompting concern. "What happened? What did they do to frighten you?" he inquired with evident worry.

Calista, looking somewhat subdued, replied, "I just feel... I depended too heavily on my own recollections. That's what led things astray this time. I accept a significant portion of the blame. I shouldn't have erred in such a way..."

Her voice carried a hint of despondency, clearly impacted by her own perceived failings.

Kallum, attempting to lighten the mood, chuckled softly and affectionately tousled her hair. Noting her lack of resistance, his heart softened. "Silly girl, everyone makes mistakes. Don't hold yourself accountable for today's events; the fault lies with those despicable b*stards."

Despite his reassurances, Calista remained downcast. She had placed excessive trust in her memory, which not only led her into perilous situations but also jeopardized her survival. This was wholly inexcusable to her, and she struggled to readily forgive herself.

"Geez..." Kallum murmured, sitting close and planting a tender kiss on her temple. "How did I ever fall for such a silly girl like you?"

Calista frowned slightly. I'm not silly! This mistake has been a rare lapse since my reincarnation. From now on, I can't rely solely on her memory of my previous life.

Upon learning of the machinations against her by Quincy and Jason, Kallum's expression darkened significantly. "It turns out it was that scoundrel. Years ago, a woman he fancied declared her affection for me publicly, which he took as a personal affront. Not only did he ruin her life covertly, disfiguring her, but since then, he's harbored a vendetta against me. I've never taken him seriously, but who could have imagined that he would be audacious enough to target you!"

The more Kallum dwelt on the subject, the more his anger intensified. A fierce sparkle appeared in his violet eyes. "Just wait and see, Callie. I'll make sure he pays for this!"

Calista nodded, her emotions mixed. Unexpectedly, she found herself expressing "It's really nice to have

you."

Kallum, momentarily taken aback by her candid admission, saw his previously somber demeanor transform instantly into one of delight. "You're just realizing this now?" he exclaimed, his heart swelling with emotion. He wished he could convey to her, "It's so wonderful to have you too."

She had found her sanctuary in him, just as he had rediscovered his zest for life in her. They were indeed a perfect match.

Filled with unspoken joy, Kallum pondered the gift he had promised Callie. I wonder if it's ready. I'm sure she'd be delighted if I presented it to her as a surprise before our wedding!

The next day, Horington was once again alive with talk of Calista, sparking significant news coverage. Initially, those visiting the Wolfords presumed the woman seen with numerous men was Calista, stirring whispers and potential jests at Kallum's expense about his fidelity.

However, following the episode where Kallum heroically rescued Calista from the flames, any such rumore dieeinsted. The unman msemierudinese Calistsavas forced to change her annearance bu Kallum

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Chapter 307 Momentary Lapse In Judgment

Furthermore, many banquet attendees developed a strong aversion to Quincy, some even severing all ties with her, which underscored the extent of their disdain.

Quincy was eventually held accountable for facilitating drug use and received a one-year prison sentence. On that day, several notable figures found in the secret room—engaged in drug use and inappropriate conduct—were not only ousted and investigated but also received sentences ranging from two weeks to three months.

Kallum, however, was far from appeased, especially after discovering that Jason had instigated the perilous scenario involving Calista and a loaded gun. Learning of the malicious trap set to tarnish her reputation irked him immensely, and he vowed not to let such actions go unpunished.

Shortly thereafter, the Wendells arrived to apologize, led by patriarch Titus Wendell, who had maintained a good relationship with the older generation of the Fairchild family. Recognizing his son's transgression, he imposed strict family discipline for the first time and personally appeared at their door with backup.

Silas was hesitant to appear, and Wanda openly disdained characters like Jason. Ultimately, it was Calista and Kallum who met with him directly.

Within days, a stark reversal of fortunes occurred.

“Mr. Kallum, please, for my sake, understand that this time, this fool was misled by Quincy, that wretch. He acted foolishly under her influence. I have disciplined him severely at home; he truly recognizes his

error now!

Kallum, lounging w

an air of detached sarcasm, barely concealed his disdain.

Calista, seated nearby, couldn't suppress a laugh upon hearing this. She had endured significant loss, and if she allowed Jason and Quincy to succeed in their scheme, the repercussions would extend beyond mere apologies. Not only would the Fairchilds be embroiled in a scandal, but her own reputation would suffer irreparably. Did the Wendells genuinely believe a mere punishment could rectify everything?

“Mr. Wendell, do you truly grasp what your son intended for me?” Calista's inquiry caused Titus' face to twitch involuntarily.

Guilt-ridden, he quickly offered his apologies. “I'm deeply sorry, Ms. Stafford... My son had a momentary lapse in judgment. He was under the influence of marijuana at the time. He had no idea what he was doing

“I think you're the one having a momentary lapse in judgment!” Jason interjected brashly, prompting an immediate reaction from Titus, whose face reddened with anger.

“You insolent child! Shut your mouth!” he barked.

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Chapter 308 Breaking His Legs As An Apology

“Enough,” Calista declared sharply, waving her hand in a dismissive gesture as she sat elegantly on the couch, her legs crossed and her tone frosty. “I'm not interested in observing how you discipline your child. Jason and Quincy conspired against me. Were it not for Kallum's timely intervention, and frankly, a good dose of luck, I would have lost it all. Even if I had managed to survive, my reputation would be in shreds, my marriage would be in jeopardy, and let's not forget...”

Her voice trailed off as she sported a mischievous grin and gently patted her stomach. "Have you forgotten? I am carrying a child, you know."

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Titus was visibly taken aback by her revelation. Had Calista not mentioned it, he might have completely overlooked such a crucial detail!

Kallum, with a slight lift of his chin, looked disdainfully upon them. "Had it not been for my swift action in catching Callie, she would've hit the ground, and we would've lost this child. This positions Jason as the culprit in an attempted murder against the future heir of my family! And you dare to dismiss this with a mere punishment?"

Titus forehead was slick with sweat that seemed never to stop. The Wendells, relying on the business ties between their families and a general disregard for the sanctity of a woman's life, didn't deem ruining a woman's life a significant transgression. But an attempt on the heir of the Fairchild family? That was a grievous misstep...

At that moment, Jason burst out laughing "Hat A child? Kallum, you think you can fool anyone with that line, like my idiot father?"

He squinted maliciously at Calista. "Ms. Stafford's a virgin, isn't she? Even if not, she's hardly been involved in adult matters. You claim she's pregnant! That's utterly absurd. Is she pregnant on her first try?"

Dealing with Jason, a notorious womanizer, had its pitfalls. Seeing Calista enter that secret room, utterly unfazed by the scandalous sights within, he was convinced of her naivety. The notion of her being pregnant seemed utterly preposterous to him.

He couldn't resist taunting Kallum further "But Kallum, are you impotent! Such a beautiful woman and you could resist not making a move?"

Kallum's face turned terrifying in an instant, his anger palpable.

"Shut up!" Titus, seeing Kallum's reaction, lost his patience. Whether Calista was actually pregnant was beside the point. The Fairchild family had declared the existence of a child, and that fact alone complicated things significantly.

"Mr. Kallum, as you can see, my son is a complete idiot! I implore you not to stoop to his level. Whatever happened this time, our family will take full responsibility. I-I am prepared to offer Neptune Residences in Horington as compensation-

"Enough"" Kallum cut him off abruptly, his face tight with anger. "We don't need your money. He tried to harm my child, shouldn't his life be the price?"

Kallum's statement hung in the air like a death sentence for Jason, who was oblivious, one moment

admiring the room's decor, the next gazing at Calista, naively believing that Titus could smooth things

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Chapter 308 Breaking His Legs As An Apology

him to pay with his life, but that night, Mr. Jason wanted to break my legs and humiliate me! However, I'm not unreasonable. If he is willing to break his own legs in front of me, we can consider this matter settled..."

"Callic?" Kallum looked puzzled. Calista gestured for him to remain calm, her eyes twinkling with amusement as she watched Titus' reaction.

"Break my leg? Do you think you, the daughter of some third-rate family, are worthy?" Jason, clearly lacking any sense of impending danger, challenged. If Kallum actually permitted Calista's demand, it would mean antagonizing the entire Wendell family. They had close business ties; antagonizing them would mean significant losses, Jason was convinced Kallum wouldn't make such a detrimental decision.

"Shut your trap!" Titus scolded him for the second time, frustration and helplessness etched across his face. as he turned pleadingly to Kallum. "Mr. Kallum... I had this son late in life, when I was forty, I..."

Kallum, thinking Calista too lenient, scoffed. "Even a broken leg can heal, and besides, don't you have another son?"

Jason.

now truly alarmed, took a step back. "Hey! Kallum, you're not serious, are you?"

But his question was met only with icy stares from everyone around him. It was at this moment that Jason truly felt the fear of being in hot water.

Titus, desperately searching Kallum's face for a sliver of mercy, found none. Calista's demands, it seemed, were far too lenient for him. Kallum looked as if he genuinely wanted Jason to pay with his life.

Titus' hand clenched and then relaxed before he pleaded, "Mr. Kallum, must it really come to this?"

With a cold chuckle, Kallum gestured. Instantly, Quintus stepped forward with an iron rod. "Do you want to do this yourself, or shall my men assist you?"

Upon hearing this, Jason leapt up. "Kallum! We live under the rule of law now, how can you treat me like this? This is lynching! I'll report you!"

Before he could finish, Titus suddenly picked up the iron rod and, with a brutal swing, struck him. With a crisp crack, Jason fell to his knees, clutching his leg and wailing in agony.

"Dad! W—Why did you hit me? Calista is fine!"

"Insolent fool!" Titus inhaled deeply, his hands trembling, yet when he glanced at Kallum, his gaze was as icy as ever.

Kallum was not Silas. While Silas was a man who was swift and decisive, yet possessed many friends, influenced by the teachings of the former head of their family, Kallum was decidedly different.

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Chapter 309 Kallum Is Different

Despite his youth, Kallum displayed a ruthlessness and decisiveness that set him apart from the previous heads of the Fairchild family, who were renowned for their kindness and benevolence. He was known for his swift, resolute actions, and his distinct distaste for unnecessary delays or prolonged disputes. Furthermore, he despised the idea of harboring grudges beyond the day's end. The unfortunate fate of the Wendell family stood as a stark testament to his uncompromising nature.

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The historical closeness between the Yost and Fairchild families did little to mitigate the harsh realities former faced. The Yosts had been driven to the brink of financial ruin, narrowly avoiding complete collapse only through the desperate measure of selling off their daughter. It was clear that attempting to appeal to personal relations when dealing with Kallum would likely prove fruitless.

Titus was coming to terms with his own aging, realizing that his methods and approaches no longer aligned with those of the younger generation.

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In his weary state, he clung to a faint glimmer of hope. Surely, having broken a leg was punishment enough?

Yet, Calista remained unimpressed and unmoved. "Mr. Wendell, I acknowledge the sincerity of your gesture," she remarked with a light chuckle, her demeanor calm yet unmistakably stern. "As for the other leg. I think it's best left to my team. They possess the necessary skill to perform the task without causing undue suffering.

Jason, unable to contain his outrage, shrieked, "You b*tch! Aren't you just fine? How dare you like

treat me this! Just you wait! When my time comes, I will-

His threat was abruptly cut short as Titus intervened, silencing him with a firm hand. Titus was determined not to let his recent efforts go to waste, despite Jason's frequent outbursts, as he was still the son he had long cherished.

Calista stood gracefully. "Mr. Wendell, it's regrettable but I must inform you, if you continue to shield him in this manner, Mr. Jason might very well end up destroying his own future."

Her words, tinged with a sense of schadenfreude, carried an undeniable realism that seemed to age Titus visibly within moments.

A flash of contempt crossed Calista's eyes as she effortlessly took the iron rod from Titus's hand. "Let me handle this," she proposed, her tone gentle yet firm. "As a woman, my approach is softer. Besides, this is a personal matter between Jason and me."

Titus hesitated, but before he could respond, Kallum interjected with a nonchalant remark, "Now you hesitate? What about when Jason endangered my child?"

The stark reminder caused Titus to grit his teeth in frustration. "As you wish, Ms. Stafford."

He had always perceived Jason as troublesome, but manageable; yet, this incident revealed a lack of basic sensibility that could potentially doom not only Jason but drag the entire Wendell family into ruin.

"No need for such formalities, I'm more than happy to help," Calista responded promptly.

Jason was stunned. Never had he imagined that his father, who had consistently cleaned up after his

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Chapter 309 Kallum Is Different

“No matter how much you protest, it won’t change the situation...” Calista replied with a slight chuckle, the iron rod swinging smoothly into her grasp, “Now, you’re under my control.”

“Y–You b*tch!”

Bang!

Before Jason could finish his complaint, Calista struck his hand with the rod. The blow wasn’t particularly forceful, yet Jason’s howl of pain was more piercing than when his leg had been broken.

“Huh? I was quite gentle, though...” Calista remarked as she watched Titus hurriedly roll up Jason’s pants to inspect the injury. However, he found no bruise, and it was clear that Calista’s strike had been mild. Is Jason craggerating his pain deliberately?

“You brat! You still refuse to get it together?” At his wit’s end. Titus’ patience was exhausted as he saw Jason continue his theatrics.

Calista raised an eyebrow, “He’s fine? Good, I merely intended to teach him a modest lesson.”

Titus, his expression cold, declared, “Ms. Stafford, please proceed! I will not interfere any further!”

Jason, writhing in pain on the ground, barely able to speak, heard his father’s declaration. His voice shifted in pitch, his eyes wide with shock. “It really hurts! Dad, you have to save me!”

Bang!

Calista swung the rod down once more. This time, Jason gasped for breath, unable to utter a sound...

Assured that Calista wasn’t particularly strong and Jason would be able to endure a bit of physical pain, Titus embodied the adage, out of sight, out of mind.

However, Jason seemed to be purposely putting on an act. His wails of agony got louder after each strike.

He felt near the brink of collapse, yet Calista's calculated moderation kept him conscious. Each strike seemed to push him to the limit of endurance without causing actual unconsciousness or death, but the agony was relentless, driving him to the edge of sanity.

Calista, you despicable b*tch! I swear I'll kill you!

"What's the matter? Don't you feel wronged?" Calista set aside the rod, her voice low and teasing. She glanced sideways at Titus, who had turned his back on the scene, and clicked her tongue. "Your savior is right in front of you, yet he doesn't believe you. How does that feel?"

"Y-You..." Jason was speechless, glaring at her furiously.

Calista's light laughter filled the air/"Do you think I'm good at pretending? But aren't you even better at it? Your father believes you're just a tactless and incompetent brat, a madman even. But could a madman have orchestrated such a detailed plot?"

Jason's face contorted, his expression freezing in shock.

Calista continued, "Heh, you orchestrated a scenario where I was between a rock and a hard place, forcing Kallum into a situation where every decision seemed incorrect. If it hadn't been for Kallum's quick

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Chapter 309 Kallum Is Different

Released on June 8, 2024

Chapter 310 I Am A Terrifying Person

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"Calista Stafford!" In a surge of anger, Jason attempted to lunge at Calista's throat, his hands aiming for a

violent grasp.

However, his movement was swiftly intercepted by Kallum, who had been cautiously observing from the sidelines. Kallum grabbed Jason's wrist in a firm grip, and with a quick twist, dislocated it, causing Jason's arm to hang limply as he screamed in agony.

Calista, standing up with a composed smile, said, "All right, let's not break his other leg. I've released my frustration with those two hits. Let's not cause him any further suffering

Let's not cause him any further suffering?

Jason clenched his jaw, his face flushing red with the pain and humiliation, unable to retaliate. Meanwhile, Titus exhaled a sigh of relief, gesturing for the housekeepers to bring a stretcher to carry Jason away.

"Mr. Kallum, Ms. Stafford," Titus addressed them with a newfound respect that had been absent when he first arrived. The mixture of Kallum's assertive pressure and Calista's calculated measures had earned his gratitude, far beyond what he expected from young individuals.

"Since Ms. Stafford has graciously decided to spare this brat further punishment, that's one less concern for me." Titus spoke earnestly to Kallum, his tone now ingratiating. "I hope we can put this matter behind us, and it won't affect the relationship between our families,"

Reluctantly, Kallum replied, "Fine, we'll let it slide this time, but keep a close eye on him. Should there be a next time, it won't merely involve broken bones."

"Absolutely, there won't be a next time, there definitely won't be!" Titus assured, eager to end the ordeal.

After the incident, Calista relaxed onto Kallum's lap, a hint of pride in her voice as if boasting about her cunning. "Do you know? I just used a little medical trick on Jason. He was truly in pain, but the more he suffered, the happier I felt!"

Kallum, after hearing Jason's cries, felt his anger chip away ever so slightly. He tapped Calista's head solemnly. "Let's leave that behind us now. But tell me, how could you just jump down like that day? And how did you know one of the walls was fake?"

Calista wore a hesitant look. "Because... that room was originally Harvey's study. When it was transformed into a secret room, I guessed that one of the walls was a facade covering the floor-to-ceiling windows with a soundproof wall."

Kallum's violet eyes narrowed, his voice carrying a hint of intrigue. "When did you visit Harvey's mansion. in Horington?"

The atmosphere chilled slightly. Calista, typically forthright, chose to remain silent rather than continue the deception.

“Do you... think I’m a bit cruel?” Calista suddenly asked, her voice serious and her expression stern.

“Don’t people like you usually prefer women who are simple and kind? It’s less complicated and more reassuring, isn’t it?” She pointed at herself, her eyes flashing a surprisingly sharp glint. “L... I’ve killed people. Aren’t you afraid? I might even be somewhat unstable mentally. How else could I remain indifferent after taking a life

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Chapter 310 I Am A Terrifying Person

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Kallum couldn’t suppress a chuckle. For some reason, hearing Calista seriously claim she was a terrifying person made him laugh.

“Huh?” Calista glared at him, slightly annoyed, prompting Kallum to quickly appease her.

“All right, all right... You are indeed a terrifying person,” Kallum’s lips still curled in amusement. “But I’m different from others. I actually find intimidating people quite fascinating; don’t you think so too?”

Calista scrutinized him, her expression cold and evaluative.

“Look at you,” Kallum continued, laughing warmly, his voice filled with indulgence, “You didn’t hesitate to find me in Lostaria, saving my life amid gunfire. Even when you knew I was infected with a dangerous virus, you chose to stay by my side and promised to save me.”

He added, “When everyone else doubted me, when being associated with me became risky, you consistently defended me. It was then I realized how incredibly fortunate I am to be protected by someone like you...”

His tone softened, his gaze tender yet tinged with a hint of sadness, “You contracted the K Virus because of me. I failed to protect you. You truly are a terrifying person, too harsh on yourself. And me? I can’t help but be drawn to this fearsome aspect of you. How could I resist when you appeared before me so compellingly, forcing me to fall in love with you?”

Calista felt his gaze intensifying, a fluttering sensation stirring within her, realizing she quite liked this feeling.

“I’m not very good at expressing love,” Kallum added with another chuckle, lightening the mood once more as he looked at her, his eyes sparkling again. “All you need to know is that every word I’ve said is

true,”

Calista pursed her lips. “I think you’re already quite skilled at sweet talk.”

Kallum burst into laughter, then his expression turned serious. “By the way, what are you planning to do with Quincy? Now that she’s in jail, things have become easier.”

Calista narrowed her eyes, clearly intrigued by the question, but ultimately, she just shook her head.