

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 311

Released on June 8, 2024

Chapter 311 Always Give Her The Very Best

“Let’s delay any further action for now. We’re in a sensitive period, and many people are watching us closely. Stirring up more trouble isn’t wise. Besides, she’s already been sentenced and will be out of the picture for quite some time. We can revisit this issue once the dust settles.”

“That sounds reasonable.” Kallum stroked his chin thoughtfully, then said, “You know, I can be quite ruthless, far from the kind and gentle persona you might imagine. Do you still like me then?”

He remembered a conversation where Calista had told him that she admired him most for his demeanor, which she likened to the bright morning sun. Although he never considered himself particularly bright or

sunny

Calista’s brow furrowed slightly as she spoke earnestly, “I like you because you embody a sense of freedom. You do whatever you want without caring about what others might think. It’s not because of your

kindness.

“So, it seems we truly are a match made in heaven!” Kallum concluded with a smile.

Calista paused, considering his words, then nodded with a returning smile, “Yes, we’re definitely a perfect match!”

“Given our understanding. I think it’s time for a special gift before we get married!” Kallum seized the moment to present his idea with enthusiasm. “Do you remember when I told you I wanted to build a research center just for you?”

Calista’s eyes sparkled with excitement. “You were serious about that?”

Kallum tapped her head playfully, chuckling softly, “When have I ever lied to you? The renovation is complete, and the weather is perfect today. Would you like to see the final result?”

“Well, what are we waiting for?”

With that, they left the Fairchild Manor, heading toward the newly established research center.

Since Calista had publicly committed to studying the K Virus, the absence of her own research center and lack of governmental oversight had caused public unease about potential safety risks.

But now, with the research center established, Calista's professional stature was elevated once again. All of this was a testament to the honor that Kallum had bestowed upon her.

As the car headed toward the research center, for the first time, Calista showed deep emotion. Memories of her past would often flash in front of her eyes whenever she was with Kallum.

Kallum then produced a scarf, gently covering her eyes with it, and whispered mysteriously, "For a little" surprise, close your eyes for a while. We'll be there soon."

Seeing Calista so serene and compliant, blindfolded, touched Kallum deeply. She had softened significantly compared to when they first met, like a hedgehog that had retracted its spines, though she might not have noticed this change herself.

Noticing a faint smile on Calista's lips, Kallum couldn't help but return the smile. After blindfolding her, he leaned in and softly kissed her cloth-covered eyes. "Do you know? Anything I do is worth it just to see you

smile."

Chapter 311 Always Give Her The Very Best

Inside the vehicle, Calista's face broke into a radiant smile. She lifted her head toward Kallum and let out a light chuckle. "That said, I suddenly find myself really wanting to marry you."

Being cherished in such a way felt truly wonderful. In the past, she had inadvertently caused trouble due to her own carelessness, potentially putting Kallum in a difficult position. Yet, he didn't blame her; instead, he treated her even better than before. Marrying someone who loved her this deeply promised nothing but happiness.

Even though she couldn't see him, Calista could sense the joy spark in Kallum's eyes at her words.

If they weren't in a car, Kallum would surely have spun her around in his arms in delight! It was the first time Calista had explicitly expressed her desire to marry him, and he felt so elated he thought he might

“I will give you the best of everything!” he declared, a bit too hastily, his fingers entwining tightly with hers, his smile beaming. “I promise to always give you the very best.”

“All right.”

The car seemed to glide effortlessly, speeding toward their destination with an almost magical lightness.

The sky was clear, and the air was filled with happiness, suggesting this should have been the happiest day before their wedding

Yet, as they stepped out of the car, Calista’s slight smile faded. Though she couldn’t see, her senses picked up a familiar, chilling fragrance,

“Did you smell something?”

Kallum’s voice was cheerful as he spoke, and Calista turned toward him, though her eyes remained

covered.

The bodyguards maintained a discreet distance, surrounding the area which was nestled on three sides by a lake. This strategic location could serve as an impregnable fortress, having been intended by Kallum’s grandfather as a high-end nursing home. However, his passing had halted construction midway, leaving the project dormant until now, when it was renovated under Kallum’s directive.

With a smile, he teased her, “Take a guess; can you recognize this scent? It should be familiar to you.”

“Rosemary...” The wind carried the invigorating aroma of rosemary in full bloom through the cool autumn air. Without seeing, one could sense the presence of a vast expanse of blooming rosemary nearby, their purple blossoms swaying in the breeze.

“Exactly, it’s rosemary!” Kallum led Calista by the hand, continuing, “This is one of my family’s ancestral properties, perfectly secluded. My grandfather had planned to build a nursing home here, surrounded by rosemary for its therapeutic and medicinal qualities. It’s truly a spectacular sight.”

At that moment, Calista paused, lifting her head as if something caught her attention. It seemed she realized they had arrived at their destination.

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Chapter 312 Who Is He To Your

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“And this is my gift to you—a research center dedicated entirely to you. Here, you’re the boss!” As Kallum uttered these words, he gently removed the blindfold from Calista’s eyes.

The white gauze, intertwined with strands of her long, dark hair, fluttered in the breeze, then drifted away into the distance. Slowly, Calista opened her eyes, and what she saw first was an imposing, castle-like

structure.

It stood majestically amidst a vibrant sea of flowers, the severe stone walls contrasting starkly with the gentle blooms around it, crafting a picturesque scene reminiscent of a fairy tale. In the distance, the presence of a serene lake added an element of natural fortification, reinforcing the seclusion and impregnability of this sanctuary.

This place was clearly designed with privacy in mind, perhaps due to its association with the Fairchilds.

Suddenly, Calista began to feel a headache coming on, a sharp pain as if needles were pricking her temples. Unfortunately, Kallum, caught up in the moment, didn’t notice her discomfort.

“Do you like it here? The water in this lake is filtered and crystal clear, and although it’s devoid of fish, the scenery alone is quite stunning,” Kallum pointed out enthusiastically.

He gestured toward the top of the building. “Up there, above the fifth floor, there’s an observation deck. It’s the perfect spot to relax during the spring and summer months, enjoy some tea, or even take a peaceful afternoon nap...”

He continued. “If the scent of rosemary isn’t to your liking, we can have other flowers planted. Whether it’s roses or lavender, it’s completely your choice. There’s no special warrant in effect for this place, so it’s completely private. No one can intrude. You can truly do as you wish here, whatever brings you joy.”

Kallum spoke at length, more than he usually did. This place was a testament to the extensive and secretive efforts he had put into making it just right. In addition to the research center, he had also included a comfortable bedroom, a wine cellar, a gym, among other amenities. He had envisioned it as a retreat where he and Calista could spend countless intimate moments, just the two of them secluded from the world.

However, Calista’s headache was growing worse. Kallum’s voice, usually pleasant, now seemed to echo incessantly, exacerbating her pain. It even felt like her vision was slowly being suffused with a red tint.

Gathering her strength, she asked slowly, clearly, "What's your relationship with Horatio Ingram?"

"Horatio?" Kallum paused, taken aback by her question. He turned to face her, noticing for the first time her flushed face and bloodshot eyes. "What's wrong, Calista?" he exclaimed, reaching out to support her.

his

Calista fiercely shrugged off his hands. "Horatio Ingram, who is he to you!"

For the first time, Calista's tone carried a sharpness that made Kallum react almost reflexively, "He was my grandfather's comrade-in-arms and his sworn brother. He's the only elder I... truly respect..

This is how it ist

sta began to retreat, distancing herself from Kallum. The man who had always seemed the least threatening to her now appeared menacing, every touch of his feeling like a stab wound.

8 Jun

Chapter 312 Who Is He To You

79%

"Don't come any closer!" Calista's command made Kallum stop in his tracks. He sensed that aggravating her further might be dangerous given her current state.

"All right... I won't come closer..." Kallum watched her intently, "Can you tell me what's wrong? Isn't this place beautiful? Don't you like it?"

Was this place not beautiful?

How could it not be? Surrounded by fields of rosemary, with a majestic castle-like building, crystal-clear water, and the tranquil sounds of bird song in the morning.

Yet, beneath its breathtaking beauty, this place harbored dark secrets.

Here was where Calista had endured the most tormenting three years of her life—sedated daily with sedatives derived from rosemary, drinking water from the lake, and awakening each morning to the chirping of birds amidst a fog of disorientation.

She had often hoped for rescue, especially as the homeless frequently vanished. Surely, she thought, someone would notice and investigate.

Unlawful experiments with the K Virus, the creation of human test subjects—surely the government couldn't ignore such activities forever.

Yet, everyone was oblivious to what was truly happening in this place. Without a warrant issued by the President, none could search the premises,

Each time Calista heard an unfamiliar voice, her hope surged, only to fade as quickly as a bird's call.

Her long-suppressed memories surged to the forefront.

Suddenly, Calista screamed, a sound filled with anguish and madness, and then she turned and ran.

Kallum, bewildered by her reaction yet certain he couldn't let her flee, tried to follow. In his haste, he tripped, his knee scraping against a rock, drawing blood. Yet, he ignored his pain, his gaze fixed on Calista's fleeing figure, calling out her name in desperation.

"Callie!"

Calista stopped abruptly. From behind, her posture was tense, like a cheetah ready to spring, her fists clenched.

Seeing her pause, Kallum let out a breath of relief, despite the sharp pain coursing through him. His forehead beaded with sweat, he limped toward her, trying to soothe her with his words.

"Callie, it's okay now... Don't be scared, I won't hurt you, I'm your husband..."

Calista's muscles relaxed slightly, which slightly eased the tension gripping Kallum's heart, though he remained highly concerned.

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Chapter 313 Should Have Realized Sooner

His face tense with concern. Kallum took a deep breath and slowly extended his hand toward her. "Callie tell me what's wrong? I promise you, I'm here for you. I will help you in any way I can! Trust me, I'm willing to do whatever it takes for you!"

His earnest plea hung in the air as Calista suddenly spun around, facing him directly. Kallum's hand grasped the empty air as his eyes met hers. At that moment, all his words seemed to catch in his throat, at flicker of fear darting across his purple eyes. "Callic... what's going on?"

Calista took a step back, a smile playing on her lips, yet her eyes were streaming with tears tinged with a faint red hue. Her expression was hauntingly eerie, almost too much to bear.

Kallum struggled to discern whether she was laughing or crying; her facial muscles were tense, her smile rigid, while her eyes betrayed a profound agony, the kind pushed to the brink of madness. She seemed to stand in a picturesque field of flowers, yet precariously on the edge of a cliff, as if the slightest touch might send her spiraling into an abyss.

“Would you consider using someone you despise, who just happens to be a unique case, as a human test subject to save another person?” Calista’s voice was eerily calm, her blood-tinged tears blending into the flora around her as if they were merely part of the landscape.

Kallum’s mind blanked for a moment, feeling as if his heart was clenched within an unseen fist. The person before him seemed so delicate, as though she might shatter from a mere touch, causing him to tread lightly, even with his breathing.

“I won’t..”

“You will,” Calista countered sharply, her insight cutting through his denial. “Just like with Sterling, you wanted to utilize him fully before his demise. I merely preempted your plan by killing him first.”

Kallum’s heart churned with turmoil, his lips pressing tightly together as he instinctively responded. “Because he’s a villain, he wanted to harm you...”

“Right, Sterling might not be a fair comparison,” Calista mused thoughtfully, almost coldly. “You hate her but feel a slight obligation. It’s from Sterling’s case.”

She scoffed slightly. “Imagine this scenario. Someone important to you falls ill, and then you find out the person you despise is also ill, a special infected. Would you let others experiment on her?” Calista’s hypothetical question hung in the air, laden with implications. “Out of a small sense of responsibility, you’d insist the researcher spare her life after the experiment. If it succeeded, she should be healed immediately that’s the least they could do to compensate her. Maybe others suggested that without becoming a test subject, she might die quickly. But by becoming one, she might survive and save someone important to you. And isn’t survival the greatest gift for her, despite the pain?”

Suddenly, Calista took a step closer, her gaze piercing into Kallum’s. She concluded dismissively, “So, because of your disdain for her, you never bothered to find out why she fell ill, or even if it was true. You were afraid that if you didn’t use her as a human test subject, she would die. And you were scared of the heartache it would cause others. So, you chose to remain ignorant.”

Her logic was brutally efficient, a reflection of the mindset of those in power, weighing the lesser of two evils and exploiting available resources.

Balance

567 +

1 Coins

11:46 Sat, 8 Jun

Chapter 313 Should Have Realized Sooner

blinded by utilitarian need, had sanctioned her torture for the “greater good.”

How could it be possible?

“Callie, you’re hallucinating. Are you allergic to rosemary?” Kallum quickly surmised, desperation creeping into his voice. “Can we go home? Let’s see a doctor...”

79%

His attempt to approach her was met with a fierce swipe of her hand, pushing him back, causing him to stumble and scrape his knee on a rock, drawing blood. A profound sorrow tore through Kallum as he watched her, his heart heavy with despair. “Callie...”

He looked at her helplessly, fear and confusion clouding his eyes. This wasn’t like her. Before, whenever he was hurt, Calista would rush to his side, concerned and caring. This cold detachment was unlike her.

“Don’t touch me!” Calista’s command was sharp, her expression icy. The veins in her eyes, once bloodshot, now seemed to pulse with a fierce, almost predatory intensity.

“If you love somebody, you want them to live forever, but if you hate somebody, you want them dead. To you. I was merely a plaything for your emotions. You could elevate me to the skies, or crush me into the dust. I should have seen it coming... Who else could it be but you...” She glanced around at the apparent utopia surrounding her, her gaze turning to the fortress-like building with a cold, mocking derision. “Heh... Who else but you could have established such a place? I should have realized sooner.”

“Callie!” Kallum called out as she turned to leave, but it was too late. Calista didn’t pause or look back this time; she fled with all the speed she could muster. Watching her determined figure disappear into the distance filled Kallum with an overwhelming sense of loss.

Why is this happening? Is it because of this place? The flowers, the grass? Why has Callie suddenly turned so wild?

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Chapter 314 A Mental Illness

When Calista came rushing toward them, panic etched across her face, Gunner and the others were visibly startled. Her expression was a stark departure from her usually composed demeanor.

“What’s the matter, Ms. Calista?” Quintus was the first to react, rushing over to inquire.

Grasping his hand as though it were her only anchor, Calista exclaimed, “What should we do? Kallum has suddenly gone into shock! No matter what I try, I can’t wake him up...”

“What?” The urgency of the situation shocked everyone present. Instinctively, they dashed in the direction Calista had come from, while simultaneously making calls to summon a helicopter and a rescue team.

But just as Quintus ended the call, his phone rang. To his astonishment, it was Kallum on the line!

“Mr. Kallum? But weren’t you...” Quintus started, confused.

“Quickly...” Kallum’s voice came through, hoarse and trembling as if he was in immense pain. “Quick, stop

Callie!”

“What?” Quintus spun around only to see that Calista had already sped away in a car, disappearing into a -cloud of dust.

Her departure was swift, and it puzzled everyone how she could drive so expertly despite never having learned. Nevertheless, they knew they couldn’t let her get away.

Gunner, go find Mr. Kallum, I’ll take some people and follow her!” Quintus commanded quickly, and Gunner led a team inside to find Kallum.

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Calista had vanished without a trace. Though unaware of what had transpired, Quintus, fueled by the urgency in Kallum’s voice, quickly dialed another number. “Pinpoint the location of Car No. 6, immediately!”

The response from the radar came swiftly, but by the time Quintus arrived at the designated location, all he found was the car abandoned by the roadside, empty.

The sound of helicopter rotors thundered in the distance as Kallunt, having hastily bandaged his injuries. arrived on the scene.

Before the helicopter had fully landed, Kallum leapt out, his concern evident. He grabbed Quintus urgently. "Where is she?"

Quintus, sweating profusely, replied, "Mr. Kallum... When I got here, Ms. Calista was already gone..."

His words seemed to hit Kallum like a physical blow. Kallum looked stunned and asked again, his voice barely a whisper, "Did you say she's gone missing?"

"Mr. Kallum... I'll immediately check the nearby surveillance footage. We won't lose track of her," Quintus assured him, though his voice trembled slightly.

Upon hearing this, Kallum's face turned ashen, beads of cold sweat forming on his forehead as if he were experiencing a sudden onset of illness.

Balance

542 +

1 Coins = 1 Pearls

11:46 Sat, 8 Jun

Chapter 314 A Mental Illness

Calista's disappearance sent shockwaves through Horington. After being rescued, Kallum turned the city upside down searching for her over the following days.

"Kallum, what on earth happened? Why did Callie suddenly run off?" Wanda was fraught with worry. She cared for Calista as if she were her own daughter and rushed to Kallum's side as soon as he woke

up.

At that moment, Kallum was pacing, on the phone, his eyes bloodshot, his voice filled with frustration. "She vanished right there, how could you not find her? If you couldn't find her, shouldn't you have expanded the search area?"

After ending the call, Kallum faced Wanda, suddenly seeming to find solace in her presence. He knew how close Callie was to his mother. "I'm not sure, Mom," he

confessed, "Callie suddenly got upset and then she just ran off. I don't know what I did wrong..

"Kallum... Don't blame yourself," Wanda responded soothingly, seeing his agitation. "I'll call Benedict over, he might know something

However, Calista didn't seek out Benedict, and when he arrived, he looked visibly distressed, having clearly not slept well for days.

"What happened? How did Callie suddenly disappear?" Benedict questioned, fraught with anxiety.

"Benedict, please don't panic," Wanda attempted to calm him, her expression worried. "We really don't know. Kallum wanted to give Callie a gift, but something changed drastically after she saw it..."

"A gift? Yes, that house!" Kallum lamented, wishing he could turn back time and not bring Calista there in the first place.

"What should we do now? Callie hasn't come to see me either, and she's clearly emotionally unstable... Benedict was pacing anxiously, his worry palpable.

Just then, his eyes brightened with a sudden realization. "That's right, Callie has a mental illness!"

"A mental illness?" Kallum's gaze sharpened suddenly, making Benedict falter. Momentarily stuck for words, it took Benedict a long while to gather his thoughts.

"Right... she's suffering from a mental illness!" he stammered, "Everything was fine until about a year and a half ago. You remember the small banquet your family held, right? That was the day you proved Callie's innocence. From that day on, she seemed like a completely different person. She used to be so obedient and well-behaved, but I don't know if the events of that day scared her. Her temperament changed drastically, and she became prickly and defensive..."

"Why didn't you mention such a crucial matter earlier!" Wanda interjected, shocked and distressed that Calista had been suffering

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Chapter 315 The Pain He Had Caused Her

I did mention it before, didn't I?" Benedict remarked with a hint of uncertainty, his eyebrows knitting together in a frown, "After the initial adjustment, Callie seemed to settle well into her new persona..."

“Yet, something else must have set her off that day,” he pondered aloud.

Kallum, trying to remain composed, cast his eyes downward, lost in contemplation. He was unable to pinpoint what exactly had distressed her. Moreover, the remarks she had uttered just before disappearing were oddly unsettling, suggesting she had experienced something unknown to him.

Such mysteries were not uncommon in their interactions; Callie always seemed to be holding back secrets. Kallum, respecting her privacy, had never pressed her for more information. But now, it appeared that all the hidden truths were surfacing.

“Whether it’s a mental illness or something else entirely, my only goal is to locate her,” he expressed, exhaustion evident as he massaged his temples. “Mom, could you please ensure that the best psychiatrist is available for her?”

“Of course...” Wanda murmured, her expression filled with concern. Torn between her son and her daughter-in-law, whom she loved like her own daughter, she was deeply troubled.

Wanda was pained by the thought that Calista might be suffering from mental issues, yet she had always managed her role as a mother impeccably. Calista had devoted herself fully to their well-being, yet somehow, they had overlooked her struggles. It was only now becoming clear that something was seriously

wrong.

But where was Calista now?

The Fairchild family had broadcasted an appeal across all prestigious families, offering a substantial reward for any information regarding Calista’s whereabouts. This even tempted those who normally opposed the Fairchilds to consider revealing her location for the right price.

Still, she remained elusive. Where could Calista possibly be hiding?

Inside a modest condominium, Wyatt offered a bottle of water to Calista, his features betraying a mixture of emotions. “Are you really not going back?” he inquired gently.

Wyatt had stumbled upon Calista by the roadside, feverish and delirious. Initially, his plan was to rush her to the hospital, but when she fiercely resisted and bit him, he had no choice but to bring her to his apartment instead.

There, he had administered a significant amount of antipyretic to reduce her fever and had taken several days off work to care for her. He regularly alcohol to her forehead to help bring the fever down physically. Eventually, Calista regained consciousness, but she remained distant and uncommunicative, seemingly holding a grudge against him.

Respecting her apparent wishes, Wyatt decided against forcing her to return home.

After taking a sip from the water bottle, his damp hair sticking to his face from a recent bath, Wyatt appeared more mature. Not just physically, but his understanding of moral complexities had deepened over the last year. His presence now conveyed a sense of reliability and reserve.

Balance: 515+0

Coins

€79%

Chapter 315 The Pain He Had Caused Her

Despite having been instructed by his grandfather to search for Calista diligently, Wyatt had managed to find her early on and had secretly whisked her away using a police vehicle to avoid detection. Out of respect for her wishes, he hadn't disclosed her whereabouts to anyone else.

Hearing Kallum's name, Calista's eyes narrowed slightly, and she chose to remain silent. Seeing this, Wyatt moved the breakfast tray closer to her and said, "Regardless, I respect your wishes. If you don't want to leave, I won't force you."

Wyatt understood that Calista might have been deeply hurt, possibly by Kallum himself, which discouraged him from suggesting she return home, fearing it could cause further distress.

He placed a phone, a set of keys, and some cash on the table. "I have an important task today, so I need to leave, but I promise to come back later. If you're hungry, feel free to order something, or maybe go for a walk... or you could even call a friend if you feel like talking."

Π

After speaking, Wyatt noticed that Calista was still curled up, hugging her knees and ignoring him. With a sigh, he picked up his jacket and left the apartment.

Since Calista was unresponsive, he felt that his presence might worsen her mood.

The room felt overwhelmingly empty and vast as soon as he departed. Clutching her knees tightly, Calista's long eyelashes trembled as she buried her head in her knees, and tears slowly began to form in

her eyes.

In her previous life, her love for Kallum had been simple and pure. She was unique, her body possessing capabilities that others lacked. Why, then, had she been subjected to such torment?

She had initially thought that Kallum was the only one who hadn't hurt her. However, in the end, it was he who had dealt her—the most painful blow, pushing her to the brink of despair. Not only had he facilitated her torment, but he had also shielded those who had caused her pain. Perhaps, he even intended to sacrifice her life for the sake of others.

Even if he was fooled by others, oblivious to the fact that she was deliberately infected by someone, and there was no need for her to become a test subject to secure her survival, the indirect pain Kallum had caused her was still substantial.

It was then she realized how Quincy had managed to infiltrate the heavily-secured research center. Perhaps Kallum thought she deserved her freedom after the virus had been curbed, so he instructed Quincy to take her home. But what was Kallum doing then?

Calista recalled Quincy's last words to her—Kallum and Mirabelle were about to be engaged.

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Chapter 316 Would You Dare To Make A Move

Calista was caught between laughter and sadness. She had rarely shed tears in front of others when she was clear-headed, but at this moment, the pain was all too much to bear.

Her defenses had been stripped away, leaving her with raw, bleeding wounds. The pain was so intense, it was almost suffocating. The K Virus only exacerbated her condition, adding insult to injury. Every breath she took was filled with pure agony.

I was wondering why Sterling didn't show up when it was the Wolfords who managed to capture me. It's because of the Fairchilds intervention. They wanted to use me to help others, and this the man I'm deeply in love with...

Calista bit her hand to muffle her sobs. She was the only one in the house, yet it was if she feared someone would find her crying and discover her weakness.

Her mind had raced through countless scenarios, but the likeliest explanation for Kallum's innocence was that he had been duped. Even so, she had been suffering at the Fairchilds ancestral property for three years, so how could he have not known?

Calista surmised that it was because he hated her and was ignorant of her sufferings, just like the other self-consoling people who all assumed they were saving her by subjecting her to inhumane torture.

In their eyes, Calista was a patient. Without them, she might have died. She made a sacrifice, becoming a living test subject, and it was hard, but they did their best to save her life. What could be a better gift than survival?

Still, they had never once sought Calista's consent.

In fact, she would rather die than endure such torment.

The only reason Calista had endured for three long years instead of seeking death, was because she was tormented to such an extent that all she yearned for was revenge.

Exactly! Revenge! So what if he only provided the venue? Kallum doesn't deserve my kindness! He was indifferent to my sufferings when he hated me and only showed his concern when he liked me. I don't need his superficial affection!

With that thought, Calista gradually wiped her tears and regained her composure, though her gaze was tinged with a hint of madness.

At the very least, I'm doing well now. After my reincarnation, those who had done me wrong in the past have mostly been defeated. I'm different now. This time, I'm going to win!

With that thought, her gaze fell upon her phone and a sudden laugh escaped her. I'm a winner, so shouldn't I boast about it?

She strained her memory for a phone number, then dialed it.

"Hello?" came the voice from the other end. Mirabelle found the sudden phone call rather odd, for she didn't recognize the number.

A soft chuckle escaped Calista as she spoke. "Mirabelle, life's been tough for you lately, hasn't it?"

Balance

| Coins

487

79%

Chapter 316 Would You Dare To Make A Move

Before she could gather her thoughts, Calista's voice, melodic and hoarse, came from the other end. "I'm sure you feel awful at the thought of you having to sell yourself to prevent your family's company from going under. That's right, I'm here to revel in your misery. Seeing you in such a pitiful state makes me feel so happy I can barely contain my glee!"

"Calista Stafford!" Mirabelle's mind was filled with hatred. If Kallum wasn't busy looking for her, he'd be on my tail about what happened at the Holfords, and this is all Calista's fault! low dare she call me just to gloat?

Upon hearing Mirabelle's flustered cursing, Calista chuckled in satisfaction. It felt as if all of the negative thoughts that were plaguing her were transforming toward another extreme.

It doesn't matter. All that matters now is that I'm feeling great!

"I bet you're itching to catch me now when I'm away from the Fairchilds and not under Kallum's protection, to exact your revenge. Perhaps you're even trying to locate me right now?"

Mirabelle halted mid-tirade.

Though she was incredibly frustrated at the moment, but she wasn't foolish enough to lose her senses. Now that Calista isn't under the Fairchilds' protection, it's too good of an opportunity to miss. I just need to find her first!

As she cursed under her breath, she was simultaneously sending her cronies to trace Calista's location. Yet, the woman easily saw through her scheme. It was no surprise that Calista knew her all too well, considering they had been "friends" for so many years.

Calista chuckled lightly. "So what if you manage to find me? Would you dare to lay a hand on me?"

Mirabelle clenched her phone so tight that her fingers started to turn pale.

"Your family as it stands now, I fear, could hardly withstand any more of your meddling. Even if you knew where I was, would you dare to make a move?" Calista continued to taunt.

Indeed, Mirabelle didn't dare to make a move against her. Otherwise, she would've seized the opportunity to collaborate with Quincy back then.

She had simply led Kallum to the room. Strictly speaking, she didn't participate in Quincy's plan. After the incident, she was constantly worried that Kallum's wrath would

reach her. Because of this, she hadn't left the house for several days, becoming completely on edge.

So what if she knew where Calista was? She wouldn't inform the Fairchilds nor would she do anything to harm Calista. Knowing the woman's whereabouts was meaningless to her.

So, the carefully crafted text message was never sent. After coming to terms with her thoughts, Mirabelle felt not only lingering anger but also a profound sense of helplessness. Her frustrations piled up, and after a long while, she shouted at her phone, pushed to the brink of madness.

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ed, the Fairchild family would never accept me again. And due to personal grudges, I'd rather Kallum spend his entire life unable to find you. So, I was the only one who wouldn't disclose your whereabouts to them..."

Suddenly, Mirabelle burst into laughter like a madman. "You must be feeling so alone and helpless right now, with not a soul to vent to! Ha! The fact that you're calling an enemy who temporarily poses no threat to you just goes to show you have no friends!"

Mirabelle's voice was oddly tinged with excitement as she exclaimed, "So, when you're suffering, your only recourse is to provoke your enemies and draw strength from them? How pitiful you are, no! How pathetic you truly are!"

Calista's face grew colder by the moment. Her hand, tightly clutching her phone, trembled. It seemed as though she was on the verge of smashing it to the ground any second.

I have no friends? No one to vent to? Am I so afraid of sadness that I could only draw strength from her enemies during tough times? No... No! If I were to drop my phone, wouldn't that just confirm Mirabelle's ridiculous conjecture?

"Have you... lost your mind?" Suppressing the tremor in her voice, Calista asked with a cold yet composed tone, "How could you entertain such a ludicrous thought?"

However, Mirabelle had already affirmed her suspicions. She laughed so hard that she was practically falling apart; even tears started streaming down her face. "Haha! Funny, isn't it? It is indeed hilarious. The thought of you, with no one to share your pain, relying on attacking others and boasting—these childish acts, just to hide your fragility, it fills me with pity. You really are pitiful!"

Frustrated and upset, Calista abruptly hung up the phone and stood up, knocking her breakfast off the table in the process. She didn't bother about the mess she had made. Frantically, she walked onto the balcony to get some fresh air.

Yet, when she saw the drop of over ten floors below, she surprisingly felt an urge to leap off and end it all. Fortunately, she managed to brace herself against the railing in time, suppressing the sudden surge of madness within her.

I'm pitiful and pathetic? I have billions in my bank account! I'm nationally renowned for my genius in medicine. All my enemies are firmly under my heel! Moreover, I'm still young, not even twenty! Everyone should be green with envy, how could I possibly be pitiful?

Released on June 8, 2024

Chapter 318 Will You Be My Friend.

Gripping the railing tightly, Calista observed as the stream of cars and people below, decreased in size. Her- breathing became heavier, and her eyes flickered with uncertainty, unable to shake off the negative emotions that exploded and dispersed in all directions.

She felt a sharp pain akin to a needle piercing her temples, and she even "saw" clusters of shadows appearing before her eyes, leaving her gasping for air in a suffocating sensation.

Suddenly, the sound of a lock turning at the door started Calista, prompting her to swiftly retreat to a corner of the balcony and instinctively curl herself into a ball. Her heart pounded irregularly, and for a moment, all rational thought deserted her.

Meanwhile, after Wyatt left, he was plagued by constant worry. His secret love for Calista tormented him, and witnessing her current state made it impossible for him to focus on his mission.

He had walked halfway down the road, only to turn back and return home. However, upon entering, all he could see were leftovers scattered on the floor, with Calista nowhere to be found.

"Calista?"

In a rush, he frantically searched the room, finding the keys and money still on the table. Surely, Calista. hadn't simply left like that, had she?

However, the room was empty. Instinctively, Wyatt moved toward the balcony.

When he spotted Calista in the corner, he inexplicably breathed a sigh of relief. Yet, the fear in Calista's eyes made his heart leap into his throat again.

"Calista?"

"Don't come any closer!"

Suddenly, Calista's expression turned fierce as she gripped a flower pot, her stance signaling that she wouldn't hesitate to throw it if Wyatt dared to come closer.

How could Wyatt possibly ignore her in such a state? He could tell that Calista was greatly upset, and her emotions were quite unstable at the moment.

What happened? She was perfectly fine before I left!

It was unacceptable to leave her there. The more she brooded, the more extreme her thoughts might become, especially given the precarious location of the balcony.

Calista, come inside with me. I promise I won't interfere with you in the room..."

H

Wyatt was in a hurry, but his tone/remained gentle. Seeing that Calista remained motionless, warily watching him, a stalemate ensued. Biting his teeth, Wyatt gradually moved closer, squatting down and raising both his hands high, afraid that he might intimidate her.

Even so, as he drew nearer, Calista's gaze became increasingly sharp. Her mind was in turmoil, and her body was tense, like a string about to snap.

Balance.

432

1 Coins 1 Pearls

11:47 Sat, 8 Jun

Chapter 318 Will You Be My Friend.

79%

But before he could finish speaking, a loud thud echoed as Calista violently smashed the flower pot against his body.

She had initially aimed for his head, but Wyatt managed to dodge in the nick of time. As a result, the pot struck his shoulder instead, and the shards cut through his head, staining his white T-shirt in a scarlet hue.

He took a deep breath, holding himself rigid in place, afraid that any movement might be misinterpreted as a hostile gesture by Calista.

Seeing his stillness, Calista visibly relaxed, ceasing her aggressive stance. However, her gaze remained sharp as she continued to observe him closely, subconsciously huddling her knees close to her body for self-protection.

“Ha...”

With steely determination, Wyatt inched closer, his clean and handsome face glistening with sweat, yet his eyes unwavering and focused.

“Now that it’s over, why don’t you join me?” he suggested, tightening his grip before slowly reaching out to Calista. Surprisingly, the sunlight on his palm emitted a warm sensation.

Calista was nestled in a shady corner, her spot devoid of sunlight. She found herself captivated by his hand, focusing on the glimmer dancing at his fingertips. Unbeknownst to her, tears began to flow from her

eyes.

Wyatt was taken aback, feeling a sudden wave of emotions. He had never fathomed that Calista would shed tears.

“Would you... consider being my friend?” Calista’s intense, glistening eyes bore into him as she asked in a husky voice.

Her cautious expression gradually transformed into one of sadness. It was evident that she hadn’t contemplated the prospect—how could someone like Wyatt, a member of the Langley family, ever be friends with her?

They were destined to be adversaries in the days to come, and she vowed to never let any enemy slip away.

However...

Calista’s tears fell with increasing intensity, her eyes were rimmed with red, as was the tip of her nose. She held herself as if she were holding the entire world. Yet, the look in her eyes yearned for contact with the outside world.

“Please, be my friend... okay?”

Unable to bear the bitterness in his heart any longer, Wyatt knelt on one knee, pulling her tightly into his embrace. He then moved her from the corner, into the sunlight.

Feeling the warmth of the light, Calista suddenly felt the sensation of being pulled into the real world. It was so surreal, she could hardly believe it.

“You once told me that we could never be friends.” Wyatt’s voice, suppressed and subdued, echoed in her ears. “But when you want to be friends with me, I’ll always be willing!”

108 +0

1 Coins

Chapter 318 Will You Be My Friend.

At the thought of Wyatt’s face that she had scarred, her expression twisted into a grimace.

Sensing the shift in her mood, Wyatt quickly carried her into the house.

Calista struggled fiercely, cries of terror escaping her lips. But she hadn’t eaten in days. No matter how much she clawed and bit him, her strength was waning. After Wyatt brought her into the room, he forcefully pinned her down on the couch.

Released on June 8, 2024

Chapter 319 I Shall Allow You

“Calm down!” Wyatt’s voice boomed, causing Calista to halt in her tracks, the recent whirlwind of emotions leaving Wyatt somewhat on edge. As he grasped her hand and locked eyes with her, he stressed, “Look, I don’t care what you’re going through or how much pain you’re in, but you can’t go near the balcony. I don’t want anyone jumping off my apartment and committing suicide!”

Maybe it was the intensity in his voice or the mention of “suicide” that jolted Calista back to reality. As she gazed into Wyatt’s eyes, her tense muscles gradually relaxed, and in a hoarse whisper she assured, “I’m not going to die, and I definitely won’t commit suicide.”

“You better not!” Initially. Wyatt had contemplated restraining Calista due to her volatile emotions, but witnessing her pallid complexion and the diminishing spark in her eyes made him refrain.

“So, are you going to get off me?” Calista furrowed her brow, sensing the rigidity in Wyatt’s muscles that made her uncomfortable.

The immediate crisis had passed, and upon hearing Calista's words, Wyatt's face momentarily flushed with embarrassment before he quickly stepped away.

Although momentary, the lingering touch of her body and the faint scent of medicinal herbs left him feeling somewhat disoriented even after he had distanced himself. His ears tinged with red, a reaction unnoticed by Calista.

"Are you fully present now? Do you want me to call a psychiatrist for you?" Wyatt abruptly shut down his inappropriate thoughts and inquired with genuine concern.

As Calista massaged his temples, her throbbing headache gradually eased, and she wearily remarked, "It won't contemplate suicide in your house."

"That's good then... Upon reflecting, Wyatt moistened his lips, pondering on striking up a conversation with Calista.

He felt a slight disconnect and wondered whether he should delve into the reasons behind her fallout with Kallum or the situation during his absence. Their strained relationship stemmed from the complex dynamics between the Stafford and Langley families due to Yelena and Quincy's involvement.

Deciding to shift the focus, he offered, "I'll go whip up some breakfast."

Observing the noticeable bruise on Wyatt's neck, Calista couldn't help but notice his injuries. "I think we should address your wounds first," she suggested, gesturing towards his injuries.

Only then did Wyatt acknowledge his discomfort. Realizing the importance of self-care, he retrieved a first aid kit and began to tend to his injuries, his movements appearing somewhat rigid.

As Calista's gaze fixated on the bloodstains on Wyatt's shoulder, she suddenly voiced a piercing question, "What would your stance be if I ever decided to kill that old geezer, Matthew?"

Pausing for a moment, Wyatt resumed attending to his wounds as he explained, "My grandfather, has been an integral part of my life, earning me the respect and responsibilities that come with being a part of the Langley family."

"So, you'd stand by him, even if it meant going against me?" she questioned.

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11:47 Sat, 8 Jun

Chapter 319 I Shall Allow You

“What if he committed an unforgivable act? Would it be wrong for me to desire retribution?”

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Wyatt fixed his gaze on Calista, his expression serious. “If he has committed a crime, he will face the legal consequences. You didn’t have to tell me this. I... would have taken him into custody myself!”

Calista let out a soft chuckle as she gently took the alcohol and cotton ball from Wyatt’s hand. Tilting her head slightly, she spoke sincerely. “Before our fallout, I shall allow you to be my friend.”

Her frown conveyed a sense of reluctant concession as she continued, “But to be my friend, you must show me unwavering respect, stand by my side, assist me through my troubles, and yield to me.”

Wyatt’s sudden laughter had a reassuring warmth to it, bringing comfort to the tense atmosphere. “What you’re describing sounds more like a boyfriend than a friend.”

Calista, usually composed, felt a tinge of embarrassment for the first time as she prepared to tend Wyatt’s wounded hand. Is that so? He’s not... teasing me, is he?

Recognizing the turbulence beneath Calista’s typically cold facade, Wyatt felt a sense of satisfaction knowing that she had emerged from her emotional turmoil without external intervention.

o above

“Of course, as your friend, I would do all these for you,” he assured her, with a determination to go and beyond for her.

After studying him for a moment, Calista responded with a noncommittal hum and quietly tended to his wounds. Her previous overwhelming negative emotions were now buried deep within her mind.

She wasn’t fragile, just suppressed, and while she appreciated Wyatt’s support, she was determined to find her own way out of her emotional struggle, even if he hadn’t intervened.

And so, Wyatt had brought her back to reality.

Calista wasn’t an ingrate. She acknowledged his kindness and chose not to associate him with the rest of the Langley family. Her previous aversion toward him had stemmed from his inability to comprehend Quincy’s actions, but she was willing to reconsider her stance.

Released on June 8, 2024

Chapter 320 Calista Is Found

As for Kallum, Calista simply scoffed while meticulously bandaging Wyatt's wound.

"Do you still want to eat something?"

After tending to his wounds, Calista naturally wouldn't expect a sick person to cook for her. Despite having not eaten for several days and struggling to even dress his wounds, she was accustomed to putting on a brave face. No one could ever tell how she was truly feelin

For some unknown reason, Wyatt was in high spirits. His eyes glanced at Calista's stomach with an indiscernible look. "So, you're finally hungry. I'll cook. I've only injured my left hand, not my right one."

After he finished speaking, he promptly pushed Calista onto the couch without giving her a chance to respond.

Seeing him turn toward the kitchen, Calista was initially taken aback, but then she suddenly felt a sense of

ease.

Wyatt had matured significantly since a year ago, though the cause of this development remained unknown.

Meanwhile, after finally managing to sleep for an hour, Kallum was abruptly awakened by the ringing of his phone.,

"Mr. Kallum, the drone has captured footage of Ms. Calista!"

Flynn's voice was filled with excitement. The drone was merely his idea to help, but in the brief glimpse it caught over the city, it managed to capture an image of Calista, which was a delightful surprise.

Kallum quickly regained his senses.

"Send the video over!"

As he spoke, he turned on the computer, immediately receiving a video feed, There, on a balcony, Calista was seen, her head bowed low as she leaned on the railing.

The screen flickered momentarily. Due to the drone's programmed settings, it was set to scan for Calista's face. However, Calista had her head lowered at the time and her face was not captured, thus it was merely a fleeting glimpse.

However, one image was enough. After freezing the video, Kallum was quite certain that it was indeed her.

"Find out where this place is and get the car ready!"

As he was getting dressed, he was simultaneously issuing orders, wishing he could instantly teleport to Calista's side.

He had a myriad of questions for her, but the moment he found her, his only concern was her well-being. Nothing else mattered. The most important thing was that she was unharmed.

Meanwhile, Calista had no idea that Mirabelle hadn't exposed her, but Kallum still managed to find her.

1 Coins=

379

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Chapter 320 Calista is Found

At that moment, Wyatt was meticulously cracking eggs one by one. With utmost care, he managed to crack an egg into the pan using just one hand. Seeing Calista watching, he seemed eager to prove his capability.

With a smile, he said. "Don't worry, cracking an egg with one hand is my forte!"

As he spoke, he picked up the second egg. However, he exerted too much force and bits of eggshell fell into the pan. He hurriedly tried to scoop them out with a spatula, but it was too late. The egg had already merged with the first one. Wyatt broke the egg, hoping to remove the shells, but the egg had shattered into pieces and he couldn't find where the shells were. Instead, a faint scent of burning rose from the pan. The egg was now scorched...

pan.

Wyatt felt a bit awkward, clearing his throat subtly. Immediately, he discarded the egg he was holding, wiped the pan clean, and fetched another egg-

"I just made a mistake."

However, the fresh egg seemed to be challenging him. No matter what he did, he just couldn't crack it open perfectly with one hand.

Calista never expected that Wyatt, a police officer, would have such an amusing side. She walked over and rescued the unfortunate cracked egg from his hands, successfully getting it into the pot.

As the aroma of the eggs wafted through the air, Calista was suddenly hit by a wave of nostalgia. There was a time when she lived alone, without being surrounded by wait staff. She would cook for herself, and sometimes she even felt that the happiest moments of her life were those when she was preparing delicious meals on her own.

When did it all begin? She found herself increasingly unable to feel joy. Life, for her, had turned into a monotonous existence, with occasional bursts of excitement that were fleeting at best.

So, the grueling three years I've spent at the research institute had such a profound effect on my psyche? She had always believed that as long as she persevered and didn't give up, she wouldn't be affected and end up like the other subjects who lost their sanity.

"Let me do it." Calista suddenly expressed an interest in frying the egg. "I'm actually quite good at cooking. would you like to try it?"

Wyatt was skeptical. In their social circle, it was rare for someone to cook for themselves. Most had housekeepers to do it. Calista can actually cook, and her culinary skills are good?

With this thought, he dimmed his gaze, indirectly confirming that she had endured much hardship that she didn't have to.

Seeing that Wyatt did not respond, Calista subconsciously prepared his portion as well. The eggs were fried to a crispy perfection, with just the right amount of saltiness. Coincidentally, both Calista and Wyatt shared the same preference for their eggs to be fried until the yolks were well done.

When Calista spotted some pasta, she decided against having bread and prepared two bowls of pasta carbonara instead. As the finely chopped green onions and eggs blanketed the creamy white pasta. Wyatt couldn't help but salivate even though he had already had breakfast.

Catching a glimpse of the thin layer of sweat on Calista's forehead, Wyatt then realized just how taxing it

Balance

1 Coins

351 +

11:48 Sat, 8 Jun

Chapter 320 Calista Is Found

“Sorry, I should have been the one to do it.”

Calista returned to the small living room, carrying two bowls of pasta, and spoke with a casual tone.

“It’s okay, I’d feel really bad if you had to cook for me while you’re injured.”