

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 331

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Chapter 331 A Sense Of Contentment

A blush unexpectedly crept up on Calista's face. She gritted her teeth and said, "Get up! Otherwise, I'm changing-

Before she could finish her sentence, Kallum had already leaned in, capturing her lips with his in a fervent kiss

As if he was worried about her finishing her sentence, Kallum's kiss was both urgent and deep.

When he bent down, Calista's face was just below the surface of the water. Her chin was lifted by Kallum, yet her nose was underwater. It created a situation where they were kissing, but the water separated them into two worlds. Unable to breathe, she could only fiercely seize the oxygen Kallum gave her, making the kiss even more intense.

Darn it! Calista took a deep breath, then bit down hard. Initially, she intended to bite Kallum's tongue, but he quickly sensed her intentions and pulled back, leaving her to bite down on his lip instead.

Kallum hissed in pain before pulling himself out of his beguiled state

Yet, he didn't let go of her so quickly. Unable to contain his feelings, he whispered in a pleading tone. "Can -I hold you a bit longer? I feel... awful!"

Feeling something pressing against her, Calista stiffened. She truly couldn't comprehend why she had to endure such an awkward situation.

Her restraint delighted Kallum. Sensibly, he wanted to walk away, but emotionally, he yearned to meld her into his very being especially after she had expressed her intention to leave him during the day. She actually wanted to leave him!

"Callic..." Kallum's body heat was alarmingly high, and Calista felt as if she was being warmed by it. She was skillfully immobilized by Kallum's holding, unable to move at all. Even after holding her for a while, he seemed unsatisfied. His usually clear eyes were once again veiled in a hazy mist. He stared at her lips, and even as a bystander, she could feel the intense struggle within him.

This can't go on any longer! Calista closed her eyes for a moment. "Are you trying to force me to move out tonight?"

Before Kallum could lose his sanity and do something irreversible, Calista struck a nerve, using pain to bring him back to his senses.

Sure enough, when Kallum regained his composure, his eyes dimmed. Calista spotted a hint of grievance in his eyes.

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paused for a moment, her voice mysteriously losing the sharpness it had held before as she said, "I'm... starving..."

This was the part that most frustrated Calista. Over the past three days, she had only managed to eat a couple of bites of pasta this morning.

Kallum was somewhat taken aback. He furrowed his brows in dissatisfaction and said, "Didn't Wyatt feed you?"

"I woke up only because of my fever, and then you had me brought back here." Calista's voice softened..

Chapter 331 A Sense Of Contentment

Kallum suddenly felt at a loss. He quickly stood up. "I'll have someone prepare : away."

As he rose, Calista unintentionally tugged at him. "Your leg is injured. Move slowly."

Once she voiced these words, both of them were momentarily taken aback.

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Habits can indeed be a terrifying thing. Over the past year, she had grown accustomed to taking care of him, to the point where she had developed a constant need to keep an eye on him.

Kallum found it to be both sweet and bitter.

Before he was on the brink of losing her, Calista was always kind to him. Although he was grateful, it didn't deeply touch him. Now, as he was about to lose her, he realized that even though Calista might have seemed cold in the past, she was, to him, beyond reproach.

He slowly rose to his feet. "I'm fine."

Calista silently let out a sigh.

“I’ll go out and arrange for some food. You take a bath and clean your wounds. I’ll come back later to reapply your medicine.”

“All right.”

This time, Calista didn’t hold back. He had seen and touched everything. There was nothing left to hide. She quickly dried herself off in a fit of resignation, changed into her pajamas, and went out. Kallum had no choice but to close his eyes, struggling to quell his desire.

When he was done bathing, the room was already filled with the tantalizing aroma of food.

Calista had prepare servings, as Kallum had spent the day with her and hadn’t eaten anything. This

stirred some emotions in Kallum as he picked up his cutlery, Calista had unknowingly asked for all his favorite dishes.

He was thrilled that Calista had retained this habit, yet he was more concerned that one day, everything she had given him would be taken back. How could he, who had already experienced the best, withstand such a disparity?

If such a day were to truly come, he would undoubtedly do something dreadful. Therefore, it was best if that day never arrived.

After they had a simple meal, Calista finally began to bandage Kallum’s wounds. She did it deliberately. taking her time to finish her food before tending to his injuries. She wanted to give Kallum the impression that she didn’t care whether he was hurt or not. However, unbeknownst to her, her expression while eating had inadvertently betrayed her true feelings.

Her gentle breath fell on his leg. Kallum, in a bathrobe, looked down at her. He watched as she diligently and methodically treated his wound. Suddenly, he felt a sense of contentment. He would ask for nothing more if things could always be like this. He truly desired nothing more.

The wound is quite deep, yet he had the audacity to run today. He’s practically courting death!

Calista was somewhat dissatisfied, her displeasure clearly etched on her face. Her delicate eyebrows furrowed slightly and her eyelashes drooped, fluttering gently every time she blinked. From Kallum’s

Chapter 331 A Sense Of Contentment

perspective, the glow of the light made her fair skin appear incredibly luminous.

Released on June 8, 2024

Chapter 332 Do Not Rush This

“All right, for the next few days, try to move as little as possible and keep your wound dry.” Calista understood deeply just how little Kallum cared for himself. “If your wound reopens, I won’t let anyone baulage it for you, understand?”

“I understand,” Kallum replied obediently.

Calista looked quite relieved and showed a faint fatigue.

“Then, go to sleep.”

Once she finished speaking, she was the first to climb into the new bed. The two beds were separated only by a bedside table, a short distance that nevertheless caused Kallum to hesitate for quite some time.

He glanced at the large bed they usually slept in and then took a look at the newly arrived smaller bed. In the end, he lay down on the large bed.

After the lights had been turned off, only a warm yellow bedside lamp flickered. Lying on his side, Kallum looked at Calista’s profile through its glow. For the first time, he felt the night was so cold and seemingly endless.

Tonight, he could still share a room with her. Despite the chill, at least he could see her as soon as he opened his eyes. But she would undoubtedly move out tomorrow, and by then, he wouldn’t even be able to catch a glimpse of her.

His previously disregarded physical pain erupted, particularly around the heart area, where a dense, aching sensation was particularly pronounced.

He was desperate to change the current situation. The mere thought of not being able to see her face in the evenings, let alone hold her, left him feeling suffocated.

Calista was attempting to take back everything she had given him, one by one. He wouldn’t allow it. He couldn’t accept the cruel joke of gaining and then losing again.

The more he dwelled on it, the more upset he felt. The discomfort kept sleep at bay. It wasn’t until midnight that he finally rose from the bed and sat at its edge.

He silently observed Calista, much like a beast lurking in the night. Deep within him, there was an undeniable desire to consume her.

In the end, he couldn't resist and found himself climbing onto Calista's bed. It was a small, single bed and once Kallum got on, it became quite cramped. He carefully lay on his side, yet he didn't feel.

uncomfortable at all. On the contrary, when he held her once again, he let out a soft sigh. Amazingly, his physical pain seemed to ebb away just like the tide.

He felt a pressing need to take action. There was no way he could simply let Calista move out and completely disappear from him.

When Calista woke up the next day, Kallum was already gone from the room.

She was so exhausted that she had slept deeply the night before.

During breakfast, Benedict arrived. In fact, he had intended to come the night before, but it was too late.

Chapter 332 Do Not Rush This

he asked. "Callie, I heard you're calling off the wedding?"

At that moment, only she and Benedict were in the dining room. She nodded absentmindedly as she ate her breakfast. "Mhm"

"Why?" Benedict was thoroughly puzzled. "And was it because of a disagreement with Mr. Kallum that you suddenly ran away this time? Callie, I don't mean to scold you, but how could you just run off like that? You didn't even take your phone! Do you have any idea how worried we were?"

Reflecting on her past cowardly actions, where she had fled in panic, Calista frowned and shook her head. "It won't happen again."

"It better not..." Seeing that she was unharmed, Benedict didn't say much else. "So, what's the deal between you and Mr. Kallum?"

"It just doesn't feel right."

"What doesn't feel right?"

"Our backgrounds are incompatible. I'm out of his league."

Calista's response caught Benedict off guard. He stared at Calista, his face suddenly taking on a peculiar expression. Leaning in, he said in a hushed, secretive tone, "Callie, tell me honestly, did you... catch Mr. Kallum in bed with another woman? Is that why... If that's the case, call off the wedding!"

Calista choked for a moment, glaring at him. "What gave you such a bizarre idea?"

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"Isn't that so?" Benedict stroked his chin, unable to think of any other reason that could cause two people, who were in love, to suddenly turn against each other.

"If the fault wasn't with Mr. Kallum, could it be you? Have you changed your mind?"

"Dad!" Calista put down her spoon, her head aching. "I just don't think we're a good fit for each other, that's all. Let's end this discussion here and never bring it up again!"

Sensing Calista's firm tone, Benedict didn't dare to oppose her at that moment. He merely responded in a low voice, "You better think this through. If you let go of such a great fiancé, in the end, it's someone else who'll be thrilled!"

Upon hearing the commotion, Wanda stepped in. She pulled Benedict aside, whispering, "Benedict, don't rush this! Callie is in a unique situation now. Don't pressure her. Kallum mentioned that she even had suicidal tendencies before, so we mustn't upset her! Postponing the wedding isn't a big deal. Kallum is committed. He won't change his mind."

Benedict was rather troubled by Calista's situation. "Everything was fine before... I don't know how it suddenly came to this, and I'm unsure if it can get better in the future."

"Everything will be all right. You go ahead with your work if you're busy. I'm about to take Callie to see the psychiatrist. This person is a renowned expert in the field. Both his personal and professional integrity is guaranteed."

"I guess I'll have to trouble you with Callie, then... Benedict felt he was rather irresponsible, but his capabilities were limited. Even a small company could keep him so busy that he really had no way to stay and help.

Released on June 8, 2024

Chapter 333 Do You Have Any Friends.

"What are you talking about? Callic is my future daughter-in-law..."

Wanda was brimming with confidence about this. With a smile, she saw Benedict off. By the time she returned, Calista had already finished eating

"Where's Kallum?" Calista was a bit puzzled.

Wanda paused and said somewhat reproachfully, "Yesterday, Kallum accidentally destroyed part of the ancestral property. Now, he's talking about selling off the place. So, the other members of the Fairchild family came over this morning. They're upstairs."

Calista was slightly stunned. Just yesterday, Kallum had unexpectedly blown up the place, causing not only financial loss but also discomfort among the other Fairchilds. After all, the significance of ancestral property was different from others, and Kallum was even planning to sell it now

Though Kallum had complete control over the ancestral property, selling it off could lead others to believe there were financial issues within the Fairchild family. Naturally, Kallum would have to provide them with an explanation.

The excuse of accidentally blowing something up was rather dismissive, but it was indeed in line with Kallum's usual style. Moreover, the fact that he didn't mention her at all saved her a lot of trouble.

"Forget about him. I'm going to introduce you to someone."

Calista knew who she was meant to meet. Despite her resistance, she nodded in agreement.

Wanda led her into a room that was incredibly tranquil and brightly lit. In there, a man was engrossed in reading a book.

He appeared quite youthful, dressed in light-colored casual attire, complete with a beige knitted scarf. He looked much like a scholar.

"Hello, are you Calista? I'm Wilbur Sutton, your psychiatrist."

The moment he turned to look, he exuded a sense of serene tranquility and a hint of elegance.

Calista narrowed her eyes. "I'm Calista."

From the phrase "I am," one could discern that the two individuals possessed rather similar personalities. Upon seeing her, Wilbur raised an eyebrow in amusement.

Wanda said with a smile, "Even though Mr. Sutton is not that old, he is a renowned neurologist both domestically and internationally, as well as a psychologist. Callie... I hope you won't keep anything to yourself. Speak up. Mr. Sutton will surely help you..."

She then pulled Calista aside and whispered, "It's okay if you don't like Mr. Sutton. I know other people. But Callie, don't think that seeing a psychologist means there's something wrong with you. In foreign countries, it's a common thing. Just have a casual chat with him, okay?"

Seeing that Wanda's eyes were filled with worry, Calista simply nodded and tried her best to relax.

"Okay, thank you."

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Chapter 133 Do You Have Any Extends

Calien's words brought a sense of relief to Wanda. She appeared to be a genuinely caring mother and was very thoughtful

"Mr. Sutton is aware of the content affairs within the Fairchild family, as well as the state of your health. and Kallum's. There's no need to hide anything Just relax, okay?"

It seems that Wilber is highly trusted by the Fairchild family...

Calista nodded. "Okay, I will definitely have a good chat with Mr. Sutton."

When the room fell silent once more, Calista took a seat opposite Wilbur, Wilbur smiled and said, "No need for formalities. We're just here to chat."

"About what?"

Sensing Calista's defensiveness, Wilbur responded with a smile. "Anything, as long as it's what you want to tell me

His smile radiated a uniquely comforting and steady aura, as if nothing could go wrong by following him. Calista wore a look of caution on her face. "What if I don't want to tell you anything?"

Wilbur raised an eyebrow slightly. "How about we try a different approach? You answer when I ask?"

"Can my answer be silence, or perhaps a lie?"

Wilbur's light brown eyes sparkled. "Of course. You have complete freedom with me. Shall we get started, then

"All right"

Wilbur nodded lightly, his tone casual as he asked, "Then here's the first question. Ms. Stafford, when was the last time you were intimate with a man?"

Calista looked at him calmly, seemingly unfazed and unbothered by his sudden question.

Two years ago.”

“Is that sor” Wilbur casually jotted down the words “super calm,” a faint smile playing on his lips. “But the vibe you give off is as if you haven’t... let’s say, let loose in over a decade. It’s very subtle, yet incredibly tense. You should know that a healthy sex life can help to alleviate stress, and you seem to be lacking in that department.”

“Mm–hmm, Calista nodded, her demeanor serious as if she was genuinely considering his advice. This prompted Wilbur to raise his eyebrows once more. He found the girl before him unexpectedly interesting.

“So, onto the second question, do you have any friends?”

Calista furrowed her brows. She wanted to say yes, but a month or two after leaving school, she suddenly couldn’t remember any of her classmates. She couldn’t even recall the name of the girl who was always around her at school for a moment. It took her a great effort to finally remember her name.

“Yes.”

After observing the subtle che

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Chapter 333 Do You Have Any Friends

“emotional indifference.”

“What would you do if your friend suddenly stopped contacting you? Or would you do nothing at all?”

“Everyone has their own life. If she no longer wishes to keep in touch with me, it means she no longer needs me. So why should I bother her?” Calista reasoned.