

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 334

Chapter 334 I Decided To Lie

Wilbur chuckled. "It sounds like you don't really need her. If I were your friend, I would be heartbroken"

He was the kind of man whose smile was so warm it could melt hearts. Whenever he smiled, he had a way of captivating everyone's attention. Yet, he noticed something peculiar. When Calista looked at him, she seemed as indifferent as if she was looking at a piece of furniture.

"I guess I don't really need her."

Calista wasn't lying. It might have sounded harsh, but that was the truth. She could get along with people and have fun with them, but once they exited her life, she wouldn't feel the slightest bit of sorrow.

"The next question, I heard you once had a stepmother. Did she treat you poorly?" Wilbur looked at her with a hint of apology. "Because you really don't seem like a child who comes from a stable family."

"She did." Having said all that, Calista relaxed slightly. She suddenly broke into a smile. "But it doesn't matter. She can't hurt me anymore."

"Does that mean she has done something to hurt you before?" Wilbur asked hastily. He didn't come across as a psychologist, but rather a casual friend who seemed very interested in her world. "Can you tell me the worst thing she's ever done to you?"

There were too many that Calista could think of. But what was strange was that the first thing that came to mind was a trivial matter.

"I don't know what's the worst thing she's ever done to me." Calista leaned back slightly, pausing for a moment before continuing in a rather indifferent tone.

"I recall my younger days, around the age of thirteen or fourteen, when I started to become aware of my own attractiveness. I actually quite desired to be beautiful. My clothes were always clean, and my hair was always neatly combed. But that was all I could manage. In my stepmother's control, I never had the chance. to truly express myself."

Suddenly, she looked straight into Wilbur's eyes. Her eyes sparkled like stars. Her delicate features and mysterious smile caused Wilbur's expression to stiffen slightly. It was as if, unintentionally, his heart had skipped a few beats.

"Do you know why?"

To hide his lapse, Wilbur answered hastily, "Because of your sister?"

"Exactly." Calista smiled. "Unlike me, she had a new outfit, new shoes, and beautiful accessories almost every day. As for me, I could only wear the unfashionable and oversized clothes that my stepmother bought for me. Sometimes, my dad would buy matching dresses for my sister and me. However, the ones that belonged to me would end up deliberately damaged. My stepmother would tell my dad that I was the one who had ruined them, claiming that I had no liking for such flamboyant attire. I didn't even dare to defend myself. After all, when my dad was home, he was in the minority. He was particularly influenced by my stepmother during those times, depending on her for his livelihood. I had to act according to her whims. She wouldn't appreciate me outshining her own child."

Calista had assumed she had long since forgotten such a distant memory. But now, as she spoke, she found

herself recalling even the smallest detail with crucial clear clarity

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a beautiful dress. Wearing my school uniform or my outdated clothes on that day would have definitely drawn ridicule, especially when all the girls around me were dressed like little princesses. I, too, wished for a chance to feel beautiful for once. Once that kind of impulse erupted, it was difficult to control. However, I didn't have money to buy dresses. Everything my grandparents had given me, including money, could only be accessed after I turned sixteen. Meanwhile, my dad had entrusted everything at home to my stepmother. He trusted her immensely, but she never gave me any money."

Upon saying this, Calista suddenly broke into a smile. "So, I decided to lie!"

Continuing her line of thought, Wilbur asked, "Lie? You lied about the amount of the activity fee?"

"Mm-hmm." Calista nodded. "I remember the activity fee was eight hundred and fifty. The dress I had my eye on wasn't branded or anything, but it was really pretty. I was only renting it, so it was just thirty-five a day. I could use three hundred from the activity fee as a deposit. I was sure the teacher would be understanding if I returned it a few days later, considering I was usually quite well-behaved."

A subtle hint of a smile played at the corners of her mouth, and her voice, excessively calm, stirred in Wilbur an irresistible desire to listen attentively.

“That morning, as I was about to ask for money, a classmate came to fetch me for school. The elite school had many special admissions students, and she, a child from an ordinary family, was admitted due to her exceptional grades. Her presence bolstered my courage significantly. I plucked up the nerve to ask my stepmother for the eight hundred and eighty-five activity fee. Although my sister and I attended the same school, our fees were always different. I thought I could get away with it and rent that dress. But that day, when my stepmother heard I needed money, her expression soured. Even though the fee for the next grade was typically only fifty more, my sister’s was eight hundred, so mine should be eight hundred and fifty. Yet, in front of my classmate, she kept pressing me. Is it really eight hundred and eighty-five? Are you lying? My classmate saw my embarrassment and instinctively defended me, also claiming it was eight hundred and eighty-five.”

At this point, Calista laughed again. It was a laugh tinged with bitterness and mockery. Wilbur had met many people and heard many stories, but inexplicably, it was only her that made his heart ache..

“Then, my stepmother actually called the school. Can you believe it? She wouldn’t bat an eyelash spending three thousand on a facial or a hundred thousand on a game of cards. Yet, to ensure I didn’t have any opportunity to take advantage, she went as far as making a call to the school over thirty-five, and she got an answer from the teacher.”

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“She ruthlessly exposed my lies and berated me harshly in front of my classmates! I felt guilty, resentful, and furious! I hated her! But I didn’t dare to talk back to her because I was young at that time, and the consequence of fighting back was her targeting me. With no one to help me, my situation would only get worse. Seeing that we were about to be late, my stepmother didn’t cease her harsh scolding. My classmate, in a very soft voice, said, ‘Ma’am, we’re sorry. We won’t lie again. We’re about to be late. Could you let us go to school now? To our surprise, my stepmother turned to glare at her. From her attire, my stepmother could tell she wasn’t from a wealthy family. She began with her signature mocking and sarcastic remarks. Indeed, birds of a feather flock together. You’re defending her lies; you’re no better. I’m going to tell your teacher to have you reflect on your actions in front of the entire school!’ Her words terrified my classmate...”

Calista couldn’t help but laugh, covering her mouth. She noticed Wilbur looking at her with such an expressive gaze. It was undeniable that even his sympathy seemed more acceptable than most people’s. It was as if he understood her and genuinely empathized with her, and he felt sorry for her.

“The classmate kept apologizing, even breaking into tears. She had worked so hard to get into that school. She was terrified the teacher might not like her. I could tell she must

have regretted interacting with me, and even more so, coming to my house... Because my stepmother had something to hold over us, she belittled both me and her to the point where we felt worthless. All we could do was cry. We were unable to utter a single word in our defense. This continued until school had already started. My stepmother, still not satisfied, finally stopped. She pulled out nine hundred from her elegant purse and harshly threw it at

face! At that moment, I found myself longing to grab the knife lying not too far away and thrust it into her throat.”

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Calista continued, “After she threw the money in my face, she watched me suppress my anger until my body trembled. She sneered, ‘Isn’t this what you wanted? Here’s an extra fifty. Go treat yourself to cr*p! Honestly... even tossing money into the water would at least make a splash, but giving you a single cent feels like a waste!’ Then, she picked up her purse and left for her beauty treatment. After my stepmother left, my

classmate broke down, crying loudly in despair. In anger, she yelled at me, ‘I hate you!’ before running off. The housekeepers stood by, watching the spectacle unfold. As for me, I picked up that nine hundred in the end. Back then, I couldn’t comprehend. Although my family was far from poor, why did I feel like a beggar? This was my home, yet why did I feel oppressed, as if I was living under someone else’s roof? Others seemed to live like princesses, while I had to endure for the sake of harmony and growth... In short, the cost of that one lie was too high, so I never lied again.”

The room fell into silence for a moment before Wilbur suddenly asked, “Did you dress?”

“Nope.”

“Why?”

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up renting that

“Because that money humiliated me. I didn’t even attend the gala. I exchanged those nine hundred into a lot of coins and spent my time skipping them across the lake...”

Slightly taken aback, Wilbur looked at her. Calista smiled, her eyes seemingly twinkling with stars. “Surprised, aren’t you? What you don’t know is that I honed my stone–skipping skills during that time. The ripples spreading across the lake under the moonlight were simply stunning...”

What Wilbur thought of, however, was what Yelena had said. She'd rather throw her money into the water and hear it splash than give it to her. And Calista had actually given up on the dress that she had been

Balance: 700 + 130

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Chapter 335 I Do Not Have A Daughter

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The sting in his heart became even more pronounced. He looked into her eyes and asked, "And what about now? Do you still want that dress?"

Calista stood up, the fleeting warmth she had just displayed seemingly an illusion. From the moment she rose, she returned to the initial impression she had given when she first entered.

She flashed a smirk, yet it seemed as if there was a deeper meaning hidden within.

"You know, what I once yearned for, I no longer desire now."

When Calista emerged from the room, Wanda was the first to approach her. "How are you feeling, Callie?"

Calista's smile seemed to have grown a bit brighter than before. "Mr. Sutton is indeed a wonderful person."

"That's good..." Wanda

Id with a smile. "Mr. Sutton mentioned that today was just a casual chat. He believes that successful treatment requires a good rapport between two people. It seems that you feel a connection to him."

"I hope he feels the same way." Calista shrugged. "It's getting-late. I need to head to the laboratory. That's my main priority. Anyway, thank you, Aunt Wanda. You're the kindest person to me in this world. I'm so grateful that my mother has a friend like you."

"What are you talking about... Wanda was so moved by her words that her eyes turned red. "I don't have a daughter. I've always cherished you as if you were one... Go ahead and get to work. Don't worry about me. I'm going to ask Mr. Sutton something. Don't work too late, and remember to rest, all right?"

Chapter 336 Such Separations Are Inevitable

“All right.”

Suddenly, Calista felt a hint of sweetness rising from the depths of her heart. In terms of a mother, Wanda fulfilled all her yearnings and expectations. She was her solace in this life and the previous one.

After Calista left, Kallum returned but they missed each other. Given the vastness of Fairchild Manor, it was quite normal for such a miss to occur.

“How’s it going?” he asked Wanda.

Wanda responded, “I was just about to inquire myself. Your timing is perfect. Let’s go together and find out if Callie’s situation is serious or not...”

At that moment, Wilbur was deep in thought. Upon seeing Kallum enter, he rose to his feet, offering a courteous smile. “Mr. Kallum. Mrs. Fairchild.”

“There’s no need to be so formal, Mr. Sutton. You were chatting with Callie for quite a while. What do you think...” she asked straightforwardly as soon as she opened the door.

Upon hearing the name “Callie,” Wilbur paused briefly before he slowly responded, “Actually, there’s no need for you all to worry so much. From my observations of Ms. Stafford, although she has some psychological issues, they’re not severe.”

“Then what exactly is her problem?”

Kallum took a seat where Calista had previously sat. His close-fitting deep purple shirt accentuated his well-defined physique. Whether he was standing or sitting, he exuded an intimidating presence. At least, that was how Wilbur perceived him. Kallum seemed to be the kind of person who had a clear distinction between love and hate and was domineering and arrogant. People like that were usually not easy to approach. Wilbur couldn’t understand how he could have developed such deep feelings for Calista.

Without uttering a word, Wilbur simply played back the recorded conversation he had previously had with Calista

The reason he acted in such a way was because he wanted the Fairchilds to truly understand the kind of life Calista had lived before.

After the recording finished playing, Wanda was already sobbing uncontrollably. The content wasn’t anything shocking, merely the process of a child telling their first lie. However, when Calista relayed it in such a calm and meticulous manner, anyone who heard it would feel their heart ache immensely.

“Before, I merely thought Yelena wasn’t a good person, but I didn’t expect her to be so cruel toward a child! Callie was still so young back then. Did she really need to humiliate a child like that over just thirty- five?”

She had reached an age when she started to appreciate beauty and desire to look attractive. Having been suppressed for so long, she naturally yearned to dress up just once. She didn’t even plan to buy that dress, merely to rent it, yet even such a simple wish went unfulfilled.

In some impoverished households, this might have been acceptable, but not in her family. They were well-off. Her sister

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being brutally slapped in the face with money, a deep humiliation! And it happened in front of her friend.

No wonder Callie had no friends when she was young. The careless remark from her friend before she left might have left her feeling guilty about the concept of friendship for the rest of her life.

What’s even worse, under the oppressive rule of Yelena, Callie could have potentially succumbed to a submissive nature, becoming more and more timid. She would have been terrified of Yelena to such an extent that even as she grew up, she world never dare to harbor any thoughts of rebellion. That is the true tragedy.

A glint of intense hostility flashed in Kallum’s eyes. Since Yelena had been hiding in the Langley residence, avoiding people for quite some time, he had let her be, choosing not to engage in petty disputes with a

woman.

However, after he had listened to Calista’s past experiences, all his notions of not holding grudges against women flew out the window. He was determined to make this woman pay the price.

The thought of all the indignities Callie had suffered from her childhood till now filled Kallum with rage. He wished he could go back in time, knock that woman off her feet, and protect Callie. How could anyone treat the woman he cherished so poorly?

Callie must have suffered greatly at the hands of Yelena in her previous life. Otherwise, she wouldn't have transformed so drastically upon her reincarnation. She had evolved from a sensible and patient character to the person she was now.

Upon witnessing their reactions, Wilbur immediately understood Calista's position within the Fairchild family. For some inexplicable reason, he felt a great deal of relief.

"Mr. Kallum, Mrs. Fairchild, we can get a lot of information from Ms. Stafford's words. Firstly, she feels guilty about lying and swindling money. Secondly, she feels remorse for involving her classmate. Thirdly, she has a clear understanding of her own predicament. To put it simply, she has a strong sense of right and wrong. Generally, people who maintain this kind of moral compass aren't likely to have severe psychological disorders."

Wilbur's words brought considerable comfort to Wanda, but she posed another question. "But Callie is so different now. How would you explain her current state?"

Wilbur put away his voice recorder and replied calmly, "She seems to be exhibiting a hyper-rational personality. Often, such personalities are largely shaped by family influences, or it could possibly be due to some form of trauma experienced during childhood, causing her to become hyper-rational when it comes to emotions. For instance, if someone were to share with her the pains of their love life, it wouldn't stir any emotions within her no matter how much she listened. It's difficult for her to empathize with others when it comes to matters of the heart. Moreover, her views on familial love, romantic love, and friendship are all incredibly subdued. She can't comprehend why relatives need to frequently visit each other. During holidays, she might prefer being alone. As for love, she loves without reservation when she's in love. But when it comes to breakups, she can detach herself completely in a very short time. The same goes for friendships. She won't feel sad because of someone's coming and going, believing that such separations are inevitable."

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Chapter 337 A Lazy Habit

"If she can recognize her own situation and not isolate herself, then her life will still be relatively normal.— However, if she can't make an effort to integrate into society, life will be quite tough for her. But Ms. Stafford is clearly a clever woman. It will undoubtedly be a simple matter for her if she truly wishes to form a connection with someone."

"So... based on what you're saying, Callie's mental issues aren't severe? But Kallum mentioned that Callie has even shown suicidal tendencies these past few days!"

“We’ll have to ask Mr. Kallum about that,” Wilbur said. “Generally speaking, it’s extremely difficult to emotionally distress someone who is hyper-rational because they often lack empathy. Yet, the idea that Ms. Stafford was provoked to the point of contemplating suicide by some matter suggests only one possibility—that this matter is related to her. Moreover, the fact that it could elicit such a strong reaction from her, who has already become numb, indicates that this matter is definitely beyond what an ordinary person can endure. The blow it dealt is devastating. If you know anything, Mr. Kallum, it’s best if you tell me. It will be of great assistance in devising a treatment plan. Of course, I’m also very curious as to what could instigate such a suicidal desire in a hyper-rational person. It must be something truly terrifying.”

Kallum, of course, couldn’t possibly reveal the truth. He merely stated, “Your duty is to help me soothe her emotions...”

He paused for a moment and furrowed his brows. “Currently, due to a certain incident, she has some misunderstandings about me. I hope when you communicate with her, you can help her unravel her if you’re feelings toward me. After all, she and I are engaged. Can you manage that? As for her secrets, capable, you can ask her yourself.”

“Helping her is my sole purpose for being here. Mr. Kallum, you can rest assured that I will do everything in my power to support her emotionally.”

Seeing that Kallum didn’t want to talk, Wilbur didn’t press him further. However, his curiosity about Calista had peaked. The fact that Calista could stay composed and hyper-rational in the face of situations unbearable for most people indicated that she had a much tougher life and was far stronger than he had initially imagined.

Given the circumstances, it seemed fitting to consider her situation as a new subject for study. After all, even though she was not one for pretenses, she was indeed an intriguing individual.

Meanwhile, Kallum was rather anxious. If Calista didn’t have any significant emotional issues and was instead very rational, fully aware of gains and losses, wouldn’t this prove that her decision regarding him wasn’t made impulsively? Then, what should he do to win her heart back?

He couldn’t come up with a solution no matter how hard he tried. By nightfall, as expected, Calista had indeed moved to another room to sleep.

Compared to yesterday, she was much calmer today. Just like before, she was always very clear about what she wanted to do, and it was unchangeable.

Given Kallum’s pride, he simply couldn’t bring himself to beg her to stay. Hence, he had no choice but to watch her move out.

On the first night without Calista, Kallum found it incredibly hard to bear. He was desperate for a solution, while on the other hand Calista started having nightmares.

Balance: 700

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1 Pearls

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Chapter 337 A Lazy Habit

side to fall asleep. It turned out that a year was indeed long enough to form such a habit.

Regardless, she had always stayed up until the wee hours of the morning, around three or four, before she could sleep. As soon as she fell asleep, nightmares began to plague her.

In her dream it was bitterly cold and the housekeeper had once again refused to help her with the laundry. This put her, a girl not yet twelve, in a difficult position. Prior to this, her grandmother had always done her laundry. Strictly speaking, apart from helping her grandmother tidy up and sweep the floor, she had never done any household chores before.

Back then, when she was new and unfamiliar with her surroundings, she was quite afraid of Yelena's somewhat stern face. Despite her fear, she approached Yelena to complain. In her presence, Yelena summoned the housekeeper and questioned, "Why didn't you wash Calista's clothes?"

The housekeeper dramatically exclaimed, "Mrs, Stafford, the heater in the bathroom is broken. I'm getting on in years. Doing laundry in these conditions would be the death of me. Besides, there's no hot water left, and it's minus five degrees out there!"

After her performance, she sneered, "Didn't Ms. Calista come from the mountains? Given the harsh conditions there, she should be quite adept at doing chores in this kind of weather. Why is it that even a few pieces of clothing need to be washed by others? Or is it that she's become delicate since coming home? Mrs. Stafford, this isn't a good habit. You shouldn't encourage it."

Yelena's lips curled up into a malicious smirk. She looked down at Calista, who was holding her dirty clothes. "Rosalyn, you have a point. You've been with us for so long. We can't let you do all the work. Besides, a twelve-year-old child should learn to be independent. We don't believe in spoiling children in our household. So, Rosalyn, why don't you supervise Calista as she washes the clothes? We wouldn't want her to

develop a lazy habit at such a young age. And remember, the heater in the bathroom is broken. There's no hot water, and I suspect the power might be out too. Looks like the washing machine won't even work."

"Ah, yes, yes, I know," the chubby Rosalyn responded, breaking into a smile so wide that her eyes nearly disappeared. However, when she faced Calista, a fierce glint flashed within her narrowed eyes.

"Ms. Calista, please understand. Mr. Stafford doesn't come home often, and as the eldest daughter of the house, it's best if you behave and learn to stand on your own two feet!"

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Chapter 338 Take Good Care Of Her

At that time, her grandmother had just died, and Calista had never seen the look on Yelena's face before. Her malice was so glaringly obvious that it made Calista clutch her clothes tightly while trembling.

In a state of confusion, she was hauled into the bathroom. Faced with a basin of cold water, she recoiled, refusing to move. Her hands were already frostbitten and swollen significantly. She had just applied some medicine. If she dipped her hands in cold water again, she would end up losing her fingers.

However, in the end, the housekeeper forced her hand into the water.

"Wash them! If you don't wash your dirty clothes properly, you're not leaving the bathroom today!"

open. The After she spat out her harsh words, she turned off the heater and flung the windows wide temperature plummeted to minus five degrees. Meanwhile, she stood behind the door, watching her through the window. They were separated by a mere door, yet one was as warm as spring while the other was trapped in the biting cold of winter.

"She really thinks she's here to live the high life and doesn't even bother to check her own worth. She even expects me to wash her clothes. How ridiculous!"

From behind the door, the faintly discernible voice of Rosalyn echoed. "You're nothing but an unwanted illegitimate child, yet you dare to act like a prominent young lady? Under Mrs. Stafford's rule, your life and death are in her hands! You better behave yourself!"

Calista was crouched in front of the massive water basin, her hand already withdrawn, but still a bright, frostbitten red. She felt scared, yet also a sense of indignation and unwillingness.

Her hands trembled incessantly as if touching water was akin to surrendering to fate.

Her tears fell one by one into the water brimming with bubbles. She finally understood her place in this family. Without the presence of the two kind elders, she could only rely on herself.

With these thoughts in mind, Calista took a deep breath and abruptly plunged her hands into the water, beginning to wash the clothes.

Once she understood, she was perfectly aware that disobedience would lead directly to her being cold and hungry. If Benedict didn't return home that night, she might suffer terribly with no one to turn to for justice. She had to wait for Benedict's return and report their wrongdoing.

Filled with humiliation, she vigorously scrubbed the clothes. The housekeepers watched from behind, surprised that she didn't resist and just got on with the task. They snickered, calling her spineless and saying she was born without any luck for wealth and prosperity. They even went as far as to mock her for being content with her lowly status.

And so, she scrubbed with all her might, gritting her teeth to hold back the tears. In a moment of carelessness, the fingernail of her right hand grazed a frostbitten spot on her left thumb, causing thick blood to seep out. The blood mingled with the soapy water, and even though it should have hurt, she felt nothing. Her fingers had already succumbed to numbness from the cold.

Unable to hold back any longer, she burst into tears. Yet even amid her sobbing, she continued to do the laundry. She wanted to finishy quickly and return to her room. She never knew before how much she could

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She returned to her room in silence and treated her own wounds. Her hands trembled as she put on gloves. Her body was chilled to the bone. Clutching her blanket, she wept until she gradually fell asleep.

In the evening, Benedict returned home. Upon seeing her own hands, battered and bruised, Calista immediately rose to her feet. She was determined to lodge a complaint,

to show Benedict what Yelena had done to her hands. But as she was on the staircase, she heard her stepmother speak.

“What should I do, Benedict... I think Callie really dislikes me, and she hates this home. She doesn't even want the housekeepers to touch her clothes, insisting on washing them herself. Now her hands are injured. I tried to give her medicine, but she threw it away. Her hands must be terribly hurt. I just don't know what she's trying to do...”

Benedict was taken aback, “What? She hurt her hands? Don't feel guilty. Mom and Dad are gone and Callie has become much more reserved. Take good care of her. With time, she will understand your intentions.”

Suddenly, she realized. that even if she went and complained, Yelena could easily claim that she had intentionally injured her fingers to frame her, simply out of dislike for her.

On the staircase, Calista looked at her fingers bleeding even through her gloves,

Yelena had been living with Benedict for over a decade, whereas Calista had only been here a few days. It was pretty clear who Benedict would believe.

However, she didn't hold any resentment toward Benedict. According to her grandmother's teachings, Benedict was a man of limited talent, but he worked tirelessly for his family. All she could do was silently endure, for speaking out would only result in Benedict's disappointment due to her lies.

Later, when she returned to her room and peeled off her gloves, a piece of skin came off with them. Did it hurt? Truly, it didn't. Her fingers felt as if they had lost all sensation. The flesh was mangled and it looked terrifying.

And so, when she

later noticed her right hand beginning to fester, particularly at the joints of her thumb and index finger, to the point where the bone was visible, she was terrified into tears again. She applied medicine and cried, and spent her nights trembling, cradling her hands as she slept. Her medical skills were crucial; she couldn't afford to lose the use of her hands.

Perhaps it was due to the strong recuperative abilities of children that she had grown up now, and the place on her fingers, which was once so severely injured that the bone was visible, bore no scar at all. It was as if nothing had ever happened.

Did it really never happen? The scar wasn't on the hand, but deep within the heart. A mere glimpse revealed a raw, festering wound, seemingly incapable of ever healing.

“Callie! Callie!”

When Calista was awoken, the dense darkness before her eyes gradually dissipated. It felt as though she had been abruptly pulled from a quagmire. The lingering fear from her dream was still etched in her

heart.

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Chapter 339 We Are Still Just Kids

She clung onto Kallum's hand and asked repeatedly, "Are my hands all right? Has the injured part healed?"

Kallum woke Calista from her dream, startled by the panic in her eyes. He quickly cradled her gently, reassuring her. "Your hands are fine. They're beautiful. It was all just a dream."

"It wasn't a dream..." Calista rested her chin on Kallum's shoulder and frowned in pain. "It wasn't a dream..."

Even without scars, those events truly did happen.

"Callie, what did you dream about?" Kallum asked in a deep voice. But this time, Calista did not respond.

After a considerable amount of time, the feeling of her heart nearly stopped beating slowly faded away. Calista's breathing gradually steadied, and she gradually regained her composure.

"Why are you here?"

She pushed away Kallum. If she remembered correctly, she should have already moved out that night..

Kallum found himself in a slightly awkward position. He couldn't possibly admit that he had been unable to sleep and had unconsciously decided to check on her. Upon entering, he had found her in apparent distress, presumably having a nightmare, so he had woken her up. And just like that, he was caught red-handed.

His eyes flickered nervously as he said stiffly, "I heard your voice just now... so I came over to check."

Calista looked at him coldly, perceiving his inability to lie. However, she realized that if it hadn't been for him waking her up, she'd have still been trapped in her nightmare. With this thought, her anger began to subside.

"Now that I'm awake, you can go back to sleep."

At that moment, Kallum felt a profound sense of distress. Callie wanted to call off their wedding for reasons he didn't understand, and he had tolerated it. When she wanted to move out, he had also endured it. But what he couldn't bear was her gradual detachment from him, as if she was pushing him toward a precipice. He knew he had to do something, anything to prevent her from just walking away from him like

this.

"You're probably having trouble sleeping too, aren't you?" Kallum suddenly asked, looking at her. "Because I can't sleep too. For over a year now, I've grown accustomed to having you by my side, being able to hold you as I drift off. I don't believe you can break that habit so quickly."

"So what?" Calista replied indifferently, her eyes cold as ice. "I've told you before, I can't accept you again. Even if you hadn't hurt me in this life, I still wouldn't want to. No matter how persistent you are, it won't change anything"

Her words stirred a faint anger within Kallum. Yet, what overwhelmed him more was a sense of sorrow. Strictly speaking, he had hurt her in his lifetime. It was just that Calista had a high tolerance for pain.

"Callie..." He yearned to hold her, to loudly express how much anguish he was in, how much he wished to compel her into marriage. But he couldn't. All he could do was to continually suppress the frustration in

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Chapter 339 We Are Still Just Kids

Calista was puzzled. But she truly couldn't fall asleep, so she simply decided to follow Kallum outside.

The early winter chill at four in the morning was intense. Kallum personally bundled up Calista into a ball of warmth, then, accompanied by just two others, he drove off.

“This is a bit risky,” Calista said, a hint of a headache apparent in her gaze toward Kallum. “I hope you haven’t forgotten that we’re still patients. Doesn’t it hurt? You seem to be in high spirits.”

Being with her, how could he possibly be aware of any physical discomfort?

Kallum decisively stated. “Once you get used to the ader in doesn’t feel like much. I’ll take you out for

some fun. Just don’t be a downer.”

Fun? Now! Calista thought hesitantly. Did I somehow upset him? Why else would he suddenly act so childishly?

However, when they arrived at the destination, she realized that Kallum was not childish; he had lost his

mind.

“Why did you bring me here?”

Before her was the Langley residence. This was a place that Calista never wanted to set foot in again in her lifetime.

“I’m taking you to find Yelena.

Kallum glanced at the house, a cold glint flashing in his eyes. Calista attempted to leave, but he held her

back.

“What are you doing?” Calista glared at him. “The Langley family means nothing to me now, and Yelena is simply something I could trample into the mud without a second thought. I’m not at all interested in seeking further revenge on her. We’re not even on the same level anymore.”

of revenge against What she said was true. Before she rose to prominence, she had harbored thoughts Yelena. But now, she didn’t even have the desire to spare her an extra glance. Many things had already happened and knowing that Yelena was not faring well was enough for her.

“I didn’t say anything about revenge.” Kallum slightly raised his eyebrows. “From this point forward, we’re not adults. Right now, you’re thirteen and I’m seventeen. We’re still just kids.”

“What are you planning to do?” She had an inkling of something, but she was somewhat afraid to contemplate it. Was Kallum really such a considerate person?

“What am I planning to do? Since we’re underage, we can do whatever we want, of course!”

He led Calista, slipping in unnoticed. Previously, the Langley family had been wary of Calista’s rise to power. They had not only abandoned their plans against her but had also been on guard for a while. However, when they realized that she didn’t even bother to contend with them, they felt relieved and embarrassed. They quickly dropped their defenses, allowing Calista and Kallum to enter with ease. Outside, Quintus and Derek stood guard.

Once they entered, they didn’t head for the main building but instead went to the annex. Calista felt a bit awkward. Why did I get in here so obediently? I don’t really want to be here.

Balance:

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“What exactly are you trying to do?” In the darkness, Calista lowered her voice to question Kallum. Kallum didn’t respond directly; instead, he started talking about something else.

“You know, the reason you didn’t see Yelena at the Wolford residence before was because Quincy didn’t want to acknowledge her. As glorious as she was in the past, that’s how awkward she is now in the Langley residence. She can’t stay in the main building and has to live with the housekeepers in the annex. But a few days ago, Quincy tried every means to contact her, hoping that she could bail her out of jail. What do you think Yelena will do?”

Suddenly, Calista showed a hint of interest. “In the Langley family, Matthew wouldn’t care about her well- being if she had no value to him. The only one who would help her is...”

At the end of the hallway, a faint light seeped out from a door. According to the information, that was where Yelena resided.

Before they even went closer, the intermingled sounds of heavy breathing could be heard emanating from the house. It was unclear whether Yelena was too bold or her secret lover was too impatient. They had actually forgotten to close the door thoroughly.

Calista was pulled aside by Kallum. Both of them, despite their high status, were acting as surreptitiously as petty thieves at that moment.

Calista glanced once, then quickly averted her eyes. She didn't need to look to know what was happening. As the sound alone gave it away. There wasn't a ripple of emotion within her, but Kallum wouldn't let her leave.

"Look," he whispered into her ear.

"I don't want to."

Calista struggled for a moment. Was there anything she hadn't seen before? She had known about Yelena's scandal in her previous life, so she had absolutely no interest in it this time around.

Kallum softly chuckled by her ear.

"Callie, tonight we don't have to act like adults. You don't need to be so rational."

His words left Calista slightly taken aback. It was undeniable that his statement held a magical allure, evoking within her a profound sense of longing.

"Tonight, you're only thirteen years old. Just imagine, as a thirteen-year-old, what would you want to do the most after witnessing your stepmother in an affair?" he said patiently. "Forget about morals, family discord, or anything else. What do you truly desire? Even if it's the darkest, most wicked thought, we should bring it to life!"

Calista was truly a bit moved. What would I have done if I was thirteen again? If my stepmother was having an affair, would I tell Dad?

I don't think so because Dad was already having a hard time. I wouldn't want to cause him any more trouble, and speaking up would invite retaliation from her

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person to see how blind they were.

But would it be okay? If I were to expose the truth, and if my stepmother didn't divorce Dad after this incident, how would she treat me? For a moment, Calista was lost in her own thoughts.

At that moment, Kallum whispered into her ear, "Don't be scared. You still have me. I am your fiancé. No matter what you want to do, I will support you. Even if the Stafford

family disowns you I will still be here. I will provide you with a better life. Now, tell me, what do you want to do?”.

In a fleeting moment, a pang of sorrow welled up in Calista’s heart. I had an escape route back then and there was someone to tell me that I could do whatever I wanted, then I...

“I want her to be disgraced and never to be in this family again.”

Kallum was somewhat elated. He held back his urge to kiss her.

“All right, your wish is my command, my little princess.”

The title he used took Calista by surprise, but before she could react, Kallum was already pulling her downstairs. They ran swiftly, their movements graceful and light. They held their breaths subconsciously as if they were thieves in the night..

The sensation of causing trouble and playing pranks was so novel to Calista. She had always suppressed herself since childhood, never once resisting, only enduring. But now, was she finally free from having to bear it all?

The two of them rushed to the second floor. Their boldness derived from the fact that before they entered, Kallum had known that the man who had an illicit affair with Yelena, in order not to expose himself, had turned off the surveillance of the annex.

“You take care of that side, and I’ll take care of this side. Once we’re done, don’t linger. We’ll head to the rooftop. I’ve had someone install surveillance in Yelena’s room. You can watch whatever you want.”

”

Standing in the middle of the hallway, Kallum was seriously discussing task distribution with Calista. Even though the activity seemed childish and held no tangible benefits, Calista’s interest was evidently piqued. The sparkle in her eyes revealed her deep-seated desire to participate.

After the two had divided their tasks, they each went their separate ways. With Kallum present, Calista knew that even if she were discovered, it wouldn’t matter. Even if people found out she was sneaking into private residences late at night, causing mischief, it wouldn’t be a problem. After all, she wouldn’t be the only one bearing the disgrace; he would be there to share the burden with her.

The sensation of having an escape route was so novel that Calista couldn’t help but let a smile creep onto her lips.

She rapped on the first door. In the darkness of the night, she quickly whispered, "Hurry upstairs. Yelena is having an affair!"

After saying that, she quickly ran to the second door and knocked, repeating, "Hurry upstairs. Yelena is having an affair!"

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