

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 341

Chapter 341 Having An Affair

Suddenly, faint, fragmented noises began to reverberate through the hallways. A number of people flung- their doors open in response, yet found the corridors mysteriously empty.

“What’s going on?”

“Did anyone else catch that? I swear I heard whispers about Yelena... something about an affair?”

“An affair? Here? But the place is teeming with housekeepers!”

“Why don’t we sneak a peek and find out for ourselves? Perhaps she’s succumbed to the loneliness. She’s certainly been under a great deal of stress lately...”

By the time Yelena became aware of the rising tumult, it was regrettably too late. Several of the household staff had already quietly ascended to her floor and now formed a barrier at her bedroom door. Trapped, her lover had no chance to escape.

Upon recognizing the identity of the adulterer, someone lost their composure and blurted out, “Mr. Langley!” This call was not directed toward Wyatt, but rather his father, Hans Langley.

At that moment, Hans’ complexion turned ghostly pale. His initial plan had been to corral the housekeepers who had unexpectedly gathered, coercing them into silence. But as their numbers swelled, the secret soon spread throughout the entire staff of the residence.

This revelation was monumental. Shockingly, Yelena was romantically entangled with her own half- brother, despite being already married!

Meanwhile, Calista, having rushed over so quickly she was still catching her breath, couldn’t suppress a soft chuckle upon capturing Yelena’s desolate expression through her wide-angle lens. This brief moment of levity seemed to ease her built-up tension, providing an unexpected sense of relief.

Yelena, rendered speechless by the situation, faced further turmoil when Joanna, her sister-in-law, arrived and, without a word, slapped her across the face.

“You b*tch! To think you would seduce your own brother!”

However, Hans, Yelena’s secret lover and Joanna’s husband, intervened. “Enough! Quit your shrieking. We need to disperse these spectators first!” he shouted.

In a heated impulse, Joanna pushed Hans, tears filling her eyes. “You’re taking her side? Why dismiss the maid then? Don’t you have any decency left? To engage in such a disgrace with your own sister in the housekeeper’s annex? You’ve completely disgraced the Langley family!”

“Shut up!” Hans snapped back, now visibly agitated, and sternly addressed the housekeepers, “None of you should be here, leave now!”

Reluctantly, the housekeepers began to leave the room, their curiosity momentarily satisfied. Just then, the family patriarch, Matthew, entered. The sight of Yelena and Hans in such disarray, along with his eldest daughter-in-law in tears, filled him with a profound rage that nearly overwhelmed him.

“What a calamity... A true disgrace to our family!” he exclaimed, striking the floor with his cane, his face

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1 Pearls

Chapter 341 Having An Affair

“Dad!! Please, think of your health!”

“I mean no disrespect, Hans, but out of everyone, why Yelena? She’s your sister!” exclaimed Matthew’s third son, his tone both mocking and incredulous.

“I’m telling you, Dad, Yelena has got to go! If she remains here with us, she’ll just keep on tempting Hans. She’s been nothing but a source of trouble!” Joanna thundered.

Ultimately, Joanna had no real desire to end her marriage with Hans. Instead, she found it all too easy to lay the entire blame squarely on Yelena’s shoulders.

Until that moment, Hans had held his peace, but upon hearing his wife propose that they should exile Yelena, he couldn’t contain his anger any longer. “How can you be so merciless? Yelena is already a divorcee; where do you expect her to go if we throw her out? It’s like you’re signing her death warrant!”

He has the audacity to call me merciless?

Hans’ bold accusation left Joanna gasping in shock, her eyes darting from the man she loved to the woman she loathed. The expression she cast at Yelena was fraught with

deep-seated resentment and bitterness. “You’re the root of all this mess, you b*tch! I swear, I’ll kill you!”

With the housekeepers out of the picture, as Joanna advanced on her, the only person left to intervene was their other sister-in-law.

“Don’t bother, Joanna,” she implored, “She’s not even worth your energy.

“It’s outrageous, really. Yelena living under our roof was embarrassing enough, and yet she dared to commit such acts...”

“Dad, I firmly believe Yelena should no longer remain here. It’s quite unconventional for a married daughter to move back in with her parents, isn’t it?”

As Yelena perceived their scornful looks, she clenched her jaw tightly, filled with indignation.

Ever since the truth of how Yelena came to be pregnant with Quincy had surfaced, all the women acquainted with the news viewed her as if she were tainted, while the men eyed her with suspicion, as though she were nothing more than a prostitute.

At that time, Hans was the sole person who steadfastly stood by her side. Without his support, her future seemed doomed to despair.

And so, driven by desperation, Yelena suddenly knelt before Matthew.

“Dad, if there must be someone to blame, let it be me! I initially became involved with Harvey to aid our family, but now my reputation is irreversibly damaged. To shield our family from ridicule, it would be best if you ask me to leave.”

Witnessing Yelena’s distraught state, Hans felt a profound pang of anguish. He voiced his objections to Matthew, “Dad, you can’t treat her with such harshness. Yelena has sacrificed so much for our family; how can you be so callous toward her?”

Matthew recoiled slightly, his look filled with a mix of confusion and dismay as he regarded Hans. Is this really the same promising successor I had carefully selected from among many? I can’t fathom what was going through

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Chapter 342 Might As Well Go All The Way

Yet, the situation had not yet reached its nadir. Yelena, overcome by desperation, clung to Hans' leg, tears streaming down her face as she pleaded, "It's okay, Hans. Who's to blame for my unfortunate fate? You should listen to our dad and drive me away! Whether I survive or not doesn't matter, you must live well in the Langley residence..."

Her words carried a heavy implication—if he didn't adhere to Matthew's directives, his own standing within the family would be jeopardized.

Hans, as the current patriarch, knew the importance of maintaining his authority within the family. Yet, he was torn by his affections, questioning the point of his leadership if he could not protect the woman he loved.

Compelled by his feelings, he declared resolutely, "Yelena, don't be scared. I want to see who in the family has the audacity to drive you out while I'm here!"

Before anyone else could react or voice their objections, Matthew was suddenly overtaken by a violent bout of coughing.

His face turned an alarming shade of purple, and it was only after a significant struggle that he managed to gasp out, "You're going to be the death of me!"

With those words, he collapsed, sending the room into immediate chaos. The family quickly gathered to lift him, preparing to rush him to the hospital.

Hans, noticing the distress his stance had caused, was filled with guilt and swiftly joined the effort to assist Matthew. As he moved to leave, Yelena attempted to follow, only to be stopped abruptly by Joanna.

Once again, Joanna's hand struck Yelena forcefully. "You b*tch! Look at the mess you've made! Stay right here, and don't you dare go anywhere. I'll deal with you when I get back!" She then commanded a trusted aide to keep watch over Yelena before hurrying off to join the others.

Left alone in the room, Yelena was initially silent, but soon her emotions spilled over. She began to scream, and violently throw objects around, her actions those of someone completely undone. To Calista, who observed this meltdown, the spectacle was oddly gratifying.

The clock had ticked past five in the morning. Kallum and Calista had had their share of excitement, the night's uproar had reached its climax, and now, with everyone's attention fixated on Matthew, it was time for the instigators to depart.

"Hold on, there's one more thing." Kallum said, stopping Calista.

“What else do you have in mind?” Calista asked, her expression mixing amusement with intrigue, somewhat surprised that Kallum would initiate such an escapade in the dead of night. Yet, she found his company increasingly pleasant.

“If she didn’t know we were behind this, then what was the point of this prank? If you’re going to play the villain, you might as well go all the way, right?”

Kallum’s playful assertion brought a laugh from Calista. “Why are you so mischievous?”

Having mercilessly toyed with Yelena wasn’t enough, he even had the audacity to flaunt his triumph in front of her? It must be said, this was an excellent suggestion!

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Yet Kallum’s smile hinted at deeper machinations. “Is this already bad? There’s worse to come,” he teased, leading her down the stairs without waiting for her response.

He made a quick call to the individual he had bribed, ensuring the two housekeepers guarding Yelena’s door would be distracted.

The housekeeper cautioned, “Mr. Kallum, please try to keep a low profile. Matthew is incapacitated; they didn’t dare move from the second floor where the family doctor is trying to keep him alive. The whole family is waiting there for the ambulance to arrive. If someone impulsively decides to go upstairs looking for Yelena, and they run into you, it could complicate things.”

By then, Calista and Kallum had reached the rooftop on the fourth floor, while Yelena was on the third floor. Realizing the entire family was preoccupied on the second floor, Calista hesitated, suggesting, “Maybe we should wait until the Langleys leave before we proceed.”

“Don’t worry. When it comes to handling people, you have to be swift, accurate, and ruthless! You can’t hesitate, and with me here, who cares if the Langleys are downstairs? I always have a way to get out unscathed!”

Kallum’s confidence swayed Calista, and they proceeded downstairs. As expected, the housekeeper who had been guarding the door was absent, allowing them easy entry.

the door Yelena, already teetering on the edge of sanity from her recent ordeals, tensed immediately upon swinging open. She expected Joanna, but instead, it was Calista and Kallum who entered, shocking her profoundly.

“What are you two doing here?” She realized in that moment, “I get it now, you were the ones pulling the strings all along!”

Calista stepped in first, followed by Kallum who promptly secured the door behind them. Yelena's heart lurched with fear. Unaware that her family was just downstairs, she assumed they had fallen under Kallum's sway. Seeing them enter so boldly, she lost all hope of assistance and glared at Calista, a mix of deep resentment and terror in her eyes.

"Why did you come back to torment me? Haven't you caused enough pain? What else do you want from me? Are you trying to push me to my breaking point, is that it? How could you be so cruel, you b*tch!"

Calista, caught off-guard by Yelena's vehement outburst, felt as though she had traveled back in time, first to her twenties, then to her early teens. "Am I cruel? Even if I am, you brought it upon yourself. Who asked you to meddle with me?" she taunted.

Kallum held Calista's hand, lifting his chin haughtily as he regarded Yelena. "Don't mind her, you can do whatever you want. Tell me, Callie, what do you want to do?"

As Calista contemplated her response, observing the panic and shift in Yelena's demeanor, she suddenly shook her head. "Enough is enough.

She wasn't sure when it had started, but at some point, she had grown weary of it all. This fatigue convinced her that pursuing vengeance against Yelena wouldn't bring any sense of fulfillment. Thus, she turned to Kallum.

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Chapter 343 Enough Is Enough

"Thank you, but this is already sufficient as it stands," Calista said.

At her words, Kallum's expression grew more intense as he recalled a piece of advice from Wilbur. He had once said that under significant stress, a highly rational mind could be prone to depression—a state that, in fifteen percent of cases, could lead to suicide.

Given Calista's subdued spirit and lethargic demeanor, these were alarming signs of depression that couldn't be ignored! He felt a compelling need to stir her emotions, to break through her growing indifference to the world around her.

Relief washed over Yelena when she heard Calista's decision to step back. In her view, it was only because of Calista's persistence that Kallum had sought her out so late at night, plunging her into this chaos. Thus, with Calista's resolution to withdraw, Yelena believed she had narrowly dodged a dire situation.

Unexpectedly, Kallum responded, "Let her go? Sure." H

He then pulled out nine hundred from his pocket—a rare occurrence since he seldom carried cash. This particular sum, he had prepared specifically for this moment.

He handed the money to Calista, fixing her with an intense gaze, “Remember when she flung that money

wish!” at you? What did you want to do then? Now, with me here, you can do anything you

Calista stared at the banknotes in momentary disbelief, struggling to grasp the implication of his actions.

“Speak up! If you were thirteen again, what would you want to do?” Kallum urged, his voice carrying an edge of urgency, snapping Calista out of her reflective state.

She looked from the money to Yelena, the restraints of her younger self momentarily surfacing again in her eyes—now not so sharp or detached but mixed with fear and a sliver of... anticipation.

Reflecting on that past moment, when Yelena had both belittled her and tossed money at her face, what was she really supposed to have done?

“L... I wanted to shove this money down her throat... make her swallow it!” Calista confessed, a spark of old resentment flickering in her eyes.

A smile of relief spread across Kallum’s face. “All right, then let’s do it this way!”

“W—What are you planning to do? No! Help-” Yelena’s plea was cut short as Kallum quickly moved to cover her mouth.

With swift precision, he secured Yelena’s hands behind her back. His other hand gripped her chin, forcing her to face Calista.

Yelena was terrified beyond belief! She had never imagined that Kallum would stoop to confront her, much less that he was doing so to allow Calista to express her pent-up anger.

She whimpered, her eyes wide with fear as she stared at Calista. Will Calista actually go through with it? What did they mean by when she was thirteen? What did this sum of money have to do with me?

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Chapter 343 Enough Is Enough

showing no remorse for each incident. How could she possibly recall the significance of this nine hundred?

Fueled by this thought, a fierce blaze of hatred ignited in Calista's eyes. Gripping the money tightly, she stepped closer to Yelena.

"Judging by your expression, you've forgotten what this nine hundred signifies. Let me remind you... Do you remember when I was thirteen and I asked you for eight hundred and eighty-five for a school event? There was also a girl who came to meet me so we could go to school together. You brutally humiliated us, and in the end, you threw these nine hundred in my face!"

Calista's voice was laden with indignation and resentment as she recounted the event, mentally transporting herself back to being thirteen. In a sudden, fierce gesture, she hurled the money directly into Yelena's face. As the notes struck her, it felt as if something within Calista shattered.

"You said spending even a penny on me was a waste, well, take it back! Moreover, this money is from my father! Whether it's worth spending on me or not is not for you to judge!"

Yelena recoiled from Calista's harsh words. Suddenly, she recalled the incident from long ago, and a flicker of fear began to rise from the depths of her being. If Calista intended to seek retribution for every wrong Yelena had committed in the past, she feared she might never rest easy again.

Suddenly, Calista reached out and gently tapped her face, pulling her back to the harsh reality of the

moment.

As they stood face to face, Yelena seemed momentarily transfixed by Calista's intense gaze, momentarily forgetting to resist.

"Look at yourself now, living off others, your reputation in ruins, living under someone else's roof... You've always had lofty ambitions, your dreams soaring high. You looked down on my father, on our family business, and especially on me. But look at your current state—do you regret it now?"

Yelena's pupils contracted slightly as she stared back in a daze.

A cold, malicious smile slowly spread across Calista's face as she spoke.

"You might hold the Wolford family in your heart, but Harvey holds no respect for you. You cling to Hans, but his sweet words are empty; he can't protect you. Only my father, the man you've always scorned—Benedict Stafford—has, over the years, strived to fulfill

your wishes and care for you. Indeed, he may have seemed incompetent. A modest company was enough to disorient him. He was easily swayed and quite naive, content with mediocrity, and incapable of providing the luxurious life you yearned for.”

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Chapter 344 You Are Painfully Stupid

At that moment, Calista’s Motions surged uncontrollably. “To you, he may have seemed insignificant, easily manipulated and mocked by everyone around you, always swallowing his pride. But despite everything, he was the only one who consistently treated you with kindness over all these years!”

“Why not try comparing him to any other man? Who else could endure your extravagant ways, endlessly hosting guests without a single complaint? Who else could remain loyal and trusting for over a decade, never faltering even when you disguised your escapades as beauty treatments or playing cards? My dad. never strayed, yet you never chose to settle down and truly share your life with him,” Calista thundered.

She continued, “You took his money for your lover, implicated him in your schemes, forced him to bow down to family tormented his daughter from a previous marriage, and tricked him into raising a child that wasn’t his! After everything you’ve done, look at the life you lead now. So, this is what you wanted? To be universally loathed, right, Mdm. Langley?”

Calista then stepped back, regarding Yelena with a look of utter disdain. “Do you know?” she sneered, “It’s always those who think they’re the smartest who end up looking the most foolish. It’s laughable, really. You still don’t grasp what you’ve lost. You are truly painfully stupid.”

Initially, Yelena met Calista’s words with a defiant glare, but as the accusations continued, her eyes began to fill with tears.

She had never taken the time to reflect on her past actions deeply. But Calista’s piercing words made her realize, shockingly, that the man she had least respected was indeed the one who had been most genuine

toward her.

He might not have had great ambition, exceptional talents, or strong drive, but he had offered her his patience, his trust, and his respect. He had given her the best of what he had, and she had failed to value it.

Disgusted by her tears, Kallum released Yelena abruptly, her display of emotion making him feel sick. The moment he let go, she crumpled to the ground, weeping uncontrollably, her dignity forgotten. Yet, her pitiful state stirred no sympathy in him.

Instead, his attention turned to Calista.

Kallum observed her, surprised that she had chosen to let Yelena off so lightly. Even if Calista was channeling her younger self, she remained cautious even when provided a way out and assured of safety. This hinted at the deep-seated fear and unease she had endured during her childhood, always leaving a margin for escape even when she was in a position of power.

Wilbur had once noted that Calista's personality had drastically shifted due to a traumatic event, flipping from one extreme to another.

It appeared her current rash actions, seemingly without thought of the repercussions, actually underscored how calculated

And cautious she had once been. This fear was a shield, a form of self-

protection. Reflecting on this, Kallum felt a twinge of empathy.

With me by her side, why does Calista still feel the need to look over her shoulder? Does she truly need to keep her guard up even with someone like Yelena?!

Kallum wiped his hands as if to rid himself of the distasteful scene, then approached Calista. His eyes met hers questioning "Is this enough? Has this anelled the rage within your heart?"

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Chapter 344 You Are Painfully Stupid

her lip, remaining silent.

Kallum clasped her hand tightly, his voice firm with conviction. "Can you trust me? I won't let you get hurt, not anymore. This wo won't have the opportunity to harm you again. Is this really what you want to

do?"

Calista seemed anxious, her voice strained as she asked, "So, what else can I do?"

Kallum glanced at the inconsolable Yelena, who lay crying on the floor, and sneered, "Didn't you want to shove the money down her throat and make her eat it? Well, she should eat it, then!"

Yelena, her tears momentarily pausing, stared at them in disbelief. She could hardly believe that despite her miserable state, these two harbored not a shred of sympathy for her.

“Eat it?” Calista’s gaze lowered to Yelena, her eyes flickering thoughtfully, as if weighing Kallum’s suggestion.

Just then, Kallum’s phone rang. The voice of the bribed housekeeper hastily informed him, “Mr. Kallum, Joanna saw that the ambulance was delayed and has secretly headed upstairs!”

Calista, catching the gist of the call from Kallum’s expression, instantly regained her focus. She tugged at his arm, urging, “Let’s go...” Her voice was tense, her lips pursed. “After all, she got what she deserved.”

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Kallum, however, resisted her pull. “The retribution she received wasn’t direct from you, it doesn’t count!” His voice hardened with resolve. “With me here, no one will find you. You need to trust me!”

Calista found herself torn. On one hand, the Langley family members were making their way up the stairs; on the other, there was Kallum, steadfastly refusing to leave. A storm of emotions churned within her.

Suddenly, her gaze sharpened as she looked at Yelena again. Since Kallum had made it clear, what did she have to fear? She could finally let go, completely.

“Given the situation, Mdm. Langley. I insist you eat the money!” Calista declared firmly.

Yelena was taken aback, while Kallum frowned, questioning, “Why are you being so polite to her?”

Calista shot him a quick glance, her expression hardening. She shouted angrily at Yelena, “Did you hear me? I want you to eat all the money on the ground!”

As footsteps approached, signaling the arrival of someone from the Langley family, Yelena knew that although Kallum’s people might delay them, she just needed to endure a little longer to avoid this humiliation. So, she remained still, her eyes red but glaring defiantly at them.

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Chapter 345 Eat The Money

Kallum’s smirk deepened as he addressed Calista, “This woman isn’t complying, how do you propose we handle her?”

Calista's checks flushed with a surge of anger as she fixed her gaze on Yelena, her eyes blazing with intensity. "Why aren't you eating? Listen, if you don't start eating, I'll ensure Quincy is killed in prison!"

"You wouldn't dare!" Yelena exclaimed, her voice shaking with panic and disbelief.

Instinctively, Calista sought reassurance from Kallum. It felt like she was thirteen again, with Kallum standing beside her as her steadfast pillar of support.

Encouraged by a firm nod from Kallum, her resolve hardened, her eyes narrowing. "Dare me if you want! Don't forget, it was I who had her locked up!"

A wave of despair crashed over Yelena at those words. She shouted, defiant yet desperate, "Calista! I'm ready to fight you to the very end!"

"Bring it on! If you don't manage to eat all this money before the Langley family gets here, Quincy will suffer the consequences in prison. Think I'm bluffing? Argue with me one more time, I dare you!"

The cold, murderous look in Calista's eyes completely overwhelmed Yelena. She felt utterly powerless before her, as though her life hung by a thread that Calista could sever with a single word.

"Eat!" Calista commanded with chilling simplicity.

The room fell silent, and then, Yelena broke down, tears streaming down her face. "All right... I'll eat, I'll eat!"

In a frantic scramble, she began picking up the scattered money from the ground and stuffing it into her mouth. Calista, observing her, felt a mixture of satisfaction and relief. She might have stomped on the money first if she were more ruthless, but she refrained—just as she would never actually harm Quincy. Yet, witnessing Yelena kneeling and crying while eating the money, Calista felt a rush of vindication.

As they heard voices outside, Calista signaled to Kallum, her voice light. "Well, look at that. Everyone's arriving now. Remember, you said you'd get me out of here. I really don't want to bump into the Langleys."

Kallum, with a slight smirk, replied casually, "I've always said, all you need to do is trust me. Once she's finished eating, we'll leave."

Wait for me to finish eating?

A spark of resentment flickered in Yelena's heart. She pretended to choke, secretly hoping that Kallum would get caught by the Langley family. After all, mistreating a helpless woman would surely tarnish the reputation of the Fairchilds.

Kallum, reading her intentions, scoffed, "It seems you really don't care about Quincy's wellbeing."

Yelena was stunned. Could it be true that Calista had threatened her, implying harm would come to

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At this juncture, Yelena had abandoned all hope of seeing Kallum and Calista caught. Instead, she found herself praying for the Langley family's delayed arrival, fearing the consequences if they were apprehended.

But reality seemed to conspire against her. A commotion erupted outside, signaling that Joanna was encountering resistance and causing a scene. This prompted more members of the Langley family to get involved, their arrival imminent.

Subconsciously, Yelena hastened her actions, driven by urgency, while Kallum remained calm. Observing his composure, Calista felt reassured.

Seeing Yelena struggling to swallow the money quickly, Calista flashed Kallum a triumphant smile. "Your turn now! They're almost here!"

As Calista extended her hand, Kallum took it with a grin. "All right. Let's go!"

Before they departed, Kallum glanced sidelong at Yelena. "Remember, you didn't see who was here. Say anything out of line, and your daughter pays the price."

Ignoring Yelena's pale, shocked face, he departed with Calista.

Just as they stepped outside, Hans' voice echoed angrily. "What's going on? Why all the noise?"

Joanna's exasperated voice followed, "Someone was blocking my way into Yelena's room, but I heard a man's voice from inside!"

"What?" Hans voice thundered as he hurried toward Yelena's room.

Kallum and Calista were just leaving when they nearly collided with Hans. Just then, the hallway lights suddenly went out, plunging the corridor into darkness.

Surprised cries filled the air, but Hans could only discern two fleeting shadows. "Who's there?!" he demanded.

"Run!" Kallum whispered urgently to Calista, pulling her into a sprint.

His night vision was sharp, while Calista, nearly blinded by the darkness, relied entirely on him to navigate safely.

"Quick! Someone's broken in! Chase them!" Hans shouted from behind, his voice mingled with the sound of others joining the pursuit.

Kallum, aware of Calista's difficulty seeing in the dark, reassured her, "Just trust me!" His grip on her hand was firm, conveying not just guidance but also his joy in the thrill of their escape. "I'll guide you out of here.

Behind them, the number of pursuers swelled, leaving the Langley family bewildered and angry. They had been harboring two strangers without realizing it!

"We must catch them!" Hans bellowed, determined. He couldn't see clearly who they were, but he sensed they were a man and a woman. As someone attempted to use a phone flashlight to illuminate the chase, Kallum knocked it away, ensuring their escape remained shrouded in mystery.

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Chapter 346 Making Their Escape

Kallum led Calista upward with unwavering determination, not pausing even as they reached the rooftop of the fourth floor. Pushing forward, they climbed higher.

"Did you manage to set up a zip line without me knowing?" Calista speculated aloud, pondering the likelihood of a discreet escape route involving sliding down from the rooftop, which seemed the most logical setup she could imagine.

Kallum merely offered a mysterious smile in response, keeping his plans close to his chest.

Once they reached the highest accessible point, they quickly secured the door behind them. From a distance, a thunderous noise grew increasingly intense, startling not only Calista but also alarming the entire Langley residence who were taken aback by the audacity of the intrusion.

Someone had dared to break into their fortress-like home, with the audacious plan of a helicopter escape, and yet, they had caught no sight of the perpetrator.

Calista couldn't help but find the situation both amusing and frustrating. What can I say? This is so typical of Kallum. No matter the circumstance, Kallum always opted for the most straightforward and efficient means to achieve his objectives, never shying away from bold, attention-grabbing strategies.

The pounding on the door intensified as Hans' voice echoed with growing frustration from the other side, "Who's there? If you had the nerve to come this far, why lack the courage to show yourself?"

Meanwhile, a crowd had assembled on the lawn below, their attention riveted on the spectacle above as a rope ladder was lowered from the approaching helicopter. The buzz of excitement surged among them.

The moment the rooftop door was forcibly breached, Kallum's grip on Calista's hand tightened, and he exclaimed with urgency, "Jump!"

In perfect sync, as the crowd burst through the door, Calista and Kallum dashed towards the rooftop's edge. They leaped onto the railing, using the momentum to propel themselves skyward.

A collective gasp rose from the onlookers as Kallum grabbed the rope ladder and Calista clung to him. They dangled precariously under the helicopter as it maneuvered downward briefly before ascending again, their daring escape drawing screams from the crowd below, nearly loud enough to rival the helicopter's roar.

The powerful gusts of wind kicked up by the helicopter's blades forced the Langleys who had reached the rooftop to shield their eyes. The pre-dawn sky was so dark, dyed in shades of deep blue and black, that all they could make out were the silhouettes of a man and a woman, gradually vanishing into the night sky.

"D*mn it!" Hans cursed under his breath, feeling a profound sense of humiliation. Caught completely off guard, he was forced to witness the audacious escape of two mysterious figures right under his nose. The frustration of being just moments too late to catch them was maddening.

As they safely distanced themselves from potential capture, both Kallum and Calista breathed sighs of relief. Being caught would have been a massive embarrassment.

Yet, the night had been undeniably exhilarating. It had been filled with both adrenaline-pumping action and the sweet relief of escape.

“Are you happy?” Kallum asked, his voice light with laughter amidst the whirl of chopper blades.

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Chapter 346 Making Their Escape

“Absolutely!” Calista responded without a moment’s hesitation. Yet, her happiness was a secondary thrill to the freedom she felt that night. For the first time, Calista had completely let go of her reservations, placing her entire trust in someone else. And Kallum had proved himself worthy of that trust.

The thrill of the night brought a spontaneous smile to Calista’s face as dawn began to break over the horizon, painting her features in golden light. Her eyes shone brightly, and her smile revealed her deep-seated emotions—the trust and affection she had developed for Kallum, feelings she had never fully expressed until that moment.

Overwhelmed by the moment and the stunning view, Kallum was momentarily speechless.

Choosing to let the silence speak, he leaned in and kissed Calista, their lips meeting in the soft morning light. As they hung suspended in the air on the swaying ladder, the horizon blushed with the dawn, reflecting the new warmth between them. Their kiss, although brief, was charged with emotion, its intensity leaving Kallum breathless.

Close enough to feel each other’s heartbeat, Calista looked up to see Kallum’s wind-tousled hair and the intense, jewel-like purple of his eyes gazing down at her with unmistakable warmth.

“Callie, do you know? I’m really grateful to you,” Kallum said, his voice blending with the wind around them.

Calista, caught off guard by his words, looked at him with a mix of confusion and surprise. “Why thank me?” she asked. He was the one who helped me get revenge. Shouldn’t I be thanking him instead?

Kallum pulled her closer, his chin resting gently on her head, the sound of his heartbeat clear in the quiet that followed. “Thank you for trusting me,” he said softly.

He felt deeply appreciative that Calista had allowed him to breach her defenses, grateful she had not shut him out completely.

Calista, still processing, felt another wave of emotions as Kallum chuckled softly by her ear.

“Can you stop overthinking, please? I’m taking you somewhere. Just remember, for today, you’re underage, and also…” he paused, his voice dropping to a tender murmur, “you belong to me today.” As they soared toward the sunrise, Calista’s face lit up momentarily as Kallum kissed her forehead gently.

“Before we go, it’s not every day we get to catch a rare sunrise, standing high above the ground. Well, what do you think? Does it feel different to you?” he asked as they both turned to watch the horizon.

Half of the sun had already risen, casting a purplish–gold glow across the dark clouds, painting the sky in hues of orange–red and purple–red, reminiscent of a poet’s ink–wash painting. It was a natural spectacle of breathtaking beauty.

Above them, a flock of birds shift from night to day.

Send Gi

red, seemingly lifting the sun higher into the sky, marking the definitive

Chapter 347 Dine And Dash

As they watched the dawn’s first light breach the horizon, marking the daily but always uniquely beautiful transition, they felt the magnitude of the moment.

“This is the first time someone has joined me to watch the sunrise,” Calista shared, a softness in her voice that spoke volumes.

It seemed that her silent acknowledgment of the day belonging to him had eased her demeanor, melting away her typical frostiness and unveiling a liveliness rarely seen.

Kallum, confident and reassuring, declared, “As long as you’re open to it, I’ll be here to watch the sunrise with you every single day.”

After sharing this thought, he chose not to press for an immediate response. Instead, he gestured toward the slowly brightening city below them and suggested with a smile, “For now, let’s go grab some breakfast!”

Their unexpected descent into the school square certainly gave the students there a jolt. They then moved on to the front of the school to explore their breakfast options.

Despite her years at Bayview University, Calista, still very much a student, was surprisingly naive about the local breakfast spots outside the university grounds. Her

meals were usually confined to the school cafeteria or the carefully prepared nutritious meals from home, typical of a prominent young lady.

Yet, she wasn't dismissive of the street food stalls; she had enjoyed them in her previous life, though she didn't dwell on that now. Instead, she eagerly scanned the surrounding eateries, her interest piqued by the array of choices.

Watching her with evident adoration, Kallum encouraged her, "If something catches your eye, feel free to try whatever you want!"

"What a waste that would be!" Calista protested, but eventually, she led him to a place renowned for its roast beef pasta.

"What would you like to order?" asked the cheerful lady boss, sizing up the couple who clearly weren't ordinary patrons. "We have roast beef pasta, aglio olio, sandwich, ravioli, and calzone."

Calista studied the greasy menu displayed on the wall and ordered, "Two roast beef pasta, please—one large and one small.

"Coming right up!" the lady boss replied, shooting a couple more curious glances at Kallum, which made him slightly uncomfortable.

Calista, however, laughed and said, "People are staring because you're so good-looking! See, I'm not even drawing a glance!"

Just then, Kallum gave a stern look to a pair of student-athletes nearby, causing them to quickly divert their attention on Calista and mumble, "I'm the only one who can look at you."

After saying that, Kallum pulled out a pristine white handkerchief and meticulously cleaned their chairs and then the table, much to the dirt and grime's detriment. He felt a slight regret about choosing to land near the university, considering the cleanliness.

Balance:

489 +

1 Coins = 1 Pearls

10:29 Mon, 10 Jun

Chapter 347 Dine And Dash

91%

Despite his dissatisfaction with the hygiene, remembering why they were there, Kallum wiped his chair with a casual gesture, prepared the disposable utensils carefully, and they sat down.

When their food arrived, the lady boss glanced enviously at Calista and exclaimed, "Your boyfriend is really taking good care of you! Hang onto a man like him; if you miss this opportunity, you won't find another one like it!"

Calista hadn't yet responded when the boss, who was wiping down the tables, emitted a soft hum of disagreement.

So he's a bit better looking than average, what of it? A man's true value lies in his ability to provide for his family. What good are looks alone?

With these thoughts in mind, the boss scrubbed the table with even more vigor.

Despite herself, Calista felt a blush creep into her cheeks at the lady boss' comments. It was as if she had regressed to a more innocent version of herself, her usual poised demeanor softened by the unexpected flattery. She kept her eyes modestly lowered to her plate of pasta.

Kallum, on the other hand, was buoyed by the situation. This was exactly the kind of recognition he hoped for. He wanted Calista to see him as a reliable partner, a man worthy of her trust for the long haul.

The tantalizing scent of the meat and the vivid hot sauce stirred their appetites. Although Calista typically steered clear of spicy foods, today her appetite was particularly hearty. She felt sure she could tackle the generously sized plate in front of her.

As she began to eat with gusto, Kallum followed suit, setting aside any previous reservations. He leaned over his plate and took a hearty bite, remarking casually, "These noodles are really delicious!" He was genuinely surprised by the quality; the sauce had a rich, meaty flavor, and the pasta had just the right amount of chew.

Noticing Calista's enjoyment, a satisfied smile played across Kallum's lips. Despite not feeling particularly hungry initially, he found himself savoring every bite.

However, once they finished their meal, they faced an unexpected predicament.

Kallum felt an unusual awkwardness as he hesitantly asked, "Um... Callie, did you bring any money?"

"Huh?" Calista was taken aback. When they had left earlier, Kallum had insisted she leave her phone behind to avoid interruptions from the laboratory, not even considering her wallet.

With a hint of uncertainty, Calista lowered her voice and asked, "So, are you planning to dine and dash after breaking into someone's house last night?"

Released on June 10, 2024

Chapter 348 We Are In This Together

Dine and dash! That would be unthinkable!

Kallum

smoothly and called over the boss. Maintaining his composure, he inquired, "Is it possible to pay. with a card here?"

He produced a sleek black gold card, which caused the corners of the boss' mouth to twitch, skepticism evident in his expression. These two look like decent people, yet they're planning to dine and dash?

He straightened his back and raised his voice. "I'm sorry, but our establishment is small and we don't have the facilities to accept card payments."

Kallum's irritation flared at the doubtful look from the boss. He quickly suggested, "Then I'll settle the bill with my watch." His watch was clearly an expensive piece, signaling his willingness to resolve the matter honorably.

Before he could proceed, Calista intervened, removing a pearl hair clip from her hair and offering it to the boss. "I apologize for the oversight, I rushed out this morning and forgot to bring any money. Would it be possible to use this hair clip as payment?"

The lady boss' eyes lit up at the sight of the elegant hair clip. The craftsmanship was exquisite, and the pearls glowed with a lustrous sheen. Clearly recognizing its value, she quickly agreed, her laughter ringing out, "Absolutely, this is more than sufficient! I've never seen such beautiful jewelry before!"

Reluctant to part with the hair clip, which clearly meant something to Calista, Kallum was visibly uncomfortable with the transaction.

Calista, seeing his reluctance, gently pulled him away from the scene, whispering, "Don't make a fuss. How much do you think your watch is worth compared to my hair clip?"

Even though her hair clip was a gift from Wanda and despite the large pearl on it certainly not being cheap, it paled in comparison to the price of a limited-edition luxury watch.

Recognizing her decision was final, Kallum reluctantly sent a discreet message to Quintus to arrange for the hair clip's retrieval later. No object that belonged to Calista should ever permanently leave her possession.

After his recent experiences, Kallum had learned a valuable lesson. Spotting a bank, he decided that his first course of action would be to withdraw some money. He had come to the stark realization that there was no one around to indulge him or attend to his every need; it was up to him to take care of his own necessities.

He planned to withdraw a significant amount of money, more than would be convenient at an ATM, so they chose to approach the teller counter instead. There, in line ahead of them, was a couple who appeared to be newly married, likely there to deposit the monetary gifts they had received at their wedding.

Amid the bustling activity of the bank, Kallum's patience began to wear thin. It was then that he overheard the woman from the couple discussing their financial plans. "From now on, this two hundred thousand will be our life's startup fund. Should we put it into your account, or..."

Her husband responded quickly and derisively "You'll manage the finances in our home on it makes sense"

Balance: 432

10:29 Mon

Chapter 348 We Are In This Together

The woman burst into laughter, filled with genuine happiness. Furthermore, the bank staff processing their transaction looked on with evident admiration and remarked, "Your husband treats you so well!"

Other customers in the bank also noticed the couple, casting subtle, envious glances their way. Observing this, Kallum seemed to glean some deeper understanding. He glanced at Calista, who was absorbed in watching the television on the wall. He chose not to interrupt her contemplation, his face marked by a thoughtful expression.

After they had withdrawn two hundred and fifty thousand, they realized they had nothing to carry the large sum of cash in. The bank offered them a cloth bag, which Kallum accepted without hesitation and then handed to Calista.

Holding the bag full of money, Calista looked utterly perplexed.

Turning slightly away, Kallum's voice came out a bit forced as he made a surprising declaration. "You're in charge of all my money."

This left Calista even more battled. What's going on?

One of the bank staff, unable to hide their amusement at the couple's interaction, chuckled and remarked, "What's going on today? It seems I'm witnessing quite a few romantic gestures this morning! Young lady, your boyfriend is not only wealthy and handsome, but he clearly adores you too. You're very fortunate!"

"Huh?" Calista barely had time to process this before Kallum was pulling her along.

They hadn't gotten far when Calista suddenly stopped. Her expression was a mix of confusion and irritation, yet she managed to maintain a composed exterior. Instead of voicing any frustrations, she simply handed the heavy bag back to Kallum with a hint of annoyance.

"It's so heavy. Did you do that on purpose?" she complained.

"Huh?" Kallum appeared genuinely taken aback. This wasn't going quite as he had planned. Indeed, the bag was heavier than necessary. After contemplating for a brief moment, he hastily pulled out the only black gold card he had brought with him and offered it to her, "Then, you take this!"

He pressed the card into her hand firmly and explained, "You've been taking care of me without expecting anything in return. Accept this as my way of showing my gratitude. Keep your money, and use mine whenever you need anything."

Offering her an unlimited black card as compensation struck Calista as both humorous and slightly ludicrous. Sensing that she might reject the gesture, Kallum decided to say nothing further and walked away with the cash.

Calista caught up with him after a moment of hesitation. She did not return the card but instead inquired curiously, "Why are you withdrawing so much cash? Most large stores take cards these days, so there's no real need for cash, and it tends to attract attention."

As they walked, the attention of passersby was indeed drawn to the bulging bag of money.

"Of course, it was necessary." Kallum responded enigmatically. "Now, let's head somewhere else."

Calista's wariness was palpable. "This isn't going to be another case of breaking into homes and dining and dashing, is it?"

Balance:

406 +

Chapter 348 We Are In This Together

he assured her. “We agreed you’re with me today, right? Whether it’s breaking into houses, dining and dashing, or even more extreme activities like robbing a bank, you’re in this together with me!”

Chapter 349 Meeting An Old Classmate

At that precise moment, a resolute conviction took root in him. His eyes locked on hers with an impassioned intensity, his voice filled with a fervent declaration, “Today, we are unshackled by any titles or roles, not as patients or anything else. Here, in this anonymity, we can live freely as we wish! Are you okay with that?”

He reached out his hand to Calista, illuminated by the dappled sunlight filtering through the leaves above, which cast a golden hue on his beige shirt, making him seem almost ethereal.

Dazzled for a brief second by his radiant presence, Calista found herself instinctively clasping his hand.

“Yes.

Meanwhile, in a narrow alley bathed in the quiet of the morning, a young woman with cropped hair hurried along, clutching a pot of steaming stew. She was on a mission to deliver it to the hospital urgently before continuing to her job. Yet, upon her arrival at the hospital, her path was abruptly blocked by a stern-faced nurse.

“Ms. Levine, it’s already early December. Your family’s delay in settling the hospital bills has extended for two months now. We are not a charity here. If your family cannot resolve this soon, we cannot continue your mother’s treatment.”

This ultimatum ignited a desperate urgency in Rainey Levine,

“Please, just give us a few more days. We’re about to sell our house, and we’ll have the money soon. Just two more days, I promise the payment will be made.”

The reality was grim; their small, aging house would hardly fetch enough to cover the expenses. Even with the house sold, the looming surgical fees remained a distant hurdle. If she hoped to gather sufficient funds, Rainey realized she would need to find another way quickly.

The nurse, with a cold, knowing tone, responded, “I’ll extend your deadline by two days at most. If you fail to meet the payment by then, there’s nothing more we can do.”

With that, she walked away, her expression unyielding.

Rainey watched her go, clutching the thermos close, her eyes brimming with unshed tears. Yet, she composed herself and pressed on toward her mother's hospital room, where her father, who had been up all night, awaited nourishment.

Unexpectedly, she was met with a scene of distress and despair upon her arrival.

"Oh, Lucas, just let me go! I've lived long enough, and I can't bear this any longer. Even if we sell the house, it won't cover the surgery. And if we do sell, where will you and Rainey live? We can't sell the house!"

The room was heavy with emotion as a frail, pale woman clutched the hands of a thin, dark-skinned man, her tears flowing freely. Other patients in the room cast sympathetic looks their way. Overwhelmed by the scene, Rainey's tears finally escaped.

"Mom! Please stop. We have to sell the house. I've found a way to manage the surgery fees. You have to fight through this."

Her parents felt a surge of guilt seeing their daughter, who was now juggling three jobs daily to keep the

family floor

1/2

10:29 Mon, 10 Jún & GA

Chapter 349 Meeting An Old Classmate

Tears continued to stream down Doreen's face as she pleaded, "Maybe it would be better if I were gone. You wouldn't have to suffer so much then..."

Rainey embraced her mother tightly, shaking her head, "No, it's not your fault. You and dad worked yourselves to the bone to give me an education, hoping I'd make something of myself. It's me who's let you down."

"No, stop blaming yourself..."

Amid the sorrow filling the hospital room, outside, Kallum narrated to Calista, "This girl was once a top student and had secured a good position at a private company after graduating. But she stood up against her boss' inappropriate demands, confronted him, and lost her job. Then her mother fell seriously ill."

He continued, "She was working three jobs at that time. I heard she even considered selling herself to cover her mother's surgery costs after calling the man who tried to exploit her. He agreed, and they planned to meet at a hotel tonight... Her name is Rainey. Do you remember her?"

Calista's response indicated she did remember, as Rainey was a classmate once harmed by her actions and further humiliated by her stepmother.

Kallum watched her silently, giving her time to process this flood of memories, his feelings complex.

He had brought Calista here as a deliberate choice. Wilbur mentioned that Calista's childhood was marred by guilt over hurting a friend who had reached out to her, which led to her withdrawing from relationships. Haunted by the past, she avoided making new friends, fearing she might bring them harm or attract pity.

Now stronger, she still maintained a distance, unable to move beyond superficial interactions, adhering to the notion that a no-strings-attached friendship was far superior.

Kallum's intention was clear—to confront the root of her childhood trauma, the guilt she carried about Rainey.

"It's her..." Calista murmured in astonishment. After so many years, Kallum had indeed found Rainey, She remembered her classmate had to leave suddenly during their ninth-grade year.

Calista thought she had forgotten, but the memory was still fresh in her mind. She recalled Rainey clearing out her desk at school. At first, Calista feared her stepmother had harmed Rainey, but a teacher later confirmed that Rainey's father had lost his job due to an injury, and without the financial means to continue paying for a private school, Rainey had transferred to a public school where school fees were waived.

Chapter 350 Shall We Talk

Since that day long ago, Rainey had vanished from her life completely. The apology Calista had always wanted to offer but never dared to, coupled with Rain's piercing words, "I hate you," had been buried deep within her memory, only to resurface now in a flood of emotion.

She found herself pondering the hesitant glance Rainey had given her when she had left back then. Had Rainey also harbored words left unsaid? Did she want to say something to Calista at that moment?

Noticing her pensive expression, Kallum queried softly, "Do you want to go in, or should I call Rainey out here?"

Calista shook her head slightly, her voice quiet. "Let's wait a bit, until she comes out."

They turned to find a nearby bench, but before they could take a step, the door behind them swung open. Rainey emerged, her eyes visibly red from crying. She had been on her way to work, yet the sight of Calista halted her in her tracks.

“Is that you... Calista?”

It was no surprise that Rainey recognized Calista instantly. From their childhood, Calista had possessed a distinctive beauty that made her unforgettable.

Calista, appearing slightly tense, held her posture rigidly.

At this juncture, Kallum intervened, stepping forward to hand Rainey the bag he was holding. “This is to cover the surgery fees.”

Rainey, caught off guard by the gesture, stared in confusion. Who is this guy, and why is he offering me a bag of money?

Before his arrival, Kallum had already ascertained the kind of person Rainey was through previous inquiries; she was a proud individual, averse to accepting charity despite her circumstances. Therefore, knowing that she desperately needed the money, he explained, “This quarter of a million, it’s a loan to you, Rainey. You were once a friend of Calista’s. She knows about your family’s situation and has offered this out of goodwill. We hope you won’t refuse.”

Rainey’s initial defenses melted away at his words. She clutched the money close, overwhelmed by a wave of relief and joy. If her own relatives had been willing to lend them money, she would never have considered such drastic measures as selling herself for just a hundred thousand.

This isn’t a dream, is it?

At that moment, Rainey’s father, Lucas Levine, approached with a puzzled expression. “What’s going on? Rainey, are they your friends?”

Rainey nodded slowly, still dazed, as she responded to her father. Her eyes met Calista’s again, filled with a mix of guilt and uncertainty.

“Should we... talk? Rainey suggested, noticing that Calista seemed different now—more reserved, yet not hostile.

Balance:

01 Coins =

406 +

Pearls

91%1

Chapter 350 Shall We Talk

Meanwhile, even as Lucas unexpectedly came into a significant amount of money, he remained completely in the dark about where it came from. Nevertheless, Kallum promptly took him to settle the bills. They were under pressure: Rainey's mother's health was deteriorating, and it was crucial that she received medical attention as quickly as possible.

Observing Rainey, Calista could see a similar restraint mirrored in Rainey's demeanor. It seemed to both of them as though the entire world had transformed into a mysterious puzzle. Rainey had previously felt as if the world was on the verge of collapse, overwhelmed by pervasive darkness and rampant injustice. However, the situation took a turn when an old friend from her childhood, whom she had wronged in the past, came forward to offer assistance. The unexpected help felt as miraculous as winning a grand prize lottery!

"Shall we... go sit over there?" Rainey suggested, pointing toward a breakfast place adjacent to the hospital.

Calista agreed without hesitation.

After they settled down and Calista finished her meal, she did not order more. Instead, Rainey, appearing to have unburdened herself, ordered a considerable amount of food.

During this moment. Rainey received a phone call. After answering, she said firmly to the caller, "I'm Sorry, but I quit. You'll have to find someone else!"

Upon ending the call, Rainey cheered triumphantly, a wave of satisfaction washing over her.

"Calista, do you know? I was actually supposed to help pick up the kids at the kindergarten this morning. But the principal there is so temperamental and downright rude, not to mention creepy! I've been wanting to resign for a while now!" Rainey's candidness quickly diminished any awkwardness between them. Once she began talking, Calista felt a significant weight lift from her shoulders.

"Good that you quit, then," Calista responded.

She was on the verge of revealing that she controlled a vast fortune of ten billion. If Rainey was agreeable, she could easily lead her into a radically different lifestyle.

However, Rainey shook her head and stated, "I still need to work later today and tonight. Don't worry, I will definitely repay you as soon as I can. Please don't judge me by my present circumstances; I've just been really unlucky lately..."

Recalling her mother's prolonged illness, she sighed deeply and promised, "Three years, I promise I'll repay everything, with interest."

Calista's response was neutral; it mattered little to her whether Rainey repaid the debt or not. Yet, she felt uncertain about how to respond, which added a certain stiffness to their interaction.

It seemed that Calista's distance was not intentional but rather a genuine uncertainty about how to interact, which made her appear rather nervous. As Rainey took a bite of her ravioli, she suddenly laughed. and remarked, "You're not here just because you still feel guilty about that time your stepmother scolded me because of you when we were/kids, right?"

"To be honest, your stepmother really is quite fierce! How are you managing these days? Is she still treating you poorly?" Rainey asked rapidly, almost convinced that Calista's past silence was heavily influenced by her stepmother's harshness.

Balance: 348 +0

91%量

Chapter 350 Shall We Talk

Having secured the necessary funds for the surgery. Rainey's demeanor softened. With a face full of empathy, she said, "It's obvious that your stepmother is not a good person. You must have suffered a great deal over the years

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