

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 351

Chapter 351 Can You Forgive Me

“I’m sorry,” Calista suddenly blurted out.

“What?” Rainey was taken aback.

“I... I’m sorry,” Calista repeated, her gaze lowered as if she couldn’t bear to meet Rainey’s eyes. Her hands were clasped tightly together, her guilt clearly evident. “I should have apologized to you a long time ago. I’m sorry for causing you to be humiliated like that by her, Rainey.”

Rainey’s expression immediately became serious as she regarded Calista with deep intensity.

However, instead of responding immediately, Rainey quietly continued eating her meal for a few moments before looking up with a smile and saying, “Actually, I should be the one apologizing.”

“Huh?” Calista looked at her, puzzled.

Rainey shook her head self-deprecatingly. “Back then, I saw how tough your situation was at home. Yet, after your stepmother scolded me, I was too scared to confront her and unfairly took out my anger on you. You were already in a dire situation, and I just added to your emotional load. I

was too weak.”

Caught in Calista’s somewhat bewildered gaze, Rainey chuckled softly, “You see, if I had been stronger back then, if I could have let it go, I believe we could have remained good friends. But I wasn’t. Not only did I fail to support you as a friend should, but I also berated you. After that, you became much more reserved, barely speaking more than necessary. I knew I was at fault, but I never had the courage to apologize until now.”

It seemed as if a light went on in Calista’s eyes, as she fixed her gaze on her friend.

“So later on, when you were considering changing schools, those numerous times you looked at me weren’t just figments of my

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imagination,” Calista mentioned.

Rainey replied with a laugh, “So you still remember! Yes, back then I wanted to apologize to you, but I was too timid to take that step, so I’m sorry.”

Calista inexplicably held her breath.

“Would you forgive me? I never really disliked you, you know. You’re attractive and intelligent. Perhaps... I just despised my own inadequacy. So, could you find it in your heart to forgive me?”

Calista slowly asked, “What about you, have you forgiven me?”

Suddenly, Rainey found Calista’s current demeanor irresistibly charming. She laughed heartily and said, “I forgave you a long time ago! After all, who can resist your wealth?”

She was referring to the two hundred and fifty thousand but quickly

who guy changed the subject. Teasingly, she asked, “Honestly, was that came with you today your boyfriend? He’s really handsome! But he doesn’t seem to have a good temper, mysteriously gave me a quarter million. I even thought he was trying to ask me to be his sugar baby!”

Rainey exaggeratedly pulled a scared face.

Unable to hold back, Calista burst into laughter. Her laugh was like the first thaw after a long winter, dissolving all her previous restraint. To Rainey, it seemed as though Calista had finally regained a hint of her former self.

Cradling her own heart, she murmured, “I take back what I just said. With a beauty like you by his side, if your boyfriend ever offered to take care of me, he’d definitely need to get his eyes checked.”

Calista blinked. “You’re quite good-looking too.”

Rainey was indeed quite attractive, with her short hair giving off an air of elegant simplicity

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She let out a mournful cry. “Before I met you, I used to take pride when people called me beautiful. Now, it feels like an insult!”

“That’s an exaggeration!” Calista retorted. Almost immediately after resolving their misunderstanding, Calista’s mood appeared to lift considerably, her face lighting up with smiles more frequently as though the gloomy shadow that had lingered over her for many years had at last begun to dissipate.

“You ought to take a good look at yourself in the mirror whenever you get a chance,” Rainey advised her with a firm tone, adding confidently, “I’m willing to bet your boyfriend

will be on his way to find you soon. It's simply too risky to have you sitting out here by yourself!"

As she made this remark, Rainey's eyes casually scanned the other diners around them, noticing that quite a few were sneakily glancing in their direction.

Calista slightly pursed her lips and responded, "He's... not my boyfriend."

"Really? My vision hasn't failed me yet; look, he indeed came looking for you!" Rainey exclaimed as she pointed out.

Calista followed the direction of Rainey's finger and sure enough, she observed Kallum making his way toward them. His steps were brisk, almost as if he was eager to sweep Calista away at any given moment.

Rainey commented with a hint of sarcasm, "Handsome and rich, indeed. It seems the good-looking men of today certainly have a discerning taste."

Calista couldn't deny it as she watched Kallum approach. She had to acknowledge that she felt significantly more composed than earlier.

"Have you two had a chance to talk?" Kallum inquired, his gaze meticulously evaluating Calista before he shifted his focus to Rainey.

"Yeah, thank you both for your help. Please leave your contact information so I can reach you for repayment," Rainey requested.

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Kallum thoughtfully provided Quintus' phone number to Rainey.

After jotting down the number, Rainey realized she couldn't stay much longer; she needed to return to her responsibilities at work.

Before departing, Rainey turned to Calista and expressed with genuine sincerity, "I truly appreciate your help this time. If you hadn't shown up unexpectedly, I might have ended up doing something I'll regret."

Calista understood precisely what she was referring to. She managed a slight smile, and as the tension between them eased, she naturally exuded a renewed sense of self-assurance.

"If you ever find yourself in any trouble, remember, you can always reach out to me. After all, I am your creditor, aren't I?"

“You’re right!” Rainey chuckled, “What’s one more debt when you’re already saddled with it! So, allow me to express my gratitude in advance!”

“Take care.”

“Goodbye.”

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As Rainey walked away, Calista watched her for a long time, a subtle smile gracing her lips, indicating a sense of accomplishment.

She felt relieved that Rainey had refrained from using the term “friend” again. Although she had resolved some of her internal conflicts, she still found herself instinctively shying away from forming friendships, a habit that had become second nature over time.

Rainey had chosen not to bring up their friendship because she recognized that she and Calista no longer shared the same world. Sitting together at a food truck, Calista seemed somewhat out of place, occasionally displaying a formidable aura that was not typical for a young lady. It was clear that the years had been challenging for Calista, hardening her and honing her edge. She no longer felt the need for friends.

After successfully wrapping up their earlier tasks, Kallum breathed a sigh of relief, Holding Calista’s hand, they began to stroll aimlessly.

Kallum was notably more amiable when he was holding her hand. “What would you like for lunch?” he asked gently.

“Let’s head back for lunch,” Calista suggested.

“Why?” Kallum seemed hopeful for a more romantic seaside lunch or something similar.

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Calista shot him a glaring look, “We’re sick, remember? Can’t you at least act the part? Save your plans for when you’re better!”

Kallum, surprisingly pleased by her stern demeanor, replied cheerfully, “All right then, once you’re better, it’ll just be the two of us going out again.”

Calista remained silent, and just then, Kallum’s phone rang. The smile on his face vanished as soon as he

answered.

“You’re telling me Quincy was bailed out by Marcus? And, he plans to announce Quincy as his fiancée the day after tomorrow?”

In that instant, all of Kallum’s careful planning and joy dissipated. It felt as if Calista had suddenly been jolted awake from a dream, harshly pulled back to reality.

“Marcus... It’s about time he showed his face,” Calista mused darkly, a trace of menace flitting across her face despite her outwardly amused tone.

Kallum found himself inwardly cursing the timing of the disruptive phone call. Quincy, a remarkably resourceful woman, had managed to find ways to leverage her situation even while confined within prison walls. It was also rumored that Marcus had been incarcerated during the same period. When Horatio, a figure of notable influence, managed to secure Marcus’ release, he made sure that Quincy was also freed as part of the arrangement.

The day after tomorrow? I think we should definitely make an appearance then,” Calista declared decisively.

Her words left no room for debate, and Kallum found no valid grounds to object, especially given the fact that Horatio was a respected elder, and traditionally, the Fairchild family was expected to attend any significant event. In the end, it was usually Silse who represented the family at such events but this

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time, circumstances dictated that Kallum himself must attend..

“Callie,” Kallum began, feeling compelled to clearly state his position, he earnestly expressed, “It’s true that the Ingram family and ours maintain close ties, and Horatio is an elder whom I respect, but should your quest lead to vengeance, know that I will stand by your side, even if it brings us into conflict with the Ingrams. After all, none of these considerations can outweigh what you mean to me. Do you understand?”

His intense gaze penetrated deep, striking Calista’s heart with the weight of his words.

Throughout their relationship, Kallum had consistently exhibited an exceptional degree of caution. Even his decisions to help her untangle her emotional complexities were made with a hesitancy that suggested fear of her potential refusal. His unwavering dedication now seemed to mark a profound shift from his previous demeanor, transforming from one extreme to another.

Faced with this intense situation, Calista found herself caught in a maelstrom of conflicting emotions. On one hand, the instinct to push him away fiercely surged through

her; on the other, his heartfelt declaration pulled her toward an irresistible desire to draw him closer.

In a moment of spontaneity, perhaps wanting to break free from the intensity of the situation, Calista decided to escape in her own unique way. Amidst the bustling crowd on the roadside, she unexpectedly rose on her tiptoes and, under the watchful gaze of the public, pressed her lips to Kallum's. This kiss, impromptu and bold, was her way of showing gratitude for the efforts he had made that day, which she genuinely appreciated.

Kallum, taken by surprise, instinctively held onto her, their presence on the busy street notwithstanding.

It seemed as though Calista was intentionally challenging him, enticing him as she deepened the kiss with a gentle exploration of her tongue.

The passersby around them paused, their attention captured not just by the act of kissing, which was not uncommon, but by the striking allure of the couple themselves. The palpable chemistry and the genuine affection evident in their kiss stirred a flutter of emotions among the onlookers, igniting a collective excitement.

As Kallum responded, closing his eyes and cradling her hair tenderly, the surrounding crowd, particularly the younger females, couldn't help but let out an excited shriek, overwhelmed by the romantic display.

After savoring his lips, Calista, her cheeks tinged with a slight flush, pulled back. Observing Kallum's dark, intense eyes and his gritted teeth, as though he was holding back a fierce desire, she gave a triumphant smile, tilting her head playfully and winking at him.

"We agreed, today I'm entirely yours, so let's save some issues for tomorrow," she teased, her voice light and flirtatious.

This response ignited a spark in Kallum's eyes, his previous actions affirmed by her softened demeanor.

He withdrew his hand only to pull her into a closer embrace once more, his gaze burning with intensity as he asked her, "You belong to me? Does that mean I can do anything I want?"

Calista chuckled softly, her fingers teasingly tugging at his collar. She provocatively responded, "Until midnight, what would you like to do with me?"

Do you really need to ask?

Kallum responded earnestly, his voice thick with emotion, "I want you, I'm going mad with desire!?"

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Calista expressed a playful regret, "But you can't..

She flashed a mischievous grin. "Did you forget? You initiated this game, so you must abide by the rules. There are certain things 1, as a minor, can't do."

Kallum moved closer, his gaze fiery with intensity, "Yet, there are those who dare to taste the forbidden fruit!"

Calista brushed his chin gently, her laughter light and filled with implication. "But did you forget? I'm a good girl, the most obedient kind. I've liked you for so long, loved you beyond return, yet didn't I only offer myself to you after we both turned eighteen?"

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Her words ignited a powerful warmth within Kallum's heart, causing his breathing to become slightly erratic as he held Calista even tighter. His arm muscles tensed, a testament to his heightened emotions.

"I love it when you say you love me, Darling. Could you say it a few more times?" Kallum asked, his voice tinged with a blend of eagerness and desire.

Calista finally shot him a glance. "Can you read the room? We're still on the main road, and a lot of people are watching you..."

But for Kallum, such trivial matters were of no consequence. His piercing gaze swept across the bustling street, causing the love-struck women around him to gasp in suppressed awe. He looked at Calista, a headache beginning to form.

"You did it on purpose!"

Teasing him intentionally on the bustling streets, watching as he struggled to resist yet had no choice but to restrain himself, was the thing that Calista, the little rascal, loved to do the most!

“Yeah. I did it on purpose,” Calista admitted with a laugh, glancing at the large clock on the bell tower not far away. “You have fourteen hours left to have a ‘conversation’ with me under the covers. Are you going to waste time here?”

Kallum chuckled, a mischievous smile playing on his lips as he gently pinched her cheek. “Little vixen, how did you know I wanted to chat with you under the quilt?”

Even if the bystanders couldn’t hear their conversation, the palpable s*xual tension between them was enough to send shivers down their spines. They even had the distinct impression that, had they not been on the street, the girl would surely have been swept off her feet.

Calista placed a finger on his lips, halting any further actions from Kallum. “Before, it was you who led me on this chase. Now, it’s my turn to lead you.”

A glimmer of starlight appeared in her eyes, filled with anticipation, as she said, “I’ve always wondered how normal couples fall in love, those patterns of interaction. I want to try them all.”

And so, the next thing he knew, Kallum found himself being led to the department store by Calista. As she picked out clothes, she laughed and asked, “Is there a better way to start than with matching outfits?”

Kallum was initially resistant to the clothes. Not only were they of average quality, but their design was also quite tacky. However, when Calista twirled in front of him wearing a lovely pink sweater and a white woolen skirt, Kallum resigned himself to wearing a matching pink sweater and white casual pants. Both of them wore identical white sneakers. Just like that, Kallum looked every bit a vibrant university student.

Their first stop was the arcade, not to play any games, but merely to soak in the ambiance. From there, they moved on to the cinema, catching a newly released romance film. Their final stop was the food street by the pier. As it was Christmas, the authorities had granted special permission for the sale of handheld fireworks for the day. Thus, many couples could be seen enjoying their meals while setting off fireworks, filling the entire street with a festive spirit.

Calista was having a blast and seeing her joy, Kallum gradually joined in the merriment. When they eventually grew tired, they found themselves sitting by the river that flowed into the sea, gazing at the distant Ferris wheel. They shared a cup of hot cocoa, and in that moment, they both found peace within.

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“Thank you.

Without your improved inhibitor, someone like me could never venture into such crowded places, let alone have such a good time.”

Calista clasped his hands around his face, her tone full of determination. “That’s not a big deal. The antiserum had already formed yesterday. After some time, once we’ve confirmed its stability and it has passed all the experimental tests, we can then return to being normal humans again.”

Although he had always known that the experiment was progressing rapidly, these advancements were all built on Calista’s personal trials. Reflecting on her pain made Kallum feel uncomfortable. So, even though he knew he might be getting better, he didn’t feel excited at that moment. Instead, he felt a sense of relief that she wouldn’t have to suffer anymore.

Calista hugged her knees, gazing at the distant Ferris wheel with a wistful look in her eyes. “Once you’re better, what’s the first thing you want to do?” she asked.

Kallum looked at her, the words “I want to marry you” almost slipped from his lips.

However, he didn’t voice his thoughts. Instead, he reached out, guiding her to rest her head on his shoulder.

At that moment, a few children carrying sparklers ran past. As if performing a magic trick, Kallum produced two sparklers.

“Do you want to set off some sparklers?” he asked, a playful glint in his eyes.

“When did you get these?” Calista asked, a hint of surprise in her tone.

“When you were off buying hot cocoa. Do you like it?”

“I do…” Calista gazed earnestly as Kallum ignited the sparkler, then handed it to her. The beautiful sparkler ignited at his fingertips, and at such a close distance, it made the stars in Calista’s eyes shine even brighter. It left Kallum breathless.

“I’ve asked this before, right?”

“Hm?” Calista looked up at him, her eyes sparkling like two clusters of fireworks, making everything in sight unbelievably beautiful.

Kallum reached out, his fingers gently tracing her face, lingering at the corners of her eyes. With a puzzled expression, he asked, “I remember, your eyes didn’t used to be like this, did they?”

Even though they were already quite stunning, they were nothing compared to their current brilliance. It was as if they held crushed stars within, making them a pair of eyes unlike any other in the world.

Calista was taken aback for a moment, then slowly broke into a smile. "It's quite peculiar to me as well," she said, "that reincarnation somehow managed to bring over things from my previous life..."

The topic of the previous life suddenly reminded Kallum of something. Although it was inappropriate, and he shouldn't have said it at that time, under such a relaxed

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Chapter 354 A Game Of Telepathy

"You said that you've loved me for decades, did you not?" Kallum asked.

With a smile, Calista looked at him, her expression somewhat mysterious. "So... what would you like to know?"

Recalling the sudden change in Calista's temperament two years ago, and her desire to dissolve their engagement, Kallum found himself asking a question that had haunted him. He knew it was potentially self-destructive, but he couldn't suppress his desire to know. "If you've had feelings for me for such a long time, what exactly made you suddenly fall out of love with me?"

In that fleeting moment, the sparkler in Calista's hand extinguished. As the light vanished, Kallum snapped back to reality, regretting that he had actually asked the question.

The moonlight cast upon Calista's face, lending her smile a particularly chilling appearance. Discarding the now-cold fireworks from her hand, Calista extended her hand toward Kallum. "If you're so curious, then allow me to take you to one last place.

Kallum grasped her hand, and in that instant, she revealed a somewhat crazed smile. "Are you ready to venture into another world?" she asked.

In the bustling Horington, could there possibly be another world?

Indeed, there was.

Once the heart of activity in this seaside metropolis, Azure Bay Pier had been the most vibrant area. The colorful lights illuminating the buildings on both shores made it the most beautiful nightscape in Chanaea. Every evening, throngs of people flocked there to take boat rides and admire the stunning view, turning the area into a major revenue

generator for the city. The hot cocoa Calista bought earlier was priced at an extravagant eighty-eight a cup, a clear sign of the area's prosperity.

The place they found themselves in was the last vestige of the old town district, a unique area where geological constraints prevented the construction of towering skyscrapers. The absence of convenient transportation and proximity to water had left it neglected during the city's renovation, causing it to become synonymous with dilapidation and disorder.

Property prices here were a stark contrast to those of Azure Bay, standing out like a blemish on the luxurious hem of Horington.

Kallum's memories of this place were filled with images of rarely frequented streets. Yet, upon arriving, he was taken aback to find the old town district even livelier than the newly bustling Azure Bay. Shops on both sides of the street were wide open, and people flooded the flea market, strolling through the vibrant scene. Countless children weaved through the crowd, while the continuous shouts of vendors echoed around them.

Calista went to buy another cup of hot cocoa, and this time it cost her only a fraction of the price. Handing it to Kallum, she asked, "Can you taste any difference?"

Kallum took a sip but immediately spat it out, the stark contrast between the taste of fake cocoa and real cocoa was unmistakable. Despite his disapproving look, Calista happily bit onto the straw and pulled him toward the most crowded area. Ahead of them stood the largest amusement park in the old town district, huzzing with life on a grand celebration day as children ran wild with excitement

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the day. Despite the surrounding noise, Kallum could clearly hear the joy in her voice.

"Sure, we can play games, but with so many people here, wouldn't it be better to go somewhere else?" Kallum suggested, his concern for their physical conditions evident. The crowded environment made him

nervous.

Amidst the bustling sounds of peddlers, Calista chuckled, batting her eyes playfully. "If there were fewer people, there would be no challenge. Let's have some fun!"

Seeing her in such high spirits and even playfully flirting, Kallum found himself completely defenseless against her charm, much like any man in love with his girlfriend. He looked at her with eyes that suggested he had utterly surrendered to her allure.

"All right, let's play. How do you want to play?" he asked, conceding to her excitement.

Calista was satisfied, pointing at the amusement park in front of them. She cheerfully said, "Let's part ways for now. If you can find me here before midnight, consider it your victory. Rest assured, I won't be hiding. Instead, I'll be waiting in a conspicuous spot for you to find me."

Kallum raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "If I win, is there a prize?"

"Of course, there is." Calista's eyes sparkled with mischief as she suddenly tiptoed to plant a kiss on the corner of his mouth. Their eyes met, and she moved forward ambiguously, smiling as she spoke. "If you win, I'll not only reveal the answer to your question, but tonight, I'm also yours."

The reward stirred a sudden excitement in Kallum, his violet eyes lighting up like fireworks. He found himself increasingly unable to comprehend the woman before him. Despite not knowing what Calista was planning, he was irresistibly drawn to her allure.

"You said it!" he exclaimed, his competitive spirit fully aroused. Winning her over and advancing their relationship—could anything be more enticing?

"I wouldn't lie to you." Calista replied with a mysterious smile, gradually stepping back before finally running off.

Amidst the bustling crowd, Kallum lost sight of her in an instant. However, this didn't deter him. On the surface, they appeared alone, but for safety reasons, many people were hidden around them for protection, unbeknownst to Calista.

Kallum made a call, instructing, "Stay close to her, protect her, and once she settles, let us know her location."

The voice on the other end of the phone was cold and ruthless, belonging to Quintus. "Understood."

Kallum held his phone, a smile playing on his lips. He believed in telepathy and in his ability to find her based purely on intuition. But what he craved was certainty, a guarantee. Even if destiny wasn't on his side, he was determined to create his own!

Callie, tonight you're mine!

However, Kallum was unfamiliar with the local customs. In the old town district, a unique Christmas Eve tradition existed. Three hours before midnight, the power would go out on the hour, every hour. During those five minutes of darkness, the sky would ignite with magnificent fireworks, creating a spectacular

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So, while Calista was being followed, the once dazzling amusement park suddenly plunged into complete darkness. The surrounding people let out gasps of surprise and confusion. In just the blink of an eye, Calista had vanished from the sight of Quintus and the others.

Boom!

A breathtakingly beautiful firework exploded in the sky, causing many to stop and gaze upward in awe. Amidst the dazzling display, Kallum suddenly grew anxious.

“You lost her?”

“Yes,” came the reply. “In the blink of an eye, we were plunged into darkness. Before our eyes could adjust, Ms. Stafford had disappeared. We are in the midst of searching for her.”

Kallum slightly furrowed his brows, now understanding the meaning behind the mysterious smile Calista had given him before she left. She must have foreseen this situation earlier.

“One person stays at the entrance while the others continue the search. Report any updates to me immediately.”

“Understood.”

After ending the call, Kallum felt an inexplicable sense of relief. It seemed that moving forward, he could only rely on his intuition to find her.

After the fireworks ceased, the amusement park was once again brightly lit. Kallum glanced at his watch; it had just passed ten o'clock, meaning he still had two hours left to find her.

He headed deeper into the amusement park, determined.

Suddenly, a person dressed as a rabbit approached him, pockets filled with all sorts of candies. “Do you want to buy some candy?” the rabbit asked.

The sound of Kallum's phone ringing echoed, and he shook his head, dismissing the rabbit mascot who then hobbled away.

Kallum watched the retreating figure, deep in thought. Calista had said she wouldn't hide but would wait for him in a place impossible to miss.

He had his eyes fixed on the rabbit for quite some time before he finally shifted his gaze. After a while, a soft gasp caught his attention. He walked over to see a person dressed as a magician, wearing a mask, and suddenly spewing fire from their hands.

Many children watched from the side, their eyes wide with awe and surprise. Their continuous exclamations made this one of the liveliest spots in the amusement park.

Kallum's gaze lingered on the magician for a long while, finally settling on a scar revealed when the magician rolled up his sleeves. It appeared to be an old burn mark.

There were so many oddly dressed people in the amusement park, it made Kallum wonder. If Calista were to disguise herself, what persona could she choose to adopt?

The magic show continued, but Kallum didn't linger for long. He kept moving, navigating through the circular layout of the amusement park. He was certain he would find the person who sparked the strongest

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Up ahead, there were acrobatics being performed. A few girls, who appeared quite young, moved as if they were boneless, their stunts eliciting gasps of surprise from the crowd. Suddenly, Kallum understood why Calista had asked him to meet her here.

She wanted him to see a group of people completely different from anyone he had encountered before.

These were individuals who seemed to have been forsaken by fate from the moment they were born. They toiled relentlessly, sweating profusely, to earn their meager income. Onlookers often laughed, but those performing usually remained expressionless, leading most of them to don masks.

This realization made him somewhat uncomfortable. In his eyes, his Callie, being such a beautiful and kind girl, shouldn't have had any involvement with these people.

Calista was kind-hearted. Even when her temperament drastically changed, she held on to her inherent goodness. This was no easy feat. As Wilbur had said, when people face great adversity, they might lose their minds. Considering that she only became indifferent, she was a miracle in herself. She didn't go mad, perhaps because her nature was pure. No matter how tainted the world became, it couldn't darken her.

At that moment, Kallum spotted a clown, an incredibly exquisite clown. Even with just a glimpse of her profile, despite her skin being painted a ghostly white and her face adorned with exaggerated colors, these hues oddly enhanced her allure. She exuded an indescribable charm.

Many people would glance back at her as they passed by. She was holding a large bunch of balloons, distributing them one by one to the pedestrians.

"Callie!" Kallum called out.

The clown turned her head, facing him directly. Her eyes, brilliant as stars, seemed to carry a hint of

amusement.

Just as Kallum joyfully weaved his way through the crowd to reach her, a sudden gasp echoed around them. The amusement park was once again plunged into darkness. By the time Kallum regained his senses, all he saw were countless balloons soaring toward the sky, illuminated by the exploding fireworks. However, he could no longer find her amidst the spectacle.

“Callie?” Kallum called out again, his impatience growing. He had finally realized that ever since Calista had brought him to the old town district, her mood had been somewhat off. This unsettling realization had gradually made him anxious. All he wanted was to find her quickly.

The fireworks in the sky continued to burst in magnificent colors. Around Kallum, countless families gathered together, looking up in awe and reflecting on the past year. Yet, he stood alone, racing his mind as he searched the amusement park for a certain individual.

Why did she dress up as a clown? She suddenly wanted to play a game. What was she intending?

Calista’s familiarity with the old town district was proof that she had lived here in her previous life. Perhaps she was hiding from someone, and the chaotic nature of the old town district served as her best refuge.

The reason she didn’t flee to another city may have been because there were still things in Horington that she held dear.

If the one seeking to drive her to her death was powerful and influential, she had no choice but to adopt a fake identity to avoid being found. However, such an identity wouldn’t pass any job market verification. She was like an undocumented individual without an identity, forced to take on informal jobs and earn a

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Chapter 356 Do Not Play With Things Like That

So Calista played the role of a clown. Was it because she had been a clown in her past life? Was he trying to help her understand her past?

Kallum abruptly halted in his tracks, his heart throbbing incessantly. The suffocating feeling was a result of his speculations.

Even if Callie had worked in an amusement park in her previous life, she didn't know magic or acrobatics. She wasn't disabled, so she couldn't rely on sympathy drawn from a disability or earn money by selling candy. She couldn't even show her face. So even if she had dressed up as a clown, how was she supposed to make money!

Unexpectedly, Kallum turned around, sprinting toward a spot he had previously run past.

In the midst of a vast sandy expanse stood a solitary figure surrounded by a throng of people. Each of them held a variety of colorful paint packets in their hands, which they then hurled unmercifully at the lone individual in the sand.

This was a place for venting emotions, where the price of a packet of paint ranged from a few bucks to twenty. Yet, it was capable of leaving vivid, colorful marks on anyone in the sandbox.

Moreover, the sensation of pain differed with each packet of pigment that struck the body, providing a sort of sadistic pleasure.

People could hide in the sand, but under the relentless assault of the crowd, layers upon layers of paint accumulated on her body. Her face, adorned with the makeup of a clown, wore a fixed smile. This created the illusion that no matter how much she was hit, she was always smiling. This only fueled the dissatisfaction of the spectators, who purchased even harder paint packets to throw at her.

Moreover, the individual in the desert remained silent regardless of how much she was pummeled. She stumbled several times, yet she simply stood back up and continued to evade, further igniting the challenger's desire to provoke. A myriad of colors exploded around her, and her clown-like smile was truly iconic, her eyes outshining even the stars.

"Hey handsome, interested in joining the justice alliance to drive away the wicked clown? I've got a variety of weapons here. Ink packets hurt the most, but they're also the most expensive! Twenty-one in total. I also have paint packets, and colored water packets, all at different prices. Do you want to give it a try? It's really fun!"

The stall owner, sporting clown makeup, was cheerfully pitching his wares to Kallum.

Kallum was jolted awake by his voice. In a sudden fit of madness, he pushed through the crowd and dashed toward the sandy ground.

"Huh? What are you-" The boss' words were abruptly cut off as Quintus covered his mouth. Members of the Fairchild family appeared one after another, intervening to prevent the so-called "justice fighters" from inflicting harm. There was a wave of discontent, but Kallum simply didn't care anymore:

The final vibrant red paint packet hit the clown squarely on the head. Her head tilted from the impact, and a thick, blood-like color trickled down from her forehead. Her painted face was smiling, and her eyes were as if saying, "You've finally found me."

Suddenly, Kallum's eyes welled up with tears. He reached out to wipe her face, but how could he erase the layers of hardships etched on it? She was like a clown, toyed with and struggling at the very bottom of

Chapter 356 Do Not Play With Things Like That

"Why?"

Kallum's voice trembled as he looked at Calista, his eyes filled with confusion. He had rushed over at a glance earlier because he believed that Calista wouldn't allow herself to be hit by others. But why would she demean herself in such a way?

"This was how I made a living in my past life," Calista said, cradling his hand. She steadied her breath. before continuing softly, "I was once a fugitive, running for my life. But in the end, a powerful longing drew me back to this city. I had nothing left then. Being alive under the same sky as you was the only faith I held onto in my despair. Kallum, can you feel it? My love for you is so deep that I disregard my own life. Can you feel it?"

With a smile, Calista gently guided his hand to the location of her heart. She pressed it firmly against her chest, her face radiating pure bliss and contentment. It was as if she had truly found all she had ever wanted.

"Dad passed away, our business collapsed, and the Wolfords and the Ingram family were after me. To avoid causing trouble for my godmother, I didn't seek your help. That's why I became the clown in the old city district, forever in makeup, earning a living through the venting of others' frustrations."

Calista shook her head with a smile. "Was it really because I fear the inconvenience? I'm just too scared to appear before you again. I have nothing, and I'm disfigured. Loving you has etched my inferiority deep into my bones. But I can't give up. My feelings for you are the only thing I have left! I can't give up, but why, you ask, did I stop loving you in the end?"

The surroundings were in an uproar, clearly oblivious to what had just transpired. Unexpectedly, Kallum covered her mouth.

"I don't want to know anymore!"

Regardless of the reasons she didn't love him, he still had a chance to make Iter fall for him. There surely was still an opportunity.

“No, I have something to say.” Calista narrowed her eyes and smiled. “That time, you brought your cousin to the old town district for an inspection, intending to acquire the entire area to build the largest mansion district in Horington. Back then, when your cousin threw an ink packet at me, you didn’t recognize me...”

Calista gently touched her own face, her voice barely more than a whisper. “But when I saw you, I couldn’t even breathe! I was afraid you would see my ugliness, so I kept my head down, taking the hits without hiding or making a sound, you know? At that time, my heart was in my throat. You were so handsome and noble, like a deity, always surrounded by people with someone to clear your path. And I was just a clown, too afraid to remove my makeup... Back then, your cousin asked you with a laugh, ‘Kallum, why doesn’t she dodge or scream? Could she be a fool?’ You, who were discussing matters with others, merely frowned and replied in an impatient tone, ‘Don’t play with things like that.’”

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Calista clenched her fists, gritting her teeth as she glared at him.

“Don’t play with things like that?”

Kallum was forced to step back by her gaze. She chuckled softly. “From that moment, I suddenly understood. I, who had already fallen into the mud, my affection for you, to you, was nothing more than a stain. No, I should say that my very existence is a stain!”

“No, it’s not!” Kallum stared at her intently, vehemently denying her claims over and over again.

“You’re not. You’re not! I’m sorry. Callie. I won’t ask anymore. I won’t ask anymore. I’m sorry...”

“You asked why my eyes have turned out this way?”

Calista’s emotions gradually cooled down. She gave a bitter smile and said, “Because when the last shred of hope was shattered, I cried for three days until I couldn’t see anymore. Then, I hastily sought treatment. After it got better, my eyes turned into what they are now. Do they look good? You’ve mentioned several times that my eyes are beautiful. Are they really-

Before she could utter her last word, her lips were silenced as Kallum lifted her face and kissed her passionately.

As though hot tears had fallen on her face, he disregarded the extensive ink stains on her body, pulling her tight into his embrace, fearing that he would lose her if he loosened his grip for even a moment.

Suddenly, the entire amusement park was plunged into darkness. At the stroke of midnight, the park was buzzing with excitement. Taking advantage of the darkness, someone resentfully hurled their last packet of paint toward the two people wrapped in an embrace, kissing. It hurt a lot. Kallum blocked all the sneak attacks, only then realizing that getting hit really did hurt!

A stunning array of fireworks exploded overhead as Kallum released her lips. He looked at her, speaking so gently, as if he was afraid to startle her.

“Will you marry me? If you despise me, you can stay by my side to punish me! However you choose to punish me, as long as you stay... Callie, please marry me... I beg you?”

He had completely abandoned his pride, so what did it matter if he begged? All he wanted was for her to marry him.

Calista lifted her head, revealing an enchantingly beautiful smile reminiscent of a jester's. It was as if fireworks were blooming in her eyes, a sight too breathtaking to behold.

“Before, I was always indecisive, unsure of how to treat you, but now, I know,”

She tiptoed, whispering softly into his ear, her lips moving slowly.

“You weren't actually wrong, but I must still punish you. So, this is your punishment... I'll be your younger sister and have you dote on me for a lifetime. How does that sound?”

Under the astonished gaze of Kallum, Calista, like a child who had successfully pulled off a prank, leaped

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solution! It satisfies your 'not leaving' and also prevents me from feeling 'disgusted. There really isn't a better solution than this!”

Kallum's heart pounded wildly. This wasn't what he wanted. He desired more than just “not leaving.” His wants went beyond that. He yearned for... he yearned for so much more!

“Kallum, are you dissatisfied with my final decision?” Calista asked, her laughter innocent and harmless. Her delicate face had a very playful vibe.

Kallum's lips moved, but he couldn't utter a single word... Calista was emotionally unstable, and he had once again touched a raw nerve. If he continued speaking, the consequences would only become more intense than the current situation.

He knew that these past few days, Calista had been hesitant toward him. He had tried his best to prove himself, even pleading for her to stay. But it wasn't for this outcome... No, it wasn't!

"My dear brother, why aren't you speaking? Are you unhappy with my choice?"

Calista took a step closer, flashing a smile as she winked.

She was now in possession of billions in assets, her character was extreme and she acted as she pleased. There was nothing that could hold her back. In reality, she had no need to play the role of his sister. She could live more freely. So, if Kallum was unwilling to agree, then so be it. They could part ways without any hard feelings.

Kallum knew in his heart what was happening and, for the same reason, he too found himself backed against a cliff.

Asking him to say yes was akin to enduring the ceaseless scraping of a steel knife across his heart. Those few words felt as heavy as a thousand pounds. He simply couldn't utter them.

A cold glint surfaced in Calista's eyes, a hint of defeat evident. With a dismissive wave of her hand, she spoke in a disappointed tone. "It seems you're not willing, then..."

"No..." Kallum's hand, resting by his side, gradually clenched. He knew he had no other choice.

"L... agree!"

With a smile, Calista revealed her pearly white teeth, yet she continued to press on. "Well... If you're going to act like a brother, then you should behave like one. From now on, you can't just casually hold me, kiss me, or sleep with me, okay?"

She touched her lips lightly. "Can you do that?"

At that moment, Kallum felt humiliated. When she first showed him her defensive prickles, he felt so lost, so angry. Yet, he was helpless...

"Are you really going to do this? Even if I beg you..."

"If begging would make any difference, then I beg of you, to eradicate all the hatred in my heart." Calista pointed at her chest, articulating each word with a smile.

Driven to desperation by the one he loved, cornered with no way out, Kallum was in agony. At the same

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She's punishing me for things I hadn't done. It's not fair!

She's simply taking advantage of my love for her!

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Therefore, even if I cast aside my dignity to plead with her, it wouldn't earn me an ounce of her pity.

The intense fury, indignation, and humiliation caused Kallum's face to flush red. Suddenly, he looked at her and began to sneer.

"Heh, wouldn't it be better if I just moved out altogether? It's not proper for men and women to live under the same roof if they're not related. How can we stay in the same house?"

Calista narrowed her eyes. "You're right."

She briefly assessed her own financial situation and realized that buying a small house near Fairchild Manor was not a big deal at all.

"It seems we've reached an agreement, my dear brother. When will you announce my 'miscarriage' to the world, followed by our emotional discord, ultimately leading to me becoming your sister?"

Seeing her so eager to sever ties with him, Kallum once again felt a pain akin to being pricked by a needle.

He was practically gasping for breath, but this time, he was determined not to back down, not ever.

"Suit yourself!"

Kallum forced these words through gritted teeth, then turned around. "I will never beg you again. I absolutely won't beg you!"

Calista gave no response, and she just watched him walk away. Her gaze was calm and undisturbed. It was exactly like Wilbur's words—her sorrow wouldn't deepen regardless of who left.

Everyone else had left, only Quintus came over with a helpless expression. “Ms. Stafford, did you have another argument with Mr. Kallum? Why? He’s been trying so hard to please you, even reading numerous psychology books and frequently asking Mr. Sutton for advice on how to get along with you... I’ve never seen Mr. Kallum be so careful with anyone before, Ms. Stafford... He truly likes you.”

Once the fireworks had ended, people around her began to depart in small groups. Calista stood there, looking profoundly lonely,

She wiped her face, and in an instant, it was awash with vibrant colors.

“I know he likes me,” Calista said with a soft laugh. “I’m also grateful, for he had put up with me until now, but...”

Suddenly, Calista looked at Quintus, her eyes bright and sparkled. But upon closer inspection, it wasn’t that at all. It was the shimmer of tears.

“But do you know?” She pointed at her chest repeatedly. “All that’s left here is ‘hatred. It was love that drove me to despair, but it was hatred that kept me alive. All I have left is hatred... How can I love someone again?”

“Mr. Kallum, Ms. Stafford has rented a scenic mansion on a slope not too far from here.”

“Let her be!”

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“Let her be!”

“Mr. Kallum, Ms. Stafford is packing her bags and planning to move out!”

Even after a lot of mental preparation, when the time really came for Calista to move out, Kallum was still boiling with anger. His eyes were ablaze, burning away his sanity.

Just at that moment, Wanda arrived. She ushered Quintus out of the room and waited until only Kallum was left before she started speaking, her brows furrowed.

“Kallum, did you and Callic have another argument? She actually told me that you agreed to let her be your little sister...”

Kallum couldn’t help but sneer. His eyes, as deep as twilight, were fixed on his mother.

“Did she also ask you to hurry me along, to spread the news of her miscarriage sooner, so she could easily get rid of me?”

Wanda paused for a moment, then said in a hushed voice, “She mentioned that she would intensify her research during this period... Once you guys are fine, she’ll then announce the news of the miscarriage.”

At this point, Wanda’s eyes lit up again. “From what she’s implying, you two will be able to make amends soon. God willing. Even though I knew this day would come, I didn’t expect it to arrive this fast!”

Unlike Wanda’s obvious delight, Kallum’s expression grew even more somber, as if a storm was brewing.

As expected, she had everything prepared, ready to sever all ties with him. Play the role of his little sister? Ha, he doubted she’d even remembered which way Fairchild Manor’s front door faced in a few years. Could one really expect someone as cold-hearted and indifferent to visit frequently?

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became, prompting Kallum to abruptly stand up. He was determined to stop her. Did she think Fairchild Manor was a place she could come and go as she pleased?

Seeing her son’s face filled with resentment, Wanda didn’t even have to think before grabbing hold of him. “Where are you going?” she asked.

“Isn’t she planning to leave? I’ll go and help her move!”

Kallum spoke insincerely.

Wanda found herself torn between laughter and tears. How come her son, who was usually so composed, became utterly helpless when he encountered Callie?

“If you rush over there in your current state of anger, I can’t imagine any outcome other than further straining your relationship.”

“Then what more can I do?” Upon hearing this, Kallum angrily glared at Wanda.

“All this time, I’ve been the one backing down. I even begged her to marry me! But she...”

Speaking of this, Kallum was reminded of that night. Calista, covered in vibrant ink, was laughing heartily, her every move pressing him relentlessly. He was utterly defenseless against her.

Wanda let out a sigh.

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“But Callie is a patient...”

She pushed Kallum onto the couch. “She has done so much for you, so what’s the harm in you, a grown man, giving in to her for once?”

A bitter taste lingered in Kallum’s mouth, unsure how to convey to Wanda that it wasn’t a matter of giving in. He comprehended that even if he trampled on his own dignity, Calista would not change her mind. That was why he had spoken those words that day, hoping to make his defeat appear less disgraceful.

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Seeing that Kallum remained silent, Wanda huffed. “Tell me. Do you really want to just stand by and watch

Callic move out?”

Of course, I don’t want to!

Every time Kallum thought about Calista packing her bags, he couldn’t help but wish he could burn down her new home.

Catching a glimpse of Kallum, Wanda knew what was on his mind. He’s still thinking of Callie. They had a heated argument, and with Kallum’s pride, he couldn’t back down for the moment. But Callie is about to leave, not giving him a chance to make amends. So, in his desperation, he had no choice but to adopt a strong–arm tactic.

Wanda shook her head. “Callie is not like other girls. I had no idea she had such a tough childhood.... That’s why she’s destined to be more sensitive, a bit harder to pursue than others. And you, you’ve already taken a hundred steps, what’s another hundred? Compared to her second chance at life, what’s trying one more time?”

Wanda spoke intentionally in this manner. She could tell that Kallum didn’t want to let Calista go. Since he couldn’t swallow his pride to speak up, and Calista didn’t provide him a way out, she, as an elder, decided to step in and break the ice.

Kallum found himself somewhat moved. Despite his declaration that night that he would never plead with her again. he couldn’t help but soften whenever he thought of her in her disheveled clown makeup. Her eyes. filled with sorrow yet smiling, always tugged at his heartstrings. He was somewhat regretful for having spoken so harshly.

Should I give in to Calista?

Kallum felt resistant again. After all, they had just had a heated argument a few days ago. If he were to back down so quickly, that girl would only become more uncontrollable in the future.

Wanda patted his shoulder. "I've said all I can. Happiness is something you fight for. In my eyes, Kallum, you've already missed her once. You shouldn't miss her a second time."

After Wanda left, Kallum fell into silence.

Wanda stated that he had missed his chance with her once, implying that he hadn't held onto her when she was in love with him.

However, to Kallum, he realized he had missed her twice.

She had once loved him with all her life, viewing his affection as the only belief she adhered to. That was why, even in times of loneliness and despair, she chose to stay in Horington. However, his unintentional actions caused her to lose hope. And so, he missed out on her twice.

With that thought in mind, Kallum suddenly rose to his feet, a sense of urgency washing over him.

He

couldn't just let her walk away like that. Once she left, the chances of mending their relationship would become incredibly difficult.

Therefore, Kallum gritted his teeth and left the study.

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been tempted to be with Kallum. However, each time, for various reasons, she had held herself back.

Kallum always felt that her mood was unpredictable. In reality, she was simply lacking in confidence. She had always felt insecure around him because she had once been humiliated in front of him, a feeling of inferiority that others could never truly understand. Therefore, she appeared to be indecisive.

However, all that didn't matter now. Ever since the incident at the research center, she realized there was no longer any possibility between Kallum and her. She was a bit reluctant before, but that night, she suddenly made up her mind.

Hesitation in making a necessary decision would only lead to more troubles.

“Yes”

you really leaving?” Kallum appeared at the door, his face grim as he watched her packing her bags.

Calista was relentless in her actions. She was the type of person who, once she made a decision, would never waver. Having accepted that there was no possibility with Kallum, she believed moving out was the best solution.

“You’re supposed to administer acupuncture for me every three days. You haven’t forgotten, right?” Kallum’s tone was dry, giving off the impression that he wanted her to stay, yet he was too stubborn to

admit it.

“I remember,” Calista said, her tone completely devoid of emotion.

Feeling a bit defeated and dissatisfied, Kallum remarked, “The research lab is right here in Fairchild Manor. What’s the point of you running around every day? This house can easily accommodate one more person. I’ll let you move out once your experiment is successful!”

Without turning her head, Calista said, “It’s okay. I’m willing to travel.”

Kallum clenched his fists. “Have you ever thought about my mom? She adores you and treats you like her own daughter. Are you just going to up and leave?”

This time, Calista paused in her actions before responding. “She has already agreed.”

This was simply a case of being stuck with a useless ally to Kallum.

He was seething with anger. Seeing Calista still packing, he wished he could throw her suitcase out or hide it away.

“I haven’t told anyone about your miscarriage yet, and here you are, moving out. Are you trying to make everyone think I’m an irresponsible man, huh?”

Kallum deliberately blocked her way, preventing her from continuing to pack up.

Calista furrowed her brows. Is it really that difficult for me to want to live alone?

“I don’t care about the rumors and gossip.”

“I do care!” Kallum instinctively kicked the box away, glaring at her. “How would others gossip about my family and the baby? Are you trying to plunge my family into a state of dishonor?”

Calista raised an eyebrow at him. There are so many single, pregnant women in Horington, each with their

own

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reasons. Who would dare to use such a thing to tarnish the reputation of the Fairchild family? Are they seeking death? Moreover, if I were to move out at this point, the rumors and gossip would only target me. People might start questioning if the child is not Kallum’s, hence the Fairchild family’s treatment toward me. In principle, the Fairchild family wouldn’t suffer any loss.

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However, she didn’t want to argue. In a nonchalant tone, she said, “Here’s your black card. Consider it as compensation for the damage I’ve caused to the reputation of the Fairchild family.”

Inexplicably, a black card had been thrust into his hand, leaving Kallum at his wits’ end.

He gritted his teeth. “The neighborhood isn’t safe! I heard about a girl who lived alone and was targeted for a robbery!”

Seeing that Calista remained indifferent, he added threateningly, “She was even brutally murdered!”

Calista finally crossed her arms and looked at him. “And dismembered too? How odd that such big news was only witnessed by you?”

Kallum was completely drained, a fiery agitation surging in his chest. Couldn’t Calista see that he was giving in? Couldn’t she give him an out, a chance to turn the page?

“Old Mr. Yancey really doesn’t want you to leave!”

His face turned beet red, and after much effort, he managed to squeeze out these words.

Calista hauled the suitcase back. “He’s so understanding, so he won’t stop me.”

“The butler hates to see you go too!” Kallum said with a scowl, “And so does Mr. Haight, Quintus, and the rest. They don’t want you to leave! Unlike some people, they actually develop feelings after spending time. “with others!”

Calista looked at him, a question arising without reason. “Even the gardener’s dog can’t bear to part with me, right? I remember feeding it.”

“Calista! Are you trying to make me lose my temper?!”

Whenever Kallum tried to back down, Calista never gave him any room to breathe, pushing him to the point where he could no longer contain his anger. He grabbed her hand, forcing her to look at him.

“So you’re just going to leave? Do you think of Fairchild Manor as a place you can come and go as you please? And what do you take me for? A plaything to be used and discarded at will?”

your

Calista looked up at him, a hint of helplessness in her voice. “I don’t seem to recall ever playing with feelings. Please don’t accuse me of crimes I didn’t commit. Or have you forgotten? You said you wouldn’t beg me anymore. So, what is this now? Are you speaking on behalf of those who ‘can’t bear to let me go?’”

Calista remained indifferent, causing Kallum’s anger to reach its boiling point.

“I’m not begging you!”

A flicker of sadness flashed through his eyes, his irises filled with anger and pain.

“It has always been like this! One minute, you claim to love me, yet the next, you say you don’t love me. Have you ever truly loved? Or have you just been playing me all this time?”

His words left Calista momentarily stunned, a hint of icy mockery tugging at the corners of her mouth.

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now it’s still you who wants to love me. Can’t you just stay consistent for once and completely ignore me from start to finish?”

“D“mn it!”

Kallum's temper had suddenly flared up. He could no longer keep his composure, speaking almost recklessly. "If you hadn't done so much, do you really think I would have fallen for you?"

No sooner had he spoken than he regretted it. But before he could say anything to remedy the situation. Calista had already begun to scoff coldly.

"So, you're saying that my actions have touched you? That's quite unexpected. But it seems like you've misunderstood something. The kindness I showed you initially was not without motive. I was simply looking to exploit the power you held to effortlessly suppress my enemies. So, saving you was merely a transaction. It was a partnership. There's really no need for you to be moved by any of my actions."

When Calista disassociated herself, it truly infuriated Kallum even more. From the way he glared at her, it was as if even the air around them had caught fire.

"So what you're saying is, aside from using me, you have absolutely no other feelings for me? All this while, it's been me deluding myself with feelings?"

"You can see it that way, Calista said with a smirk.

Her smile made Kallum feel as though something was clutching his heart, causing a suffocating pain. Rationality was consumed by rage, leading him to speak without thinking

"You never truly loved me!"

Calista was taken aback.

His

"In the previous life, as per your account, our paths diverged after you turned eighteen. In other words, there was no connection between us after that age. So, how did you love me for the next decade or so? Was it through memories!"

He shook his head, a hint of self-mockery in his expression. "You just feel like you're stuck in a quagmire, already tainted. So, that initial flutter of the heart became your eternal beacon of light and faith! You've turned your feelings for me into a nostalgic remembrance of the past and an inability to let go. But once you give up on this final ray of light, you'll plunge into darkness, transforming into someone else entirely..."

Suddenly, Calista burst into laughter.

"For instance, becoming like me now?"

The two were engaged in a heated rivalry, one hot, the other cold. When their gazes met, sparks seemed to fly.

Calista's eyes sparkled as she looked at him. "Are you suggesting that my feelings for you are nothing more than a nostalgic longing for my lost innocence, and my decision to let you go is an acceptance of reality? So, in your view, I never truly loved you, but merely romanticized my feelings for you? Is that M?"

Although he was reluctant to accept this analysis, for it questioned her feelings and undoubtedly negated their current relationship, Kallum couldn't think straight in his anger and stubbornly stuck to his conclusion.

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"Indeed!"

Calista narrowed her eyes dangerously, taking a step forward to press closely against his body.

"So, in your heart, is that how you perceived my feelings?"

"What else, then?" Kallum's eyes dimmed, his voice growing colder. "If you loved me, you wouldn't have left. Not only that, but you also despise me. Even though I've done nothing wrong in my life, even though you say you're not confused, you still hate me. You're taking your anger out on me, and yet you won't admit it!"