

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 370

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Calista narrowed her eyes, "If it doesn't taste good, just put it down."

Kallum said helplessly. "No way. You were the one who said we shouldn't waste anything."

Calista was taken aback. She had hoped that Kallum would argue with her, giving her a hundred ways to handle him coldly. But when he switched tactics, Calista found herself in a tricky situation.

It shouldn't have been like this. She had given up on him in this life due to the circumstances of her past life, and he was secretly nurturing the idea of winning her over. It would have been only fair for him to feel wronged and filled with anger and resentment. Yet, how was it that he had managed to adjust his mindset in just a few days?

As Calista was eating her pasta, she was filled with confusion, yet she subtly began to be on guard.

After finishing her meal, she quickly freshened up, intending to get some rest. Unexpectedly, Kallum actually followed her.

Calista was blocking the door, looking up at him. "My dear brother, if you don't know how to get to your room, should I have someone escort you there?"

She emphasized the words "my dear brother" heavily. Kallum narrowed his eyes at her for a moment, then suddenly chuckled softly.

"Do you know?" He propped his hand against the door frame, preventing Calista from closing the door. He lowered his head and chuckled. "To me, when you call me 'brother, it's just a playful tease. I don't mind. if you call me that a few more times."

When Calista heard those words, her expression turned cold, and she decided to provoke him.

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“Heh, just a few days ago someone claimed they wouldn’t beg me anymore. So, what are you doing now? Begging me to let you in?”

When the unpleasant argument was mentioned, Kallum scoffed, but he wasn’t fooled. “I didn’t ask for your permission. The whole Fairchild family belongs to me, and I can go wherever I please. What right do you have to stop me?”

His words... make sense. Calista’s face turned cold.

“Fine. Since you like this room, I’ll leave!”

But before she could even take a step, Kallum had already swept her off her feet.

Calista was startled. “Kallum! What are you doing?”

After entering the room, Kallum kicked the door shut. Disregarding her struggles, he pinned her down on

the bed.

Suddenly, a cold light flashed from Calista’s fingertips. Before Kallum could press down, she used two needles to create a barrier between them.

“Get off me! Is the esteemed heir of the Fairchild family so desperate for a woman that he can only resort to force?”

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When Calista pointed the “weapon” at him, Kallum was quite upset. However, he had learned his lesson and didn’t lash out in anger again. Instead, he obediently stood up.

At that moment, he suddenly furrowed his brows, bracing himself against the bed. Without warning, he collapsed onto the bed, his body curling up as he was overcome with an extreme sense of discomfort.

The sudden change in him took Calista by surprise. She got out of bed and stood by its edge, expressing her hesitation. "Stop pretending. If you won't leave, I will"

As she spoke, she started to walk toward the exit. However, as she reached the doorway, Kallum did not come to stop her as she had anticipated. Calista furrowed her brows. Could it be the side effects of the medicine?

Cold sweat broke out on Kallum's forehead, which alarmed Calista. It was then she realized he wasn't pretending. She quickly approached him and asked anxiously, "How are you feeling?"

Seeing her approach, Kallum tightly held her hand, then whispered, "I'm fine. Old Mr. Yancey said that a sudden sharp pain is a normal reaction."

Calista felt a bit troubled. "Then, let me get you some painkillers."

"No need!" Kallum refused, holding her even tighter.

"Just let me hold you for a bit."

Having said that, he didn't wait for Calista to react. He swiftly pulled her onto the bed, pinning her beneath him once again, preventing any chance of escape.

"Kallum Fairchild!"

"Shh-" Kallum pressed a finger against her lips, his eyes closed at hand. Under his prominent nose, his thin lips were tightly pressed together, and after a moment, he spoke again.

"I feel awful. Let me hold you for a while."

It was truly baffling. Back when he was ill, he acted as if nothing was wrong. But now that he had recovered, he couldn't even endure the slightest side effect? She reckoned he must be doing this on purpose.

Calista struggled a bit, but Kallum's embrace was exceptionally tight. She felt like she was suffocating.

After such a late-night ordeal, Calista was truly exhausted. But the thought that she would be able to live outside from tomorrow gave her strength. Tonight, she decided to endure it one last time.

With this thought in mind, Calista spoke in a dissatisfied tone. "Let go. I... I'll let you hold me, then!"

Upon hearing this, Kallum indeed seemed to relax a bit. He appeared so rational that it was hard to believe he was in unbearable pain.

She gritted her teeth, deciding to put these vexing matters out of her mind. She would move out first thing

tomorrow.

Before she fell asleep, she voiced her concerns with a hint of unease.

"Don't... don't move around. You've just been injected with an antiserum. We have no idea what changes it

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might cause inside your body. If you get infected again, there's a high chance of unforeseen and severe consequences. You understand what I'm saying, right?"

Burying his head in her shoulder, Kallum suddenly stirred. As he turned his head to look at her, the pain he had endured seemed to dissipate, leaving him feeling as light as a cloud. At her words, he couldn't help but chuckle. He leaned closer to her ear with ill intent, his voice low and suggestive.

“I know you’re worried I might devour you in the middle of the night.”

He paused for a moment, his voice becoming even more enticing, causing a sudden tingling sensation to rush through half of Calista’s body.

“Don’t worry,” he assured, “as long as you don’t provoke me, I don’t mind waiting a few more days, after holding back for so long.”

With a forceful push, Calista knocked him off her, issuing a stern warning.