

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 371

Released on June 13, 2024

Chapter 371 Cannot Shut Him Out

“What do you mean by a few more days? Please remember, we’re not in that kind of relationship anymore, my dear brother!”

“Biological brother, huh?”

Before Calista could unleash her anger, Kallum pulled her into a tight embrace, placating her hastily. “I know, I know. We’re not in a casual relationship where we can just touch each other freely anymore.”

Upon hearing this, Calista slightly relaxed, but then, Kallum spoke again with a mischievous grin.

“But to devour you, it seems I wouldn’t need to lift a finger.”

“Kallum!”

Calista made a move to get up, but Kallum was one step ahead. He pulled the blanket from beneath them, wrapping both of them inside it, much like a roll cake, all bundled up together.

The intimate, close-knit position caused Calista’s body to tense up entirely. Despite her few attempts to struggle, Kallum suddenly held her tighter.

“Don’t move! All this brushing against me... Are you trying to seduce me?”

Calista was at a loss for words, feeling an extreme headache. The situation was unfolding quite differently from what she had anticipated.

“Kallum...”

With a stern face, Calista lay on his chest, speaking in a somewhat weak voice. There are so many women in the world. You just couldn’t have them before, but soon, you can have any woman you desire. Why bother...”

“I simply wish to devote myself to one person, giving up the forest for a tree, and as the tree, you have no Say in it.”

Kallum quietly watched her, a smile gracing his lips. At that moment, Calista looked into his eyes, feeling as though she was about to be ensnared in the vast web he had cast.

She wanted to say more, but Kallum had already gently pressed her head against his chest.

“Go to sleep.”

“But...”

“Can’t sleep? Let’s do something meaningful, then. Trust me. I know how to devour you without any risk of infection. Want to give it a try?”

Calista became silent.

However, she couldn’t stop the thoughts in her mind.

There was no way that Kallum could avoid getting infected... It must be a lie.

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invade her mouth.

“Mmm... Ah! Kall...”

The moment she opened her mouth, he seized the opportunity. Shocked, Calista couldn’t help but widen her eyes. After putting forth a great deal of effort to push him away, she angrily wiped her mouth.

“Are you just letting my words go in one ear and out the other? Do you want to get re-infected?”

Kallum, somewhat unsatisfied, lingered his gaze on her lips, grumbling in discontent, “You were already a special case of infection. Unless I had a deep interaction with you, I wouldn’t have been infected to this

extent.”

“You!”

Calista was utterly defeated. She simply couldn’t comprehend how her status as a special infectee could possibly bring such convenience to Kallum.

Unable to make sense of it all, she made up her mind to get out of bed and decided to move into the rented house that very night.

“Wait a moment.”

“What are you planning now?” Calista watched him warily.

Kallum looked at her, somewhat helpless. "I was just trying to help you get dressed."

"Why?" Calista refused, "I'm not handicapped."

Kallum slightly raised an eyebrow. "You've always been the one taking care of me. Now, the tables have turned. I'll take care of you!"

"No, I refuse!"

Calista picked up her coat. Thankfully, she hadn't undressed the night before. She slipped on her shoes and left.

Seeing Calista leave in such a hurry, Kallum voiced his dissatisfaction.

"Am I really that terrifying? You're in such a rush..."

He shifted uncomfortably, feeling the toll of the morning's reaction. Why had Calista woken up so early?

After Calista stepped outside, despite her stern expression, she couldn't help but blush. The reaction from Kallum was something she couldn't possibly ignore. All in all, she felt outsmarted once again.

After freshening up, Calista started to regain her composure. Having eaten, she encountered Wilbur on her way to the laboratory.

It was rumored that Wilbur was a child of Wanda's relatives. Although he had recently been residing with the Fairchild family, he generally didn't venture out, preferring to stay indoors and read.

And there he was, standing in the hallway, admiring a camellia. Dressed in a beige patterned sweater and white cotton trousers, he looked every bit the scholar.

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"You're here? Come and take a look at this flower, Isn't it beautiful?"

His smile exuded an irresistible warmth, compelling Calista to approach him unconsciously.

She didn't really know much about flowers. After a long gaze, she simply uttered, "It's beautiful"

Wilbur laughed again. His laugh had a certain charm, a perfect blend of warmth and sophistication that effortlessly won people over.

“We haven’t caught up recently. How have you been feeling?”

Although on the surface, Wilbur didn’t do anything to her, he had actually asked Kallum to help her overcome her emotional issues under the guise of the saying that the one who tied the bell must untie it. In reality, his treatment had already begun.

Narrowing her eyes, Calista pondered for a moment, then spoke.

“I’ve been feeling, recently, that my heart has been filled with unnecessary emotions, making my inner world quite complex.”

This was Calista’s most immediate thought. Had she known about Kallum’s connection with the research center right after her reincarnation, she would have sought revenge without a second thought. Or she would have completely cut off all ties instead of being in her current state. Although she had decided to sever ties, whenever she faced Kallum’s pursuit, she always felt a reluctance to completely shut him out.

Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “That’s a good sign!” This also confirmed that Kallum’s decision to help her untangle her emotional knots was indeed effective. Many issues could arise when feelings were suppressed. So, Wilbur’s advice to Kallum was to uncover the truth, no matter how deep he had to dig. without fear of it being too overwhelming.

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Chapter 372 Should Not Let Go Of Oneself

For a woman as strong as Calista, she could handle even the greatest shocks.

“Why is it considered good?” Calista, unaware of the underlying reasons, furrowed his brows and said, “I feel they only bring me trouble.”

Wilbur chuckled lightly. Then, I must congratulate you. Having worries means you’re getting closer to the common folk. I’m not saying there’s something wrong with you. Rather, your previous feelings were quite unconventional. Besides, there’s nothing wrong with being ordinary, right? I, for one, revel in being an average Joe.”

Calista paused for a moment.

“So, are you saying my changes are because I’m returning to normal?” She pondered over her past self for a moment, then suddenly furrowed her brows. “I don’t want to revert back to who I used to be.”

Seeing her aversion to the past, Wilbur shook his head and reassured her, "Don't worry. You'll never revert back to the way you were before. You'll only become better than you are now."

"Better than now?"

With a smile, Wilbur confidently stated, "Naturally, it'll be better. There's an old saying about rebirth from the ashes, but such rebirth is divided into two parts. The moment you undergo a profound change, you cast aside all the traits you no longer desired, marking your rebirth. However, only after experiencing the refining of time, adjusting your mindset, and reevaluating yourself, can you truly attain rebirth. On the clear stage of your mind, you should retrieve what shouldn't be abandoned, discard what truly needs to be discarded, and extract what's truly needed. Eliminate malice and return to nature; only then can you achieve true transcendence. So, at that time, you will be better than you are now."

Calista glanced at him.

"After being abandoned, there's naturally no need to reclaim it, right? Just like cowardice... What's its use?"

Wilbur reached out his hand, opened her palm, and placed a piece of candy in it.

"Cowards are usually gentle, not ones to hold grudges. Who's to say that's a bad thing? Every trait exists for a reason. How can we differentiate between what's useful and what's not?"

Calista pinched the piece of candy, her eyebrows furrowing slightly before he handed it back. "I don't really like sweets," she said.

Satisfied, Wilbur laughed and gently pushed the hand away.

"But Mrs. Fairchild once mentioned that the old Calista used to have a sweet tooth, didn't she? You can let go of many things, but you shouldn't let go of yourself, right?"

Calista was taken aback, but Wilbur had already walked away with a smile, leaving her holding the candy, a bit at a loss.

Kallum watched from the end of the hallway. Even though he knew he shouldn't be jealous, he couldn't help but feel a pang of envy seeing Calista chatting happily with another man. He almost wished he could chase that bothersome man away.

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His expression, however, remained unhappy. If he had known earlier, he would have minored in psychology

Calista mulled over, gazing at the candy in her hand. After much contemplation, she popped it into her mouth, her face void of any expression. Indeed, it was the milk candy she used to adore so much.

Before, she had always felt as if she were alive, but her soul was floating in mid-air, observing with detached indifference. But now, she could occasionally feel that she was truly “alive” without experiencing pain. From this perspective, her change should be seen as a positive development, shouldn't it?

In the evening, it was just her and Kallum having dinner. Calista couldn't help but ask, “What are you planning to do about Horatio?”

Seeing her concern, Kallum responded with a smile, though his tone was somewhat cold.

“I severed all trade relations between our two families. Despite some losses, everyone now knows about our feud. There's no way he could borrow money now. He must be at his wit's end by now,”

Thinking of Horatio's pitiful state, Calista chuckled lightly. Seeing Kallum engrossed in his meal, she hesitated for a moment before suggesting softly, “I think that this is a great opportunity. After the scare at the Ingram residence. I had a miscarriage. This way, no matter what you do to the Ingram family, it would be justified. Others won't be able to find fault with you. What do you think?”

After finishing her statement, Calista glanced at Kallum, expecting him to be upset. To her surprise, although his eyes dimmed momentarily, he spoke up.

“That'll do.”

Calista was taken aback, finding it somewhat inconceivable that Kallum had given

Yet, Kallum was looking at her as he continued to speak.

“I didn't pressure you, so can you please not pressure me as well?”

in so quickly.

Confronted by his gaze, Calista couldn't help but feel an inexplicable tension. She lowered her head to eat, unsure of how to respond.

However, Kallum did not let her go.

“What do you want to do? I can accommodate you in every way possible. I can keep giving in. But you... I don't need you to come toward me. Can you at least stand still where you are? Is that okay?”

Is that okay?

Is that okay?

Calista was slightly hesitant. Under the warm glow of the light, she faltered only for a moment before speaking with conviction.

“I'm planning to move out and stay elsewhere tonight.”

Kallum's grip tightened around his fork and knife due to her response, which reflected her stance.

Just as Calista braced herself for Kallum's wrath, he gradually calmed down.

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“If you're truly determined to do so, then go ahead as you wish.”

This peculiarly good-natured demeanor left Calista even more perplexed. What on earth was Kallum trying to do?

After having her meal. Calista returned to the laboratory, where she busied herself until one in the morning. Throughout this time, Kallum didn't come to find her, which she found increasingly peculiar.

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But who cares? Maybe... Perhaps Kallum has already given up, seeing that I remained unmoved by his efforts?

Calista felt inexplicably irritated. She shook her head and headed toward the house she had rented. Since a housekeeper had already cleaned it, she could move in immediately.

Looking at the quaint country-style mansion before her, she realized that this would be her temporary home in the future.

The mansion consisted of just one bedroom, a study, and a practice room—three rooms in total. It used to be home to a young couple. Although it was said to be two stories, it was actually just one. In order to maintain their privacy and undisturbed world of two, they didn't even set up a guest room. This time, they decided to rent out their house because they were planning to go on a long-term trip.

For Calista, this place was quite suitable. If the house was too large, she didn't feel secure living in it.

Since only the downstairs bathroom had a bathtub, Calista had taken a bath there before heading upstairs. By the time she entered her room, she was already quite exhausted. Therefore, she didn't bother turning on the lights and simply collapsed onto the bed.

But the moment she fell down, she jolted back up as if she'd been electrocuted.

There was someone on the bed!

Though she was quick, someone was even quicker. A shadowy figure swiftly scooped up Calista into his arms. With a swift roll onto the romantic circular bed, he had her pinned underneath him.

Upon catching a whiff of the familiar scent, Calista gave the other party a swift thump in a fit of frustration.

"Kallum! What are you doing here?"

Her heart was pounding wildly.

In the darkness, Kallum chuckled softly. "Why can't I be here? From now on, we're roommates!"

"Are you kidding me?" Calista's temper flared up a bit. "I signed a contract with the landlord!"

Kallum spoke with a hint of smugness. "But what can you do? I've already bought this house. I bet even if you try calling them tomorrow, they won't pick up. So, you might as well save your energy!"

Calista was speechless. "You... bought it?"

"Exactly!" Although Kallum was joking, his tone was surprisingly firm. "Wherever you decide to live in the future, I'll buy a house there. If you buy a place, I'll purchase the one across from you. You won't be able to escape from me for the rest of your life, Callie."

Calista was at a loss for how to face him anymore.

She closed her eyes briefly. No wonder Kallum let me go so easily. He was waiting for me here all along... D*mn it!

How despicable!

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When she was angry, her voice was full of vitality. Kallum really enjoyed teasing her, especially when she lost control.

“You better not move around too much.”

In the darkness, Kallum’s body grew increasingly warm, causing Calista’s skin, wherever he shudder.

He took a light sniff of her, speaking with restrained patience.

touched, to

“Otherwise, I really can’t hold back anymore.”

It was only then that Calista realized she had come upstairs draped on/ in a bath towel. Despite not being able to see anything during their interaction, it felt as though Kallum had taken full advantage of the

situation.

Calista, in extreme annoyance, responded with a sarcastic scoff.

“Get out of my sight!”

“No, this is my home.”

“Then, I’m leaving!”

“I won’t let you leave.”

“Kallum!” Calista forcefully pushed him and sat up. “You’re shameless!”

Kallum, however, didn’t see it that way. He sat up, casually ruffling his hair in an unintentionally alluring way. His voice carried an underlying threat.

“Do you know? I can sink even lower.”

Calista was about to say something but was silenced as Kallum expertly grasped her chin.

At night, she was blind, a complication that had emerged after contracting a virus. However, Kallum was not. His gaze was intense as he watched Calista, her skin still glowing in the darkness, his throat bobbing.

“You’d best not test the patience of a wolf, especially when it’s hungry.”

The suppressed tone in his voice frightened Calista, for she realized that Kallum was not joking. He was truly enduring a great deal of hardship.

She couldn’t help but hug herself tighter. This seemingly vulnerable gesture, however, only served to fuel her opponent’s fervor.

In the darkness, Kallum’s breath quickened. With his vision, the sight of the beauty laid bare before him was enough to drive anyone mad.

“Callie...”

He called out her name in a low, husky voice, kneeling with his head bowed. Lifting her chin, he longed to kiss her.

Instinctively. Calista attempted to resist. but Kallum suddenly became assertive.

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“If you don’t behave, I’ll ‘devour you tonight. I believe you haven’t forgotten what you promised me that night at the amusement park.”

Only then did Calista recall that day when she said... If Kallum found her before midnight, she would be his for the night.

Calista, with a defiant tilt of her chin, said, “We were both infected back then. Now, are you trying to get re-infected?”

“Heh...”

Since Calista couldn’t see, the man’s deep laughter was all the more maddening. His hands mischievously toyed with her hair, speaking in a dangerous tone.

“So, you’re saying, as long as I can avoid getting infected, you’ll agree to my proposal?”

The areas his breath touched sparked a shudder within her. Calista suddenly bit her lower lip, unable to speak. Because she believed there was a chance that Kallum actually had a solution.

Seeing her finally realize her fear, Kallum's smile broadened. His eyes ignited with a purple flame as he asked in a hushed tone.

"Now, are you going to behave or not?"

"I..."

Calista feigned hesitation, but in the next moment, she made a sudden move to break free. However, Kallum accurately caught her hand.

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"I always knew my Callie is quite formidable. She even knows how to use a needle.

With a swift move, Kallum managed to dislodge the silver needle from Calista's grasp, which landed on the bed. Nonchalantly, he tossed it onto the floor.

"But if you don't behave, I really won't be able to resist, Darling!"

A single, endearing utterance of darling' from him sent shivers down Calista's spine. Silently gritting her teeth, she finally acknowledged that she was no match for him.

With the only pin now lost, she clung to her bath towel, finally at a loss for what to do next

"What exactly do you want?"

In her heart, she reassured herself over and over again, asserting that Kallum would surely not dare to touch her. She didn't need to... didn't need to worry.

Indeed, Kallum had no intention of laying a hand on her. All he wanted was to negotiate some benefits. However, Calista was rather difficult to deal with, leaving him no choice but to resort to half coercion, half persuasion. Could there be a more unfortunate fiancé than him?

Despite his sighs, Kallum was quick to undress.

Upon hearing the sound of Kallum undressing, Calista was nearly jolted off her feet.

"What are you planning to do?"

Seeing her attempt to flee, Kallum swiftly removed his clothes. With a quick grasp of her ankle, he pulled her back. She was once again toppled by him, held tightly in his embrace.

Once he was free of the cumbersome clothing, the contact of their bodies caused Kallum to sharply draw in a breath.

“Don’t move! Damn it... You’re driving me insane! Calista, are you doing this on purpose?”

Feeling the intense masculine presence, Calista finally managed to calm down quickly.

“Let’s set some ground rules, shall we?”

Kallum was taken aback. Why on earth would they propose a set of ground rules at a time like this?

He leaned in to kiss her face, but Calista dodged him. “I want to set some ground rules! Ground rules!”

Seeing her a bit flustered, Kallum suddenly felt a sense of accomplishment. He playfully nipped at her cheek. “Tell me. What do you want?”

Calista forced herself to remain calm, assuring herself that Kallum wouldn’t dare to touch her. He wouldn’t dare! He just wouldn’t.

“Do...” Her voice faltered. “Dó you still have feelings for me?”

Kallum pinched the soft flesh on her waist, his voice deep and resonant. “If I’m not dead, how could my

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In other words, as long as he was alive, he wouldn’t give up on his feelings for her.

For some unknown reason, Calista felt a sudden warmth spread across her face. Perhaps it was because his body temperature was unusually high. He was like a burning furnace.

“Would you... perhaps loosen your grip a bit if I were to give you a chance?”

Calista’s words prompted Kallum to slowly sit up and look at her. “Are you saying I’m pursuing you too eagerly?”

“Just like what you’re doing now, buying the house I’m renting. You’re making me feel suffocated!” Calista said, somewhat displeased.

“So, you’re considering giving me a chance?” A glint of amusement flickered in Kallum’s eyes. “Why do I feel like you’re playing a game with me? Giving me hope first, then slipping away when I let my guard down. What’s your plan?”

Did you perhaps guess a bit too accurately?

Calista showed no signs of guilt. "It's because you don't trust me. That's why I insisted on setting ground rules."

"How should we do this?" Kallum twirled her hair around his fingers, his voice heavy with expectation. "Firstly, you can only give me a chance. Secondly, when you give me that chance, you must ultimately say yes. Thirdly, you can't keep me waiting too long. Does that sound fair?"

Calista glared at him. "You've set all three rules. What's the point of this game anymore?"

Kallum stared at her, his voice suddenly lowering. "Are you serious? Give me a chance."

He was so restless. From the moment Calista uttered those words, he knew they were merely perfunctory. Yet, deep down, he was desperate to believe that he had touched her heart and been granted a second chance.

Calista was initially inclined to say "yes." However, even though she couldn't see him, she could still sense Kallum's intense gaze fixated on her. It seemed that behind his casual smile, this answer held immense importance.

Suddenly, she felt a twinge of pity.

Kallum seemed to give a bitter laugh. "Indeed. I had guessed as much already."

He didn't seem disheartened at all. Instead, he leaned forward, his words laced with a hint of gritted resentment. "You never intended to give me a chance from the start, did you? Once you've made up your mind, you're unyielding, you heartless little thing!"

Calista inexplicably felt a sense of guilt.

"Sleep now," Kallum commanded, wrapping her in an assertive yet comforting embrace. After all the commotion, he no longer had the mood to tease her.

Although she was stark naked, Calista was worried that if she resisted or made more demands, Kallum's lust might be rekindled. Therefore, she finally calmed down.

Kallum held her with a bitter smile. He understood completely why Calista was so obedient, and this

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understanding left him heartbroken.

However, he knew not to push her too hard. Slow and steady wins the race, after all. He understood that being too forceful with Calista would only backfire. He had to gradually win her over, melt her defenses, and claim her. He was well aware of this principle.

Thus, the first night after Calista moved out went by without any incident.

The following day, Calista was staring at the computer in front of her, feeling a bit anxious.

The antiserum for the K Virus was now in its final experimental stage. This meant that her recovery was imminent, with a timeline ranging from as short as one month to as long as three months. Even though she hadn't fully recovered yet, Kallum was already eyeing her like a hawk. Once she was healed, there was no way Kallum would be able to hold back.

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Hence, either Kallum would give up on her before she recovered, or she should not recover at a Unexpectedly, the one thin

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Calista shook her head. Before she had made her decision, she had pondered about being with Kallum. But every time she was in a clear state of mind, whenever she thought of him, she would think of those fungal powders that had entered her body, those inhumane experiments, and the cold research center. She simply couldn't! She absolutely couldn't accept it!

With a firm resolution in her heart. Calista gradually regained her senses. At that moment, she received a call from Jarrett. It turned out it was time for Ambrose's follow-up visit. As expected, this was supposed to be the final check-up.

"All right. I'll be there promptly at three in the afternoon."

Kallum had been busy dealing with matters pertaining to the Ingram family. The two families had always been on good terms, so their sudden fallout caused much dissatisfaction among the Fairchild family toward Calista. They believed that ever since Kallum fell for her, the Fairchild family, which had always been in good standing and friendly with all sides, had inexplicably made quite a few enemies. Although they didn't fear these adversaries, friends were always better than enemies, weren't they? Therefore, while Kallum was handling Horatio, he also had to take the time to straighten out his own household.

When Calista left the house, Kallum was uneasy. However, Calista felt that she was just going straight to the Sinclair residence by car, so there was nothing unsafe about it. Therefore, she only took Julian with her.

Julian was quite the chatterbox. He just wouldn't stop talking throughout the journey.

"Ms. Calista, I think you should get out more. Most girls your age are always out and about. But you, you hardly ever leave the house when you have free time."

Facing the simple-minded Julian, Calista felt relatively at ease. "If I hadn't worked hard, Mr. Kallum wouldn't have recovered so quickly

She took a rare moment to show off.

Julian touched his nose and said, "You're right. We've all seen how much you care for Mr. Kallum, Ms. Calista. Won't you consider making amends with him?"

Calista slightly raised an eyebrow, surprised by Julian's unexpected remark.

Under the somewhat detached gaze of Calista, Julian gathered his courage and said, "We all believe that since you and Mr. Kallum are mutually fond of each other, so why aren't you together?"

Calista's smile slightly froze. "Some things can't be easily explained in a few words."

Julian wanted to ask more, but just then, the car was suddenly hit.

The car had surged forward a considerable distance, but thanks to the excellent shock absorption system, Calista was unharmed, save for a minor bump on her head.

After Julian managed to steady himself, his face instantly turned serious.

"What's going on?"

The driver, rubbing his forehead in bewilderment, said, "We've been rear-ended. They were going so fast!"

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"What did you say?"

Once again, several gunshots rang out. The sniper was aiming for the vehicle's tires, which was where Calista was located. Realizing what they intended to do, Calista remained calm and hastily crawled forward.

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Chapter 376 Find Her Quickly

With one press of the accelerator, the car's speed surpassed the one behind it..

Unfortunately, a bullet finally found its mark at that moment, puncturing her left tire. The car swerved slightly, and the vehicle behind collided with hers once again. The impact caused Calista to hit her head. violently on the windshield, causing blood to trickle down.

Although her tires were puncture-proof, the blowout significantly affected their stability. So, at this point, outpacing the car behind her was no longer feasible. Consequently, she stomped hard on the brakes and yanked up the handbrake.

The tires screeched against the pavement, a grating sound that pierced the air. With the forceful push from the car behind, sparks flew from the rear tires of the vehicle Calista was in.

Calista's heart pounded in her chest. She knew very well that she couldn't let herself be taken away. There could be a trap waiting for her ahead. She was certain that Kallum would come to rescue her soon. She just needed to hang on a little longer, just a little longer.

However, her hope was extremely slim. The deadlock between the two vehicles resulted in the snipers. focusing their fire on the windshield in front of Calista. Startled, Calista watched as countless spiderweb- like cracks instantly spread across the windshield in front of her, threatening to shatter at any moment.

D'mn it!

Calista glanced at the slope beside her, about four to five meters high, and decided to risk it all.

Suddenly, she released the handbrake and stepped on the gas. The car behind her assumed she was trying to escape and quickly accelerated to catch up. However, at that moment, Calista made a sharp turn, unexpectedly veering toward the slope on the left.

Due to a blown tire, her left turn was remarkably swift. Coupled with the accelerating car behind her, it significantly knocked Calista's car off course.

Suddenly, Calista moved aside, and the car behind her drove straight ahead.

Calista had no time to pay attention to him. She was intent on driving up a slope that was nearly sixty- degrees.

Did the people chasing her think she had lost her mind? The slope was five meters high. Although it was slightly inclined, it was as steep as a wall due to its construction. There was no way the small car could climb it. Even if it somehow managed to, the top was covered in trees, preventing her from driving on.

If it had been an ordinary car, Calista would never have attempted such a thing. But her car was powerful, so it should be able to make it.

Initially, the car that was tailing her snapped back to reality. In a rush, it reversed to hit her, preventing her from climbing.

At the most critical moment, Calista floored the accelerator. The car lunged forward, and incredibly, it

made it

The sniper pursuing her adjusted his aim and fired at her. Amidst the gunshot and the almost deafening roar of her car's straining engine, Calista's vehicle miraculously managed to climb up a five-meter high.

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At last, there was a sharp, shattering noise. The windshield turned into countless fragments, hurling toward her. In a split second, the car had climbed to the top of the slope.

At that moment, the car that had been relentlessly pursuing her arrived. Calista, shielding her eyes with one hand, braced herself forward with the other.

Without her stepping on the gas, the car immediately flipped backward while Calista managed to kick off the hood, swiftly diving into a forest five meters off the ground.

The vehicle slammed down fiercely, crashing into the car that had been relentlessly pursuing her, causing both vehicles to explode simultaneously.

Amidst the intense booming sounds, Calista took advantage of the bamboo cover, swiftly dashing toward the heart of the mountain!

"D*mn it! She managed to escape even from this? Chase her, quick!"

Several shadows focused on Calista, refusing to let go. Thankfully, Calista was always light on her feet and quick to react. Otherwise, she really wouldn't have been a match for them.

At that moment, Calista's face and the back of her hands were marred with various shades of blood stains. It was a sight that could make anyone's heart skip a beat at a

glance. She was well aware that her blood was not something pleasant. In haste, she took a knife, cut through the innermost piece of clothing, and wrapped it around her face.

A loud whirring noise spiraled overhead, and Calista knew that Kallum had come to find her. However, she was closely surrounded by a group of people. In her panic, she had left her phone in the car, which made her too afraid to make any rash moves.

She climbed deeper and deeper, and a vast expanse of mist appeared before her eyes. Yet, this brought a sense of relief to Calista. The presence of the mist meant she had an additional layer of concealment.

But as she ventured deeper, a new peril emerged. The fog, coupled with the onset of dusk, made the light progressively dimmer. The night blindness, a side effect of the K Virus she had contracted, began to take hold. In her vision, the gray fog turned into vast swathes of black mist. She shook her head fiercely, knowing she had to find a place to hide before she was completely engulfed in darkness.

She stumbled upon a site where someone had once camped. The deserted tent stirred something in her. However, the faint sound of footsteps in the distance made Calista reluctantly abandon the spot. Just before leaving, she noticed an extremely old-fashioned mobile phone on the ground.

Without having the time to examine its capabilities, Calista swiftly picked it up and once again darted into the dense forest. Not long after she left, four men appeared at the spot where she had been. On the clearing, there was a patch of grassless mud where her footprints were left behind. The men looked in the direction Calista had gone and snorted.

“We’re not far now. We must find her before the Fairchild family does!”

A group of people surrounded Kallum, meticulously searching from the base of the mountain upwards. This area, filled with numerous mountains, was a popular spot among the residents of Horington. It was their preferred location for rock climbing and watching the sunrise.

So it was clear that the other party’s choice to strike on this particular route was far from coincidental; they had planned it in advance.

Chapter 376 Find Her Quickly

They had mobilized such a significant amount of manpower and firepower to openly confront the Fairchild family. It was clear that this was Horatio’s retaliation against Kallum, a well-prepared act of

revenge

He discerned the significance of Calista in Kallum's heart. Hence, he sought to capture Calista as a means to threaten Kallum.

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Chapter 377 She Is That Person

During the capture, Horatio was indifferent to whether Calista would get hurt. As long as she was still breathing, that was enough. After all, trying to bring someone in unscathed was fraught with risks. It was better to let go and give it his all. The chances of capturing her were higher that way.

Moreover, Calista had been severely injured, which served to intimidate others....

What he never expected was that the woman he completely disregarded was the very one he had been searching for.

After conducting his investigation, Kallum had confirmed who was responsible. Even though he was itching to confront Horatio, he chose to suppress his murderous intent in light of Calista's safety. He then dialed Horatio's number.

Prior to this, Horatio's condition wasn't much better either.

He waited anxiously, hooked up to an IV, for the Fairchild family's response. Calista hadn't been caught yet, which only served to fuel his impatience.

At that moment, he received a call from his dispatched men. They informed him that due to Calista, they were now surrounded by the Fairchild family.

Horatio narrowed his eyes. Kallum's actions further confirmed his care for that woman. Therefore, he slowly stated. "As long as you capture that woman, Kallum won't dare to harm you. Now, you have no way

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Those people thought about it. Even if they surrendered now, would the Fairchild family let them off the hook? It seemed better to capture Calista, complete the deal, and escape overseas with the money.

With this in mind, they became even more determined in their search for her.

Calista had initially planned to hide up in the tree, but she never anticipated that the other party would. have a heat sensor in their possession.

She was nearly captured. Luckily, the thick fog had been her saving grace, allowing her to narrowly escape death. However, her left arm had grazed a bullet.

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At that moment, she was leaning against a large tree, tending to her wounds while fiddling with the mobile phone she had found.

Thankfully, the phone still had a battery. Unfortunately, it was discarded not only because it was incredibly outdated but also because it could no longer make calls.

Calista made several calls, but all she could hear was the static buzz on the other end. Feeling

disheartened, she faced the increasingly dark forest and the relentless pursuer intent on killing her. In her desperation, a glint of ruthlessness flashed in her eyes.

If they thought about messing with her, she would definitely teach them a lesson in return.

Horatio was somewhat taken aback when he saw that Kallum was actually calling him. After a moment of thought, he leisurely answered the call.

“Mr. Kallum, have you made up your mind?”

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When Kallum heard his words, it seemed as if his cold aura could seep through the phone.

“Horatio, how dare you!”

“It’s all because you refused to cooperate, Mr. Kallum. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have done this!” Horatio’s tone was heavy, clearly harboring a substantial amount of resentment.

When Kallum was ill before, asking him for that person was akin to a death sentence. So, whether it was for his own safety or due to public opinion, Kallum would absolutely refuse to hand over the person.

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After much deliberation, Horatio decided to launch a surprise attack during the banquet. He used Kallum’s illness as leverage, forcing Kallum into a trade with him.

However, Kallum refused.

If Kallum had refused the deal out of fear of death, fear that he would take someone away and never return them, then though there would be resentment, it wouldn’t be as intense as it was.

However, the blood test results later revealed that Kallum was already cured. Regardless of how he managed to recover, it meant he no longer needed that person to sustain his life. Yet, even without needing that individual, Kallum still refused to negotiate with him, essentially pushing him toward a dead

end.

In addition to the Fairchild family abruptly pulling all their orders overnight and completely falling out with the Ingram family, this left Horatio so furious that he couldn't stand it any longer. That was when he came up with the idea to use Calista as a threat against Kallum.

Horatio sneered, "Since you have no regard for past affections, Mr. Kallum, as your senior, I naturally have. to take a different approach. If you hand over the person now, I won't touch Calista. Otherwise, my people will definitely catch her before you do! At that time, whether she's severely injured or dead, I can't guarantee..."

Upon hearing his threat, Kallum was so angry that he laughed instead. "So, you're using Callie to force me to reveal the person who saved my life?"

"What's the matter? Is she not worthy of your saving? It seems like your feelings for this girl are not as deep as I thought."

Kallum laughed at his pitiful state. "Why don't you consider the possibility that Calista is that person?"

"That's impossible!" Horatio instinctively retorted, "Don't try to deceive me. I know there's a mysterious old man in your family who's highly skilled in medicine. Even if you're trying to trick me, don't treat me like a fool. How old is Calista? How could she be the one keeping you alive? I'm not that senile!"

Kallum's tone turned somber. "In my eyes, you're not only confused, but you've also gone mad. You might have guessed why I was fine during the banquet that day. It was because I injected the antiserum in time... But, the antiserum was developed by Callie! If she could conquer the K Virus in just two years, why couldn't she extend life?"

Horatio's hand, clutching the phone, gave a slight tremble.

"Are you lying to me?"

"You better pray that your people haven't harmed her, because aside from her, there's nobody else in this world who possesses such exceptional medical skills! If anything happens to her, I'll make sure you pay

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tenfold!”

Kallum ended the call. He knew Horatio was desperate to live, and he would surely call back his men. However....

Kallum stared at the vast mountain before him, but where on earth was Calista? The night was fast approaching, and once it fell, he couldn't see her. What if she encountered danger? Indeed, he should have equipped her with a radar.

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Chapter 378 Keep On Running

Four snipers, guns in hand, had been searching for several hours and were starting to feel the fatigue. Furthermore, the mountain was shrouded in heavy fog. If they couldn't find their target before nightfall, they would be forced to retreat.

At that moment, Roger, the person leading abruptly halted.

“What's wrong?” someone asked.

“Look, isn't that the clothes of that woman?”

Several people looked over, and on the grass, a blood-stained white garment was quite conspicuous. It was evidence that Calista was somewhere nearby.

“She's injured and has been running for so long. She must be exhausted by now. Let's split up

up and search and use this place as our base. We have to find her; otherwise, we won't be able to leave!”

They nodded and promptly took action. Roger pondered for a moment before walking toward the blood- stained fabric.

But suddenly, he tripped over something underfoot. There was a gush of wind, and a branch, bent to its limit, sprung up fiercely. In the fog, a sharpened branch shot straight toward his face.

In a split second, he tilted his head, narrowly avoiding the fatal blow, but he let out a wail, clutching his left

eye.

Even though he managed to dodge in time, the branch still mercilessly gouged out one of his eyes.

It wasn't entirely gouged out, but a deep gash had been slashed across his left eye, leaving it a bloody mess. Roger, with only one good eye left, looked at his blood-soaked hand and let out a heart-wrenching scream that echoed throughout the forest.

"Ahh! Calista, I'm going to kill you!"

At that moment, Calista was not far off. Hearing his anguished screams, she let out a somewhat cruel laugh.

"Roger! How are you?"

The other three individuals hurriedly gathered around. In the dim light, the vivid red blood trickled down through the man's fingers. His hands were trembling, and he was grinding his teeth in extreme pain.

Someone quickly brought out medicine to bandage him up, but at that moment, his phone rang.

Upon hearing the sound, Roger seethed with anger. He still managed to answer the call despite his intense pain. On the other end, the anxious voice of Horatio came through.

"The terms of our deal have changed. I'll still give you the money, but you must not touch a hair on Calista's head. If anything happens to her, you won't receive anything. Do you understand?"

While Horatio was still shouting into the phone, a cold smirk had already formed on Roger's face.

His eyes were still bleeding. Had he not dodged swiftly, he might have been dead by now. Now he's asking

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Not receiving any assurance, Horatio roared again. "Did you hear me? I want Calista! Bring her back to me in one piece!"

Roger laughed bitterly, covering his eye. "You expect me to bring her back to you? In one piece? Dream on! I want her dead! Do you hear me? I want her dead!"

After he finished speaking, he flung his phone onto the ground. With each shout, he stomped forcefully)

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"Die! Die! Die!"

“Roger! Roger! Calm down... What do we do now?”

“What else can we do? Find her, and kill her!”

Bearing immense pain, Roger quickly bandaged his injured eye, which had been gouged and was undoubtedly ruined. His current, most burning desire was to find Calista and exact his revenge by taking her eyes in return.

His subordinate hesitated slightly. “But-”

Before he could finish his sentence, he was brutally punched by Roger. His facial expression contorted, clearly due to the excruciating pain. He was on the verge of completely losing his sanity.

“I’ll say it one more time!”

His remaining eye was filled with bloodshot streaks, and the flesh on his face trembled uncontrollably. His voice was chillingly cold.

“I want her dead!”

They searched in the mountains. The deeper Calista ran, the broader their search area became. Even if there were thousands of people looking for her, it was still like finding a needle in a haystack.

Calista found her vision gradually blurring. She had no choice but to seek a more open space, somewhere with fewer trees. Perhaps reaching the highest point would be better.

With this belief, Calista made her way to the top of the mountain. The dimness of her sight caused her to stumble and falter, leaving behind a trail of marks.

Thankfully, the four individuals who were searching for Calista had yet to find her when they were intercepted by Kallum’s men. After a fierce battle, only Roger who was blind in one eye managed to escape, but not without acquiring fresh injuries.

This wasn’t about the mission anymore. Had he not lost sight in one eye, he wouldn’t have been in such a pitiful state. He was desperate to get rid of Calista, no matter the cost.

Torches were scattered everywhere, and people were calling her name. But Calista couldn’t discern who they were. She feared that those calling her were the ones out to kill her, so she chose not to respond. She was single-mindedly making her way toward the mountain peak when a piercing mountain wind suddenly blew, causing her to halt abruptly.

By then, she could no longer see clearly. It was as if her vision was shrouded in patches of black fog. However, the wind gave her a sense that danger was lurking ahead.

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“Hehehe... Run! Keep on running!”

A menacing voice echoed. Calista turned around only to see a tall silhouette.

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Chapter 379 Freeze To Death

Roger had exerted a great deal of effort to catch up. Seeing that Calista had reached a cliff and had nowhere else to run, he felt a sudden surge of relief. It seemed as if his eyes weren't hurting as much

anymore.

He advanced step by step. In Calista's cars, she distinctly heard the sound of a handgun being cocked.

Am I going to die?

The chilly fog had long since soaked her clothes, its coldness piercing her bones. Yet at that moment, she was enveloped by a killing intent that was even colder.

It was undeniably a critical moment, yet Calista's heart remained steady, and her breathing was slow and calm. She could hear someone calling her name, but the sound seemed distant. She also heard the man's heavy, hurried breathing, which indicated he was likely exhausted as well.

With a calm demeanor, Calista asked, “Who are you? Who sent you? Why do you want to kill me?”

Roger hadn't expected that Calista, even at death's door, would remain so composed. He sneered, “You have the audacity to ask?”

The bandage over his eye was already soaked with blood. It trickled down in a scarlet stream that resembled tears of blood. At that moment, he looked as terrifying as a demon from hell, a sight unfortunately unseen by Calista.

A gust of wind blew, carrying with it the scent of blood. She surmised that he must have been injured by a hidden weapon earlier, and the wound seemed rather serious.

It's a shame. Why didn't he die?

“Why can’t I ask? Even as death looms, can’t I at least seek clarity?”

Upon hearing her words of self-surrender, Roger gave a cold laugh. He put away his gun and drew a knife instead.

“Since you seem to be clueless, allow me to enlighten you! Once I gouge out your eyes, you’ll understand. exactly what you did wrong!”

Eyes? Could he be blind in one eye? If so, I might just stand a chance! Calista thought.

Roger steadily advanced. The tip of the knife was nearly upon her when suddenly, Calista made a move.

Roger hadn’t expected Calista to be so skilled. However, he was no amateur himself. Quick as a flash, he managed to block the stealthy attack Calista launched from the right.

There was a distinct sound of bones cracking as he twisted Calista’s hand. It was contorted into a grotesque shape.

Such excruciating pain would be unbearable to any human, yet Calista managed to maintain a clear mind at this critical moment. Cold sweat soaked her forehead. She deduced that her opponent was blind in his right eye. Ignoring the pain in her captured left hand, she once again launched an attack from the man’s

left side.

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a needle mercilessly into the left side of his neck. His body instantly felt a wave of numbness.

The man panicked. Dmn it!

In the next moment, Calista took a step forward, but what she hadn’t anticipated was that because she couldn’t see clearly, her aim was off. Ideally, her move would have paralyzed him for a few seconds. However, at this critical moment, he surprisingly regained consciousness and pulled her with force.

Calista was taken aback. Suddenly, the ground beneath her gave way and she tumbled down.

When everyone had scoured the mountain from foot to peak without finding anyone, Kallum finally panicked. However, he told himself that there was no way Horatio could have harmed Callie after receiving the call. So where had things gone wrong?

The three snipers were brought before Kallum. Faced with the volatile man who held their lives in his hands, one of them stuttered, "Calista blinded the boss in one eye, so... even if the client wanted to change the terms of the deal, the boss wouldn't listen... He said he wanted... to kill her!"

Kallum felt a jolt in his heart. "You're saying the one who ran off is your leader?"

"Yes... He used to be an ace mercenary... because..."

"Damn it!" Kallum exploded, abruptly standing up. He hadn't anticipated such a sudden turn of events. If Horatio's people wouldn't listen to him, what would happen to Callie?

"Mr. Kallum, we've already searched the entire mountain. Searching again would be pointless."

"You must have missed a few spots. Are you suggesting that two grown individuals just vanished into thin air?"

Faced with Kallum's interrogation, someone stuttered, "There's... one place we haven't searched yet."

"Where?"

"Down the cliff..."

When Calista woke up, she was a bit dazed. She looked around, only to find herself engulfed in darkness. She was unable to see anything-

Beside her lay a body, somewhat chilled to the touch. It was then that Calista realized it was this man who had served as her shield, allowing her to narrowly escape danger. But where am I?

Calista, careful as if she were blind, felt around and realized she was on a ledge. She was certain she wasn't at the bottom of a cliff, for even with someone breaking her fall, she would have surely died.

She speculated that she was somewhere midway up the cliff. As for the exact location, she couldn't see or discern it.

Calista reached out, searching the man's lifeless body. Unfortunately, the man's phone had long been smashed by him. Aside from the gun, his clothes were torn and tattered. After some thought, Calista decided to cast the body off, testing the depth of the cliff.

She only had one usable hand. Cautiously, she nudged the body toward the edge, delivering the final kick that sent it over. It was only after a while, amidst the howling

wind, that she heard the thud of the body hitting the ground. This sent a chill down her spine.

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She was positioned in the middle of the cliff, on a protruding rock that was merely about ten square meters in size. The surface was barren, devoid of any vegetation or anything else. Spending a night in such a place could potentially make her sick. She could even freeze to death.

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Chapter 380 What If They Really Dic

The wind in the gorge was so fierce, a testament to the extremely narrow gaps between the mountains. Even if Kallum wanted to pick her up by helicopter, it probably couldn't land. And besides, she had nothing with her to contact him.

For a moment, Calista felt as if she was backed into a corner.

Had she died when she first fell, perhaps it wouldn't have mattered. But now, she was alive, yet forced to wait for death's slow approach. This ignited a powerful will to survive within her, and she began to resist.

Regardless, her immediate concern was figuring out how to get through the night.

Calista shifted slightly, intending to move closer to the cliff face, hoping to find a spot somewhat sheltered from the wind. However, as soon as she moved, the rock beneath her unexpectedly shifted a tiny bit too.

Countless tiny pebbles tumbled down, creating a soft rustling sound. Calista's entire body tensed up, and she didn't dare to breathe. She realized that the rock she was on seemed to be embedded into the mountain, and now, it had become loose.

Kallum doubled his manpower, instructing them to continue their search throughout the mountain. Despite his reluctance, he still led the team to the base of the cliff.

Quintus prayed inwardly, hoping desperately not to stumble upon anything they shouldn't see. Otherwise, they would surely be doomed.

Hundreds of people were searching beneath the cliff. In the darkness, Kallum's mind began to fill with ominous thoughts, causing his heart to sink bit by bit.

No, it can't be. It's impossible! How could Callie just be gone like that? She must still be on the mountain, perhaps hiding in some cave, waiting for me to rescue her. It must be so!

Calista was stiff all over, facing the relentless cold wind that kept hitting her. She moved extremely carefully, bit by bit. When her back finally touched the cliff face, she let out a long sigh of relief, curled up, and hugged herself into a ball.

In the darkness and solitude, teetering on the edge, Calista found herself sitting here, feeling as though she had been abandoned by the entire world. It was as if she was perched on the edge of the universe, or perhaps already in the midst of the apocalypse.

In the wind, tiny pebbles fell from the crevices beneath her, plummeting down the cliffside and echoing faintly. It was as if she was perched on an hourglass, each diminishing stone a ticking countdown. For the first time, Calista despised her acute hearing, which allowed her to hear the sound of her life slipping away so clearly.

Perhaps she would plummet down along with this boulder in an hour, several hours, or just a few minutes. When time became an exceedingly rare commodity, and death was looming over her, what would she

think about?

Calista hadn't anticipated any of this. She didn't have time to dwell on the past. All she could do was to ensure she remained still, not giving up and not struggling, just to prolong her existence as much as possible.

She knew she didn't want to succumb to death. At that moment, she couldn't afford to wallow in sorrow. All she could do was remind herself not to let her

mind

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Because once she gave up, she might truly be

gone,

At that moment, a brief ringtone sounded, startling Calista. It was only when she pulled out the phone that her eyes lit up with surprise. It still works?

However, reality dealt her another heavy blow. The phone still couldn't make calls. However, it hadn't

lost its functionality, as the owner of the phone had set it to automatically tune into the evening channel.

After a moment of hesitation, Calista very carefully typed out a message in the channel. Then, holding her breath in anticipation, she watched to see if it would successfully send.

At that time, on the screen at the Nexus Trade Building, the popular male host was conducting the evening program—Moonlit Whispers.

He was impeccably dressed in a suit, with an earpiece in place. Through the screen of the Nexus Trade Building, it seemed as if he had the entire city at his feet.

This was the most popular evening channel in Horington. It was just that Calista was unaware of it.

The host, Zeke Barker, was captivating the audience with his enchanting voice as he started the show. Meanwhile, the comments section below the screen was already brimming with messages.

Zeke chuckled to himself. Just as he was about to speak, his attention was suddenly caught by a comment that flashed by. “Slow down, darlings, I think I just missed something important.

The instant Zeke’s melodious voice echoed from the phone, Calista stopped breathing. She had successfully sent the message.

Immediately, her fingers flew across the screen, as she hastily crafted another message. But once again, it was swallowed up in the vast sea of comments.

She felt somewhat disheartened and quickly tried to send a message to Kallum. However, after she composed the message, it was perpetually stuck on “sending.” In other words, she couldn’t make calls or send texts. She could only access the voice channel.

Calista was somewhat hesitant. The persistent low battery warning beeping from the phone indicated that she didn’t have time to fiddle with this antique device. Biting the bullet, she once again tuned into the evening channel.

Zeke once again saw that message and furrowed his brows. He highlighted the key part of the message, making it visible for everyone to see.

It read: I am Calista Stafford! I am going to end my life!

The comments section immediately exploded.

Netizen A: Who is Calista? Another attention seeker, I presume?

Netizen B: Go meet your end somewhere else. Don’t interrupt Zeke’s show!

Netizen C: It’s better if we ask. What if they really die?

Zeke also found himself in a tricky situation. If he didn't inquire further and a life was lost, he knew it would be hard to avoid responsibility.

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