

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 391

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Chapter 391 I Want To Sleep With You

“Aunt Wanda, it’s been a long time since I’ve been home. I want to go back and stay for a few days.”

The moment she spoke, the previously harmonious atmosphere at the dining table became awkward.

Just as Wanda was about to speak, her husband swiftly pulled her back.

Hold your tongue. Can’t you see your son has already lost his temper?

With a fork tightly clamped in his hand, Kallum asked, “You want to go home?”

Fairchild Manor is her home. She’s clearly planning to run away from home!

Calista didn’t respond. She didn’t even look at him. Her eyes were solely fixed on Wanda.

Sensing a tension brewing at the dinner table, Wanda swallowed hard and whispered, “Why do you want to

back all of a sudden? This is also your home, isn’t it? Did something happen that made you upset?”

Calista stole a glance at Kallum. She couldn’t use her hands now and was constantly carried around by Kallum every day. She felt upset all the time.

However, she was incredibly aloof as she said, “No. It’s just been a long time since I’ve spent quality time with my dad. I suddenly miss him a lot.”

Upon hearing that Calista was merely missing her father, Wanda found it to be a natural sentiment. She smiled and said, “You’re right. After your dad’s divorce, he never found someone else. He must be quite lonely. How about this? Tomorrow, you-

Before she could finish her sentence, Silas interrupted her with a playful nudge, “Honey, you haven’t taken your medicine today. Are you feeling a tightness in your chest? Let’s go take your medicine!”

Then, he took Wanda by the hand and they left

Calista’s eyes widened. She quietly turned to look at Kallum’s face. The sight was too much to bear. He scoffed coldly, throwing his fork onto the plate with a loud clang.

“Trying to shake me off, aren’t you? You seem rather eager.” Kallum scrutinized her.

Even though she shouldn’t have, Calista actually felt nervous at that moment.

“I’m not a criminal!”

“Oh?” Kallum rose from his seat and moved to the other side. With a casual bend of his legs, he perched himself right on the dining table. His arms were crossed over his chest as he looked down at her with a commanding gaze. “Why don’t you tell me, how come someone who hasn’t bothered to call her dad even once in a year or two suddenly wants to reminisce about old times with him? Or should I say, reminiscing is just an excuse, and you’re trying to avoid me?”

Calista opened her mouth to speak, but before she could utter a word, Kallum silenced her with a single finger pressed against her lips

Calista felt a sense of danger.

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until you’ve fully recovered?”

Calista hesitated for a moment, struggling desperately as if on the brink of death.

“Nothing will go wrong if I just stay at home and don’t go out.”

Kallum chuckled amiably.

“No!”

Nor

You call the shots in the Fairchild family, but I’m not a Fairchild!

In the middle of the night, Calista’s dissatisfaction grew. After realizing she was penniless, she felt her courage had significantly diminished.

She was penniless, but she still had friends. Wyatt would undoubtedly take her in.

However, given her current physical condition, it was impossible for her to bother others. She decided to go home instead. She refused to believe that Kallum would actually follow her all the way to her house.

Having made up her mind, Calista stealthily rose from her bed. Luckily, Kallum respected her enough not to insist they share a room after her return. Otherwise, her plan would have been far more difficult to

execute.

After getting dressed, Calista opened the door.

Her heart almost leaped out of her chest, and her eyes widened.

She said in a remarkably cool and collected manner, "It's quite late. Why aren't you asleep, Mr. Kallum? Do you need something from me?"

Leaning against the doorway with his arms crossed, Kallum broke into a smile the moment he saw her.

"You heartless girl, you can sleep soundly without me, but without you, I can't sleep at all!"

His words wer

were a mix of truth and deceit. The main issue was that he had suffered another bout of side effects from the antiserum he had taken earlier. He was in extreme discomfort and wanted to seek solace in her presence.

But they had finally managed to get along harmoniously. He didn't dare to disrupt this pattern lightly, so he had lingered at the door for quite some time, not daring to enter. Little did he know she would be the one to open the door first.

The mere thought of Calista's motive for dressing up and opening the door in the middle of the night brought a smile to Kallum's face.

"That being said, it's quite late... so where are you going?"

In a split second, Calista came up with the perfect excuse.

"I... want to go to the laboratory. I just thought of something really useful!"

"That's a good excuse." Kallum looked at her in surprise. "I didn't expect your lies to be so convincing. As it

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happens, I can't sleep. Shall we take a walk together?"

Calista felt a headache coming on. She moved to close the door. "Forget it, whatever it is can be discussed with Old Mr. Yancey tomorrow... I'm off to bed now, Goodnight..."

"Wait!" Kallum propped the door open, arching his eyebrows. "I think you're trying to run away."

“No, I’m not...”

“Calista, do you really think you can fool me?”

When Kallum suddenly called her name, Calista felt a bit guilty. “So, what do you want?” you

Forcibly, Kallum made his way in. “I want to sleep with you, of course.”

Before Calista could utter a word, she was abruptly hoisted up by Kallum and tossed onto the bed.

“What are you doing?”

Her hands were still bandaged, limiting what she could do. She could only resist using her legs..

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At this moment, Kallum began to unbuckle his belt.

Belt

Calista was lying on the bed, her eyes wide as she stared at him. Her mind raced with numerous thoughts. Is he trying to hit me? Or is he roleplaying?

While she was still thinking, Kallum had already pressed down on her legs, using the belt to fasten her two legs together.

Had her hand been fine, undoing this kind of lock would have taken mere minutes. But now, looking at her own legs bound, Calista found herself utterly helpless.

“Kallum...” Calista said weakly.

“This way, you’ll behave!”

Kallum flashed a fierce grin, fastening the belt around her thigh, close to her knee, and pulled it tight. This made Calista behave, as she couldn’t move her legs at all.

“I need to use the bathroom!”

“Shall I carry you?” Kallum responded instinctively. As their eyes met, an embarrassingly intimate posture flashed through both their minds. Calista’s face turned beet red.

“You’re shameless!”

Shameless!

Suddenly, with a burst of enthusiasm, Kallum lunged forward, grabbing Calista’s hands and pinning her underneath him. His eyes sparkled with mischief.

“Seriously, if you need to use the bathroom, don’t hold it in! Remember when I was sick? You took care of me then. Now, it’s my turn to take care of you.”

Calista was completely cornered. She lifted her gaze to meet Kallum’s, enveloped by his refreshing scent. His intense body heat made her face burn even redder.

After a prolonged exchange of glances, she said through gritted teeth, “I don’t want to go anymore!”

Upon hearing this, Kallum wore a face of disappointment.

“Make sure to let me know if you ever need anything! I’d be more than happy to help!”

“Kallum!”

Calista struggled forcefully. Seeing that she was angry, Kallum quickly leaned down to kiss her lips. At that moment, the world fell silent.

After snapping back to reality, Calista pounded his chest with her clenched fists.

However, it seemed as if her strength had diminished due to her injury. Despite her resistance, Kallum

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Under the dim light, Calista found herself being passionately kissed. For a moment, she struggled to breathe. She was enveloped in an intense heat, with no room for resistance.

After a long kiss, the ambiguous sounds echoed within the quiet room.

Calista hadn’t fully recovered her senses when she immediately covered her mouth with her bandaged

hands.

“I can’t go on anymore…”

Her muffled voice came through. It was raspy yet tender.

Kallum was slightly lost in thought. It had been a long time since he last experienced such intimacy.

A flutter stirred in his heart as he gently, yet decisively, removed her hands. A deep chuckle emanated from his chest. He was pleased with her reaction.

“Why are you laughing…”

Calista shot him a glare, trying to be tough. Yet, their faces were merely a few inches apart. What if I raised my voice and he…

Kallum traced the scar on her face with his fingertips. Her face wasn’t conventionally beautiful, but her eyes held a galaxy of stars, shimmering with an unspoken depth. She was gazing at him, drawing him in deeper and deeper.

“If you keep looking at me like that, I might just have to take you.”

Suddenly, the low, husky, and amused voice of Kallum echoed, causing not only Calista’s face, but her entire body to blush.

In a state of panic, she hastily pushed Kallum away, and he allowed himself to be pushed back. Seeing Calista tied up and instinctively shrinking toward the corner of the bed, he couldn’t hold back any longer and burst out laughing.

“Callie! How could you be so adorable?”

Calista’s eyes widened in panic. She pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Kallum approached as if he had made a groundbreaking discovery.

“You seem quite nervous? Has no one ever spoken to you in such a manner before?”

Calista hugged her knees, eyeing him warily. At that moment, even if she had unleashed all her defenses, she still seemed as vulnerable and endearing as a startled bunny.

Under the dim, yellow light, Kallum leaned in closer, resembling a wolf while she appeared to be a fragile little creature on the brink of danger.

He gently held her face, his long lashes casting a shadow over his eyes, as he asked in an inexplicably soft tone, “Could it be that, in your past and present life, you’ve only ever experienced intimacy once, and it

was with me?”

Although it seemed unlikely, the mere thought of it brought such pleasure to Kallum.

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Calista snapped back to reality and forcefully slapped his hand away.

“So what?”

So what! She actually admitted it!

Kallum burst out in triumphant laughter.

He

was so elated that he scooped Calista into his arms like a wolf pouncing on its prey. His eyes were filled

section.

Calista felt humiliated. #hat’s so funny about me sleeping only with him?

In her previous life, she had managed to live until thirty. However, that life was far from ordinary. She was either on the run or being captured for experimentation. Her true life experiences were pitifully scarce, overshadowed by the bleak and dismal aspects.

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Chapter 393 Not Adept Dealing With People

Calista wasn’t adept at making friends or dealing with people, was naive to the ways of the world, and was devoid of any social needs. She had only slept with one person before, so she didn’t understand what was there to laugh at

“What are you laughing at?” Her tone was extremely dangerous, her eyes piercingly fixed on him.

Kallum was on the verge of laughing until tears formed in his eyes as he held the woman he cherished. Hearing her declare that she had loved only him in both of her lives and that he was the only one for her gave him a sense of fulfillment that others simply couldn’t comprehend.

Suddenly, he felt incredibly fortunate. He was aware of his good fortune. Whether it was his reincarnation. or life experiences, they were all smooth sailing. However, there was

never a moment that made him feel as lucky as he did at that moment, having completely received all of her in both his previous and present life.

“I’m just happy, that’s all!” Kallum planted a forceful kiss on Calista’s face, only to be met with a look of disdain.

His smugness irked her greatly, and she muttered unhappily. “Don’t you also have sex only once before? What’s there to be so proud of?”

Kallum was nonplussed, bit her ear, and said menacingly, “If it weren’t for your current state of health, that number would absolutely keep climbing indefinitely! Do you believe that?”

Calista maintained a cold, indifferent expression, but her body involuntarily recoiled in fear.

She felt that if it weren’t for the K Virus still lingering in her body, she would have been wholly devoured long ago.

Kallum turned and laughed again. “Do you know what this signifies? It means you’ve always been meant to be with me! In our previous lives, we both took the wrong paths, so in this life we’re correcting that. You were always supposed to be mine!”

He repeated with unwavering certainty!

Calista huffed. In my previous life, it was just that I didn’t have the time, that’s all! It would’ve been fine if this matter wasn’t brought up! “I’m really tired. If you’re too wired to sleep, why don’t you go for a run or something?”

Kallum lowered his voice, whispering into her ear, “It’s seeing you that truly excites me...”

“Even with my disfigured face, you can still get hard?”

“Do you want to touch it?”

Calista touched her face. Ever since Kallum had started to play around without any boundaries, she was finding it harder and harder to keep up with him.

“Go to sleep!” Her voice held a hint of desperation. “Upfasten this d*mned belt from me!”

“You’ll kick me out if I do,” Killum said, feigning a pitiful look.

Calista was on the verge of losing her mind. She was set to leave tomorrow, but she would leave

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With such a strong obsession, she ended up sleeping in a state of confusion.

The next day, it was clear that Calista had not gotten enough sleep.

Shaun asked, "Ms. Stafford, did you not sleep well last night?"

Calista shook her head. "Is there a drug that can fake a man go limp?"

"Huh?"

"Never mind. I was just speaking off the cuff."

Ms. Stafford is harboring a perilous notion! For the sake of Kallum's lifelong happiness, Shaun bit the bullet and covertly inquired, "Ms. Stafford, are you intending to...?"

Calista waved her hand. Her expression was one of exhaustion.

Shaun was somewhat puzzled. "Mss.

I believe you and Mr. Kallum make a great pair. Why won't you consider accepting him? We all saw how you used to feel about him, so I can't believe you when you say you have no feelings for him! So, why is it? Mr. Kallum is even willing to risk his life for you."

Why? Calista's headache seemed to intensify. Fortunately, Kallum had gone to the office. Otherwise, her day would have been even more unbearable. Why is that?

She was simply overwhelmed by the deep sorrow within her, feeling as though she was suffocating.

At that moment, the butler approached and announced, "Ms. Stafford, your father has arrived!"

Calista was taken aback. Dad's here? Well, then again, it's about time. The last time I had a close call, he visited once while I was unconscious. Several days had passed since then, so he should have come to visit by now. It's odd he seems

to be late.

Upon seeing her face, Benedict was taken aback.

"Callie! Your face..." He paused momentarily. "You'll be okay, right?"

Calista nodded. "Yes. It will get better in time. Your visit... Is there something you need?"

It was no surprise that Calista would say such a thing because Benedict was just the type of person who wore his troubles on his face.

Benedict replied, "Yes. Something came up, which caused a delay these past few days. I should have been here sooner.

"What happened?" Calista calmly picked up a cup of coffee. In her mind, Benedict should be sailing smoothly without any worries.

Benedict glanced timidly at Calista as if he was afraid she would blame him. It took him a moment before he managed to stutter out his words. "Um, a few days ago, I bumped into someone."

Calista narrowed her eyes. "Who?"

"Yelena"

Calista inexplicably laughed. She took a sip of her coffee remaining silent.

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Meanwhile, Benedict continued speaking, steeling himself. "At that time, she was all covered in blood. I had no choice but to take her to the hospital. Then, I contacted the Langley family to come and pick her up. However, the Langley family said that because of Yelena's actions, the head of the Langley family had fallen ill from anger. They had already cut ties with Yelena and told me not to bother them anymore. They said if I don't want to save her, I could just leave her on the street. Whether she lived or died, it would have nothing to do with the Langley family anymore."

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Calista raised an eyebrow slightly, reminiscing about that night when she barged into the Langley residence and grinning.

Seeing Calista smile, Benedict felt even more uncertain.

"I had intended to pay her medical bills out of the kindness of my heart, as we had shared a brief acquaintance, and then leave. However... she clung onto me. She claimed she was homeless, and if I wasn't willing to take her in, she might as well have been left to die in the hospital!" Benedict shook his head. "She also said that she'd do anything, even slave away, as long as I was willing to take her in. She mentioned that she had no other choice back then and now she feels deeply sorry for me..."

Benedict furrowed his brows in distress. “Moreover, she looked miserable. Her face was so thin it was almost unrecognizable. It seemed she really learned her lesson.”

Strictly speaking, Benedict was a kind-hearted man with a forgiving nature. Despite the way Yelena had treated him in the past, which had initially filled him with resentment, time had softened his anger. Seeing Yelena’s miserable state, he no longer harbored such intense resentment and even felt a strong sense of sympathy toward her.

Calista set down her cup. “Where is she now?”

“She’s at our place,” replied Benedict.

Upon hearing that Benedict had arrived, Kallum thought that his soon-to-be father-in-law was there to claim someone. Without a second thought, he quickly wrapped up his work and returned from the office, only to find Calista packing clothes,

“What are you doing?” Kallum’s towering figure blocked the doorway. His brows furrowed in a clear display of displeasure as if he was on the verge of losing his temper.

Meanwhile, Benedict was off to one side, trying to mediate the situation. “Yeah, Callie, with all the chaos at home right now, perhaps it’s better if you don’t return right now.”

Kallum raised an eyebrow slightly, noticing that Benedict didn’t want Calista to return. It seems something is up. No matter. I won’t let my wife leave this building! Hmph!

Calista looked at Kallum. Seeing that he had returned so quickly, she walked over and spoke with a hint of resignation. “I want to go home for a few days.”

Kallum was taken aback. Just as he was about to voice his disapproval, Calista swiftly covered his mouth. with her hand, emphasizing her point. “Just for a few days!”

Kallum glanced at Benedict, asking with discontent, “What’s the point of going back?”

Benedict was off to the side, sweating bullets. My daughter isn’t even married yet, so why can’t she return to her parents’ home? Why do I feel guilty every time I meet the gaze of my prospective son-in-law?

Calista chuckled lightly. “Yelena has nowhere else to go, so she slaving away at our place. She used to bully me so much. Now that I have the chance to turn the tables, of course I want to go back and enjoy it!”

“Her again?” Kallum frowned in disdain, feeling that even though those people were insignificant, they clung to her like superglue, impossible to shake off no matter how hard she tried.

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Calista nodded in agreement. Mirabelle and Quincy were both out of the picture, and Yelena was almost there, too. Yelena was on the brink of ruin, with no possible chance of turning things around. However, Yelena had chosen not to take the easy way out. Instead, she had fallen right into Calista's hands. Given that opportunity, Calista couldn't help but toy with Yelena a bit, indulging in her own twisted sense of amusement.

"Is it really just because you want to have some fun?" Kallum didn't see anything wrong with Calista's intention to retaliate. After all, she had suffered countless times at the hands of Yelena since childhood. However, Kallum was worried that could be an excuse for Calista to leave. She had been wanting to slip away for quite some time, and if she succeeded, he wouldn't feel at ease without her under his watchful eyes.

"I promise!" Calista solemnly raised her hand in a vow. Her petite face was still marred with several scars, but to Kallum, her serious demeanor was absolutely endearing.

However, he was still quite hesitant.

Seeing that he remained silent, Calista leaned in and whispered softly, "You can't push me too hard, you know, You have to give me some space to think."

She let out a sigh.

Kallum's eyes lit up when he heard that. What does she mean by that? Could it be that she's once again faltering because of him?

Kallum intensely gazed at her, his handsome face stern, as he hesitated before asking. "What if the conclusion you've reached isn't what I'm hoping for?"

A hint of bewilderment flashed in Calista's eyes.

Seeing that she was genuinely contemplating, rather than using it as an excuse to leave, was merely a small change. Yet, for Kallum, it was enough.

He stared at her for a moment, and finally, his tense body relaxed. Forget it. After all, I have plenty of time to win her over.

"All right, you may go." Suddenly, Kallum extended a finger, pressing it firmly against her forehead as he declared menacingly, "However, you only have one week. I'm giving you just one week. Come back once. you've had your fill!"

Calista originally thought that convincing Kallum, who had made a special trip to meet her, would be a tough task. To her surprise, he agreed quickly, leaving her stunned.

Moreover, when Kallum poked her forehead a few times with his finger, she didn't understand why, but she felt as though her heart had also been tapped twice by the same finger, causing it to waver a bit.

Even though Kallum was only in his twenties, the way he looked at her, his brows furrowed and lips pursed, a mix of helplessness and indulgence in his gaze, she genuinely felt as if she was being cherished and held in high regard.

She wondered if she could really be with Kallum again.

Even on her journey back home, she was still pondering that.

Her life, whether she liked it or not, seemed to be inextricably intertwined with that name. It was a

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mixture of resentment and obsessive thoughts that she could never fully untangle it.

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Chapter 395 Unconcerned About Actions.

However, the moment Calista laid eyes on Yelena, those jumbled thoughts instantly faded away.

Seeing Yelena opening the door with sheer joy before paling was quite a satisfying sight to Calista.

"Dad, you mentioned she chose to be a free housekeeper in our home, right?" asked Calista.

Before Benedict could respond, Yelena timidly spoke up. "Yes... Callie, I've made many mistakes in the past, so I

"That's not how you should address me," Calista interrupted her, his smile appearing particularly wicked beneath the crisscrossing scars. "What should you call me?"

Yelena hesitated before saying. "Ms. Calista."

"Good!" Calista laughed, completely unconcerned about whether her actions were wrong or not. It was almost instinctive for her to make Yelena uncomfortable!

She said to Benedict, "How can it be fair for Mdm. Langley to work in our house without a salary? Dad, you should pay her at least as much as the security guard. After all, she may not necessarily be doing a better job than him."

Benedict caught Yelena's desperate plea for help in her gaze, but he didn't react, simply going along with what Calista was saying. "All right, let's do it that way."

At that moment, Yelena realized who truly held the reins in this household!

In her mind, she was frantically pondering about something. Isn't Calista supposed to be in the Fairchild family, rarely leaving the house? How did she return? Could it be that she came back to deal with me?

Yelena clenched her fist, forcefully suppressing the surge of resentment welling up within her. Calista has everything now, so why is she still causing trouble for me? Is he not satisfied until I'm driven to my demise?

She glanced at Benedict, and only then did her anxious heart settle. Anyway, as long as Benedict is still as easy to handle as before, I still have a chance.

Upon entering, Calista settled herself on the couch. Since she was often not home, Benedict was also frequently out. Thus, aside from the staff who cooked, cleaned, and guarded the house, there were no other housekeepers present

Calista chuckled lightly. "Where's my coffee? It's not every day I return home. Can I not even have a glass. of water?"

Upon hearing those words, Yelena instinctively looked towards Benedict. However, it seemed as if Benedict hadn't noticed her gaze at all. He simply headed upstairs to his study.

Left with no choice, Yelena could only respond, "I'm on my way..."

She poured Calista a cup of mocha, but considering the extent to which Calista had wronged her, she obviously wasn't going to serve Calista sincerely

Thus, Yelena spat into the coffee cup. Having fallen to such a low point, that was the only scheme she had left.

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Once the coffee was ready, she cautiously and timidly brought the cup over. Her thin face bore no trace of the harshness that once was. "Ms. Calist

your coffee is ready."

Calista merely glanced at Yelena, not taking what was offered. Instead, she looked at Yelena with a half- smile. "You were my stepmother for over a decade, Surely, you must know, I don't like mocha, right?"

Yelena was taken aback. Even though she had been harshly treated by Calista for the past two years, the subconscious memories of her tormenting Calista for eighteen years always managed to creep up, causing mischief. As a result, she found herself in a conflicted state of mind. Thus, on the one hand, she feared. Calista, but on the other, she felt she shouldn't be afraid. That internal contradiction led her to be submissive yet cursing under her breath. "I... I don't know what you liked to drink..."

"You don't know?" Calista chuckled softly, perched on the couch just like any other prominent young lady, her tone high and mighty. "If you don't know, then learn? Are you waiting for me, the master, to teach you how to be a housekeeper?"

The veiled mockery caused Yelena to grimace.

However, she was already at her wit's end. After she had driven Matthew to illness, Hans was relentlessly berated and beaten by Matthew. He couldn't even protect himself, let alone her.

Therefore, she had no choice but to take a risk and seek out Benedict. She initially thought that as long as she behaved subserviently and played the victim, Benedict would surely be moved. However, before she could do anything. Calista returned from the Fairchild family, clearly targeting her.

Upon arriving at that thought, Yelena gritted her teeth so loudly it was audible. Calista was leaving her absolutely no way out!

"Well? Get going." Calista gave her a quick glance.

Yelena suppressed the impulse to splash the coffee in her hand onto Calista's face and responded in a submissive manner, "I... I'm going right now."

Staring at her retreating figure, Calista couldn't help but chuckle. How ironic that my once high and mighty stepmother is now at the mercy of her once-downtrodden stepdaughter. It must have been quite uncomfortable for her, but I find it incredibly amusing. She only remembered the Stafford family after she had no way out. Even if Dad agrees to take her in, I'm still kicking, and I won't make it easy for her!

Yelena brought over a cup of cappuccino. That time,

and said, "I don't really like cappuccino, either. Are you dare pull any tricks. Calista glanced at it

to make me die of thirst?"

At that moment, as Yelena stared into Calista's malicious gaze, she genuinely considered throwing something at the latter!

Yelena held the cup tightly, her grip unyielding! “Ms. Calista... What exactly would you like to drink?”

Her resentful gaze was fiercely suppressed beneath her mask, her thin lips taut beneath her high cheekbones, clearly at the brink of endurance.

She can't even handle this much? Calista waved her hand, somewhat bored. “Keep going, until I'm satisfied.”

Left with no other choice, Yelena had to turn around.

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Chapter 396 Tamed By Calista.

After giving it some thought, Yelena took the cup of coffee and headed to Benedict's study.

Benedict had initially been engrossed in reviewing financial statements when he noticed her, expressing surprise. “What's the matter?”

Yelena's tears immediately welled up, cascading down her cheeks. Her face, elegantly maintained and even more refined due to her weight loss, was filled with an expression of profound sorrow. “I feel so useless.... Callie asked me to pour her some coffee, but I have no idea what kind she preferred. I've prepared different coffee a few times, yet she's never satisfied. To avoid wasting it, I'll give this cup to you to drink...”

Benedict's expression held an inexplicable restraint. Just when Yelena thought Benedict would criticize Calista, he managed to utter a sentence, “Callie is unpredictable. It's best you don't upset her.”

A chill ran down Yelena's spine. Could it be that in such a short span of time, Benedict had already been wholly tamed by Calista?

She found the situation to be more challenging, and she bowed her head, sobbing softly.

“Benedict! I'm at my wit's end. I know I've made many mistakes in the past. It's understandable if Callie doesn't forgive me, but I truly realize my wrongdoings now...” That time, she truly cried.

The thought of her life after divorcing Benedict was too painful to put into words. She had once found Benedict unbearable, but she realized that he had genuinely cared for her. “I was ignorant to your worth in the past. I didn't cherish you, but I truly realize my mistake now, Benedict. Please help me...”

Benedict found himself touched by her tears. He had always been a man easily moved by emotions, especially when it came to Yelena, his wife of many years. Even if love was absent, he still felt a sense of deep familial bond with her. Seeing her struggle so much, he couldn't help but feel a surge of compassion. "All right, stop crying now! I'll take you down, okay? Callie is only staying at home for a week. During this week, try not to upset her. I'll also have a word with her."

Yelena's eyes lit up when she heard that Calista was only staying for a week. She followed behind Benedict with a slightly aggrieved look, heading off to find Calista

Seeing that Yelena had been gone for quite a while and had even brought Benedict along, Calista couldn't help but scoff.

"Why, I asked you to make coffee. Why did you bring my father along?" Catching sight of Yelena's red, swollen eyes, Calista widened her smile, her gaze filled with puzzlement. "I don't recall mistreating you. Why are you crying?"

"Callic... Benedict attempted to assert his paternal authority, yet it was clear that Calista was the apple of Kallum's eye. Recognizing that reality, Benedict found himself unable to be stern with Calista, leaving him somewhat helpless. "Yelena realizes her mistakes now. She just wants our family to take her in for a while. Let's not make things difficult for her."

Yelena chimed in at the right moment. "Ms. Calista, as soon as I find a job, I'll leave immediately! The time I'm spending here is merely to atone for my past mistakes. I assure you, I have no other intention."

The smile on

Calista's face cooled slightly, her confusion evident as she asked, "What are you trying to do? I haven't given you a hard time. Why did you bring Dad here? What exactly are you planning?"

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things difficult for her."

"Difficult? So she went to complain, huh?" Calista was seated on the couch, visibly frustrated. "All I asked her to do was pour me two cups of coffee, yet she acts like it's so difficult. I really can't afford to keep such a temperamental housekeeper,"

"No... No..." Yelena wiped away her tears, glancing at Benedict as if she were an innocent woman burdened. with unspeakable sorrow. "I'll go prepare it now..."

Upon seeing Yelena leave, Benedict sighed. “Callic, why are you doing this? I know you’re worried she might have ulterior motives, and I understand you’re looking out for me. However, I’m only offering her a place to stay for a while. I’m seldom home, so consider it as providing her a place to live. There will be nothing more between us. I just feel sorry for her... After all, we were married for over a decade. It’s somewhat hard to be heartless.”

Calista had not anticipated that Benedict would have such a clear understanding of Yelena’s thoughts. However, she knew Benedict too well. His intentions were always good. He was the kind of man who would feed a stray cat if he saw one, let alone Yelena. However, in Calista’s opinion, he just didn’t understand Yelena well enough.

Everyone in Horington knew about Yelena’s scandal, yet she could still scheme as if she were unaffected. A woman like her would never be a match for Benedict.

At that moment, Yelena came over with a cup of apple cider latte she had brewed. With a timid demeanor, she held the latte, but instead of handing it over directly, she knelt down in front of Calista!

“What are you doing?” Benedict was taken aback, rushing over to help Yelena up. However, Yelena refused to get up, her face set with determination as she looked at Calista.

“Callie, I know you despise me. I was foolish in the past, I treated you poorly, and I wasn’t good to Benedict. I’ve made many mistakes...” She spoke with such sincerity and passion that when she reached the height of her emotions, tears fell from her eyes like pearls from a broken string, tracing a path down her pale face. “I was such a fool! Always overambitious and aiming high without the ability to back it up. I failed to recognize who truly cared for me. I was such a mess. Callie, I’ve truly decided to turn over a new leaf and start afresh. I’ll go out and find a job soon. I promise not to be a burden on you anymore. Could you please give me this chance to make amends? I beg you!”

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Chapter 397 Forgive Me

Yelena’s captivating performance deeply moved Benedict. “All right, get up now! You shouldn’t do this.”

The two of them were fussing and tugging at each other while Calista didn’t so much as bat an eyelid.

With a hardened resolve, Yelena pushed away Benedict and slid the coffee cup toward Calista. “Callie, please be magnanimous and overlook my past mistakes this time. I promise to be a better person from

now on!”

Calista’s gaze fell on the coffee cup. “What difference does it make whether I forgive you or not?”

Yelena quickly pleaded, “Forgive me, just have this cup of coffee...”

Narrowing her eyes, Calista gave the coffee cup a quick glance, and surprisingly, she ended up taking it.

Seeing Calista holding the coffee cup. Yelena secretly clenched her fist. She had added a lot of vinegar to the coffee. If Calista drank it, she would surely get angry! By then, Benedict, seeing Calista’s unreasonable behavior, would certainly side with her. At least, that was what Yelena believed.

If Calista refused to drink it, Benedict would realize how inhuman Calista was, that even when she was on her knees, Calista showed no sign of empathy.

As such, Yelena believed she would win regardless of what happened.

Lowering her head, Calista took a sniff and asked with a smile, “What kind of coffee is this?”

“Apple cider latte...” Yelena said timidly. At first glance, she really looked like an innocent woman who had been bullied.

“Apple cider?” Calista chuckled lightly, taking a sip. A sour and astringent taste exploded on her taste buds, causing her to narrow her eyes slightly. Yelena held her breath in anticipation of the impending storm, all the while readying herself for protection!

Upon seeing Calista sipping her coffee, Benedict breathed a sigh of relief. “Aren’t you going to get up? Callic has forgiven you!”

Yelena was somewhat baffled because that wasn’t what she had envisioned! Why hasn’t Calista lost her temper yet?

Thus, she hesitated and finally plucked up the courage to ask, “Callie, is it good? It’s my first time making this. I don’t have much experience.”

“It tastes quite good.” Calista held the cup up, smiling as she looked at Yelena. “You said you realized your mistakes, that you want to start anew, and you even begged for my forgiveness. I can do that and believe you, but only if you finish this cup of coffee. How does that sound?”

A stiff expression crossed Yelena’s face. “This is... You’ve drunk from this already-

Calista found that she truly enjoyed teasing Yelena. With a relaxed smile, she asked, "Are you disgusted?"

"No..." Yelena felt as if she had shot herself in the foot, especially with Benedict watching right beside her.

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Chapter 397 Forgive Me

However, she had overestimated herself. Earlier, in an attempt to provoke Calista, she had added too much cacao nibs and vinegar to the drink. Thus, drinking that coffee was practically a death sentence!

Originally, Yelena intended to down her drink in one go, but after just a sip, she couldn't help but feel the urge to vomit!

It seemed as though Calista knew Yelena couldn't handle it. The moment Yelena took a sip, Calista swiftly covered the former's mouth! "Swallow it down. If you dare to spit it out, I'll make you lick it clean!"

At that moment, Yelena was reminded of the night when Calista had ruthlessly insisted she swallow the money. With a sudden relaxation in her throat, she actually managed to swallow it down!

After swallowing, Yelena hastily attempted to get up and find some water to drink. However, Calista held Yelena down by the shoulder, making it impossible for her even to stand.

"Why are you running?" Calista's voice remained steady, yet it carried an undeniable authority. She took the cup

with a cold, mocking smile. "Weren't you begging for my forgiveness? How come you can't even finish a cup of coffee?"

At that point, Benedict also realized something was afoot, that coffee seemed to be more than it appeared.

Tears welled up in Yelena's eyes because of the overwhelming bitterness. Yet, she found herself instinctively making excuses. "Callie, I'm sorry. I accidentally added too much apple cider. I'll go make a new cup right away!"

sat on the

"No worries," Calista said good-naturedly as she couch. She spread her legs and leaned in toward her. "Once you finish that cup, I won't hold it against you."

Yelena's face showed an expression of shock and terror. If I drink this, will I even survive?!

"No... I..." Yelena struggled, but before she could finish her sentence, Calista had already squeezed the cup. and made the older woman take another sip!

Yelena was cornered, truly wanting to vomit all over Calista! Yet, it was as if Calista knew what Yelena was

held Yelena's chin, forcing the

planning. Calista used one hand to pour the coffee while her other skillfull

latter to swallow!

One was kneeling, and the other was seated. One was dominant, and the other was forced to endure.

As Calista poured the coffee down Yelena's throat, she chuckled and said, "How delightful. This is the first time I tasted a cup of coffee brewed by you. It doesn't matter if it tastes bad. What's important is the sentiment. I suppose after today, you won't make such a distasteful brew again, right? I'm looking forward.

to it."

Calista's starry eyes, glinting coldly, were right in front of Yelena. As Yelena's pupils dilated in shock, Calista grinned cruelly. The scar on her face suddenly seemed much more terrifying, causing Yelena's chest to tighten! She felt as if the Grim Reaper had a grip on her life!

She's a devil! Yelena was greatly shaken, turning to Benedict in a desperate plea for help. However, Benedict was far from pleased with her, knowing she had done something to the coffee earlier. He turned his head. away, leaving Calista with an easy opportunity to force Yelena to drink an entire cup of something both sour and bitter. Not a single drop was wasted.

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At that moment, Calista's voice came from above, causing Yelena's tear-streaked face to twitch uncontrollably. "You've dirtied the carpet."

"No... I didn't!" replied Yelena.

"Take it to the yard and give it a proper wash. I'll have Richard fetch the water for you."

Yelena panicked because her hands would surely not be able to bear scrubbing the carpet in that kind of weather.

"You seem unwilling." Calista looked at Yelena with a troubled expression.

"Benedict... Benedict..." The look in Calista's eyes genuinely frightened Yelena, causing her to fall before Benedict in a plea for help. However, Yelena's makeup was smeared by tears, making her look like a ghost. How could she possibly stir up any sympathy from Benedict, especially considering that she had been dishonest first?

"All this fuss over a simple mistake, honestly! I'm not going to care about this anymore!" After Benedict finished speaking, he left the room with a stern expression, leaving Yelena helplessly staring at his retreating figure.

Behind Yelena was the faint laughter of Calista. "If you don't finish cleaning today, there won't be any dinner for you."

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Calista found being the bad guy incredibly satisfying, especially when seeing the other party powerless to resist. It made her want to torment Yelena mercilessly!

"Of course, if you think it's too cruel to make you scrub the carpet with cold water in this freezing weather, the door is right there. You're welcome to leave at your own pace. No need for me to see you out." With a single sentence, Calista had grasped Yelena's lifeline.

Yelena glared at Calista with resentment, wishing she could tear the latter to pieces! "How could you be so heartless? I was once your stepmother! Aren't you afraid of others talking behind your back for treating me like this?"

Calista stood up, crossing her arms as she stared at Yelena sprawled on the carpet, a picture of disarray. "I don't care. After all, I learned all these from you. Enjoy it."

After saying that, she ascended the stairs with a smile.

Staring at Calista's retreating figure, Yelena was frantic. How can I get my revenge on Calista? I don't care what happens to me as long as I can retaliate against Calista! After all, Quincy had already been released from prison. Maybe I can perish together with Calista!

That wild idea flickered in her mind for a moment, but she quickly suppressed it because she wasn't ready to die. No, I'll just bear with it for now! After all, Calista will be leaving in a week. All I have to do is endure this week

That's all.

On the staircase, Calista watched as Yelena silently went about gathering the carpet, smiling faintly. I bet she's thinking she can just endure this, but a week it's not that short.

A lot had been happening recently in the bustling Horington. After nearly two years of laying low, Kallum

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a stir in the entire business community. His actions were a bold declaration of his presence!

The Ingram family was struggling to protect itself, so it was only natural that Quincy would not choose to follow them into ruin. Upon learning that Quincy had returned to the Wolford family, Yelena started to entertain other thoughts.

If Yelena couldn't stay with the Stafford family long-term, it would be nice if her daughter could take her in. Although the Wolford family was nearly ruined, they could still ensure the mother and daughter had enough to eat and stay warm.

Unfortunately, Yelena couldn't meet Quincy, so she thought of making her move through Benedict.

Calista didn't care about all that. At that moment, she was at the Sinclair residence, having Ambrose paint her portrait.

After the final follow-up appointment, Ambrose had fully recovered. However, just as Calista was about to leave, he pulled her back. "Callie, may I paint one final portrait of you?"

Calista looked into Ambrose's clear eyes, and before her mind could catch up, her body had already agreed.

At that moment, Ambrose seemed as though he had received something incredibly precious, his eyes crinkling with joy as he laughed.

Halfway through her painting, Calista found herself growing drowsy under the winter sun. At that moment, Ambrose unexpectedly asked a question, with a paintbrush held between his teeth. "Callic, do you really have feelings for Kallum?"

Calista was taken aback, but didn't respond.

Ambrose then asked, "Why aren't you with him then?"

As he was sketching, he glanced at her expression. "What's bothering you?"

She had been back home for two days and found a rare moment to dodge that question. Yet, it was brought up again. Facing Ambrose, she sighed inwardly. "I suppose a part of me is feeling reluctant."

The speed at which Ambrose painted began to slow down. Suddenly, a sense of maturity, utterly unrelated to his youthful appearance, emerged on his clean and handsome face. "Do you want to... find someone simpler, to have a simpler romance and lead a simpler life?"

"Is such a life really possible? It sounds quite desirable..." However, Calista couldn't help but smile, finally shaking her head, "All of that seems too far away from me."

Ambrose chuckled, a hint of bitterness flickering unintentionally in his usually radiant eyes. "That's true..."

"Is the painting finished?"

"It's done!"

"May I take a look?"

Ambrose quickly stepped in to intervene. It was rare to see him showing such a playful side. "You're not allowed to look. This is the recovery gift you gave me!"

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Calista simply shrugged indifferently. "I heard you're planning to take the university entrance exam? How's your preparation going?"

Ambrose was not only self-studying but also occasionally attending school. Rumor had it that he was considering taking the university entrance exam the following year, though it was uncertain how confident he was.

Ambrose's handsome face blushed slightly.

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"I'm not entirely confident, but my brother told me all I need to do is give it a shot," replied Ambrose.

Calista nodded. "All right, I've lingered here for long enough. It's time for me to leave. Will you walk me out?"

With a frown, Ambrose muttered, "That was fast..."

"What?"

"No, let me send you out!"

From beginning to end, Calista never saw Ambrose's painting.

As he was leaving, there were several instances where he seemed to want to speak but held his tongue.

Calista remarked, "You seem quite odd today. Is there something you want to say?"

Ambrose blushed. As he gazed into Calista's overly bright eyes, he felt his normally steady heart begin to race uncontrollably. "Callie... if..."

"Hmm?" When dealing with Ambrose, Calista always displayed a touch more patience than with others.

"If... If..." He stammered, even though he only needed a second to say a sentence that he had been rehearsing in his mind all day long.

He gritted his teeth, leaning in close to Calista's ear. "If you no longer have feelings for Kallum, would you consider being with a younger man?"

The smile on Calista's face froze.

The clear voice of Ambrose once again resounded with unwavering determination. "I sensed that compared to your current life, you seemed to prefer simplicity and freedom. I don't have much to offer. but I like you, plain and simple."

Calista looked up to see his youthful smile, her mind still somewhat dazed. Under the setting sun, by the grand mansion's gate, Ambrose bashfully pressed a finger to her lips, smiling gently. "You don't need to respond, nor feel burdened. I hope that my

affection for you is as simple as the sun's love for the wind, or a sail's love for the sea. If you need me, I'm here. If you don't, I'm still here, just like a friend."

On her way back, Calista grinned. Ambrose's words had given her strength. His affection was so pure that it didn't exert any pressure. Instead, it brought her a sense of joy.

However, that joyful mood vanished the moment she returned home.

Yelena was serving the dishes with a radiant smile, the picture of a dutiful and virtuous housewife. Calista glanced at her watch. It was the thirteenth, and five days were left, but that was more than enough time for Calista to deal with Yelena.

"You've returned, Ms. Calista? Yelena was a bit restrained, primarily due to their last encounter. The memory of Calista forcing her to scrub the carpet with that fierce demeanor was still fresh in her mind. As she scrubbed the carpet, she made a firm resolution to steer clear of Calista's fury.

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returned to the Fairchild residence to make a move. After all, manipulating Benedict was a piece of cake for Yelena.

Calista smirked. "It smells quite delightful. I didn't expect you to be able to cook."

Yelena couldn't help but wonder why Calista hadn't eaten out before returning. Calista's return at that moment made Yelena miss a golden opportunity

With a slightly embarrassed expression, Yelena said, "I just made some, that's all."

Calista walked in with a smile and confidence,

Even Benedict was quite apprehensive of her.

"Callie, you haven't eaten yet? Benedict asked with a smile.

Calista nodded. "Yeah, I made it just in time. I've never had the chance to Mdm. Langley's c

before."

Yelena hurriedly brought over a bowl of pasta to Calista and said with a hint of nervousness, "It's just some home cooking, Ms. Calista. Please, have a taste."

As she spoke, she took a seat. Calista's eyebrows raised slightly. The crisscrossing scars on her face were somewhat unsettling. "Since when did housekeepers start dining with their masters?"

"Callie..." Benedict sighed, holding his bowl. "She said she'd only stay for two months and then leave. You rarely come back, so for the next few days, don't-

"I ask again. When are housekeepers allowed to dine with their masters?" Calista put down her fork, her tone heavy as she emphasized her question.

Benedict's expression stiffened, and he glanced at Yelena with a hint of discomfort.

Surprisingly, Yelena was incredibly compliant, even though she was seething with resentment inside! Still, she swallowed her anger and spoke with unmistakable grievance. "It's all right. You two eat. I'll just go to the kitchen and whip up some pasta for myself.

Benedict felt a twinge of guilt while Calista asked nonchalantly. "Why make more pasta? With all this food, isn't it enough for you to wait for the leftovers?"

Calista's words changed Yelena's expression instantly! No matter how destitute Yelena had become, she had never stooped to the level of living off others' leftovers. Calista was clearly trying to humiliate her!

Even Benedict showed a look of disagreement. "Callie!"

Calista spoke nonchalantly. "When I was a kid and Dad wasn't home, I couldn't sit at the table for meals. It always ate what Mdm. Langley and/Quincy left behind. If I could eat that, why couldn't she?"

Her voice was soft, yet it struck Benedict like a bolt of lightning. He stared at Yelena in disbelief, while Yelena, flustered, stammered out. "I didn't-

"Heh." Calista twirled her fork, "You didn't? Why do you think I had Mdm. Langley clean the carpets. yesterday? It's because she demanded the same of me. I could do it when I was only thirteen, so why is it so cruel when it's her turn? Yesterday, she was crying and begging the driver to help her clean the carpets, acting as if I've mistreated her. In reality, I was merely following her example."

Het Vengeful Rebirth

Released on June 14, 2024

Chapter 400 Disappointed Me

"I... I didn't. Benedict, I really didn't... How could I..." Yelena paled with fright.

Meanwhile, Benedict, bristling with anger, abruptly stood up! “So this is how you act when I’m not around? What kind of stepmother are you? I trusted you! You’ve truly disappointed me!”

After speaking, Benedict glanced at Calista but didn’t say anything out of guilt toward her and went straight upstairs. He did feel sympathy for Yelena, but if her past actions were brought up, he would still be angry. It was just that he couldn’t bring himself to drive her away.

Seeing that Benedict wouldn’t listen to her explanation and had already assumed that she had done such a thing, Yelena was in a state of panic and confusion. She was both angry and afraid, but more than that, she was filled with a sense of despair and the painful realization of her reality!

It had only been two years. Before, when she was in that family, she had everything at her beck and call. How did everything change so suddenly?

“Are you satisfied now?” In a fit of uncontrollable rage, Yelena yelled at Calista. She knew she shouldn’t have spoken, knew she should have held her tongue! However, seeing Benedict leave and her meticulously prepared dinner, which was a whole afternoon’s work, ultimately benefiting Calista, she felt a surge of bitterness rise in her chest. She regretted not having poisoned the food!

Calista was sipping stew from a bowl, her eyelashes casting a downward shadow. “I find you to be quite peculiar.

Faced with Yelena, who was raging like a storm as if about to lose her sanity, Calista remained as calm and indifferent as a block of ice. “Are you not being a bit too hypocritical when treating others and yourself? You had me washing clothes in the dead of winter, saying it was to encourage my independence. You made me eat leftovers, claiming it was my duty. Yet, when the tables are turned, you act as if you’ve suffered the greatest injustice. Do you think everyone in the world is your mother?”

At that point, she looked at Yelena’s pale face and smiled. “Oh, I almost forgot. You cut off contact with your mother for your father’s money. She died sick in bed, and you didn’t even visit her one last time. Now, with how Quincy is treating you, don’t you feel anything?”

Upon hearing her words, Yelena clutched her chest, almost failing to catch her breath! What does Calista mean by that? Is she implying this is retribution? No way! Quincy is not that kind of person!

Yelena wanted to retort, but in the end, she clutched her chest, gasping for air like a fish out of water! Her thin and gloomy face contorted, and her entire face eventually turned a ghastly shade of blue–purple!

Calista scoffed, speaking with a tone of pity.

“Look at you. You’re pitiful. You’ve pampered Quincy since childhood, indulging her every whim. However, whenever she needed you, she played the victim card. And when she didn’t need you, you couldn’t even catch a glimpse of her. Now, she’s returned to the Wolford family to be its heiress. Do you think she remembers who you are? It’s pathetic. You saw her imprisoned and did everything you could to get her out. However, once she was free, she didn’t care whether you lived or died. I tell you, you’re quickly following in your mother’s footsteps.”

“Enough! Quincy isn’t like that! She’s just upset about the things I did in the past. She wouldn’t treat me this way!” Yelena attempted to seize Calista’s arm as she spoke.

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Chapter 400 Disappointed Me

piece of paper. She ended up sitting on the ground, mumbling to herself as though in a daze, “Quincy isn’t that kind of person…”

Calista rubbed the spot where she had been bumped into, scowling.

“The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree, does it? Just think about what kind of person she is. She inherited her sweet tongue and bitter heart from you. The ‘way you used others in the past, that’s exactly how Quincy will use you. Do you believe me when I say she might be hoping for your death right now? Once you’re gone, any scandal associated with her will fade in a few years. Yelena, if you truly love your daughter, shouldn’t you be begging for forgiveness in front of me, even if it means taking your own life? Maybe if I pity you, I might spare Quincy.” Her words grew increasingly harsh, each one more biting than

the last.

Yelena couldn’t handle the provocation. Suddenly, she sprang up and shouted, “D“mn you!”

Calista casually sidestepped, and with a casual hook of her foot, Yelena Cross the dining table! The

dishes Yelena had painstakingly prepared all afternoon were smeared all over her face. As she struggled, the bowls and plates on the table shattered on the ground with a clatter, making her look utterly disheveled!

Upon witnessing Yelena collapse onto the dining table, sobbing uncontrollably, Calista merely cast a nonchalant glance at the plates scattered on the floor.

She spoke softly. "The finely crafted tableware from Blossom Porcelain Studio cost ten thousand a set. I hope you can compensate for them before you leave."

Yelena paused for a moment before her crying became even more heartbreaking!

For the next two days, Calista found various ways to bother Yelena. Much to her surprise, Yelena didn't lose her temper anymore. She was like clay in Calista's hands and was eager for Calista to leave so she could be free. Even her behavior toward Benedict had become significantly more honest.

Calista thought, However, if she thinks she could keep staying here like this, she is far too naive.

In the afternoon, Calista received a sudden call from Kallum. Those past few days, he had always called before going to bed, so Calista was surprised he was calling at that time.

After the call connected, before Calista could even speak, the somewhat anxious voice of Kallum came through. "Callie, are you home?"

"I am," replied Calista.

"Don't go anywhere. No matter what happens outside, don't leave. I'll send someone over to protect you very soon!"