

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 481

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Chapter 481 Ask For Help

Hearing what Calista said, Isaac immediately scolded Quincy, "What are you doing? Get up. I brought you here to ask for help, not to start a crying fit."

Quincy was furious but dared not to express it. She quickly got up, standing behind Isaac like a submissive wife, her demeanor filled with a sense of grievance.

Kallum recognized Isaac and whispered in Calista's car, "This guy made his fortune in the lottery business. He has some money, but most of his assets are abroad." After all, Chanaea had strict controls in this area, unlike other countries.

Calista nodded because she knew who Isaac was.

Before she could speak, Isaac addressed her, "You must be Ms. Calista. Indeed, you are as young and beautiful as they say. People outside call you a genius beauty, but I think 'beauty' doesn't do you justice. You are a true angel."

Calista remained unmoved, showing no hint of pleasure from the flattery. She asked coolly, "You brought Quincy here to seek medical help from me?"

What Calista didn't realize was that Benedict had grown a bit smarter. Without Quincy kneeling in front, they might not have even been let into the Stafford residence.

"Yes," Isaac replied with a wry smile. "I had no other choice but to resort to desperate measures."

Calista glanced at his son and shook her head.

"I'm sorry, but I can't help your son."

Isaac's face changed slightly. She hasn't even looked closely and already said she couldn't help? This is clearly a refusal.

But Isaac was an old hand at this and quickly put on a pleading face again. "My son's condition is indeed complicated. I've sought countless doctors and spent a lot of money, but nothing has worked. Desperate, I had to turn to you. Please, have pity on us as parents. Just take a look at him. You don't have to cure him, just do your best. Please."

Calista frowned slightly, a hint of annoyance flashing in her eyes. She spoke directly, "Your son has amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, one of the world's five major incurable diseases. Since it's incurable, why come to me for help? How can I cure him?"

Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, also known as the “clear–minded vegetative state,” was a condition even many countries couldn’t handle. What made him think she could?

Upon hearing her words, Isaac couldn’t help but become emotional.

“Ms. Calista, you’re too modest. After the K Virus emerged, even the top five incurable diseases ranked below it, yet you conquered it. Others might fail, but I believe you can do it. Why not give it a try? If you succeed, your brilliance will be/unmatched.”

Calista gave a strange smile. Indeed, she could. To others, this disease was incurable, but for her, it was relatively easy to treat. With frequent acupuncture to maintain nerve activity and medication, it could be cured.

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But high–frequency acupuncture would take a significant toll on her, and Devon wasn’t worth such a Sacrifice.

In her previous life, Quincy had boasted about Calista’s achievements and deceived many, including Isaac.

Quincy had secretly asked Calista to treat Devon. Initially, she refused, but many people vouched for Devon’s character, calling him a great philanthropist. Even her father was persuaded, urging her

repeatedly until she agreed to treat him.

That treatment nearly cost her half her life. But after seeing her effectiveness, Quincy started seeing her in a different light.

Quincy had initially thought Calista could only alleviate symptoms, but when she fully cured him, Quincy realized Calista’s value was far greater than imagined.

Quincy then leveraged the life–saving favor to gain substantial benefits from the Wolford family. Calista had grown accustomed to this, but what she couldn’t accept was that Devon was a notorious scoundrel. He had harmed many girls abroad, and when he fell ill, countless people rejoiced. However, she, in her narvery, had saved someone unworthy.

Reflecting on the evil deeds Devon committed after his recovery filled Calista with regret. But now, given a second chance, she wouldn’t save such a scumbag again.

She stepped aside. Pointing toward the door, she firmly said, “You’re flattering me. Conquering the K Virus was sheer luck. For other incurable diseases, I’m powerless. You’ve wasted your trip today.”

Unwilling to give up, Isaac protested, "How can that be? Quincy told me your family's ancestral acupuncture technique is highly effective in stimulating nerves. Why not give it a try?"

Seeing how thoroughly he had done her homework, Calista realized Quincy must have gone to great lengths to impress Isaac.

Calista sneered, finally speaking the truth. "Why should I try? ALS typically affects older people, but your young son has it, likely due to prolonged excitement and excessive stimulant use. Given his past actions... I think he deserves it."

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Hearing what Calista said, everyone in the living room balked.

Benedict's face turned grim as he said, "Callie, you must be mistaken. Quincy said that Devon has been dedicated to charity since he was young and is a good person."

Galista laughed lightly, her expression mocking. "Dedicated to charity? Sure, he loves helping little girls, using the guise of benevolence before ruining their lives."

Isaac's face darkened. "Ms. Calista. One's words ought to be chosen with care."

His menacing look instantly touched Kallum's sore spot.

Even though Kallum hadn't brought anyone with him today, his mere presence was enough to dominate the scene. He took a step forward, blocking Isaac's gaze. "You seem to have an issue with my fiancée. Are you saying what she said isn't true?"

Although Kallum didn't know about this matter either, he trusted Calista completely. If she said it, then it

was true.

Facing Kallum's pressure, Isaac opened his mouth but didn't dare confront him. He was even somewhat fearful, thinking that the Fairchild family might have uncovered something, which was why... With this thought, he lowered his head, not daring to look Kallum in the eye. After all, his son's actions were anything but honorable.

Seeing Isaac's silence, Benedict understood immediately. He was furious.

"So you deceived me? Callie is right. Such a person should not be saved."

Seeing that even Benedict had turned against her, Quincy couldn't take it anymore. She had an agreement with the Webb family. As long as Calista could save Devon, she could marry into the Webb family.

Of course, she wasn't about to marry Devon. Anyone who married him would be doomed.

Isaac had promised her that if she could help Devon, he would let his eldest son marry her. His eldest son was set to inherit the family business and was also quite handsome.

She had put in so much effort. Finally, a prestigious family was willing to take her as a wife. She couldn't let Calista ruin her plans.

"Dad." Quincy grabbed Benedict's sleeve with both hands, anxiously pleading, "Dad. Dad. Devon isn't like that. Those are just rumors... He had some wild times, but he's changed now."

She then turned to Calista. "Callie, I know I was wrong before. I didn't mean it. It was all Yelena's fault. She misled me into doing those terrible things. I know you don't like me, but please help me this once. I promise I'll never show up in front of you again. I'm begging you."

She sounded desperate and sincere, seemingly remorseful and blaming everything on Yelena. The audacity of her. Calista thought Yelena would have quite an expression if she knew.

"If I said I can't save him, I mean it. Leave now. The Stafford family doesn't welcome you."

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this, their agreement would be void.

Quincy shivered under his gaze. Finally, she gritted her teeth and kneeled beside Benedict, looking up at him with tearful eyes.

"Dad... Have pity on me. All these years, you've been the one who loves me the most. I've called you 'Dad' for over ten years. That bond can't be broken. Now I'm about to marry into the Webb family. I just want to help Devon before I get married, do some good, and make up for my past mistakes. Isn't that reasonable? I've promised my fiancé. If I can't do it, how can I face him? How can this marriage continue?"

Her words were filled with emotion and reason, softening Benedict's heart. Quincy was only nineteen. She had not studied well and was led astray by her mother, causing her to aim high without the ability to back it up. Her reputation was completely ruined. If this marriage fell through, it would be hard to find another good family in the future.

Thinking of this, Benedict began to waver.

Quincy turned to Calista again. "Callie, I was young and didn't know right from wrong. I know I did many horrible things under Yelena's influence. But for the sake of our childhood together, and because we've been sisters for over ten years, help me this once. I've already lost everything else. I can't lose this engagement too. If you don't help me, I'll have nothing left."

Finally, Benedict couldn't help but turn to Calista. "Callie, you see, your sister knows she's wrong. Could you..."

Calista leaned lightly against Kallum's shoulder, looking a bit tired.

"Do I have a sister? Dad, have you forgotten that the daughter you've loved for over ten years eagerly left you when she found out she had a powerful father? And she hasn't visited you once since."

Benedict was speechless, and Quincy's expression stiffened for a moment. "That... that was because my judgment was clouded for a moment. But now I understand who truly cares for me... Please help me this time. I'll do anything for you in the future, Callie."

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Calista glanced at her.

"Do you know where your mother is now?"

A flash of disgust crossed Quincy's face as she quickly said, "She hurt me so much. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have left Dad and the Stafford family. I hate her. I don't care where she is."

Positioning herself as a victim seemed reasonable.

Calista chuckled lightly. "The last time I saw her, she was working as a cleaner in a restaurant."

As Calista spoke, Benedict showed a hint of pity, while Quincy grew agitated. "Why mention her? Callie, I'm really desperate this time, which is why I'm begging you. I..."

Calista raised a hand to cut her off.

“Look, you know your mom is cleaning in a restaurant, yet you remain indifferent. Throughout your life, she always thought of you first, wanting to give you the best of everything. But you? You squander Harvey’s inheritance without giving her a penny. You even refused to see her and ignored her. Here you are, dressed in designer clothes and carrying a luxury bag, while your mother was last seen wearing clothes our servants wouldn’t even wear. She said she couldn’t even get a glimpse of you. Your heart must be cold and ruthless to treat her like this.”

Calista’s words gradually calmed Benedict.

“A person who can abandon their biological mother so easily must be cold-blooded and selfish. You talk to me about remorse, gratitude, and repentance? Do you think I would believe you?”

Calista’s words struck Quincy. Seeing Benedict’s wavering expression, she quickly changed her tune.

“It’s not like that. I’m not what you say...” She gritted her teeth. “Actually, Yelena is with the Wolford family. I just didn’t mention her because I was afraid you’d be angry. How could I ignore her? Even though she ruined my reputation, she’s still my...”

“What is Yelena’s phone number?” Calista asked with a smile.

Quincy’s lie fell apart. She had no idea where Yelena was, let alone her phone number.

“I... didn’t get her a phone,” Quincy said quietly.

Calista shook her phone. “Funny, you didn’t, but I did. When I said I’d send her to your place, she eagerly gave me her number. Now that you’re here, you can take her home.”

At that moment, Quincy’s expression twisted in genuine frustration.

She was selfish and assumed others were the same. And with Yelena’s past, she believed that Yelena, unable to see her, would use Calista to get close to her and freeload at the Wolford residence.

Calista would surely help Yelena to spite Quincy. However, Yelena had made her a laughingstock everywhere. There was no way she would take her back. She wished Yelena were dead.

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“Mr. Webb.” Quincy panicked, grabbing his hand, only to be shaken off.

“Mr. Webb, don’t go. My sister may speak harshly, but she’s soft-hearted. She will definitely help.”

Quincy wouldn't give up and chased after him.

At the door, Isaac looked back at the living room, then lowered his voice and said angrily to Quincy, "You assured me this would work out. Now what? Not only did it fail, but I've also offended Calista and indirectly the Fairchild family. I'll make sure you're held accountable for this."

He shoved Quincy out of the way and pushed his son to leave.

Once again, Quincy grabbed him. "Mr. Webb, please give me another chance. My dad listens to me. He'll help persuade Calista. And we have a deal. I haven't lost yet."

She spoke with such urgency, fearing Isaac would leave.

Isaac was the most powerful man she could associate with. He was mainly based abroad and less influenced by the Fairchild family. Her dream of a better life and the chance to rise were tied to the Webb family. She couldn't let it go.

Isaac gave a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

"You remind me, I thought you had some weight in the Stafford family, which is why I made a deal with you. Turns out you're as despised as they say. I'm terribly unlucky to have been deceived by you. Our deal is off. Don't show your face to me again."

Having said that, he walked away resolutely without looking back.

Quincy was first taken aback, then she broke down and began crying hysterically by the door.

One after another, her dreams of a good life were shattered, leaving her in despair.

If it weren't for Calista, she'd still be the Wolford family's prominent young lady, not needing to endure this humiliation.

If it weren't for Calista's defiance, Jason wouldn't have had his leg broken, and she wouldn't have ended up in prison.

If Calista had succumbed, she would already be married into the Ingram family.

This time, it was also because of Calista.

She could cure the K Virus, so curing amyotrophic lateral sclerosis should be easy. Yet she refused to save a life, pushing her to the edge.

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Chapter 484 A Walford

What sins had I committed in my past life to encounter a plague like Calista?

The more Quincy thought about it, the more upset she became. She barely cried before getting up from the ground and rushing toward Calista.

At this moment, Benedict apologized to Calista, his heart still fluttering with fear. He didn't know why he was apologizing, but he felt as if he had done something wrong again.

When Quincy approached, Kallum was the first to notice. He never picked fights with women, but for some reason, the women who bullied Calista were all oddballs, as if not bullying her was a crime.

Kallum also understood this mentality. Anyone who had been bullied by oneself for eighteen years and suddenly bit back would feel unacceptable. Subconsciously, one would feel that they should continue to be bullied, but it depended on who the target was. Calista was his wife.

"What do you want to do?" Seeing Quincy pick up the ashtray from the coffee table, Kallum quickly shielded Calista behind him, his eyes narrowing.

"It seems like you're keen on spending some time in jail?"

The moment Quincy saw Kallum, her rationality returned. She used to have a crush on Kallum, but it was superficial. She liked Kallum's power, status, looks, physique, and temperament. She liked the feeling of basking in his radiance by his side.

Before, she thought she had a chance, but now, seeing Kallum, she felt nothing but despair.

Hence, she held the ashtray tightly, but she just couldn't bring herself to smash it down.

"Quincy." Benedict was also taken aback by her appearance. He hesitated. "You should go back."

As he spoke, he turned his head to add, "Don't come to the Stafford family anymore. After all, you're a Walford."

Quincy looked incredulously at Benedict. Even Benedict, who was usually soft-hearted, wasn't on her side. Now that she faced Calista, she had no leverage left.

Her resentment grew stronger. She looked at Benedict turning away, at Kallum's hostile gaze, and at Calista, whom he completely protected. Suddenly, she wondered why she couldn't have all this. Why should Calista, this despicable person, have it all?

“Calista, what are you hiding from? Are you scared? Are you capable of being scared too?”

At her words, Calista slowly emerged from behind Kallum, but Kallum pulled her close, preventing her from approaching.

“Haven’t heard enough?” Calista blinked indifferently, playing with her hair absentmindedly. “Or do you want me to have someone escort you out?”

Quincy took two steps back, her hand clutching the crystal ashtray trembling.

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“You lost your education because you weren’t diligent enough. You can’t get married because you foolishly tried to pin the blame on me. It’s not my fault you can’t find a husband. Why should I help you?”

Quincy sneered. Her delicate face was still tear-stained, but her eyes were d bloodshot, which was very scary.

“Yes, you’re flourishing now. If I don’t retaliate, should I be grateful to you? Where would I dare to ask you for help.”

Calista sneered coldly without saying a word.

Quincy couldn’t figure things out. The most precious mansion left to her by Harvey had been burned down by Kallum, but the money in Quincy’s hands was enough for her to live comfortably for the rest of her life. Compared to Yelena’s fate, she was living in paradise.

Yet, she was never content, always striving to climb higher. With such an attitude, it would ultimately lead to her downfall one day.

As Calista was getting tired, Kallum’s patience was finally exhausted.

He tucked Calista’s head back onto his shoulder and said to the surrounding servants, “Throw her out.”

Even though they were not in the Fairchild family, he was accustomed to giving orders. As he had a natural air of authority, those servants acted without hesitation, ready to grab Quincy.

“No. I’m not leaving.” Quincy struggled to get up. She stared at Calista, unable to do anything but unwilling to leave. She wanted to stare at her fiercely, so that Calista would have no peace even in her dreams at night.

The servants paid no attention to her and used force directly. But Quincy went crazy, screaming and shouting. As a result, the ashtray in her hand grazed the forehead of one of the servants, leaving a trail of blood. Fortunately, it was just a graze. Otherwise, it could have been fatal on the spot.

The person who was hit was furious. With anger boiling over, he slapped Quincy hard, leaving her utterly stunned.

Quincy couldn't regain her senses for a while. She had been hit by a servant in the Stafford residence, the place where she had been doing whatever she pleased for over a decade.

"Do you think you're still the second daughter of the Stafford family? Nonsense." The servant wiped the blood from his forehead fiercely. "Crazy woman, go crazy at your own home."

After being slapped into silence, Quincy was quickly dragged away. But before she left, she had been staring at Calista with a gloomy look, which made Calista frown.

Kallum didn't notice this. He was thinking about a more serious issue and said to Benedict, "Pack up and move to Fairchild Manor."

Quincy wasn't the only one. Everyone who wanted Calista's help would come to Benedict after failing to get through Fairchild Manor. It was better to solve this matter once and for all, leaving others with no way to beg for help.

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Chapter 485 No Lingering Effects

Benedict looked puzzled and quickly shook his head. "Why would I move in with my son-in-law? I have a

place to stay."

Calista also found it strange and intervened, "It's fine to send someone to the Stafford residence instead..." She glanced at the uneasy Benedict and shook her head helplessly. "My father is just looking for someone to rely on."

When Calista spoke, Benedict didn't dare to refute. Although he was flourishing in the company now because Kallum had given him a very effective company to manage. When it came to emotions, he was easily swayed. Finding someone else would make him content.

After resolving matters here, Kallum was ready to take Calista away. Obviously, he didn't even want to delay dinner time because it was too dangerous outside. Someone could come and snatch Calista away anytime and anywhere, which was truly annoying.

Calista inexplicably felt a bit sorry for Benedict, but Benedict generously waved them off. He didn't have much to do at the company now, and he had money to spend. Going out for dinner, playing cards, or night fishing with a few friends was quite enjoyable. Although he was still young, he had already started to enjoy life.

On the other side, Wanda was arguing with Shaun.

"It's impossible. I know Mr. Kallum's health very well. There is absolutely no problem or lingering effects," Shaun said firmly.

Wanda's preparations were obviously thorough. "I asked Wilbur, and sometimes psychological factors can also cause obstacles in that area. And it may not be pathological, it could also be congenital..."

As soon as she mentioned this, Wanda showed a look of despair. She used to often tell Kallum that he was a man with a fiancée and should not have any premarital relations with other women. Although Kallum was very annoyed every time, according to reliable sources, Kallum had not touched any other woman before Calista. At first, she thought her persuasion had worked. Now thinking back, it was terrifying.

Hearing Wanda say this, Shaun also showed a skeptical expression, but Kallum didn't seem to be like that.

"In any case, the earlier it's discovered, the earlier it can be treated. I used to care too little about Kallum. I thought he could handle everything well. I, as his mother, have been too negligent."

"Don't say that. I'm the family doctor, and I..." He had done a full-body examination before, but he didn't specifically check that area.

"In any case, when Kallum comes back, help him check it out and focus on that area..."

"Okay, okay, I can do that."

After they reached an agreement, Kallum and Calista happened to return. Because they had called in advance, Wanda hadn't eaten yet and decided to wait for them. The food was still hot.

It had to be said that after returning to Fairchild Manor, Calista felt very comfortable. Perhaps subconsciously, she already considered Fairchild Manor her own home, which was the result of the joint

afforte of Kallum Wanda and others

Chapter 485 No Lingering Effects

her more.

“It’s okay, I have nothing to do. I hardly feel hungry every day anyway. It’s more interesting to dine with you guys.”

Calista gently smiled, her eyes filled with emotion. However, her smile froze when she saw the dishes laid out in front of her.

Smoked salmon, avocado chicken salad, grilled oysters, pomegranate braised lamb shanks.

“Aunt Wanda, what... what stew is this?” Calista reached out to stir a bowl of sticky stuff and had a bad feeling in her heart.

“Oh, that? That’s a ginseng bull testicle stew.”

Calista put down the bowl with a grimace and pointed to another bowl of something that looked like cooked alligator tail and asked, “What are those chunks inside?”

Wanda said, “That’s alligator and shrimp stew. It’s good for nourishing one’s vitality.”

Eating these could cause heartburn, won’t they?

Calista wisely refrained from asking further questions and chose what she could eat.

Kallum also noticed something was off. “Mom, what’s with all this food? Haven’t we always preferred lighter meals at home?”

The Fairchild family paid attention to health, and they rarely ate these things. Even if they did, it would not be prepared in this manner.

Faced with Kallum’s suspicious gaze, Wanda felt a little guilty. “It’s me. I feel too weak and need to nourish my body. You both are busy outside every day, and you need to nourish your bodies too. Let’s eat.”

Kallum didn’t suspect anything. After all, he wouldn’t say no to nourishing food. When he was eating, he insisted that Calista eat more of the alligator and shrimp stew.

The dish was extremely nutritious. Calista wanted to refuse it, but she was afraid that if she did, Kallum might make her drink ginseng bull testicle stew, so she reluctantly accepted it.

With an impassive face, she inwardly berated herself in frustration. This time, she had truly done herself in. Yet she couldn't voice it out. If Kallum found out she had intentionally misled Wanda, the consequences would be rather terrifying.

Hence, Calista silently finished the entire plate of food.

Kallum intentionally avoided the ginseng bull testicle stew. His temper was already fiery, and he had nowhere to vent his energy every day. If he had another bowl of that stew, he might feel uncomfortable all night. He was already wary of that discomfort now, so he decided to exercise for an hour after dinner.

Seeing Kallum's lack of enthusiasm, Wanda became anxious. She personally filled a bowl and handed it over to him, "I made this specially for you. You've been sick before, and I didn't give you any nourishing stuff. Take this opportunity to eat more. I've been cooking all afternoon."

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When she said this, Kallum became a bit upset. "Why are you cooking when you're not feeling well?"

What if she feels unwell again? When would I be able to bring my young wife home? Dad claimed that he was tied up with some significant matter and couldn't return anytime soon. I don't feel at ease entrusting her to another female doctor either.

With a somewhat awkward smile, Wanda said, "One last time, okay? Just try it one last time and tell me how it tastes."

Kallum, in a state of helplessness, took a sip. His family had been through perilous times together for two years,

which formed a bond that couldn't be compared to any other. Therefore, he didn't want to let Wanda down.

"It's delicious..." Even though he found it mediocre, and was unsure about the herbal taste that Wanda had added, he still complimented it anyway.

Wanda went with the flow and said, "Finish it, then. If it's not enough, there's still more in the pot!"

Kallum immediately said, "That's enough! One bowl of it is enough!"

Unable to contain herself, Calista laughed gleefully. Kallum turned his head to look at her, his gaze meeting her eyes that sparkled like a sky full of stars, momentarily losing himself in them.

The next moment, he leaned in and said, "Seeing as you're so delighted, do you want to drink some of this too? Come on; there's plenty!"

He then served up a bowl of ginseng bull testicle stew for Calista. Seeing her reluctance, he said solemnly, "This is a labor of love that Mom spent the whole afternoon making. If you don't finish it, Mom will be heartbroken. Isn't that right, Mom?"

Wanda was caught between laughter and tears.

I had specifically made this for Kallum, though. However, if I don't have Callie drink it now, there's a chance that Kallum might not drink it either! So, for the sake of Kallum's health, you'll have to suffer for a bit, Callie!

With that in mind, Wanda nodded in agreement, her eyes full of regret as she looked at Calista. "Callie, it's good for women to consume ginseng. You should drink more of it."

Once again, Calista felt as if she'd been struck in the knee by an arrow. At the same time, a sense of unease enveloped her. Unsure if she would be able to handle it, she suddenly feared the moment the truth would be revealed.

She looked at Wanda with a pleading expression, asking, "Can I just have the ginseng without the bull testicle?"

Wanda was just about to agree, but Kallum wasn't about to give her the chance to. He laughed with a hint of mischief and said, "Joy is meant to be shared. If I have to take it, then you must do the same."

Calista discreetly kicked him under the table in response. Kallum's expression remained unchanged, only responding with a smile as he pushed the bowl closer, emphasizing his point.

"You must finish it, okay?"

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Calista gazed at the brimming bowl before her, feeling somewhat helpless and overwhelmed. After a moment's thought, she tugged at Kallum's sleeve and said, "I'm full. Could you help me finish it?"

She wasn't particularly adept at acting coy, but she had managed to pick up the knack. Tugging at his sleeve, she gave it a little shake. As Kallum lowered his gaze, he could

see Calista trying to maintain a stern expression on her face. Her blinking eyes only served to help enhance her pitiful demeanor.

She's so adorable that I just wanted to hold her in my arms and give her a good squeeze!

Kallum was ready to take action, yet he maintained a composed facade, subtly clearing his throat as if he was completely unmoved.

After casting a glance at Wanda, he said earnestly, "How could you behave like this, Callie? Mom has been slaving away all afternoon. You should at least have a little more. Don't let it go to waste!"

Calista was truly at her wit's end this time. She pulled a face and somewhat resentfully took a couple of sips. But the moment she thought about what part of the bull she was consuming, her complexion changed.

She leaned very close toward Kallum and whispered softly into his ear, "K-Kallum, I'm not feeling well down there, so I can't consume anything too nourishing. It would give me heartburn and make me uncomfortable."

After speaking, she bit her lip and looked at him, her face full of conviction. It wasn't that she wouldn't consume it, but she couldn't do so.

When her soft breath fluttered against Kallum's ear, he found it increasingly difficult to restrain himself. And hearing her words, he felt even more flustered.

Feeling uncomfortable down there? This woman is blatantly seducing me!

So, he casually wrapped his arms around her waist and said, "You don't want to finish it? That's fine, I suppose. Give me a kiss, and I'll finish it for you."

Wanda was so flustered by their playful banter that she had to turn her face away. The young ones these days... Their casual glances are filled with such intense sparks that my heart could hardly take it!

Calista struggled a bit, her brows furrowed as she cast a sideways glance at Wanda. "Cut it out, Kallum!"

Kallum's purple eyes were half-closed, his lips curled into a mischievous smile. When his handsome features were fully displayed, he seemed incredibly overbearing.

"I'm being serious here. All it takes is a kiss from you to have me solve your problem. Isn't that a great deal?"

Wanda let out a light cough, pretending to be oblivious. As long as Kallum would finish the stew, she didn't mind if Calista had to make a little sacrifice. After all, it was Calista's happiness that ultimately mattered.

She suppressed her guilt, naturally allowing her thoughts to flow.

As Kallum began to lower his head, inching closer, Calista's face turned beet red. "Wait a minute!" she exclaimed.

"Hmm?"

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At that moment, her reflection filled his eyes. His gaze, filled with a hint of amusement, along with his slightly raised eyebrows, left Calista feeling nervous.

"I—I'll give you a kiss."

Her last few words were spoken in a hushed tone. For some reason, she felt that recently she was becoming less and less like herself. Or rather, she was gradualling back to her old self. This scared her a bit, but there was nothing she could do about it. When facing Kallum, she was completely helpless.

While Calista's heart pounded like a drum, Kallum held onto her hand tightly and cautiously drew closer.

Suddenly, Kallum decided to make things a bit more difficult for her. "No, this won't do! If you're not holding me, it feels like I'm forcing you. Now, be a good girl and hold me, okay?"

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Chapter 487 I Will Have Another Bowl

His suggestive tone sent a shiver down Calista's spine.

Wanda began to feel the chair beneath her becoming uncomfortably prickly.

Goodness! Could it be that Kallum is trying to drive me away with this tactic so he could avoid taking the stew? No

dit way! I can't fall for that! I have to stay put and act as if I can't see or hear anything! That's right! It's a bit hot in here because the sun is quite strong tonight.

If Kallum and Calista were the only ones present, Calista would have refused to cooperate, knowing full well that Kallum wouldn't dare to do anything to her. However,

Wanda was also present. For some reason, she didn't want to show any signs of disobedience in front of Wanda, so she had no choice but to endure.

With a hint of hesitation, she raised her small hand, making contact with Kallum's waist. She had touched him before, but in this moment, she could distinctly feel the taut muscles beneath the fabric radiating a vibrant wa

rmth.

Her fingertips traced along the texture of his skin, inching upwards, when she suddenly came to a startling realization.

Honestly, why did I have to let Kallum lead me around? I could just give him a casual kiss and be done with it!

Finally coming back to her senses, Calista reached out, cradling his face in her hands, and leaned in to kiss him. After a brief kiss, she attempted to pull away, but Kallum wouldn't allow it.

He held Calista in his arms, peppering her with several kisses. Although they were but fleeting touches, the intensity behind them left her unable to resist.

After kissing her, Kallum held her tightly, chuckling softly in her ear as he said, "You silly girl! You tricked me into consuming all this stuff, but wouldn't it all end up affecting you in the end? Well, let's see how you handle this!"

Calista was instantly taken aback. What did he mean by that? What am I supposed to handle? The next second, she found herself in Kallum's arms, cradled on his lap.

Calista let out a soft gasp, only to be silenced by Kallum's lips. She struggled in his embrace, but her resistance was pitifully weak. Kallum could kiss her however he wanted, and she couldn't fight back.

Eventually, Wanda couldn't take it anymore. "Can you stop flaunting your affection?" she cried out. I am a married woman, so why is this making me feel uncomfortable?

She then came to Calista's rescue and said, "Kallum, stop teasing Callie. Behave yourself and finish the meal!"

Kallum didn't pay her any mind. "You're taking her away from me tonight, and you won't even let me hold her for a little while longer?" he argued, voicing his dissatisfaction.

In that moment, Calista felt like a treasured object, coveted and fought over by everyone around her.

Upon reflection, Wanda decided not to interfere any further. After all, she was more than happy to see the blossoming relationship between Kallum and Callie. As long as she could help them navigate through the crucial step, they would be on their way to a blissful future.

Chapter 487 I Will Have Another Bowl

up! Don't let my hard work go to waste!"

This time, Kallum was unusually obedient as he picked up the bowl. His slender fingers traced the contours of the bowl, a mischievous smile playing on his lips as he turned toward Calista, who was nestled in his arms, and asked, "Callie, are you sure you want me to drink this?"

Wouldn't it all end up affecting you in the end?

The words suddenly exploded in Calista's mind. She hastily shook her head, but upon seeing the earnest look in Wanda's eyes, she found herself subconsciously nodding in agreement. She was utterly confused, but managed to cleverly add, "Of course, one should not overindulge in nourishing foods, as it can lead to discomfort from excessive heartburn.

So, don't consume too much of it!

However, Wanda knew what she was playing at.

She looked at Kallum with anticipation, smiling as she said, "Don't worry; go ahead and drink it. This is a medicated meal that I specially prepared for you. I've mixed in some herbs so it won't cause any heartburn, and you'll see the effects immediately."

"Oh? What effects?" Kallum suddenly asked. At that moment, Calista covered her eyes, somewhat afraid to continue watching.

It was then that Wanda realized she had let something slip. She awkwardly shook her head and said. "It helps in nourishing your vitality, so it's really good for you."

"Is that so?"

Kallum held his bowl, casting a seemingly amused glance at the guilt-ridden Wanda. He then looked at Calista, who was covering her eyes. In the end, he decisively finished his bowl of ginseng stew with great

satisfaction.

Upon seeing him drink the stew, Calista grew restless. She shifted uncomfortably as she felt a certain hard object pressing against her, causing a burning discomfort down there.

After finishing his drink, he picked up Calista's bowl, his tone rather mischievous as he said, "Since you wanted me to drink this for you, then I'll drink it all up!"

Calista opened her mouth, her eyes wide as she stared at the bowl of stew, struggling to find the right words.

Wanda's eyes lit up. "Drink up, then! This won't fill you up, so have a little more! It'll digest in no time!" she exclaimed.

With a smile, Kallum decisively downed the second bowl, much to the shock and fear evident in Calista's

eyes.

After finishing the drink, he nodded impressively. "It's pretty good! I'll have another bowl!"

"Sure thing!" Wanda replied as she hastily refilled his bowl.

Calista finally couldn't bear it any longer.

"That's enough, Aunt Wanda! I—It really will cause heartburn!"

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Though she didn't show much emotion, her face was as red as if it was bleeding. She reached out to stop Wanda, yet she didn't dare to be too forceful. Her helpless demeanor was simply too adorable to describe.

With a quiet chuckle, Kallum tenderly ran his fingers through her hair. He was so smitten that he wished he could hide her in his arms, away from the prying eyes of the world.

He teased her again by saying. "But it really tastes great! How about it, Callie? Do you want to give it a try?"

As he spoke, he subtly nudged her, causing Calista's neck to flush with embarrassment.

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Chapter 488 You Have Been Deceived

She was rigid all over, daring not to move. Seeing Kallum bringing the third bowl of stew to his lips, she inexplicably became agitated.

Will something go wrong tonight? Is there still time for me to run away

Watching as Kallum had nothing else to eat that night, except for three bowls of ginseng bull testicle stew, Calista felt utterly despondent. When Kallum was about to drink his fourth bowl, she finally lost it. The bowl might not have been large, but it was brimming with potent nourishment. If I don't leave now, would I even be able to later tonight?

"Aunt Wanda, I just remembered a crucial research topic that I have to work on, so I have to leave now,"

She had just thought about jumping out of Kallum's arms when he nonchalantly held her back.

With his voice barely a whisper by her ear, he asked her in a languid tone, "Where do you think you're going?"

The subtle threat hidden in those words had shocked Calista to her core.

"I... My research topic..."

Kallum felt a burning sensation coursing through his body, especially when he held her in his arms. Yet, this heat seemed to momentarily subside when his skin touched hers, prompting him to wet his lips with his tongue. The desire to tear off her clothes was overwhelming.

"Do you have any research topics that I'm not aware of?"

As he drew closer, the warmth of his breath caressed her ear, sending a shiver down one side of her body. Her eyes glistened with tears as she looked pleadingly at Wanda and said, "I'm feeling a bit tired, Aunt Wanda. Can we go rest?"

Only then did Wanda snap back to reality, hurriedly saying, "Huh? All right. Kallum, if you're fine, then let Old Mr. Yancey give you a check-up. It's just a routine physical examination. You're the only one in the family who hasn't had one yet. I'll take Callie and leave first."

Saying so, she stood up, ready to lead Calista away.

Kallum held Calista still, not allowing her to move.

All he did was ask with a smile, "What kind of physical examination?"

Wanda swallowed, feeling the weight of the world on her shoulders. “It’s just a regular check–up..

She had initially administered some aphrodisiac substances that would boost one’s libido. She figured that it would be convenient for Shaun to conduct his examination and see if there were any issues once Kallum showed a reaction. This had all been planned beforehand, and yet, for some inexplicable reason, she felt a hint of fear all of a sudden.

Kallum lowered his gaze, gently holding Calista captive with one hand while playing with her hair with the other.

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At this point, both Wanda and Calista fell silent.

Where is my needle? Calista did some calculations in her mind and deduced that her needle could paralyze Kallum for two seconds. Would I be able to escape from Fairchild Manor within those two seconds?

It took Wanda a moment before she managed to let out an awkward chuckle. “What are you talking about? How could that be possible?” She remembered Wilbur telling her that men were quite sensitive about this topic. Naturally, she couldn’t afford to bruise Kallum’s ego.

“It really is just a routine check–up.”

With a cold scoff, when Kallum glanced at Wanda, and she felt an intense aura of menace.

“I’m asking you, and you better answer truthfully. Was your sudden onset of illness last night genuine?”

Wanda gave Calista a pleading look, but Kallum simply snorted coldly and forcefully pressed Calista’s face into his chest.

“Why are you looking at her? Answer me!” he asked, interrogating her in a menacing manner.

Wanda clenched her fists, her face adorned with a forced smile as she said, “Of course it’s genuine! If you don’t believe me, you can ask Callie! I only got better after she performed acupuncture on me!”

Calista was certain that Kallum had found out. Upon hearing Wanda’s words, she was instantly overwhelmed with despair. She hung her head in silence. Seeing this, Wanda grew anxious and quickly added, “Callic, I’m feeling a bit unwell again. Could you give me a couple more acupuncture treatments?”

With a smile, Kallum revealed his bright white teeth, sending chills down Wanda's spine as he said, "A couple of acupuncture treatments might not do the trick, and besides... My naive mother, it seems you've been deceived by a certain despicable little rascal."

Calista ducked her head even lower. Initially, she just wanted to avoid what was coming next. She had no idea why things had turned out this way.

Wanda curiously furrowed her eyebrows.

"I've been deceived?"

"That's right!" Kallum forced Calista to lift her head, but she stubbornly refused. Her quiet, turtle-like demeanor of keeping her head down both frustrated and amused Kallum.

"You could ask this little one and she'd tell you whether I'm impotent or not. But I think you've misunderstood. I bet this little one deliberately misled you. Mom. You've been fooled by her."

"I—I didn't say anything!" Calista protested in a feeble voice.

Kallum scoffed. "You were too busy daydreaming about my mom to say anything, weren't you?. Are you ready to face your punishment, you scoundrel?"

Punishment? The memories of being torn apart in the darkness last night played out once again in Calista's mind. On the verge of tears, she looked pleadingly at Wanda for help.

In the twinkling of an eye, Wanda's mind was filled with numerous thoughts and scenarios.

Chapter 488 You Have Been Deceived

Could it be that his technique was off, which caused Callie to feel extremely uncomfortable? if their ser life is not harmonious, then this is indeed a significant issue. It absolutely has to be resolved!

"Kallum, why are you being so harsh? Callic didn't deceive me, so let go of her!"

"Aunt Wanda..." Calista was deeply moved. She hadn't expected Wanda to not harbor any resentment toward her and to stand by her side. Aunt Wanda is the best godmother in the world!

Kallum was somewhat exasperated. Am I really Mom's biological son? Why is it that Mom would completely switch sides after just one pitiful look from Callie?

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Chapter 489 I Want To Sleep With Aunt Wanda

“Don’t interfere in this matter, Mom. Go upstairs.”

He was intent on teaching a certain little rascal a lesson, showing her the consequences of ruthlessly teasing a man.

Calista remained still, silent, her gaze fixated on Wanda. The look in her eyes was so intense that it triggered a surge of maternal affection in Wanda, causing her protective instincts to immediately kick in.

“Hand Callie over to me! You may be engaged, but she isn’t your wife yet! What are you planning on doing

to her?”

Kallum felt like he was going to burst with frustration. Am I not trying my best to make Calista marry me willingly? Mom’s words suddenly make it seem as if I’m the one in the wrong here! Can a mother sabotage her own son

like this?

Wanda also felt as if she might have said too much. She then cleared her throat and added, “You’re both adults now. I’m not against you living together before marriage, but if Callie is clearly uncomfortable with it, then you mustn’t force her. A gentleman should be chivalrous.”

If I don’t try to take the initiative with Calista and let her decide everything instead. I might as well just forget about getting any action for the rest of my life! This is something I absolutely cannot accept!

“This is between her and me, Mom. Please, go upstairs.”

“No way! If I’ve seen it, then it’s my business too! We agreed that Callie would sleep with me these past few days. Are you trying to back out now? A man should keep his word!”

Having been repeatedly hit with emotional blows from his own mother, Kallum was pushed to the edge of his patience. With a fierce tone, he questioned the woman in his arms, “Tell me; do you want to sleep with me tonight? Think carefully before you answer.”

In a hurry, Calista exclaimed, “I want to sleep with Aunt Wanda!”

Calista was quite successful in being a prime example of fearlessness.

Since I've already upset Kallum to such an extent, what harm would one more incident do? Perhaps he would stop bothering me once he cools down after a couple of days!

With those hopeful thoughts in mind, Calista had replied without any hesitation, which infuriated Kallum to the point where he wished he could strangle her.

Wanda then added in a triumphant tone, "See? Even Callie said she wants to sleep with me! Now, hand her

over to me!"

Kallum was utterly exasperated with these two women. He shot Wanda a fiery glance, then finally said with a huff, "You head on upstairs first. I need to have a word with Callie in private."

With heightened caution, Wanda eyed him from head to toe. "What are you going to tell her? You're not going to take her away by force and then refuse to hand her over to me, are you?"

Finally, Kallum was drained of all patience.

Chapter 489 I Want To Sleep With Aunt Wanda

"All right, all right... I'm going upstairs now. You've got your chance to talk, so make it quick!"

Wanda had done all she could by then. Before ascending the stairs, she couldn't bring herself to look at Calista. Instead, she turned to Kallum and warned him, "You better not harm her, understand? Callie is not a liar!"

She makes it sound as if I would actually hit her... I've seriously had enough of this!

"Hurry up and get going!"

And so, Wanda departed, frequently glancing back with each step she took.

The moment she left, Calista instantly regained her confidence. What's there to fear? Kallum couldn't possibly do anything to me!

She struggled to free herself from him, but Kallum had her firmly held in his grasp.

"Where do you think you're going? You stirred up trouble and then plan to just run away? Have I been spoiling you too much?"

Honestly, I think I really have!

Struggling with all her might, Calista cried out, "Let go of me! What are you trying to do?"

"What do you think?" Kallum retorted as he lifted Calista into his arms, which only caused her to struggle even harder out of fear.

"I'm warning you! If you dare lay a finger on me, I'll drug you and leave you partially paralyzed!" she threatened.

That threat was rather intense. As Kallum carried her, he gave her a playful smack on her bottom. "Who knew you were this formidable? I won't rest until you admit defeat."

Calista was extremely furious.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Let's see if I wouldn't!"

After finishing his words, Kallum carried Calista toward his room. He had mentioned wanting to have a serious talk with her, and of course, a serious "talk" was what he intended to have.

Calista was at a loss. Seeing that Kallum was adamant about punishing her in that manner, she decided to adopt a different strategy.

"Don't touch me! It's really painful down there..."

Whenever Calista spoke in such a soft voice, Kallum simply couldn't handle it.

"Stop lying! I clearly did it with you once!"

"But it really hurts!" Calista stubbornly retorted, leaving Kallum speechless. He was also worried that Calista was truly in pain.

"Does it really hurt that much? Could it be that the skin was broken?" he asked uncertainly. As he gently

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laid Calista on the bed, his movements were tender, as though he was afraid of breaking her.

Calista nodded. "I just feel unwell. Even after taking medication, the discomfort persisted."

Kallum felt that his lack of skill could have been the cause of the situation. Annoyed, he furrowed his brows and then said, "Stay right here. I'll go get you some medication."

Having said that, he descended the stairs.

Calista let out a long sigh of relief. She hadn't lied as it did hurt a little, but it was bearable. Seeing Kallum leave, she quickly slipped away. However, she felt a twinge of guilt.

Kallum would surely be angry when he returns and finds me missing, wouldn't he? No, I can't afford to worry about all that now! Given the amount of bull testicle Kallum consumed earlier, staying here is likely to spell trouble for me!

Upon seeing Calista arrive, Wanda was a bit taken aback. "How did you get here so quickly? Did Kallum actually let you go?"

Caught off guard by Wanda's teasing question, Calista was momentarily flustered before she calmly

lowered her head and said, "He didn't let me go. I snuck over myself."

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Chapter 490 Kallum Needs Encouragement Too

After all, Kallum would never do something as outrageous as barging into his mother's room in the middle of the night to take someone away. That was why she chose to sleep in Wanda's room.

Wanda was somewhat taken aback when she heard that. She glanced at Calista and instinctively asked, "Callie, could it be that you really hate Kallum?"

Calista froze for a few seconds before shaking her head. Me? Hate Kallum? No, I don't hate him.

Wanda became even more puzzled. "Then, would you feel happy if Kallum was with you?"

Reflecting on it, Calista realized that even though she had always been cold toward Kallum, she couldn't deny that his presence always brought her a sense of comfort.

With that in mind, she nodded again.

Seeing her nod, Wanda let out a sigh of relief. She speculated that Calista was still mentally unable to let go due to her past. She blamed people like Yelena for that. Callie must've had a very oppressive childhood, which is why she's so passive and slow when it comes to dealing with emotions.

"Come, Callie. Sit next to me."

Wanda pointed toward the edge of the bed. Calista hesitated for a moment before she walked over. After she sat down, she said with a hint of unease, "Aunt Wanda, I didn't mean to mislead you. I'm just a bit scared..."

Wanda chuckled to herself. Kallum's overpowering presence must've been too intimidating! That's why Callie reacted in such a way! What a foolish boy... He doesn't even know how to restrain himself. Isn't it common sense to wait until the prey falls into the trap before showing one's true intentions? I suppose Kallum is just inexperienced and too impatient with her.

She gently patted Calista's hand, her voice filled with sincerity as she said, "You can't blame yourself for this. You're still young, so it's normal to be afraid of the unknown. Callie, let me ask you, do you wish to spend your life with Kallum?"

A lifetime with Kallum?

A lifetime truly felt too long. When Calista died in her previous life at the tender age of thirty, it felt as if she had lived through several lifetimes.

Seeing Calista in a daze, Wanda lowered her head and said, "Let's put it another way. If you had to choose someone to grow old with, who would it be?"

Calista had met countless people in her life, but in that moment, the first face that came to mind was Kallum's. Although he wasn't as gentle as Wilbur, nor as composed as Wyatt, there was something about his vibrant demeanor that seemed to energize Calista. Being around him felt like every day could be full of vigor.

Upon seeing the slight upward curve of Calista's lips, Wanda felt reassured. Her son's relentless efforts had indeed not been in vain; he still held a place in Calista's heart.

She let out a sigh and continued, "A lifetime seems neither long nor short. You and Kallum are both my children, and I don't favor one over the other. Kallum is indeed someone who won't look back once he's

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Chapter 490 Kallum Needs Encouragement Too

there are times when he becomes disheartened, which is quite heartbreaking to see. What do you think?"

In the end, Wanda was a loving mother. When the time was right, she would still advocate for her son's interests. However, her approach was gentle and her intentions were always for the benefit of both parties.

"Does Kallum need encouragement too?"

As Calista recalled Kallum's demeanor, it felt as if he was always full of said. Does a man like him even need encouragement?

enthusiasm no matter what she

"Yes, he does. However, he only needs your encouragement," Wanda affirmed with a smile.

Under strict insistence from Kallum, Shaun reluctantly presented his treasured medicinal cream.

"I can only produce a small amount of this cream each year, and yet, you've not only drained my past years' stock, but also insisted on taking my last box. You've really crossed the line!" Shaun complained with a disgruntled expression.

With a nonchalant tone, Kallum said, "At your age, what's the point in using Rejuvenating Cream?"

Shaun's beard twitched upwards. "Can't I make it a New Year's gift for Mrs. Fairchild?"

Kallum furrowed his brows, yet he resolutely shook his head. "My mom has plenty of skincare products, so she doesn't need yours. Besides, my mom isn't injured."

"Miss Shang isn't injured either, so what do you need this cream for?" Shaun retorted.

Upon hearing these words, a subtle blush unexpectedly spread across Kallum's face.

"Enough chatter; I've gotten what I came for, so I'll be leaving now," he said awkwardly.

After that, he took the medicine and left, seemingly afraid that Shaun might continue to probe.

Rejuvenating Cream was a private concoction by Shaun. Due to its stringent composition, it was impossible to distribute it publicly, and so, it was only occasionally used by the members of the Fairchild family.

Not only could it rejuvenate the skin, but it also had miraculous effects on healing scars, reducing inflammation, and relieving pain. The thought of possibly having the chance to apply the medicine on Callie made Kallum both a bit nervous and excited. Perhaps Callie would be moved after seeing my dedication?

However, when he returned excitedly with the cream in hand, the room was already completely empty.

A wave of despair washed over him in an instant. The despair was so profound that it was beyond words. The sight of him holding the medicine was akin to a joke.

Kallum's smile gradually froze on his face, and a sudden discomfort welled up within him.

Maybe she took refuge with Mom? Callie is my fiancée, and we've seen each other naked before, so why is she still avoiding me? Where exactly have I fallen short?

Frustrated, Kallum ran his fingers through his hair and flopped onto his bed. No matter what he thought, he just couldn't shake off the discomfort. It was unbearable.

No way! I can't just be defeated like this!