

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 511

Released on July 5, 2024

Chapter 511 A Mudslide

79%

The roar echoed through the relentless rain, like the harbinger of death.

Occasionally, small animals darted past. Kallum stared in the direction of the incident, feeling the mountain shaking noticeably. He had only one thought: he hoped Calista wasn't in that direction.

"Mr. Kallum, is it an earthquake?" Ryder asked uncertainly.

At that moment, distant shouts echoed as the two men chasing Calista ran back, yelling, "Something's wrong. The mountain collapsed. There's a mudslide."

They no longer cared about Calista, because the severe deforestation on the mountain combined with the heavy rain had caused a mudslide. If they were buried, they would die.

Hearing the commotion, Kallum immediately ran toward them and intercepted them.

"Where's the person you were chasing?"

The man was abruptly seized by Kallum, rainwater coursing down his face. As he looked at Kallum, his teeth chattered. "She ran off, but with the landslide, I fear she may be buried..."

Before he could finish, Kallum roared and punched him, knocking him to the ground.

The punch was so powerful that the man rolled twice on the ground, losing some teeth.

But this didn't relieve Kallum's anger in the slightest. If it weren't for these men chasing Calista, she wouldn't be in such danger. At that moment, his desire to kill was strong. If he weren't in a hurry to save her, he would have killed this man.

"Mr. Kallum! Mr. Kallum, the collapse has stopped. It seems to be a small-scale mudslide..." Ryder pulled Kallum back.

Even though it was a small-scale mudslide, his heart couldn't help but sink. He didn't dare to imagine what would happen to Kallum if Calista accidentally died here.

Kallum didn't respond, pushing Ryder aside and sprinting toward the direction of the mudslide.

He made a call, his trembling voice mixed with the rain.

“Is the GPS signal still there?”

The person on the other end quickly replied, “The signal is weak, but it’s still there. Ms. Calista seems to have stopped moving. But Mr. Kallum, what’s that noise on your end? It sounds huge.”

“Send me the location.”

“Yes, Mr. Kallum, it’s been sent to your phone... Wait. Mr. Kallum, satellite data indicates a change in the geological situation in your area. It’s right where Ms. Calista is. You can’t go there. It’s dangerous!”

After receiving the location data, Kallum immediately hung up and called for a helicopter to bring rescue tools to the area.

Although it was raining, the absence of thunderstorms in winter meant the helicopter could fly. However,

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And he didn’t have much time left.

On a cold winter night, the pouring rain was chilly.

Kallum had never believed in fate, but this time, he had an absurd thought.

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Is it destined that he and Calista will be forever apart? Is this life doomed to end in tragedy, just like the last? Whenever I have the chance to get close to her to seize her, will there be a hand ready to whisk her away? If so, I absolutely refuse to accept such a fate. Calista always said I’m lucky. If I truly am, I would trade all my remaining luck for her safety.

When Calista heard the commotion stop, she breathed a small sigh of relief. She was somewhat grateful she had fallen. If she had continued forward, she might have been buried directly.

But the situation was still dire. The exit was blocked, and she was about ten meters underground. Mud and rocks sealed the slanted exit, and if the rain continued, the mud could bury her completely.

She believed Kallum would come to rescue her, if he made it in time.

Calista held her phone close to her chest. The phone's light was her only solace in this less than two- square-meter underground pit. She breathed cautiously, knowing oxygen was extremely limited.

When Kallum saw the mudslide had stopped, he felt a glimmer of hope. If the affected area was small, Calista might still have a chance to escape.

But reality dealt him a heavy blow. When he reached the edge of the mudslide, the tracker showed Calista was directly beneath him.

He tried moving sideways, but the tracker immediately shifted. His newly acquired tracking system had almost no margin of error. This meant Calista, or at least her phone was right beneath his feet.

He called Calista, but she didn't dare answer. In the limited space, the air would last no more than an hour, and she couldn't waste any of it.

Calista: I'm buried, but before that, I fell into a naturally formed underground cavity. However, I may not last long. Mud and rocks have blocked the entrance, and the air is limited.

Her words were as calm as ever, but only she knew how much effort it took to type those words. Her whole body was numb with cold. Every breath seemed to take away the last bit of warmth from her body. She had a strong premonition that she might die here.

At that moment, she felt a wave of regret.

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Chapter 512 An Impossible Task

She shouldn't have run. She should have stood her ground and fought them with her hatchet, instead of being chased by them.

She also regretted rejecting Kallum's offer to accompany her when they left. If he had been by her side or if she had held onto him when they got off the car, would any of this have happened?

The phone light went out, leaving her surrounded by darkness. She quickly turned on the flashlight, illuminating the small space.

When the hole wasn't blocked before, water had already seeped into the slanted underground pit, soaking her legs below the knees. It felt like she was already a corpse...

Sitting there, with water soaking half her body, she illuminated the phone once again, revealing the time: eight o'clock.

She should be able to survive until nine o'clock with the air here, but she was getting closer to the mountaintop. Kallum needed to find suitable tools, transport them, and dig to rescue her. It seemed impossible to do all this within an hour.

Calista calculated, her heart growing heavier. She wondered if she would die here this time.

If she did, would someone come to collect her body?

After receiving Calista's message, Kallum still felt a chill run down his spine and was reluctant to face it despite being mentally prepared.

She was underground, and with the rain continuing, more mud and debris would pile up. Her survival space might shrink further, and he probably had less than an hour to save her.

Within an hour, how could he rescue his beloved in the rain before another mudslide were to happen?

Kallum had never been stumped by anything before, but now he felt utterly helpless. As his fingers lightly touched the ground, his expression was one of utter despair.

He wished for the rain to cease, for the mudslide to stop its relentless flow. He yearned for the plane to speed up, or for her to have just a bit more time. That way, he could figure out a plan and devise a

solution.

"Mr. Kallum..." When Ryder and others caught up, Kallum looked at him, stood up, and calmly ordered, "Inform them that within ten minutes, I want to see handheld digging machines and a dozen strong young

men."

Ryder glanced at him and hurried off. Within such a short time, the airplane would be the fastest, but ten

minutes...

Kallum walked to the edge of the mudslide. Calista said the entrance was buried by the mudslide. To prevent more mud from seeping down, he had to cut off the source.

After doing so, he could begin the rescue operation. Large-scale machinery would be fast, but transportation would take too long. Manual excavation would be slower, but it was the fastest method to

Balance: 101 +0

1 Coins- 1 Pearls

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He could do this. It shouldn't be a problem.

So before that, he had to find the entrance to the pit.

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Fortunately, when he found the entrance, the airplane finally arrived. With various rescue tools being brought up by the airplane, Kallum felt a surge of hope.

After the rescue personnel dropped tools from the sky and slid down from the airplane along the ropes, a dozen people were in place, and the rescue operation began in full swing. More than ten or twenty minutes had passed since Calista was buried. Her time was running out.

Everyone exerted all their strength to dig. The sound of electric tools was reassuring at this moment. Of course, some people used basic tools like shovels to remove mud and debris. After Kallum arranged for subsequent planes to lift large-scale excavation equipment, he put down his phone, ready to help, but was stopped by Ryder.

"Mr. Kallum. Ms. Calista must be very scared right now. Encouraging her to hold on is more important than anything else."

Rainwater flowed down Kallum's chin incessantly. He had arranged everything, but he absolutely couldn't stand by.

"We're rescuing my wife." He emphasized the word 'my'

"Only I can save my wife."

Hearing this, Ryder couldn't stop him.

Under Kallum's command, a continuous stream of supplies was transported up the mountain by the airplane, making the area brightly lit even in the rain.

How long was a distance of ten meters?

About twenty steps, about half a minute, and about two or three stories.

But at this moment, Kallum felt that ten meters was equivalent to a lifetime. It seemed that no matter how they dug, there was no end in sight.

In reality, there were numerous modern tools available for excavation. However, how could one find them within an hour? And even if found, how could they be transported quickly? Once transported, could she afford to wait? After much contemplation, which felt like an eternity yet was only a moment, Kallum decided to begin with manual excavation while waiting for larger equipment. This was undeniably the fastest and most effective approach.

However, the rain made their excavation work significantly difficult. Like everyone else, Kallum had rolled up his suit trousers and stood ankle-deep in the muddy water. He diligently used a shovel to clear away the mud and rocks that had been shattered next to the tools.

He had never been in such disarray, nor had he ever endured such hardship. But as long as he could save her, it was all worth it.

Thankfully, everyone was putting in their best effort. Coupled with the convenience of the tools, the excavation progressed swiftly. However, a new situation arose with Calista.

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Chapter 513 I Only Want You

She had no choice but to stand up, but her legs below the knees had already gone numb from the cold.

Maybe she had been too optimistic in her

imation. She might not even have an hour left. As the water level rose, her living space shrank, and she was already finding it hard to breathe. She tried to slow her heartbeat, but it quickened involuntarily—a sign of oxygen deprivation.

She needed to distract herself. The only way she could think of was to chat with Kallum on her phone.

Calista: What are you doing?

Kallum put down the shovel and carefully wiped the mud off his phone.

He replied: Rescuing you.

After he sent it, he felt it was too brief, so he asked: Are you scared?

Calista smiled faintly. Her fingers were numb from the cold as she struggled to type on her phone.

Calista: I wasn't afraid before. But you've spoiled me, and now I'm a little scared.

Kallum's eyes welled up with tears, but he quickly pulled himself together.

told her: I will continue to indulge you like this in the future.

Calista asked: Like raising a child? Am I your child?

Kallum replied: Consider it practice for raising a child to gain experience.

Calista felt very satisfied. She actually liked being treated like a child. Thinking of something, she typed quickly.

Calista: When you arrived, I saw you. But those people were chasing me, and I didn't dare stop.

Kallum's heart surged with emotions, which he forcefully suppressed. He gritted his teeth and replied: I'm sorry I was late, but I won't let them get away with it.

Calista: Yes, this area is very poor. I heard many women in the villages are bought. They are very pitiful too.

Kallum told her: Once you're out, if you're willing, you can take charge of this entire area.

She replied: I'm willing. However, she might not have time.

Calista didn't send the last few words. It was thirty-seven minutes past eight now, and the possibility of her being rescued alive was very slim.

Dying here alone was too lonely, but at least she had her phone.

She asked sincerely: If I were to die, would you fall for another woman?

At that moment, Kallum looked around frantically. In a short time, they had dug down two meters, which was a miracle, but it wasn't enough. It was far from enough

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eyes red with desperation. Everyone felt his hysteria.

"It will be okay... Ryder told Kallum cautiously. Kallum just looked at him deeply, clutching his chest.

"I can feel it." His voice trembled, "She doesn't have much time left."

Instantly, everyone's actions seemed to speed up.

Calista's fingers clawed at the dirt behind her. As the oxygen levels decreased, she felt increasingly uncomfortable.

To distract herself, she typed another random message to Kallum.

Calista: Do you think it's because you weren't meant to be mine? Did I deserve punishment for getting involved with you?

Calista genuinely thought so. She had changed everything with a second chance, but the one thing that remained unchanged was her entanglement with him.

She added: You and I are just not meant to be.

Kallum typed forcefully: No. I want nothing but you. I won't love anyone else, only you.

Calista's lips curled slightly. She slid down the wall, fully sitting in the water. The cold water kept her awake, but the headache might have been from hypoxia or fever. Yet, she still felt a sense of joy.

Calista: Then I can rest easy If you were to stop loving me or forget me, it would make me feel as though I had never truly lived.

Stop saying things like that. Stop tormenting me with those words. Kaiser's eyes were bloodshot, his chin trembling slightly. He gripped his phone tightly, forced to close his eyes.

There was no third party between them, no misunderstandings, no ridiculous in-law disputes, no class prejudices. But why was it so difficult to be together? It seemed like fate was deliberately setting all obstacles in their path.

He had been overcoming hurdles nonstop, almost reaching the end, only to be toyed with like this...

He refused to accept this fate.

Calista continued typing. Each word felt like a final message.

Calista: Do you know? My biggest regret in my past life was that although the world used the medicine I developed, no one knew my name. I saved many lives, but no one thanked me. I loved someone for a long time but never got a response. In the end, when I perished with the enemy, I was terrified because I felt like I had never truly lived. Would anyone even care to retrieve my body? If I died, would anyone remember me? Probably not, right?

Calista: The only one who would remember me would be Wanda. I loved her so much. She gave me all the warmth I ever knew. She always wanted to find me in my past life, but I stubbornly missed the chance to keep living.

Kallum wanted to type, but no words came out. He wanted to say that this life was different. He was hers, his mother was hers too, and everything he had was hers. She could have anything she wanted.

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Chapter 514 Hold On For Me

There would be countless people who would remember and thank her, but she couldn't die. Her name couldn't be on a memorial plaque. He couldn't live without her.

Calista typed again, seeming to pour out everything she had never said before.

Calista told him: I used to be so weak, thinking that stepping back would open up a world of possibilities. But when others began to close in on me, I had already become accustomed to retreating. This habit was terrifying. It allowed the villains to seize me by the throat and even if I had the power, I wouldn't resist.

She continued: So, I feared many people. I feared my stepmother. Whenever she had a cold face, I would be scared to the core, feeling like I was still twelve years old, with her being a giant I couldn't reach. I feared Quincy. Whenever she tattled, I would get in trouble. Whenever she wanted to bully me. I had no way to fight back. I also feared my father and the student at school who always looked down on me. And of course... I feared you. Whenever you frowned, my heart would race, wondering if I had done

something wrong or if you disliked me even more. But even so, I couldn't disappear from your sight. Loving you took all the courage I had in my previous life. Did you know that?

Kallum replied: I know now. He sat down, surrounded by various noises, but he couldn't hear any of them. He was lost in their world and asked: When I was pursuing you before, I felt you were so hard to get. I was different to you, but you wouldn't yield. Now I know why. Because back then, I didn't love you with all my effort. You were just throwing a little tantrum, right?

Calista smiled as she typed: Right.

Kallum chuckled, even though his expression looked more like crying than laughing.

Calista told him: I was so foolish in my past life, so in this life, I've become a bit wiser. Fear? That's unnecessary. Cowardice is unnecessary too. So are honesty and soft-heartedness. None of those bad habits are useful. When I was reborn, it felt like I filtered my life. I thought eliminating those unstable factors would make me invincible. And indeed, I did become invincible. Those who schemed against me didn't get what they wanted. Ending up here tonight is just bad luck. Maybe my greatest enemy is fate itself? D*mn, it hurt so much when I fell, and it still hurts now.

Kallum immediately became anxious. He asked: How are you feeling now?

Calista sat in the cold muddy water. Her head was growing hotter, and her consciousness was fading. She traced the words on the screen, imagining his worried face.

She replied: My situation isn't good right now. My head hurts. I'm not sure if it's from a lack of oxygen or a fever, probably both. Half my body is soaked in muddy water. Trust me, being in water in this weather is the cruelest punishment. Soon, I'll suffocate, freeze, or drown, and I have nowhere else to go. To kill me fate designed this unique method. How original.

She seemed to have let go completely, shedding all restraints before death, revealing her true self.

She narrated her sorrow with an optimistic touch, a hint of playfulness, all in an effort to make him remember her.

Kallum felt suffocated by her words. He could imagine her current state: confined, cold, suffocating. And he couldn't even hold her. It felt like being trapped in a living nightmare.

He quickly begged: Can you hold on? For me, please!

Calista parted her lips to pant. Her breathing became rapid, and her body grew numb..

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Chapter 514 Hold On For Me

She didn't have much time left.

She had to type quickly, each word written with her life.

79%

Calista: If I die, don't be sad. Being reborn was already a blessing. I avenged myself and became a star in the medical field. I am satisfied. I have achieved everything I wanted....

She let out a self-deprecating laugh.

She continued: But I realized that in the face of death, what I'm most grateful for in my reincarnation is gaining your love. I never wanted to face this, but it's clear now. Being loved by you is my greatest satisfaction, more than revenge or Jame. I seem to have always forgotten to tell you, or maybe, I never wanted to admit it. I love you. From my past life to this life. I have never been able to change my heart.

At that moment, tears finally fell from Kallum's eyes.

He was at a loss on how to respond to her declaration, "I love you." He had longed to hear it countless times but never under such circumstances, and never this way.

He typed quickly: This doesn't count. I want you to tell me you love me in person. I won't accept this expression,

He sent the message but received no response. Panic set in as he quickly sent another message.

Kallum: Talk to me, Callie, talk to me.

He wondered if her phone had died or if she had lost consciousness. In his panic, he called her. The phone rang for a long time, but no one answered. At that moment, terror engulfed him.

Kallum: Callie. Talk to me, please? Just type a word, or hang up the call, anything to let me know you're there.... I beg

you.

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Chapter 515 As Cold As Ever

The phone rang over and over. Half-conscious, Calista found the ringing incredibly annoying, disturbing- her and making her acutely aware that she was on the brink of suffocation. The feeling was excruciating.

At that moment, four planes flew overhead. They were carrying something enormous beneath them, and the roaring sound echoed across the sky.

Earlier, in addition to digging, some people had been cutting down trees to clear a space. Now, the large excavators had finally arrived. Though it would take some time to set up, everyone saw hope upon seeing

it.

Even Kallum seemed to come back to life, more excited than ever before.

He quickly typed: Callie. Did you hear that? The machinery is here. I can rescue you soon. Just hold on a little longer, I promise, just a little longer.

The lack of response made Kallum's heart sink again. He could barely hold onto the phone with both hands as he told her: I'll call you. If you're there, please hang up.

Everyone around him sprung into action, taking up their tools and surveying the surroundings. They all worked tirelessly, for they knew that the girl below was on the brink of collapse.

In this situation, Kallum pressed the call button with all his hopes pinned on it.

The phone rang once, twice, the "beep" sound seeming to stretch out infinitely, making Kallum hold his breath. Finally, on the fourth ring, the call was cut off. His eyes lit up with joy. She's still there. She's still alive.

He handed the phone to Ryder, cherishing it as if it were a precious treasure.

"Call her every two minutes and make sure she hangs up every time."

With that, he threw himself into the bustling efforts. The machinery was set up, and after measuring the depth with the life detector, a half-meter-wide drill began boring straight down from the initial

excavation.

Mud splattered everywhere, and the roaring sound was exhilarating.

No one had expected such a massive machine to be brought in. With it, Calista would surely be saved.

But then Ryder suddenly shouted in panic, “Mr. Kallum! She didn’t end the call.”

At that moment, Kallum was directing people to drag the cables. After he heard Ryder’s words, his expression changed.

“Call her again!”

A moment later, Ryder said with a mournful face, “She still hasn’t hung up.”

Kallum was in a race against time with death itself.

I won’t lose, nor will I accept defeat. I’ll get what I want. No one can take away the woman I want to save. No one.

Balance:

724 + 51

1 Coins 1 Pearls

~~W~~ 78%

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Chapter 515 As Cold As Ever

As soon as the drill emerged, Kallum tied a rope around himself and went down without a second thought.

The half-meter space was too narrow. He got several scrapes on the way down, but it didn’t matter. None of that mattered.

Below, there was indeed a small space of about one to two meters, now partially filled with the earth that

had fallen from above.

Hearing the phone ring, Kallum reached through the mud and water to grasp her hand, still clutching the phone tightly.

Calista was cold, covered in mud, looking almost like a corpse. Hot tears fell on her face, but she didn’t react at all.

Kallum hugged her tightly to confirm she was still there, then quickly tied the rope around her. He tugged on the rope, and the people above slowly pulled her up.

Kallum looked at the cramped, airless, pitch–dark space. It was suffocatingly oppressive.

He couldn't imagine how Calista had endured an hour here.

His feet soaked in the cold muddy water. Just as she described, it was the most brutal torture.

The rope came down again. Kallum quickly climbed up. Meanwhile, they were already using hot water to clean her face, clear the mud from her nose and mouth, wrapping her in blankets, and using giant heat lamps to warm her. The drizzle glistened in the warm red light. It wasn't raining heavily anymore, and she was still there.

Kallum didn't interfere with the medical team's efforts, even though he wanted to hold her in his arms. She was in shock. Every second mattered as she could be taken by death at any moment.

Holding her cold hand, Kallum rubbed it over and over, but it remained as cold as ever.

Because of the suffocation, Calista had swallowed a lot of mud, making the rescue even harder. To help her breathe, the medics had to cut a small incision in her neck and insert a tube into her trachea to assist her breathing.

Even with their skilled hands, tiny droplets of blood still trickled down, making her washed–out face look even paler, almost lifeless.

Kallum choked back sobs. Holding her hand, he closed his tear–filled eyes and kissed her trembling fingertips.

He said, word by word, "You always said I was lucky, that I was favored by fate, getting everything I wanted. If I am truly so lucky, if the heavens really favors me, then you will wake up. The only thing I want for the rest of my life is you."

As the mud was gradually cleared away, she still didn't open her eyes, Just when all the medical staff were about to give up, Calista's hand, held by Kallum, suddenly moved.

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