

## Her Vengeful Rebirth

### Chapter 1 A Horrible Death

In the confines of the Restricted Intensive Care Unit of the Research Center for Infectious Diseases, Calista Stafford lay in the ward for patients with a Level Four virus, numerous tubes sticking out of her body. The pain had tortured her so much that she no longer looked like her old self, and she was close to breathing her last. She clutched the bed sheets tightly with her claw like nails as she looked straight at the woman seated in front of her.

“Everyone else with the K virus died within a month. But you didn’t just survive. You even managed to contain your virus. What a perfect living specimen! How does it feel just living from day to day for the past three years? Not bad right?”

Her evil words were a total contrast to her beautiful face. Others visited her because she was ill, but Quincy Stafford was here to kill her. She took out a syringe full of a clear, light-yellow liquid.

“Oh look, here’s the antiserum that the researchers finally created yesterday! You’ve been hanging on for dear life just for this, right? They’ve grown so attached to you over the past three years, the moment the testing was complete, the research team made sure there was one prepared for you. Once you receive this injection, you can get well! Do you want this jab? My dearest elder sister?”

*Yes! Of course, I want it!* Calista thought to herself as she closed her eyes and tried to hide the despair she felt.

Calista wanted this antiserum badly, but she knew that her sister would kill her the day the antiserum was created. She was certain of this – after all it was Quincy who gave her this virus in the first place!

Not only did she get this virus, also simply known as the K virus – she had lived her entire life under Quincy’s thumb. Quincy barely understood anything about medical science, and she was now a beautiful and renowned genius doctor in high demand only because she had stolen everything important from her.

Every time she thought about how she had merely become Quincy’s steppingstone to her current success, it nearly drove her to death. But she did not want to die – she wanted revenge! When the researchers saw her strong will to live, they said she was such an altruistic person, sacrificing herself for the rest of the world.

She was being self-sacrificing? What nonsense!

She clung on despite the terrible pain for the past three years, because she hoped they would be able to quickly create an antiserum. The research team finally they had a breakthrough yesterday! The antiserum was finally created, but now Quincy was wickedly teasing her with this very thing that could save her life.

She felt her anger boiling up inside of her, and the sheer amount of hate within her weak body surprised her.

Quincy saw that she had shut her eyes and ignored her words, so she went straight to the point.

“My dear sister, I know you don’t want to die, and actually I’m not afraid of you returning to the medical field because nobody will believe you anymore. Tell you what, if you tell me the code to unlock the safe of your research lab, I’ll inject you with this antiserum immediately, and then send you overseas to live quietly. How about that?”

Calista opened her eyes upon hearing these words, and with an unsteady voice, she uttered her first words, “This is the first time...I have come across...someone...so...shameless!”

Taking away everything she had was not enough, and now before killing her, Quincy still wanted to cheat her of the last thing that made her life worthwhile! Dream on, thought Calista to herself.

“You’re not going to tell me?”

There was an evil glint in her eye as Quincy waved the syringe in her hand, and she threatened her, “What is more important to you than your own life? Didn’t you hang on just for this antiserum?”

Calista laughed coldly and ignored her question.

Seeing that this did not do the trick, Quincy decided to pull out her trump card.

“I suppose you don’t know yet huh. Mr. Kallum is getting engaged today, and his partner is that childhood friend, Mirabelle! That despicable woman! She teamed up with me to gang up against you and did so many terrible things to you – don’t you want to live on and get back at her?”

The words ‘Mr. Kallum’ pierced deeply through Calista’s heart.

Even though she had not heard this name in a very long time, it was still like a sharp sword that pierced easily through an old wound that refused to heal. She could tell that Quincy was filled with regret, because Quincy herself had always dreamed of marrying Kallum Fairchild, but was now beaten to it by Mirabelle Yost. She was full of regret, and she regretted it every single day.

If she had been more alert and saw through Quincy earlier, she would not be in this terrible situation now.

If she did not fall in love with that man and did everything in her power to keep their engagement, then she would not have been attacked time and again, suffering physical and emotional hurt and even nearly being raped!

It was a recurring nightmare of regret, hate and finally despair. Was it wrong to love someone? Was it wrong to show kindness? How did she end up in this state?

“Just kill me...you liar! I know...that syringe...contains poison!” Calista shouted agitatedly, as if she was possessed. She knew that she was doomed to die from the moment Quincy entered the room, because Quincy was only going to lie to her, demean her, and finally kill her.

Upon seeing that Calista would rather die than to tell her the code, Quincy’s face darkened and her anger began to rise. Nothing went well for her lately – that filthy Mirabelle had stolen the love of her life, and now this useless lowlife dared to go against her?

“Since you’d rather die, I’ll send you on your way! You think I can’t survive without you?”

With that, she got up and marched towards Calista, raising her hand to inject Calista with the deadly syringe. The poison in the syringe would only need ten seconds to kill Calista, and it would look like she died naturally.

Once Calista is dead, nobody in the world would be able to expose my evil deeds, thought Quincy to herself, eyes full of evil intent, not noticing the spark in the eyes of the weak woman lying on the bed.

Suddenly, Calista bolted up from the bed and ripped out the needles from her arm that connected her to various life support machines. She grabbed Quincy’s hand with all her might and pushed the syringe the other way, piercing it right into Quincy’s arm.

“No!”

Quincy’s eyes opened wide in terror. The next thing she knew, the syringe was empty. She tried calling for help but felt her body go weak and staggered back several steps.

She couldn’t believe it – Calista was practically breathing her last just a moment ago!

The alarm sounded as a result of her pulling all the needles out, but Calista did not care. She finally had her revenge!

She watched as Quincy clutched her own neck and fell to the floor, her eyes wide open, the blood on her hands reflected in her terrified pupils. This was her retribution!

An indescribable feeling of joy surged through Calista’s body, and the smile on her face grew wider and wider, and she looked more and more frightening.

She was so grateful that Grandpa had forced her to train her body since she was young, so she was able to exert this amount of strength despite being in such a weak state. She had avenged herself!

Now she realized that fighting back was not so hard after all.

The room started spinning as the alarm rang in her ears continuously, and Calista fell back onto the bed. She wanted someone to save her. She wanted to survive this ordeal and start her life all over again. She was determined not to be passive anymore and not to be a weakling again, but to boldly live her life and live true to herself!

As she began to lose consciousness, she could hear people rushing into the room.

If she survived, she would no longer be tied down by family who did not love her, she would not fall in love with the same man, and she would only love herself. As long as she could live on...