

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 171

Released on June 2, 2024

Ré Venceli Rebirth

Chapter 171 The Perfect Cover

Calista was a bit dared by his words, and it seemed she didn't quite understand. She pursed her lips, insisting on her point, yelling. "You don't like me!

"You" Kallun glared at her, only to see her looking back at him defiantly, her eyes red and sparkling. Much like a stubborn linle bene. #hy am I men berthering to anese tenke little draskand?

Kallum let out a sigh, deciding to sidestep the topic. "What did you bring nie here for! The house has been burnt down, and there's nothing left. What do we do now?"

With her lower lip caught between her teeth, Calista muttered a few words and led him further up the hill. To their surprise, they stumbled upon a small cave in the hillside, into which she promptly crawled.

Kallum found it amusing. As a child, Calista was raised by her grandparents, a pair of traditional old folks. They brought her up just like an ancient maiden, with rules and expectations for every word and action. It was hard to imagine that she had such a secret hideout when she was little.

Upon entering, a variety of items were scattered on the ground. There were worn-out rag dolls, little dresses adorned with lace, and so on. Meanwhile, Calista was rummaging through the stuff on the floor.

"Is this where you spent your childhood?" he asked.

Without looking back, Calista responded, "Yeah, my grandpa didn't like it when I played with dolls, nor did he approve of me wearing those short dresses..."

Kallum suddenly felt a pang of sympathy for her. As a child, she had to learn so much, her days were filled with exhaustion, and she had little time to herself.

"Well, do you still like them?" Kallum pondered. If Callie still held affection for them, he could provide her with a room filled with dolls and princess dresses.

"No... I never liked them... Otherwise, they wouldn't be here now."

The place was filthy, so it couldn't possibly reflect any form of affection. When she was a child, her father would bring over dresses and dolls, all of which her grandfather would throw away. She had to retrieve these items secretly.

“You don’t like them? Then why did you hide them here?” Kallum asked.

Suddenly, Calista found something, and her eyes lit up. “Because they’re the perfect cover!”

Before Kallum could utter a word, he caught a faint whiff of alcohol. Raising an eyebrow slightly, he walked over. At the narrow end, he had no choice but to crouch down. Both of them were like children, heads together, digging for treasure.

“What is this?”

“Alcohol!” Calista exclaimed, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction as she carefully unearthed a small bottle. She chuckled and said, “I remember Mrs. Fairchild once mentioned that on your birthday, you would always take the day off to enjoy some alcohol all by yourself. Apparently, you’ve been doing this since you were young!”

A significant tremor stirred within the heart of Kallum when he heard those words.

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He stared at the bottle in Calista’s hand, licked his parched lips, and after a moment of struggle, he asked, “So.... Is this the birthday gift you prepared for me?”

Calista nodded, and her previously excited face fell once again. “But every time I went to see you on your birthday, you refused to see me...”

With a sense of loneliness, she reburied the bottle, whispering, “Back then, I buried one bottle per year. I thought I would then give them to you when I had the chance in the future...”

Kallum’s heart pounded fiercely. He reached out, for the first time, humbling himself to touch the soil. He dug slowly, revealing eight or nine bottles, each of a different size.

He wanted to say something, but it was as if his voice was stuck. Only Calista was quietly counting the

bottles.

“One... Two... Nine! I’ve buried this many since I was nine years old!” With a satisfied expression, Calista asked somewhat mysteriously, “Do you know the kind of risk I took back then?”

As she leaned in to speak, she cast a sidelong glance outside the cave, as if anticipating a stern old man to appear any second.

“Alcohol was banned in our house! My grandpa, in his youth, had suffered greatly because of alcohol. That’s why he was so furious when my father, under the influence, made a mistake and ended up marrying Yelena.”

Crouched down, Calista moved a little closer toward Kallum, her face full of caution. Her eyes, held a hint of mischief.

however,

“That’s why I used these dolls and clothes as a cover. The last time my grandpa found out, he just scolded me a bit and didn’t check any further. I successfully managed to keep my alcohol!”

She seemed quite pleased with herself for having managed to deceive her stern grandfather, her voice growing louder as she spoke.

“Do you know what I used to brew my alcohol?” Calista asked, flaunting her knowledge before Kallum.

Kallum really couldn’t imagine what a nine-year-old girl could use to brew alcohol. He wanted to respond, but he found himself unable to utter a single word. Instead, he just stared at her with an intense gaze, as if he could see through her to the little girl who used to match wits and courage with her grandfather.

Upon noticing Kallum’s gaze fixed on her, Calista felt certain he was dying to know. So, she boasted, “I used fruits! There’s a forest behind the hill that’s full of fruits. I didn’t dare to steal rice because my grandma would notice. Hence, I used fruits instead!”

As she spoke, her eyes grew brighter. Even in the dimly lit cave, it seemed as if her pupils were filled with stars. “Do you know how I discovered the method for brewing alcohol? Back when I was in school, I had my deskmate look it up on their phone for me! I’m pretty sure I didn’t mess up the steps and the process. After all this time, it must taste amazing!”

Calista dug out the first bottle of alcohol she had buried, shaking it in anticipation. Hearing the sloshing of liquid inside, she squinted her eyes, eager to uncork the bottle and take a sip.

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Chapter 172 His Secret

However, Kallum swiftly stopped her.

Although the bottles of alcohol were sealed tightly, Kallum knew very well that fruit wine shouldn't be stored for long. This bottle must've gone bad. I can't let her drink it!

Hence, he quickly snatched it away.

"What's the matter?" Calista tilted her head and looked at him, clearly discontented. "I've been hiding it for so long! Why won't you let me drink it?"

Kallum paused for a moment and said with great seriousness, "All of these are mine! Didn't you say you buried them for me? No one else can touch them but me!"

A look of realization dawned on Calista's face as she said in a hushed tone, "That's right... It's all yours... Since it's your birthday, are you willing to see me now?"

Once again, Kallum felt the urge to give his past self a good beating. He looked at her intently, his voice deep and serious. "As long as I'm alive, I want to spend every one of my birthdays with you... If you'd only give me the chance."

Seeing him grasp her hand, Calista pulled back a bit petulantly. "You never used to pay me any attention! What's your hidden agenda?"

Kallum truly felt nonplussed. The whimsical thoughts of the little drunkard are indeed fantastical, but why is she so endearing?

"I don't have any hidden agendas. I was blind before, but now I can see. Seeing that Calista was still quite

birthday?" upset, Kallum tried to placate her, asking. "Do you know why I like to drink on my

Calista's ears twitched, but she didn't look at him.

Seeing her interest, Kallum cleared his throat and said, "If you forgive me, I'll tell you. I haven't shared this secret with anyone else!"

you also never told Mirabelle?" Calista mumbled, her voice laced with a hint of bitterness. For some made Kallum feel a warm surge in his chest. Mysteriously, all his physical pain seemed to

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vanish.

He looked at Calista, his gaze filled with unparalleled tenderness.

“No. She’s nothing but a liar. She couldn’t even compare to a single strand of your hair, Callie...” He reached for her hand once more. “Give me a chance. Would you let me share a secret with you?”

Calista felt it was about time, so she begrudgingly turned toward him. “All right, go ahead and speak!”

Her voice held a reluctant tone, but in reality, her eyes were alight with curiosity and interest, seemingly taking delight in being the first to know a secret. Seeing her like this, no one would believe that she wasn’t completely in love with Kallum

Kallum stifled the sorrow welling in his eyes. If I had fallen for her sooner, wouldn’t we have made such a blissful

Balance 1409 + 357

Chapter 172 His Secret

sneaked some alcohol and got drunk. In my drunken stupor, I accidentally broke my grandpa’s antique. You should remember my grandpa, he really liked you. He complimented you every time he saw you.”

“I remember...” Calista’s pale, delicate fingers touched her chin. “He always used to give me the most delicious candies.”

Kallum’s gaze was gentle. “Yes. That was him. He was always kind to you, but he was very strict with me. When I broke his favorite antique, he scolded me harshly. He forbade me from drinking alcohol and scolded me in front of the entire family. He said if I continued to be impulsive, I wouldn’t achieve anything in the future.”

Kallum’s refined voice echoed within the small cave, laced with a hint of laughter and warmth.

“Back then, I was utterly indignant, finding him truly unbearable! Thus, from that moment on, I never exchanged another word with him, not a single one. Then, after half a year, he passed away. Before his death, he transferred all his shares to me, which I could inherit once I turned eighteen.”

“He passed away?” A trace of desolation flickered in Calista’s eyes.

“Mmm, he passed away.” Kallum stroked her hair. “His death coincided with my birthday. The house was all set for a celebration, but his departure was so abrupt. That was my first encounter with death. It left a deep impression on me, especially when he held my hand and spoke during his last moments. It scared me a bit, but I couldn’t show my fear. That night, I couldn’t sleep. Whenever insomnia struck, his last words to me would echo in my mind. Some of it I didn’t understand, and it felt like a heavy burden. I

remembered that alcohol could blur the edges of reality, so I had a few drinks and finally managed to get a good night's sleep. In the following years, every time my birthday came around, I would lie awake at night. Memories of my grandpa's face and his words, which I gradually came to understand, would flood my mind. To find some peace, I would turn to drinking, which eventually became a birthday ritual. Since my birthday also marked his death anniversary, I did not feel like celebrating

"I see..." Calista pouted. "That's not interesting!TM

"Huh?"

"I thought it would be some interesting tale, but it wasn't at all... she complained, her lips pursing in a pout. It was impossible to express just how adorable she looked.

In an instant, Kallum managed to free himself from his mild melancholy. As he looked at her, he himself at a loss for what to do next.

"Let me share something interesting with you!" With a sly grin, Calista continued, "Do you know where I got the bottle I use for storing wine?"

Kallum played along with her, laughing as he said. "I'm not sure. Tell me!"

"Hmph!" Calista began to animatedly recount her adventure of how she had acquired the bottles, made the fruit wine, and cunningly managed to keep it all a secret. She narrated the whole process, including the moment when she was splashed all over with juice while crushing the fruit, and the time she nearly got caught while burying the wine bottles. Her nimble wits and daring actions made her story an exciting roller coaster ride that was hard to keep up with. This made the girl, who in Kallum's mind was forever shy, instantly come alive.

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Chapter 173 Stay Alive

"In the second year, I managed to steal some malted barley! And by the third year, I had obtained wheat- malt!" As she spoke, her expression suddenly fell into desolation. "By the fourth year, I didn't have to hide anymore because my grandparents had both passed away..."

In an instant, Kaiser felt a tug at his heart, wishing

ing more than to hold her close and comfort her.

"Yelena was never kind to me. Whenever I felt heartbroken, I would retreat here, alone. The serenity of the mountain, oddly enough, made me feel safer than the grandeur of

the mansion. Whenever fear crept in. I found comfort in the thought that, even if there were ghosts, my grandparents would surely protect me!”

she said.

Kallum tightened his grip on her hand. “It doesn’t matter if that isn’t the case. I’ll protect you in the future!”

Calista showed no reaction, yet she rallied her spirits and began to dig out the wine bottles one by one.

Kallum had also lent a hand. In an instant, his tailor-made clothes and trousers were smeared with mud, making them look like two children who had been playing in the mud.

Calista counted again meticulously and suddenly said in a dreamlike tone. “Do you think Lummy would be happy if he knew how much effort I’ve put into this?”

Kallum was startled, finally realizing what he had overlooked. In the past, Calista would call me Lummy, or like Mirabelle, she would call me Kal. However, from that day on, she only addressed me by my name, devoid of any hint of intimacy. It was as if we were strangers or even enemies...

As he grappled with discomfort, hearing Calista ask him in such a manner brought about a sense of happiness. His emotions were a tangled web of contradiction and complexity, yet joy managed to rise above the rest.

“He would definitely be thrilled! H—He would surely grow fonder of you. He would be so happy!”

Hearing Kallum’s assurance, Calista started to dig into the earth again happily. She seemed to take great pleasure in hiding away her treasures, much like a small animal.

She pulled out a carefully wrapped wooden box. Had Quincy been there, she would have certainly been livid, for within this box lay the treasure she held dear in her heart.

Calista opened the box, revealing a collection of exquisite antique boxes. Everything inside these boxes had been handed down from Calista’s grandmother, all of them precious items. However, these were not the focus of her attention. Calista directly pulled out a dark green box. Upon opening it, there was a th ring inside. The difference was that while the Fairchild family’s thumb ring was emerald green, the one in her hands was made of red emerald.

She gently touched it twice and said, “My grandmother gave this to me when she was alive. She said that since the Fairchild family has given us a valuable token, our family

should also return a token. Even though we are not as wealthy as others, we can't let people look down on us..."

That was verbatim. It seemed as though Kallum could envision how Calista's grandmother, who seemed to be quite the scholar, would have voiced these words.

Calista toyed with it, whispering, "But I knew Lummy wouldn't accept it, so I hid it away and never

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Chapter 173 Stay Alive

She began to feel anxious. Having faced rejection too many times, she had lost the courage to take risks. It was like these wines that she prepared every year, but ever since her grandparents passed away, she never attempted to give them away again.

Unable to resist any longer, Kallum finally embraced her. He sat on the ground, cradling Calista carefully in his arms as if he were protecting a rare and precious treasure.

"You really loved him..." Kallum's eyes, slightly reddened, were locked onto her. "Do you still love him now?"

Calista looked at him curiously. "Why do you find it strange? How could I not love him?"

"Well... If... Taking a deep breath, Kallum enunciated, "If he were to have survived, would you still be willing to marry him?"

Calista laughed. "That's an interesting thing to say. I've always looked forward to marrying Lummy. How could I possibly be unwilling?"

Kallum held her chin, drawing her somewhat scattered gaze—back into focus. "Take a good look at who I am! W—Would you marry me? If I were still alive, that is!"

Calista's large, starry eyes focused on him for a while. At that moment, Kallum felt as if he were proposing— His emotions were a whirlwind of nerves, joy, and fear, causing his heartbeat to fluctuate rapidly. His deep purple eyes were tightly fixed on Calista's face, his thin lips pressed together, anxiously awaiting her

response.

“Lummy?” Calista got a clear look at the person and joyously wrapped her arms around his neck. “I love you the most. Lummy! I want to marry you!”

Kallum felt as if he were on the brink of taking flight. His breaths came in quick succession, a sensation he had never experienced before. Never had he realized that simply being alive could bring such immense joy. I must stay alive! How could I bear to die? No! I must record this moment to prevent Callie from denying it once she sobered up. I could also play it back to her when I propose in the future. I can't let her wiggle out of it!

Just as Kallum was looking for his phone, Calista had already taken the smallest bottle of wine into her arms, presenting it like a treasure.

“Lummy, this is my birthday gift to you! You like drinking wine, don't you? I'm pretty smart, so the wine I've made must be delicious! Shall we try it together?”

Upon seeing her holding the surely spoiled bottle of wine again, Kallum swiftly snatched it away. Holding it high above his head, he coaxed her, “Be good, okay? This one's mine. You can't have it!”

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Chapter 174 Token Of Love

Biting her lower lip, Calista looked at him with a hint of grievance. She slowly said, “Ever since I was a child, I've dreamed of the day you would taste the wine I've brewed. So, w—would you like to try it?”

Under the hopeful gaze of Calista, it was difficult for Kallum to say no to her. If he told her that the wine

was definitely spoiled, perhaps it would her other wines were ruined as well. She put so much effort into

this. If I were to tell her that, she would be greatly disappointed, wouldn't she?

Whenever Kallum thought of her usual bright, starry eyes looking dim, he couldn't bear it. So, he nodded slightly and said. “All right, I'll drink! Y—You just watch me.”

After speaking, he broke the clay seal, but there was no scent emanating from it, indicating it had truly gone bad.

Calista said earnestly, “I used mulberries, as I couldn’t pick any other fruits. However, I’ve heard from others that mulberry wine is quite delightful. Would you like to try some?”

If Calista had been lucid, she would have known that many of these wines were unfit for consumption. After all, her methods were far from professional. Especially with the first bottle, even a nine-year-old prodigy couldn’t achieve a perfect seal.

Besides, if fruit wine were to spoil, it could produce numerous bacteria harmful to the human body. For Kallum, with his current physical condition, recklessly consuming such things was practically courting death.

However, Kallum couldn’t bear to see her heartbroken.

The sight of fingers, as white as porcelain, clutching a clay bottle smeared with dirt was already quite a contrast. Yet, Kallum dared to drink the unknown liquid inside. Truly, it was a display of courage.

He tilted his head back and took a sip, almost instinctively wanting to spit it out. But under the expectant gaze of Calista, he swallowed the strange, sour liquid bit by bit, feeling as if he had just consumed a dose of

poison.

“Is it delicious?” Calista asked cautiously. Her face flushed a deep red, and her eyes sparkled brightly.

Kallum’s expression remained unchanged until, finally, he revealed a dazzling smile. “It’s really good! Better than any famous liquor I’ve ever had, both locally and internationally!”

“Really?” Calista reached out to grab it. “Let me give it a try, then!”

Kallum was taken aback, hastily raising his hand. “No! Since it’s meant for me, you can’t have any!”

After that, fearing that Calista might actually drink it, he tilted his head back and finished off the entire bottle of spoiled wine.

Luckily, after such a long period of evaporation, there wasn’t much left in the bottle of liquor. Otherwise, it could have been lethal.

As Calista took the bottle to examine, Kallum managed to conceal a look of restraint. Even though the substance in the bottle made him feel like he was better off dead, having Calista in his arms made him feel

Balance:

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1 Coin

1 Pearls

Chapter 174 Token Of Love

it empty. Only then did a look of regret appear on her face.

Fearing that Calista might have some thoughts about the remaining wine, Kallum quickly changed the subject by saying, "That thumb ring?"

"Oh... Thumb ring!" Calista joyfully lifted Kallum's hand, slipping the ring onto his finger. "This is a token. of love!"

Kallum gazed at the red emerald thumb ring on his thumb, then at the emerald thumb ring on Calista's hand. He thought they seemed to be a pair. It must be fate! We're destined to be together!

The more he thought about it, the sweeter it felt. Kallum held Calista in his arms, letting out a contented sigh of happiness. "Callie... I'll definitely strive to survive!"

Every time he thought of how deeply Calista used to love him, his will to live surged infinitely. Once he recovered, he would slowly win her over, reminding her of the emotions they once shared. Then, they could be together forever.

Hence, he told himself he had to stay alive.

"I also strive to live on..."

Suddenly, Calista spoke, her head resting on his shoulder.

Kallum instantly thought of Yelena and the others, his brow furrowing. "Who's been giving you a hard time now?"

Calista's voice lowered. "In the end, those who wished for my demise will all meet a gruesome fate... That's because I've returned."

"Hmm?" Kallum didn't quite catch that. As he looked down, he noticed that Calista had already closed her eyes. Her brows were furrowed as if she was recalling something unpleasant. This left Kallum confused. Didn't our conversation go well just moments ago?

Kallum chuckled and sighed, readying himself to lift Calista in his arms. However, no sooner had he taken a few steps than he began to suffer from stomach pain.

Ever since he contracted K Virus, he had grown accustomed to the daily pain. However, this bout of abdominal pain was extraordinary, feeling as if he'd been stabbed, his flesh and blood churning. He gritted his teeth, taking a moment to catch his breath. Carefully, he sat down, cradling Calista in his arms before he managed to call Ryder.

Upon learning that Kallum was not at Havenrock Villa but had gone elsewhere, the Fairchild family mobilized over a hundred people. When they arrived, they carried out disinfection and cleared the area. Although Kallum's saliva and sweat were not really contagious, they took precautions to ensure nothing was overlooked. Even though K Virus had very low activity outside the human body, they could not afford to take any chances.

When Kallum was getting into the car, he suddenly held Ryder and ordered, "Take everything from the cave back with us!"

"Understood!" Upon seeing the state of Kallum, Ryder realized that the matter at hand had to be of great importance, as it was still occupying Kallum's thoughts.

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dismissively, his face pale as he said. "I must have eaten something I shouldn't have."

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Shaun was momentarily speechless. Mr. Kallum, why did you eat something you knew you shouldn't eat? Were you trying to kill yourself

Once the group returned to Fairchild Manor, Kallum was already drenched in sweat from the pain. The injection he received in the car did nothing to alleviate his discomfort. He endured the excruciating torment of what felt like his insides twisting, yet he didn't utter a single complaint throughout the ordeal.

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Chapter 175 A Divergence.

Calista was oblivious to everything. After being held and cleaned up by someone, he was placed onto a plush, soft bed,

By the time she woke up. Kallum had already had his stomach pumped, looking extremely pale. Seeing this, Calista immediately furrowed her brows.

“What happened?” Calista tried to recall, but she couldn’t remember anything. Could it have been the alcohol?

Seeing that she seemed to have forgotten, Kallum felt a twinge of regret. However, he still said, “I can’t drink alcohol now, it makes me feel uncomfortable.”

appears

Calista was skeptical. She helped Kallum onto the bed, then turned to Quintus and the others nearby. “Is it really just because of the alcohol?”

Quintus wouldn’t dare to tell the truth. Under Calista’s piercing gaze, he dryly said, “It’s due to the alcohol. After Mr. Kallum fell ill, his body became somewhat peculiar. Old Mr. Yancey just mentioned that Mr. Kallum is not allowed to drink alcohol in the future.”

Only then did Calista believe, regretting that she hadn’t stopped him.

She then asked someone to keep an eye on Kallum while she went off to the research lab. Calista felt it was necessary to discuss the issue with others. A person who could hold their liquor becoming allergic to alcohol due to K Virus?

At Fairchild Manor’s annex, beneath the two-story building, a secret research lab had been established. Over the past year, Calista’s intellectual prowess had won over the respect and admiration of the older experts. Hence, they were rather cordial toward her.

“Is Mr. Kallum all right now?” Bowen Haught asked as he approached. Approaching his sixties, he was the oldest and most experienced among them, excluding Shaun. His demeanor was quite amiable.

Calista gave a nod. “Old Mr. Yancey and the others handled it. I had a bit of a drink earlier and took a nap.”

Seemingly embarrassed about the mishap caused by drinking, Calista didn’t elaborate further. They discussed why Kallum suddenly developed an alcohol allergy, and then the conversation shifted toward the progress of conquering the virus.

Aside from Calista, the sole female expert remarked, “Ms. Stafford, our research direction has been correct. Over the past year, we have made some progress using your blood. However, we seem to have reached a bottleneck now. Without a live test subject, our future research will become very challenging”

Calista was well aware of this issue. However, bringing an infected person back to the country was no easy task. It had taken a great deal of effort to get Kallum back home safely. Even if they did manage to bring someone back, Calista didn't have the ability to prolong another person's life. Doing so would severely harm her own health, making it not worth the effort.

"Regarding this issue, here's what I think..." Pointing to a spot on the world map on the wall, Calista said slowly. "Currently, the majority of K Virus patients are concentrated in the countries in the equatorial regions. Bringing them back involves a great deal of risk. Therefore, I believe we should go there ourselves. After all, once infected, one's lifespan becomes extremely limited. To meet our research needs, we require a large number of patients, so we have no choice but to go to this place, Corleon."

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Chapter 175 A Divergence

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Suddenly, a voice of opposition arose. It belonged to the youngest amongst the group of experts, a man in his early thirties named Wayne Leedon. He was typically a man of few words, and that was the first time he had ever shown such fervor.

Calista stared at him, saying in a nonchalant tone, "Calm down. Since you're working for the Fairchild family, they'll ensure your safety. Those places aren't war zones. We're going there as a special support medical team, and we'll have the local government's support and protection."

Wayne's face darkened. "Why would you go to such a dangerous place? You're well aware that K Virus doesn't just transmit through fluids. It could potentially spread through the respiratory system in an area crowded with infected individuals! We don't know enough about it yet. Are we supposed to just recklessly march toward our death?"

Calista slightly raised an eyebrow. "I can assure you with certainty that the possibility of K Virus being transmitted through the respiratory tract is extremely slim. Not only can the inhibitor we've recently developed extend their lives by two months, but it can also completely eliminate this possibility. Besides, we have protective clothing. With a bit of caution, the scenario you're suggesting simply can't occur!"

A sudden look of fear crossed Wayne's face when he saw her resolute attitude. "So, you're really going? Fine, you can go! I'm staying right here!"

Gradually, Calista's expression turned frosty. "Only Professor Haught and Old Mr. Yancey are allowed to stay," she said. She didn't trust anyone else.

Sweeping her gaze over the crowd, each with their own unique expression, Calista slightly raised her voice to add, "Don't forget that you've signed the liability waiver forms! The Fairchild family paid a hefty sum for your services, not so you could hide behind the lines! Just imagine, if we succeed, your worth would increase a hundredfold! You'd be basking in glory! The Fairchild family will also do everything in their power to ensure your safety. Even on the off chance something happens, your family will be taken care of for life. What exactly are you afraid of?"

Upon hearing that Bowen could stay, Wayne was immediately upset. His thin face was taut, his eyes full of resentment. "Why can he stay and I can't? We all signed the agreement to come here! Aren't t being too biased? We could also conquer the virus while being within the country. It's just a matter of time!"

Several people gave approving looks. Despite the slow progress at the moment, they were confident that in a few years, or perhaps a decade or so, they would certainly overcome it. Why should we take any risks?

"Well, we're running out of time, Calista said calmly. "You may have already guessed that I used a unique method to prolong Kallum's life. However, even with his robust physique, he won't withstand the daily torment of K Virus, and I can't let him die."

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Chapter 176 Try Too Hard

The room fell into silence. Due to Kallum's unique physical condition and status, he couldn't be used as a human test subject. However, the fact that he had survived this long was already a miracle, a result of their collective efforts.

Their enemy was too formidable. Deep down, they lacked the belief that they could conquer K Virus before it ravaged Kallum's body. They simply couldn't understand Calista

Upon noticing the absence of the Fairchild family members and Shaun, Wayne suddenly said, "What for Ms. Stafford? You really don't have to try so hard."

Calista squinted slightly, casting a subtly intriguing gaze at him.

“Sh*t!” Wayne muttered under his breath. He always felt Calista’s stare was chilling.

Wayne then licked his lips and said in a lowered voice, “Now, you’re already considered half a daughter to the Fairchild family, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild are so fond of you. If something were to happen to Kallum, you would stand to gain the most. Why are you trying so hard?”

This statement was nothing short of heart-wrenching.

Suddenly, Calista took a step forward, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt. “What are you trying to say?”

Her tone was menacing, and her gaze even more oppressive. It left those around her wanting to intervene, yet too afraid to do so.

While clutching his collar, Wayne retorted angrily, “Did I say something wrong? Our current research progress has already increased our value a hundredfold! Why should we risk everything for a dying man? Ms. Stafford, you may have a spirit of sacrifice, but I don’t!”

Calista really wanted to punch him, but she held back. She gave him a deep look before shifting her gaze to the others.

“Do you share the same thoughts?” she asked,

The remaining eight people all displayed complex expressions. Seeing their silence, Wayne scoffed and said, “Ms. Stafford, you’re a good girl. I heard that you were quite fond of Mr. Kallum in the past, but he didn’t reciprocate your feelings. You couldn’t become his fiancée, so you became his sister instead. I understand why you want to save him, but we’re dealing with K Virus! For centuries, mankind has been helpless against it. What makes you think that we, just a handful of us, could conquer the virus before it destroys Mr. Kallum’s body? I admit that your blood carries some antibodies, but will that really help? Unless you can find a unique patient who’s infected with K Virus but doesn’t die! Someone like Mr. Kallum, whose life you’re barely keeping afloat, can’t even withstand a simple drug trial!”

Calista clenched her fists. She was the one who was infected but wouldn’t die. Although her blood had some resistance, if she truly contracted the disease, it would still break out, just like any ordinary person. That was why these people never suspected her.

The only thing that set her apart was her constitution. Due to her practicing martial arts and medicinal baths from a young age, she was quite different from ordinary people.

she couldn’t

let alone sacrifice herself for Kallum’s sake

Balance: 1409 +238

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12:53 Fri, 31-May 0

Chapter 176 Try Too Haul:

“If you believe yourselves to be incapable, then you’re destined to never conquer the virus Calista added solemnly, “To put it bluntly. I was the one who outlined the research direction, provided the blood samples, and gave you lots of crucial information. More than half of your progress is due to my contributions!”

Though what she said was indeed the truth, it inevitably made the others present wear uncomfortable expressions.

Crossing her arms, Calista continued in her icy demeanor, “Getting a bit of success and you’re already seeking fame, encountering a bit of danger and you’re all hesitation and excuses, I ask you, do you event remember why you came here? You’re not here for fame. You’re here to save lives!”

Several people turned pale under Calista’s intimidatio

Recently, they had made some progress, which had left them feeling somewhat clated. The mere thought of having made a breakthrough with a problem that had puzzled the world for centuries was enough to keep them up at night in excitement. As for Kallum, they all held the belief that all he needed to do was to keep trying. They were convinced he wouldn’t be able to hold on until the day they conquered the virus.

Right then, Bowen let out a sigh. “Ms. Stafford, please don’t be upset. I’ll talk to them. We certainly

member why we came here. When the time comes, I’ll accompany you to Corleon, and we can just leave Old Mr. Yancey behind.”

“No. He can’t manage it all by himself.” Calista immediately dismissed the idea.

“Well, I’m not going either! I’d rather give up the benefits offered by the Fairchild family than go to that place and risk my life!” Wayne seized the opportunity to voice his opinion. He didn’t believe that Calista would dare to do anything to him..

Calista gave a cold laugh. “You’re free to leave, but only after signing a confidentiality agreement. If you think you can quit and then beat us to the punch by announcing our achievements, I’m afraid I’ll have to disappoint you.”

“You!” Wayne’s eyes widened. “My contributions are also part of this research. Why can’t it be published?”

Calista’s demeanor suddenly shifted, her gaze becoming unexpectedly intimidating. “Simply because I’m the decision–maker here! Because my contributions are the greatest!”

She then flashed a smile toward Wayne and said, “Simply because I am Ms. Fairchild!”

“Y–You’re using your authority to suppress me!” Wayne felt fear creeping in, but he still forced himself to remain calm.

“You’re absolutely right!” Calista, with her arms crossed and leaning against the table, tilted her delicate chin up, looking down at the other person. “This research is mine, and I have only one goal. The goal is to keep Kallum alive! If he survives, I’ll naturally share the credit with you all. But if he dies, I’ll be very displeased, and you’ll be kicked out of the research.”

Send Gifts

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 177 Insatiable Greed

Someone displayed an expression of discontent, seemingly dissatisfied with Calista’s domineering attitude.

However, before they could speak, Calista sneered, “It seems you’re quite unsatisfied. When you arrived, you had already reaped all the benefits. Hence, you are essentially assistants hired by the Fairchild family for me. Helping me research K Virus is part of your job. Why should I share a slice of the pie with you? What if I want to keep everything for myself? You wouldn’t win even if you took me to court! While you think I’m using my authority to suppress you, I see nothing but insatiable greed in your eyes! If you refuse to obey, then get out! Those who comply will naturally receive the best rewards. I, as Ms. Fairchild, guarantee this much!”

The crowd’s expressions grew complicated. It was only when Calista mentioned it that they remembered the contract they had initially signed. Their role there was indeed not a leading one. Even Bowen was not the leader. As assistants, they truly had no power to assert their rights forcefully. After all, their status was not as high as Calista’s, and the control was not in their hands.

Calista had made it clear, though, that if they performed well, she would reward them generously. Regardless of their disobedience, she could take back her rewards at any time. However, those who obeyed would obviously receive more. After all, Calista was not a woman to break her word.

Once the female researcher had weighed the pros and cons, she promptly made her stance clear by saying, "There's no success without risk. I'll go with you!"

Others also started to voice their opinions, and with that, Wayne found himself increasingly isolated.

"You all..." He gritted his teeth and glared at those people.

In truth, he was beginning to feel a twinge of regret, wishing he could follow but not daring to. He was the youngest virologist with a limitless future ahead. If he contracted K Virus, he didn't believe Calista would have any way to prolong his life. If that life-prolonging method was flawless, Calista wouldn't be so desperate, taking risks to go to Corleon.

Seeing that they had finally started to behave, Calista let out a huff, not continuing any further. However, Wayne was no longer of any use. In his current state, even if he had a change of heart and wanted to follow, Calista wouldn't allow him to

"Remember this. I have only one demand, and that is for Kallum to stay alive! I also believe that we can conquer the virus before his demise. As long as he survives, whatever fame, wealth, or status you desire, I'll grant it all to you," Calista said.

When she spoke these words, her tone was incredibly serious, as if she were reciting some sort of vow.

Her resolve was infectious, and it stirred a newfound energy within everyone present. Seeing their renewed enthusiasm, Calista felt a sense of relief. She nodded approvingly, tapping her fingers lightly on

the table.

"Consider the wealth and power of the Fairchild family. Don't be too short-sighted. Being the savior of the Fairchild family's heir is far more beneficial than doubling your current worth," Calista said.

Calista executed the arts of offering consolation after delivering a blow and painting a rosy picture with ease. When she was on guard against everyone, when she was ruthless toward everyone, her wisdom allowed her to stand an invincible emund

Balance: 1409

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Chapter 177 Insatiable Greed

83%

possibility that Kallum could endure until their success. Naturally, they hadn't thought of attributing the life-saving grace to themselves. But with this new perspective, they felt a surge of energy. If they could. actually save Kallum, that would be a real win.

Calista felt a sense of relief in her heart, and she started discussing pain-relieving medications with Bowen.

Kallum waved his hand, choosing not to enter. Instead, he let Quintus push the wheelchair away.

After he had his stomach pumped, he was feeling rather unwell. He didn't want to be alone, so he decided to seek out Calista. However, he hadn't expected to witness such a scene.

Callie is far more formidable than I've ever imagined. Kallum was torn between feelings of relief and sadness. He yearned to be needed by her, not to be protected by her.

He replayed her words over and over in his mind. She had said that all she wanted was for him to live, and she had a firm belief in his success. When he thought about how others openly or secretly thought he would die, Calista's persistence became particularly heartwarming. If before he was reluctant to die, at that moment, he couldn't afford to. No matter how painful, he had to endure and pull through. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to face her.

My beloved Callic... Kallum couldn't bear the thought of her risking her life in such a dangerous place for his sake. The weight of her sacrifice was too much for him to endure. He couldn't allow her to go. She was too precious and beautiful to be put in harm's way.

Kallum suddenly chuckled and said, "Lock Wayne up. My affairs must remain confidential. Since he doesn't want to cooperate with me, I guess I'll have to inconvenience him."

Quintus nodded. "Yes, I'll get right on it."

Shaun stood hesitantly by Kallum's side, suggesting, "Mr. Kallum, how about I go to Corleon so that Ms. Stafford can stay here?"

Kallum rubbed his temples, feeling somewhat of a headache. "I wasn't even aware when she started harboring such dangerous thoughts."

Shaun responded, "I only found out today... Ms. Stafford truly treats you well... I think it's rare to find a couple where one treats the other as she does."

A faint smile couldn't help but tug at the corners of Kallum's lips when he heard that. Saying it's rare is an understatement. After all, everyone flees when adversity strikes. Callie is different, though.

Once again, Shaun let out a sigh. "Because of this, Ms. Stafford probably won't change her mind. After all, this is the only way to make progress at the moment. Yet, she's so young. It would be such a shame if anything were to go wrong. Should I go instead?"

Kallum shook his head. "You're too old, so you can't go either. Let Gunner and Ryder take them there, with Professor Haught leading. As for Callie... How could she go to such a filthy place?"

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Balance: 1409

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Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 178 A New Era

Shaun felt relieved when he saw that Kallum was determined to protect Calista and not sacrifice her for his- own sake or put her at risk. If they could get past this hurdle, Mr. Kallum and Ms. Stafford would probably make a very happy couple, wouldn't they?

By the time Calista finally finished discussing with Bowen and the others, night had already fallen.

After Wayne was called it, he never returned. Everyone knew what had happened but no one asked about his whereabouts, Since their arrival, they could only communicate with their families once a month under strict surveillance. Even if Wayne was dismissed from the research lab, he couldn't go home early.

"I think I understand what you're getting at." Bowen's eyes sparkled with intelligence. "It's common knowledge that most painkillers have a strong potential for dependency, even addiction. But if your idea works, we might just be on the brink of a new era!"

Calista nodded in agreement. She had no aspirations for fame, and her only focus was on solving problems. With medical knowledge spanning over a decade in her mind, coupled with more than a year of intensive learning, she had become one of the most

formidable medical research experts of her time. However, she was not yet aware of her own prowess.

“Our workload is going to increase from here on out. We’ll have a tough time ahead!” she said.

Bowen shook his head. “I’m not the one who’s had it tough. It’s really you. I’m just reaping the benefits of your efforts.”

He shared a few pleasantries with a smile and sent Calista off to rest. Although he had much more to say, he dared not. Everyone in Fairchild Manor knew that if he dared to keep Calista after dark, he would have to face Kallum’s wrath.

After having a little to eat, Calista was already quite exhausted. It was clear that she wasn’t one for indulgence. Her days were filled with either studying or conducting research, yet she found joy in this. Her mood was significantly better than when she was idle. Perhaps not being pursued and not having to flee for her life was enough to satisfy her.

After she finished her bath, it was nearly bedtime. She climbed into bed with practiced ease, only to find Kaiser was not focusing on his work. Instead, he was watching her intently.

“What’s wrong?” Calista asked, noticing his continued pallor. She furrowed her brows and said, “You’ve been pushing yourself so hard today. You must be feeling awful. Why don’t you rest? You can always work.

tomorrow.”

Kallum’s gaze lingered on her for a moment before he shook his head. “I should finish reviewing these two documents today, but you can go to sleep first.”

As he spoke, he seemed to want to push his wheelchair a bit further away, so as not to disturb her. But after

illness, every movement

the stomach pumping, his body was incredibly weak. Coupled with his ex as not to disturb her. But after

was as painful as a knife to the flesh. Yet, he disliked being bothered by others and had sent away everyone who tried to take care of him.

Seeing the sudden change in Kallum’s complexion, Calista had a hunch about what was going on. She climbed out of bed and walked over to him, sizing him up from head to toe. “Are you really okay?”

Balance:

1409 +177

1 Coin!

1 Pearls

12:53 FM, 31 May M D

Chapter 178 A New Era

“I’m fine.”

With that, he held his breath unsteadily. A thin sheen of sweat emerged on his forehead.

Every night, his body was wracked with pain that seemed to double, and that day’s ordeal had only worsened it. This was undeniably the happiest yet most agonizing birthday he had ever experienced.

83%

The joy was when Calista said she would marry him. The agony, however, was that she woke up and couldn’t remember a thing. Right then, he regretted not recoding the response she gave when they were in

the cave.

“You don’t look like you’re okay,” Calista said. Her brows furrowed as she noticed his discomfort.

Kallum shook his head. He desperately wanted to ask her if she truly didn’t remember, but as soon as he opened his mouth, he drew in a sharp breath. Dmn it! With this level of pain, sleep is off the table for me tonight!

Calista pursed her lips and bent down slightly. Then, in the next moment, Kallum was lifted off the ground. He was stunned. How is it possible for Calista to lift me? Why would she want to lift me? No! That’s the main point! The main point is that I, a grown man, am being carried by a petite lady! Am I really that light now?

“You! What are you doing?” Kallum’s expression was one of sheer terror. He was so shocked that he couldn’t even feel the pain, his face a kaleidoscope of emotions.

*D*mn it! Put me down now!” he exclaimed.

Calista found him annoying, so she said with a cold expression, "If you don't quiet down, I'll carry you. downstairs and take a lap. Given your current state, you probably can't beat me, anyway."

I'd rather be dead than deal with this! Kallum's body stiffened, immobile. He was genuinely terrified that Calista might carry him downstairs. She was known for being a woman of her word, and if anyone saw him like that, he might as well be dead. He had never been so embarrassed in his entire life.

In reality, Calista simply couldn't bear to see Kallum treating himself so poorly.

She had gone through the pain that Kallum was experiencing at that moment. Hence, seeing Kallum in distress, she could deeply empathize with him.

She laid him on the bed, and immediately, Kallum distanced himself from her. He gritted his teeth in frustration, but in the end, he didn't utter a word.

If anyone else were to do that to him, he would have lost his temper long ago. However, it was Calista, so he held back. Once I recover, I'll carry her around the city for a week until she begs for mercy!

"I still have documents to review!" he voiced out, clearly displeased.

Calista walked over to retrieve the documents. "Shall I read it out for you?"

Kallum cast a skeptical glance at her. When has Callie become so considerate? I like it, but something feels oddly off.

Send Gifts

Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 179 Not Because Of You

At that time, Kallum was still upset. What happened earlier was truly a blow to his pride. How am I supposed to wear the pants in the family in the future?

It seemed as though she could sense what he was thinking. Calista raised her eyebrows slightly. "What's the matter? Are you displeased because I carried you?"

Kallum turned his head to the side, holding back the pain as he muttered, "No."

Seeing him throw a tantrum, Calista found it quite amusing. A smirk tugged at the corner of her lips as she climbed onto the bed and lowered her voice to say, "Should I let you carry me back?"

Kallum looked at her, surprised. However, he wasn't one to turn down a good thing when it was offered. Most importantly, when he was feeling down, holding her seemed to make everything much better.

Yet, Calista refused to let him hold her. Chuckling slightly, she asked, "What's the matter? Aren't you going through the documents anymore?"

Upon seeing her disobedience, Kallum decided to remind her, "Today is my birthday!"

"So what?" Calista tilted her head.

Kallum displayed a complex expression. Am I not entitled to some perks? We were clearly close during the day. Indeed, a drunk Callie is more endearing.

Right then, she saw him frown and thought he was in pain again. Without thinking, she pressed her hand against his stomach and asked, "Does it hurt a lot?"

Most of the time, Kallum wouldn't show any signs of pain. Hence, if something made him furrow his brow, it had to truly hurt.

All was well until Calista touched it. The pain that Kallum had been enduring suddenly heightened upon

contact.

He didn't want to worry Calista and was ready to assure her he was fine. However, a sudden surge of pain hit him, as if it was drilling into his bones, causing his body to shudder slightly.

The stomach pumping he had undergone during the day had intensified the viral outbreak by night. His fists gradually tightened, and he experienced an alarming sensation of breathlessness.

"Lie down!"

Seeing him looking as if he was having an outbreak, Calista quickly set the documents aside. She then took out the silver needles to administer acupuncture, a treatment that was originally scheduled for the third day. But under the circumstances, she couldn't afford to wait any longer.

When Calista turned Kallum over, he curled up slightly. He didn't utter a sound, but his body was trembling.

It was his own competitive nature to blame. Even after going through stomach pumping, he didn't take the proper rest and continued to roam around.

Balance: 1409 +

+ 1

146

Chapter 179 Not Because Of You

Thanks to the silver needles, some color gradually returned to Kallum's face. He soon realized that it wasn't the third day yet. She had to perform acupuncture in advance because of what he ingested during the day. Needless to say, he was frustrated.

After the acupuncture, Kallum's complexion had returned to normal. However, Calista's lips turned pale. She gritted her teeth and collected all the needles, but she no longer had the energy to sterilize them.

Kallum sat up. Seeing her discomfort, he quickly held her in his arms. "Are you all right?"

Calista closed her eyes, momentarily lacking the strength to push him away.

"I'm sorry." Kallum held her close, his heart aching. Every time it came to this, he despised himself. I'm the cause of Callie's distress!

After a long while, Calista finally said, "I don't blame you. If I hadn't stopped you from taking the painkillers, you wouldn't be in such distress."

She took a deep breath, realizing that she simply couldn't pull herself away from Kallum's embrace. So, she decided not to get up at all. Over the past year, they had shared a bed every night. Although we've never been intimate with each other, he has seen it all. There's no point in being pretentious now.

Kallum shook his head. "I know you mean well for me."

Calista hummed in agreement. "Those pills have strong side effects. At first, taking one a day could relieve your pain, but eventually, you would need more and more. In the end, you could consume a whole bottle in a day, yet still not find relief from the pain. If that were to happen, your body would be in a terrible state. I don't want that for you."

A flicker of doubt flashed through Kallum's purple eyes when he heard those words. He wondered why Callie spoke with such certainty as if she had seen it with her own eyes or experienced it firsthand.

Obviously, it was actually her personal experience. As Calista closed her eyes, the chill enveloping her body seemed to bring past memories into sharp focus.

Back then, she was afraid of pain. At first, she could bear it, but eventually, she started taking painkillers. She began with one or two pills, but it escalated to entire bottles. Gradually, she couldn't afford those expensive drugs anymore, so she resorted to cheaper alternatives, which were utterly ineffective. The long-term consumption of painkillers could cause irreversible damage to the body, a cruel reality she had come to understand all too well.

"Don't worry, I'll soon be able to create a more effective painkiller with fewer side effects," she assured. It seemed as though she was afraid that Kaiser might overthink, so she quickly added, "That's just my new research project. I'm not doing that because of you."

Hearing that, Kallum couldn't help but laugh. With his arms wrapped around Calista's waist, he found her awkwardness absolutely endearing/

"Not because of me? Really?" Kallum deliberately provoked her.

"You're just an afterthought." Even though Calista was out of breath, her tone remained cold and resolute. It seemed as if whatever she was about to do had absolutely nothing to do with Kallum.

Had he not overheard her conversation in the research lab, perhaps Kallum would have believed her.

Balance: 1409

118

Chapter 179 Not Because Of You

At that time, they shared the same bed, their intimacy rivaling that of a typical married couple. The only difference, it seemed, was his physical condition.

"I will definitely get better." That was the first time Kallum made a promise in front of Calista.

Somewhat taken aback, Calista looked up at him, catching sight only of his chin. "Why this sudden surge of confidence?"

Send Gifts

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Released on June 2, 2024

Chapter 180 Wrong Script

“It’s because of you!”

Kallum raised an eyebrow and chuckled. “Considering how cooperative I’ve been with the treatment, shouldn’t you reward me with a kiss?”

Calista’s eyes darted around before she lowered her head. She muttered, “You’re crazy.”

“Yes, I am.” Kallum pinched her chin, not letting her sleep. “Today is my birthday. If you haven’t prepared a gift, it’s fine. I’ll let you off if you kiss me!”

Calista rolled her eyes at him. As she wriggled free from his grip, she murmured, “Stop it. I’m tired,”

“It’s the same if I kiss you. Don’t worry, I promise I’ll only give you a light peck!”

Calista thought about how Kallum had already seen her entire body, and they had done everything that should and should not be done. Coupled with acupuncture, she was extremely tired, which made her a bit irritable.

“Suit yourself, but don’t you dare disturb my sleep! Otherwise, I won’t make you any painkillers…”

Kallum seized on her slip-up and chuckled. “Didn’t you say it wasn’t for me?” he asked.

Calista found him bothersome. She moved away from him and gradually slipped under the blanket, determined to block him out of sight and mind.

Two hours after the acupuncture, Kallum was in high spirits. Besides, spending his birthday with the person he liked made him even more unwilling to leave her alone.

“Come on, admit it! Admit that you did it for me, and I’ll let you off!” Kallum teased her mischievously as he tickled her.

Calista’s body tensed for a moment, but then she remained unresponsive no matter how much he tickled her. It seemed like she had become immune to it.

Kallum raised an eyebrow, puzzled. He clearly remembered that Calista used to be ticklish!

Underneath the covers, Calista couldn’t sleep peacefully because Kallum wouldn’t stop bothering her. Finally, when she could no longer tolerate it, she suddenly grabbed his hand and pinned him down on the bed!

“You can’t sleep, can you?”

Her eyes were slightly red, her tone harsh and somewhat threatening. Kallum’s heart skipped a beat when her long hair fell onto his chest.

By the time he realized their position was inappropriate, Calista had already pinned him down.

“Since we can’t sleep, let’s do something meaningful!”

Darling, are you sure you’re not reading from the wrong script?

the of Kallum’s surprise, Calista kissed him. The next second, she deepened the kiss

183%1

Chapter 180 Wrong Script

was contagious!

He snapped back to reality and quickly pushed her away in a gentle way.

“What are you doing?”

A trace of panic flickered in his violet eyes, prompting Calista to laugh. “What’s the matter? You don’t want to be intimate with me anymore?”

Kallum glared at her. Despite his longing to be more intimate with her, and despite taking daily inhibitors that ensure his saliva and sweat posed almost no danger, he couldn’t eliminate the risk entirely. How could she tempt him like this?

Seeing that he didn’t respond, Calista knelt on top of him and asked mischievously, “Why are you

rejecting me again? You watch me every day and insist on holding me while you sleep. Isn’t it because you desire a woman?”

Kallum ran his fingers through his disheveled hair. The temptation before him was almost enough to drive him mad. What on earth was happening?

“Or is it that you want a woman, but just not me?” she taunted.

It’s absolutely not like that!

Kallum abruptly looked up. He had to make it clear! However, before he could speak, Calista suddenly laughed and pinned him down again. As her cool fragrance enveloped him, Kallum's handsome face tensed up, the struggle in his eyes reaching its peak.

*Don't come any closer to me," Kallum said, enunciating each word carefully. He was afraid he wouldn't be able to control himself around her because he had absolutely no resistance against her!

"Why not? I used to love how you despised me yet couldn't push me away in the past. If you continue to loathe me. I might probably be even happier. Yelena was right when she said that I can be a bit abnormal at times. And when I'm not normal, you're not allowed to resist!"

As she spoke, she leaned in to kiss Kallum's lips. It was a bold move that carried an eerie pleasure.

If she were the one infected with K Virus, wouldn't she also crave someone else's warmth? The heat coming from a human body... It felt like a form of salvation.

And wasn't this the birthday gift he wanted?

The softness of her lips sent a jolt through Kallum. Tall and long-limbed as he was, he had long since surrendered to her rather than being restrained.

Under the expected?

e blanket, a man and a woman would engage in certain intimate activities. Wasn't that to be

Before his desires completely overwhelmed him, Kallum finally wrapped his arms around her waist. In a hoarse whisper, he asked, "Do you have any regrets?"

Being intimate with him, even if it was just a kiss, carried the risk of death. Wasn't she afraid of the consequences just to fulfil his wish?

"We've been entangled with each other for so long rady

12:53 Fri, 31 May

Chapter 180 Wrong Script

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Calista spoke with a smile, her eyes twinkling with a hint of amusement, Her breath mingled with his in an ambiguous dance, like an enticing angel leading him into temptation.

Kallum could no longer restrain himself. He swiftly flipped over, pinning Calista beneath him.

For over a year, he had longed for a genuine kiss from her. Today, his wish was finally granted. It was his lucky day indeed!

On the messy bed, even if they were just kissing, the scene would make anyone blush. Unfortunately, for someone who had been repressing his desires for so long, a little indulgence only made it harder to bear, much like the effect of taking drugs.

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