

# **Her Vengeful Rebirth ( Calista ) Novel Chapter 221**

Released on June 2, 2024

## Chapter 221 The Special Infected

“Don’t worry,” he reassured. “I’m not carrying anything on me, not even a gun. Come here, I just want to talk.”

His appearance at that moment was strikingly similar to the first time they met, when he had an air of assured victory about him. He curled his lips into a smile and spoke.

“Didn’t you say you were fascinated by the K Virus? Don’t you want to know how I managed to pass through that lab without getting infected?”

A glimmer sparked in Calista’s eyes. Seeing that Sterling didn’t appear to be hiding anything, she began to hesitate.

“Two.”

Seeing that Calista wanted to go, Kallum held on to her tightly. He was certain that Sterling had no good intentions, and he couldn’t allow Calista to take risks under his watch.

Meanwhile, Sterling was already running out of patience.

“Three!”

“I’m coming over.”

Calista glanced back at Kallum. Seeing that he was still holding on to her, she tiptoed and whispered into his ear.

“The reason I returned, besides my father, was primarily to understand why he wasn’t infected. Perhaps he is the key to conquering the virus? Your body is deteriorating by the day, don’t think I’m unaware of it. I absolutely must go!”

Kallum felt as if his heart was being squeezed, his eyes widening in shock.

Calista managed to break free from his grasp. Instinctively, he reached out to grab Calista’s clothes but eventually let go.

Because Calista was glaring at him, she really had to go!

Kallum tasted bitterness in his mouth, surprised that despite his seamless facade, Calista had still seen through him. Moreover, she was willing to take risks for him without a hint of hesitation. With that thought in mind, an overwhelming sweetness filled

his heart. His Callie, always so stubborn yet soft- hearted, never vocalizing her intentions, yet acting on them all the same.

Kallum struggled to describe his emotions at that moment. In the end, he could only utter two words.

“Be careful.”

His gaze hardened, making a silent vow. No matter what, he would not let Calista get hurt, even if it cost him his life!

Calista nodded, moving toward Sterling. In a flash, a silver needle as thin as a hair strand appeared at her

rups.

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His gaze lingered on Calista’s neck with a certain intensity. Her scent will surely be far more enticing than the doctor’s that day.

It certainly will be!

Choosing Calisca over Kallum had indeed given Sterling pause. He knew full well that Kallum’s skills far surpassed his own by a significant margin. However, Calista was a different matter. While she possessed some skills, he had managed to subdue her from their very first encounter, and he believed he could still do so.

Before his death, he felt it was worth it to bring down an enemy

with him

Seeing Sterling continuously raising his hand, Calista felt somewhat reassured even though she was aware of his formidable martial arts skills..

“I’m here, hand me the remote.”

Sterling held the remote, but he didn’t hand it over to her right away. Instead, he smiled and said, “Before I give this to you. I want to tell you a secret about the K Virus. Are you interested?”

Calista’s heart skipped a beat, her gaze burning intensely as she stared at him. When their eyes met, it felt as if blades and arrows were clashing in battle.

“Do tell.”

Calista maintained a composed tone, even though her heart was clamoring to uncover the secret. However, she was dealing with a madman, a person who had lost all reason, and she couldn't afford to show even a hint of fear!

“Come a bit closer, this is a massive secret. Solve this century's toughest problem because of it, and you'll be swimming in endless fame and wealth.”

Sterling tempted her with a smile.

Calista took another step forward, reducing the distance between them to less than half a meter. Despite her smile, every muscle in her body was tensed up.

The hall fell into silence as Calista approached the imposing figure. Hearts raced, and the air grew

a tense heavy with anticipation.

“Are you ready to talk?” Calista's voice carried a hint of amusement, her gaze sharp and unwavering. Though she knew she was no match for him physically, she remained composed, assessing every move.

“All right, I'll tell you.”

Sterling took a step forward, drawing closer to Calista. In response, Kallum also advanced, his gaze fixed on Sterling, brimming with hostility.

He then watched as Sterling brought his lips to Calista's cars.

“The reason I made it back alive...” As Sterling leaned in to whisper into Calista's car, a sense of intimacy formed between them, belying the underlying tension.

s because...”

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Sterling's smiling face suddenly twisted into one of extreme resentment.

It's because I'm a special infected!”

Calista's pupils contracted, wanting to retreat. However, Sterling had already pressed the remote in his hand. An explosion sounded – it turned out that the five packages of

explosives he had planted had been disarmed by Kallum's men, with only one remaining behind the large chandelier on the ceiling!

The ceiling burst open, and the crystal chandelier came crashing down fiercely!

The dining hall was filled with shrieks of terror. Amidst the chaos, Calista managed to kick Sterling away. However, Sterling lunged at her once more, unleashing a terrifying burst of strength due to his near-death

state.

Send Gifts

Just as he opened his mouth, his teeth were about to sink into Calista's neck! Calista, her hands and feet restrained, could only watch helplessly as he closed in on her.

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The feeling was eerily similar to her past life, when she was beaten to the point of helplessness, forced to watch Sterling inject her with the virus without any means to resist!

Sterling's face contorted, resembling a wild beast as he bit down! But the anticipated pain never came. Calista opened her eyes, only to discover that the hand Sterling had bitten into was actually Kallum's!

Kallum could have rescued her immediately. However, at the moment of the explosion, his legs suddenly gave way, almost causing him to stumble. That was why Calista ended up in such a perilous situation!

Upon seeing Sterling crazily trying to bite Calista, without a second thought, Kallum blocked him with his left hand. With his right hand, he threw a fierce punch, causing Sterling's head to jerk to the side, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

Sterling finally loosened his grip on Calista's hand. Kallum kicked him over with one swift move, then scooped Calista into his arms!

After holding her for a moment, he meticulously examined Calista from head to toe. His injured, bleeding left hand instinctively kept its distance from her as he continuously asked questions.

"Were you hurt? Are you okay? Did you get injured?"

Calista, however, was staring blankly at his injured hand.

Upon seeing that she seemed unharmed, Kallum casually waved his hand, chuckling with a hint of self-deprecation. "I'm fine, I—I've already been through the worst. Now, it's his turn."

After being kicked away, Sterling was immediately restrained by Kallum's men.

Upon spotting a trace of Kallum's blood on Sterling's lips, Ryder quickly covered Sterling's mouth, hoping to prevent him from suspecting anything when he would inevitably develop a fever later.

Though panic briefly gripped the crowd at the shattered ceiling, Kallum's team efficiently restored order, calming the frayed nerves of the guests.

"Everyone, please stay calm! The bomb hidden beneath the load-bearing pillar has been disarmed, your safety is no longer at risk."

Ryder's reassuring words brought a semblance of calm to the shaken guests, yet beneath the surface, they harbored silent regret. Had they known the extent of Sterling's madness, they wouldn't have risked attending. His willingness to drag others down in his downfall was truly unsettling, marking him as a dangerous individual unlike any they had encountered before.

The butler, hiding in the shadows, caught sight of Kallum's injured hand. Suddenly, he realized this was a golden opportunity to prove his worth!

As soon as he learned of Sterling's infection with the K Virus, a wave of despair washed over him. The Wolford residence, once bustling with activity, now lay deserted as everyone fled in fear. Despite their silence out of fear for Sterling's authority, he knew that rumors would inevitably begin circulating by

tomorrow.

The butler had initially wanted to flee, but Sterling had used his daughter as leverage, leaving him no

choice but to stay. Now, with Sterling captured and no chance of turning the tables, if he still wanted to

escape from Damen this would have

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opportunity!

And so, he rushed out, shouting loudly.

“Stay away from Sterling, he’s infected with the K Virus!”

With a single statement from the butler, the previously calm hall descended into greater chaos than before!

“What? How could he have contracted the K Virus? There’s no way the K Virus is in our country!”

“Have you all forgotten? H–He just returned from Corleon!”

“How could he possibly have gotten through customs? This is impossible!”

Such questions left everyone in a state of shock, no wonder Sterling was acting so recklessly, he was already on the brink of death!

Many people who had eaten here felt a strong urge to vomit

“This lunatic wouldn’t have mixed his blood into the food and drink, would he...“.

Someone voiced their suspicion, and the faces of many who had already partaken in the food and drink changed instantly. They wished they could immediately spit it out!

After the bomb threat was neutralized, they found themselves plunged into an even more terrifying crisis! It seemed as if even the air in this place was poisonous!

“Mr. Kallum has been bitten...”

Suddenly, someone spoke up and, for some reason, the previously noisy environment fell into an unexplained silence..

“Mr. Kallum... has been bitten by Sterling...”

A girl clutching a chic handbag pointed to the bleeding left hand of Kallum, her face pale. “Kallum has been bitten!” she exclaimed.

Everyone calmed down, their faces reflecting a variety of emotions. They all understood that if one was bitten and bled, the probability of contracting a disease was as high as ninety–nine percent....

Bound and gagged, Sterling’s face was flushed a deep red. Upon recognizing Kallum as the one he had bitten last, he couldn’t contain his excitement, despite the obstruction in his mouth. He let out a muffled. roar of exhilaration and struggled ceaselessly under the grip of his captor.

Seeing that his goal had been achieved, the butler's eyes turned red with excitement. Now, he could go Harvey to claim his merit!

He feigned fear as he said, "What do we do? Mr. Kallum must have caught it! Mr. Wolford has already infected two people since he came back, I didn't expect even Mr. Kallum to..."

At this point, no one was concerned about the butler's failure to report anymore. Everyone instinctively took two steps back, their faces filled with fear. It was as if, any second now, Kallum would transform into a

and pounce on them.

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This must have been the first time Kallum had to confront public ostracism. Back when he was at home. although the experts were afraid, they never dared to show it.

However, at that moment, the blatant discrimination and fear emanating from those around him made him feel instantly isolated. No one would approach him, not a soul.

But in the next moment, his injured hand was clasped by someone else.

Calista took a step forward, speaking almost in direct contact with his body.

"Pretend you have a fever, quick!"

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## Chapter 223 Are You Truly Not Afraid

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Just then, it seemed as though Kallum was jolted awake. His gaze toward Calista was fraught with complexity. Almost immediately, he pressed his body close to hers, subtly watching her face for any trace of emotion. A sudden, intense curiosity overtook him—he desperately wanted to know whether Calista was truly devoid of the fear that everyone else harbored against him.

"Did he faint?"

It was only then that the memory resurfaced among them—those infected with the notorious K Virus typically suffered from a rapid onset of high fever. This knowledge

caused a collective, though silent, sigh of relief to pass through the group, as none exhibited any fever symptoms.

Calista, while supporting Kallum's weight, raised her voice to catch the attention of Gunner and the others. In reality, her words were meant for everyone present.

"Don't give up hope," she said, "Quickly, take him back. We still have the antibodies; there's still that slim one percent chance of survival!"

Gunner instantly grasped Calista's subtle attempt at disguising Kallum's illness. He nodded with urgency and moved swiftly to assist Calista in escorting Kallum away from the scene. Their departure was marked by a rushed urgency, as if the antibody's administration was a matter of life or death.

Throughout this ordeal, Calista had been the pillar Kallum leaned on. When they found themselves suddenly isolated by their peers, she noticed Kallum's emotional state was precariously unstable. Knowing well that any surge of negative emotions could severely disrupt his recovery, her actions were carefully crafted to provide reassurance.

Once they were safely inside the car, Calista had Kallum rest his head on her lap. Although she was aware that onlookers couldn't see inside, Calista still whispered a cautious, "Don't move just yet."

No sooner had Calista issued her instruction than Kallum stilled completely. The car sped off, leaving the rest of their group behind in haste.

The vehicle was partitioned such that only Calista and Kallum's heavy breathing could be heard within the confined space. At that time, both were engulfed in a whirlwind of emotions.

Calista had much on her mind—she wanted to reproach Kallum for his reckless attempts at saving her. Given his unique position, any complications could escalate into significant issues!

she recognized that such thoughts were unjustified—after all, it was she who had continually pulled him into her own perilous situations.

"Don't worry," Calista said calmly, analyzing their situation, "Once we return, you'll rest for a month. To the outside world, we'll announce that you've recovered following the antibody treatment. It's normal to experience a few months of weakness after such a procedure. But after a month, everyone will recognize that you're not infected."

As Calista voiced these thoughts, she managed to find a small smile, "Yes," she continued, "as long as you can endure for a month, they'll realize your treatment was successful. Because, so far, no one infected with the K Virus has lasted a month"



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## Chapter 223 Are You Truly Not Afraid

Calista's fingers gently combed through his hair.

"I'll always be there to protect you," she declared with a serious tone.

Though her word

might sound naive to outsiders—the ones after Kallum were not just ordinary foes- their machinations were far beyond what one might expect a nineteen-year-old to handle.

Nonetheless, Kallum believed her. He tilted his head to meet her gaze, his feelings for her deepening.

"So you're saying you'll always be with me..." His voice carried a subtle undertone as he slightly curled his lips. "Aren't you afraid of me at all? I mean, the reactions of the people today were typical, yet you've never shown any fear. Are you really not afraid of me?"

Calista looked down at Kallum, puzzled by his question.

She understood his feelings might have been provoked by the events of the day, but what did that have to do with her? She was the one he had saved twice from the peril of the K Virus, all due to his involvement. What reason did she have to fear or distance herself from him?

Moreover, if an average person were to contract the K Virus through someone else's actions, they would likely feel immense resentment toward that individual during their suffering. They might even believe that their only solace lay in dragging that person down with them.

Yet, Kallum had never exhibited such bitterness. He had consistently shown kindness toward her, never once blaming her for his condition. So why would he think she would fear him and pull away?

Unable to fathom his feelings, Shang Qing impulsively planted a kiss on him. In such a situation, nothing was more comforting than this intimate touch.

She lowered her gaze, meeting Kallum's somewhat scrutinizing eyes. Without hesitation, she deepened the kiss gradually. Their breaths mingled, a silent yearning filled the space between them. The atmosphere thickened with a palpable tension, as if they were on the brink of crossing an unspoken boundary...

Kallum's doubts about her feelings vanished completely. Callie was clearly not afraid of him, not in the slightest. She didn't just kiss him out of guilt or to placate him—her kisses were imbued with a passion that seemed to contradict her outward calmness, even a simple peck was charged with the warmth and excitement capable of melting hearts.

Suddenly, Kallum acted on impulse, flipping Calista beneath him. In the dim light, his violet eyes seemed to blaze with an eerie glow, his breathing intensified.

“Are you truly not afraid of me? You're not scared that I...” His fingers traced a path from her cheek down to her neck, then suggestively lower. With each touch, his breath grew more labored. The air within the car was stifling, laden with tension that seemed ready to burst at any moment.

“Would you be scared if I said I wanted you?”

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His voice was deep and husky, his intensity with piercing focus on her eyes.”

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it wandered over her form, finally anchoring

Under his penetrating stare, Calista found herself trembling, yet she managed to maintain a steady voice. “I won't, even if you were to take me now.”

Her words were nothing short of seduction.

Kallum responded by lowering his head and passionately capturing her lips with his own, his movements reflecting a fervor as if celebrating the last moments before an apocalypse. Even in this whirlwind of emotions that clouded his judgment, Kallum remained mindful not to cause her any pain. His lips worked over hers with an intense desire to consume, to fully integrate her into his very essence, yet he consciously restrained this primal urge. It was a constant struggle, a tug-of-war between raw instinct and disciplined restraint.

Their passionate exchange left their clothes slightly ruffled, and only then did they break away from their heated embrace.

Breathing heavily by her ear, Kallum's voice was a cocktail of agony and ecstasy.

“You’re a wicked woman,” he declared, his tone tinged with sweetness yet edged with a rough, gritted delivery. for you couldn’t deepen

further aid this deliberately, didn’t you? Just when I thought my I

further, you push me to fall even harder! You wicked woman, I don’t think I could ever let you go, not even in death.”

As he settled down, Calista exhaled a relieved sigh and let out a gentle chuckle. “What was meant to be a touching romantic confession somehow sounded more like a plot from a horror story.”

At her words, Kallum also allowed a laugh to escape, his demeanor shedding any lingering gloom and regaining its usual vibrancy. “You won’t regret today, and I promise you won’t be disappointed.”

Calista, now slightly propping herself up from beneath him, replied with a playful edge, “Let’s just wait and see then.”

Soon after, they reached the Fairchild Manor. Before they could even exit the car, they were met by a throng of reporters.

Sterling had been taken to the police station, identified by the butler as a carrier of the K Virus, necessitating his immediate isolation. However, the main focus at the moment was unmistakably on Kallum.

“Word has it that Sterling, confirmed to be infected, had bitten Kallum during an altercation. Now, outside the Fairchild Manor’s gates, we’re attempting to gather more information.”

The reporters’ presence underscored the reality that suppressing this news was futile—too many had witnessed it. Furthermore, the stakes were incredibly high, as the spread of the K Virus posed a direct threat to public safety.

This marked the first instance these reporters had dared to encroach upon the Fairchild Manor’s doorstep, resolved to stay until they had seen Kallum for themselves.

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outside world, we can claim that you received the antibody injection while in the car and successfully recovered.”

Kallum glanced at her, an amused chuckle escaping,

“I’m not worried. Shall we go together?”

Without hesitation, Calista took his hand. “Sure.”

As soon as Kallum stepped out, he was greeted by a barrage of flashing cameras. The intense scrutiny reminded him of his first press conference as Fairchild Group’s leader—his first public declaration of his new role as the youngest and most promising head of the group.

Despite his usual avoidance of public appearances, at this moment, their presence was crucial.

As Kallum made his way into the open, the reporters swarmed over, seizing this rare chance to capture the elusive young CEO without restrictions—previously, any unauthorized photos would prompt immediate demands for deletion.

Kallum, appearing slightly weakened yet still imposing, maintained his regal air. His profound violet eyes and the subtle curve of his lips projected an aura of dominance, as if he stood above all others. Now with his left hand bandaged and showing signs of recovery from the fever, speculation was rife.

“Did you successfully receive the antibody injection, Mr. Kallum?”

“How are you feeling now? Will there be any future risk of contagion?”

“Mr. Kallum, would you consider taking a public blood test to reassure everyone?”

While bodyguards kept the reporters at bay—none of whom wished to get too close, fearing the potential volatility of Kallum—he remained coolly detached from the frenzy around him. After stepping out of the car, he reached back unexpectedly...

Everyone was taken aback. Who else could possibly be in the car? Given his evident respect, it must be someone significant importance, right?

As all eyes fixed on the car door, Calista emerged, hand in hand with Kallum.

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That day, she was clad in a sleek black gown, her gaze sharp and commanding, her presence undeniably regal, reminiscent of a queen.

It’s... Calista?

People remembered her. After all, she was indeed a familiar face, especially at Bayview University where she was celebrated as a medical research prodigy. Her recent breakthrough in anti-cancer medicine had already made headlines.