

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 411

Chapter 411 I Am The Most Powerful Weapon

Amid her pained cries, Kurt couldn't resist taunting her, his smile twisted with menace.

"You better not be planning anything. I could tear you apart with one hand!" His words were a chilling reminder of his physical superiority.

Carried along by him, Calista remained as still as if life had left her body. They moved several meters before a faint, incredibly weak voice emerged from behind Kurt.

"You thought... by disarming me, I wouldn't be able to harm you?"

Kurt, startled by the defiance in her voice, reacted instinctively by throwing Calista aside. She collided with the wall, the impact causing blood to trickle from the corner of her mouth as she slumped to the ground. Yet, despite the pain, a faint laugh escaped her lips.

In the dim light, there was a certain glow in her eyes. "I... I am the most powerful weapon..." she declared.

Initially, Kurt didn't grasp the meaning of her words. But then, a burning sensation rapidly spread throughout his body, the heat intensifying unnaturally.

"What's happening... to my body?" he gasped as the fever surged, overwhelming his senses.

Typically, the K Virus might induce a fever, but nothing as severe as what Kurt was experiencing. His previous injuries compounded his vulnerability, allowing the virus, transmitted through Calista's blood, to aggressively take hold. His once formidable strength ebbed away as he became weak and disoriented.

Blood! A sudden fever?

The realization dawned on him as he stared at his arm where Calista's blood had mingled with his. Looking at Calista in disbelief, his eyes wide with shock, he could barely articulate his realization. "You..."

Lifting her head, Calista managed a weak but composed smile. "Just as you suspected, I'm infected with a deadly virus... You might as well call me the Annihilator of Death."

As she slowly rose to her feet, Kurt, consumed by fear, staggered back, his body burning with the intense fever brought on by the virus.

The woman that he could have easily torn apart just moments ago had now slowly moved to his side, looking down on him from a position of superiority. The roles were now reversed; the predator had become the prey.

"The deadly virus will end with me..., and you, you'll be the last to die from it. Feel honored?" Calista's tone was almost conversational as she reached for his gun with a casual gesture.

Kurt tried desperately to recover the weapon, but his coordination failed him, and he collapsed to the ground. Despite his efforts to rise, his body betrayed him, weakened by the K Virus' rapid assault.

Calista watched his struggle, her laughter cold and detached.

The virus she carried was unlike any typical strain; it had been honed within her to a uniquely potent

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Suddenly, a gunshot echoed through the alley.

The dim lighting made it difficult for Calista to aim precisely, and her shot struck Kurt's abdomen instead of his heart. His screams filled the night air as Quintus and his team arrived on the scene.

As Calista fired again under the sparse streetlight, the ensuing silence was punctuated by a final, gruesome sound—a blood spurt hitting her ankle boots. Kurt, once a

formidable foe under Kiefer's command, now lay lifeless, defeated by a woman he had underestimated,

The impact of what had just transpired was hard for Quintus and the others to process.

As Calista stood there, her shadow elongated and distorted by the light, an oppressive aura of death enveloped them.

Just as Quintus was about to speak, his phone rang, bringing news that plunged him into deeper concern.

"What? You're saying...someone contracted the K Virus because of Ms. Calista?"

Calista, overhearing the conversation, lifted her gaze toward the direction they had come from, her ears catching the sound of approaching footsteps.

Quintus quickly ended the call and turned to Calista in distress. "Ms. Calista, there's been an incident! We need to leave immediately!"

"It's too late..." Calista spoke softly, then shifted her attention to her injured arm.

The bandage, which had previously been secure, was now compromised, with blood slowly seeping through the fabric at its end. It seemed likely that the bandage had been inadvertently touched, perhaps causing someone to be infected.

As they stood in the shadowed alley, the sound of rhythmic, urgent footsteps began to grow louder and closer, ramping up the tension among those gathered.

The rapid approach was unexpected, yet considering the circumstances, it was not entirely surprising. Chanaca was renowned for its rigorous enforcement of public health and safety regulations. The government's stringent measures encompassed everything from food poisoning and drug control to the control of biological agents like the K Virus.

In moments, the previously quiet alley was overrun with activity as it became encircled by police armed to the teeth. Their presence and preparedness exceeded even that of the unit that had been sent to apprehend Kiefer, signaling the gravity of the situation.

Quintus and his companions quickly positioned themselves protectively in front of Calista. Meanwhile, from the other end of the alley, several figures dressed in white protective suits made their appearance.

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“Calista Stafford? We have concerns you might be infected with the K Virus. We need your cooperation for a blood test right away!” The stern-faced officer’s voice was chillingly authoritative, the coldness in the tone conveying an unmistakable sense of command.

Quintus attempted to intervene. “Could there be a mistake?” He glanced toward Kurt, who lay motionless on the ground, his condition a possible clue. “He’s one of Kiefer’s men from Lostaria. Isn’t it plausible that he could have been the carrier of the K Virus, potentially unleashing catastrophic consequences?”

The officers exchanged brief looks, signaling to each other with subtle nods. At a gesture from one of them, several individuals clad in pristine white suits advanced toward Kurt, ready to administer the blood

test.

Meanwhile, Calista, exhausted from the ordeal, shut her eyes briefly. She had eliminated Kurt while he was feverish, clearly in the throes of infection. It was only a matter of time before they realized this. Once they did, they would inevitably seek her out again.

She knew that Quintus planned to whisk her away first and address the fallout later, banking on the Fairchilds to handle any diplomatic repercussions. However, if this incident came to the attention of the family’s rivals, it would undoubtedly provoke significant turmoil. Calista decided it was wiser to confront the issue head-on rather than let it escalate from a minor misunderstanding into a major conflict.

With these thoughts weighing on her, she slowly stepped out from behind Quintus.

Upon noticing her emergence, Quintus exclaimed with a mix of concern and urgency, “Ms. Calista!”

“It’s okay,” Calista responded, her voice steady despite her pale complexion. “Old Mr. Yancey will take care of me, don’t worry.”

With a resolute expression, she then turned to the officer who had demanded her cooperation. “There’s no need for a test; I am indeed infected with the K Virus.”

Her admission sent shockwaves through not just the Fairchild family’s men present but also the officers who had come to detain her. Calista was well known in Horington as a favorite of Kallum; the implications of her infection were profound.

Regardless, their mission had to go on, and Calista’s cooperation was welcomed.

The officer, recovering from his initial shock, maintained his professional demeanor. “In that case, Ms. Stafford, please come with us.”

Calista nodded in acknowledgment and began to approach the officers.

“Ms. Calista...” Quintus reached out instinctively, his hand grasping her arm as he struggled to process the unfolding events. The evening had been set for celebration, with plans to apprehend Kiefer and dismantle the terrorist network he had infiltrated into Horington. How had it spiraled into this catastrophe?

Ultimately, he blamed himself for not providing sufficient protection.

Calista gently freed herself from his grasp, her voice soft yet firm. “It’s okay, go find Kallum.”

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reluctant to release her, and the officers were met with the raised guns of the Parker Guards, creating a

standoff.

“Let her go!” commanded the leading officer, his voice tense as he faced the armed guards.

He understood the considerable influence wielded by the Fairchilds, and he knew his assignment here was no accident, given his reputation for integrity. Despite the complexities, his orders were clear—Calista needed to be taken into custody immediately due to the danger she posed.

Quintus’ voice turned icy with resolve. “She needs immediate medical attention, and I am taking her back!”

“Interfering could have severe repercussions for the people of Horington. We expect your cooperation,” the officer countered firmly.

“And if I refuse?” Quintus narrowed his eyes, determined to act in accordance with what he believed. Kallum would expect to ensure Calista’s safety and leave the larger issues to the Fairchild family to

manage.

At his refusal, the standoff intensified, with the officers readying their weapons. The air thick with tension seemed charged as if prelude to a storm.

“Enough already...” Calista groaned, pushing through her pain. She gently pushed Quintus away and steadied herself. “I’ll be fine.”

“Ms. Calista...” Quintus started, but Calista had already turned to address the officer directly.

“I need medical attention now,” she asserted, reaching for the officer’s arm as a sign of her willingness to comply.

The officer, reassured by her cooperation, helped stabilize her. “You’ll be safe in the quarantine area,” he assured her, his voice a mixture of relief and professionalism.

When Kallum received the distressing call, his reaction was so severe that he nearly let his phone slip from his grasp.

The voice on the other end relentlessly delivered the alarming news, “Due to Ms. Calista, the K-virus has been released, resulting in over a hundred infections in Horington. The outbreak has triggered widespread panic throughout the area! Furthermore, Ms. Calista has been taken to the quarantine area!”

The news that over a hundred people had been infected marked a grave crisis.

Initially, the local health authorities had identified only one or two cases and mistook them for common colds or seasonal flu. Patients, believing they were suffering from minor ailments, sought treatment at hospitals where many were already vulnerable and weakened. The presence of some less skilled doctors exacerbated the situation. Without the swift intervention of state authorities, this outbreak could have spiraled into a disastrous epidemic.

Previously, discussions of a K Virus outbreak had circulated, but these instances had primarily affected affluent individuals, leaving the general population untouched.

This time, however, the virus had breached this boundary, striking indiscriminately among the common populace, and inciting widespread fear and chaos. Desperate citizens besieged government offices, seeking

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The situation at Catfish Harbor had escalated quickly, resulting in a complete lockdown. No vehicles or boats were permitted to exit, only to enter, as swarms of armed police and emergency medical teams were deployed to manage the escalating crisis. This was arguably the most severe catastrophe to hit Horington since its founding.

In the wake of the initial chaos, Kallum took a moment to reflect, shutting thoughts amidst the burgeoning crisis.

His eyes as he collected his

His foremost priority was to prevent any loss of life. Those infected were

now under strict quarantine, and it was imperative to ensure their survival and prevent any further deterioration due to the fever associated with the virus.

Once he had gathered his composure, Kallum initiated a flurry of phone calls to coordinate the response. He promptly instructed Shaun to dispatch the latest batch of antibodies to the quarantine area. Additionally, he mobilized teams to help calm the public and manage the spreading panic. However, amid these critical actions, his thoughts were incessantly drawn to Calista. Kallum was deeply concerned about her safety, fearing that someone might seize this opportunity to harm her.

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Once the preparations were complete and Shaun had reassured him that Calista's injuries would be attended to and her safety ensured, Kallum allowed himself a moment of relief.

"Mr. Kallum..." Ryder began, hoping to offer some comforting words to his boss, but Kallum stopped him mid-sentence.

Methodically loading his pistol, Kallum spoke in a voice eerily serene, betraying none of the storm brewing inside him.

"Don't say a word," he commanded as he cocked the gun, his gaze piercing through the darkness of the surrounding forest. His violet eyes seemed to flash with an intensity like a bolt of lightning slicing through the night. "Right now, I have only one thing on my mind—to make that cursed rat from Lostaria thousand times over for what he's done."

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Meanwhile, Kiefer, who had long been adept at eluding international capture, had managed to evade the agents sent after him by the nation. However, the news of

Calista's capture and her subsequent quarantine had infuriated him to the point of physically smashing his phone down and furiously condemning his subordinates.

How could over a hundred of my men, seasoned fighters all, fail to secure a single woman? Especially a woman already weakened by a virus!

Such a humiliating defeat could provide fodder for his rivals' mockery for years, assuming he survived long enough to hear it.

Without Calista as leverage, how was he to control Kallum? Particularly now, as Kallum seemed to possess an uncanny ability to track him down relentlessly. If this continued, Kiefer feared his demise was certain.

"Boss, the cave entrance is just ahead. Maybe we should back off this time. If we survive, there's always another chance," suggested a short-statured Lostarian man standing beside Kiefer, speaking in his native

tongue.

Though Kiefer was reluctant, knowing that survival was his priority, he conceded, "Fine, let's go."

But as they made their move, they were suddenly engulfed by a surge of smoke and flames, propelled forward by a gust of wind that intensified the blaze.

Kiefer's instincts screamed at him that this was no accident but perhaps a trap. Changing direction, he attempted to evade what he felt might be a guided threat.

As the flames grew, trapping them, one of his men spotted a potential escape route. "Boss! Over here. there's a stream!"

Thinking quickly and with few options, Kiefer led his men toward the water, only to spot a figure waiting for them in the distance.

As the flames cast a terrifying glow behind them and the lone figure ahead seemed ominously calm.

Kiefer's heart sank..

Ryder, standing by the stream, smirked slightly. "After a night's effort, we've finally cornered the rats! Now, where do you think you're going?"

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he'd assumed had been left behind in the chase.

He wanted to escape, but he was surrounded by fire on three sides.

Determined to fight through, Kiefer faced the crowd, ready to carve a path to freedom, but behind Ryder awaited a large group of armed forces, perfectly positioned to capture him.

Kiefer made up his mind to confront them head-on, but at that moment, his mind was elsewhere. "Where is Kallum? Summon him to see me!" Kiefer demanded, his grasp of Chanacan rough but his tone defiant.

Ryder couldn't help but laugh. "You're not even worth Mr. Kallum lifting a finger."

"Could it be that he's not here?" Kiefer blanched, realizing the gravity of his situation.

After all, he was a fugitive on the run from thirteen different nations, and had dedicated half of the night strategizing against Kallum. Now, at this defining moment, Kallum was nowhere to be found. Was he not deemed significant enough for Kallum to personally make an appearance?

"So, Kallum is a coward, afraid I might kill him?" Kiefer spat out the words bitterly.

Ryder looked at him with a mix of pity and disdain. "In Mr. Kallum's eyes, you couldn't compare to a single finger of Ms. Calista... Besides, what's the point in meeting someone who's about to die?"

Upon his command, coupled with the furious orders from Kiefer, the two sides clashed violently. However, this single encounter had already sealed their fate.

Elsewhere, upon hearing the distant gunshot, Kallum paused but did not look back. His thoughts were solely on Calista. She was injured, and she needed him. Gunner, waiting by the car, quickly briefed Kallum on the state of unrest in the city.

“City Hall is surrounded, and the phones are ringing non–stop. The public is anxious, the government is urging you to make a statement to calm everyone down,” Gunner relayed urgently. “Mr. Walter called; he’s done what he can, but it’s not enough. He suggests distancing from Ms. Stafford after dealing with Kiefer, then meeting to strategize further. The shareholders are aware of Ms. Stafford’s involvement and are waiting for your leadership. Also, the military has requested you call them back regarding Kiefer...”

Gunner’s report was rapid and filled with the urgency of the situation, ending with a critical question, “So, Mr. Kallum, where do we go from here?”

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Without wasting a single beat, Kallum decisively stated, “Quarantine area.”

It seemed as though Gunner momentarily lost his composure, taken aback by Kallum’s firm directive. After regaining his bearings, Gunner managed to say, “Mr. Kallum, Old Mr. Yancey has already escorted the specialists there, and they will assuredly safeguard Ms. Stafford’s well–being. There are numerous pressing issues demanding your attention at this moment, and a multitude of individuals are awaiting your directives...”

Kallum reiterated firmly, “I said, head to the quarantine area.”

“But the people need you now...” Gunner tried to reason once more.

Looking out the car window, Kallum observed the dwindling flames and the fading sounds of gunfire in the distance. He replied softly, yet with undeniable resolve,

“Many people need me? But I, I need her.”

With that singular declaration from Kallum, Gunner understood the gravity of the situation and was prepared to set aside all else to drive straight to the quarantine area.

Outside, the chaos was almost apocalyptic, the world seemed as if it had already been turned on its head. Yet, none of that chaos could outweigh Kallum's pressing need.

Calista required his presence just as much as he needed hers. He longed to be by her side at once, to feel her warmth and ensure she hadn't slipped away from him. His yearning was palpable—he needed her.

For the first time, the quarantine area was a hive of activity. Medical teams from nearly every hospital in the city were mobilized to assist, stabilizing the situation with the infected individuals.

The introduction of Shaun's advanced antibodies, a stark contrast to the original ones which only boasted a mere one percent survival rate against the K Virus, marked a turning point. Of the one hundred and eighty-six initially infected, one hundred and three had been liberated from the scourge of the infection. following the administration of these new antibodies.

However, these recovered patients were still under close observation for a potential rebound, and word of their recovery was not to be disclosed. As such, the atmosphere of chaos persisted unabated.

Within this tightly secured quarantine area, where every entry and exit was scrutinized meticulously, even Kallum's uncle, a senator, could not gain entry without special permission.

Inside, Calista lay in a hospital bed, her condition critical but stable under the vigilant care of Shaun and Bowen, alongside other medical experts.

Initially, seven members from the Fairchild family had intended to visit, but stringent regulations restricted access, allowing Shaun to bring only one additional person.

Calista, overwhelmed by discomfort, had her eyes closed. Her neck was swollen, her right cheek puffed up. and she was dealing with two broken ribs in addition to a gunshot wound on her left shoulder.

After the wounds were tended to and bandaged, Bowen was politely escorted out, leaving Shaun alone

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skills he hadn't practiced in years but were now critical in protecting Calista. Shaun was prepared to confront any threat head-on.

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As Kallum approached the quarantine area, he encountered his uncle, Walter, who blocked his path. "You

go in!" Walter declared, his position as councilor not affording him any leverage over Kallum, who was the true head of the Fairchild family.

"My fiancée is inside," Kallum stated, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. He would have bypassed Walter without hesitation had he not stood in his way,

Usher visibly agitated with furrowed brows, admonished him, "Do you think this is an appropriate

moment? The whole city is in an uproar! The entire nation is focused on the news of the K Virus leak. The whole world is watching, anticipating whether Chanaea will be the next one to fall victim to the K Virus! And you, you're needed everywhere to take charge of the situation, yet here you are?"

He continued, "For the sake of the Fairchild family, you should immediately distance yourself from Calista! Otherwise, you're putting yourself against the entire world, do you understand the consequences of such actions!"

Kallum exhaled deeply, unbuttoning the top two buttons of his shirt to reveal his sculpted collarbone and chest. "I need to see her right now. Step aside," he insisted with resolute determination, causing Walter to perspire with anxiety.

"Kallum, this is no trivial matter! With so many people watching at the door, the moment you step in, the whole world will know! For the sake of our family, you cannot do this!"

Kallum's violet eyes narrowed slightly as he responded, "As long as I have her, I can resolve this crisis, so, I have to take her away."

Walter was incredulous, grasping Kallum's arm in a tense grip as he raised his voice in protest. "Calista has now become the nation's most hated! She brought the K Virus back to our country. It would have been fine if it was just for research, but it turns out she herself is infected with the K Virus! Everything she's done. before is now under attack from everyone. In this situation, she's in deep trouble and there's no escaping the blame. There are plenty of people outside calling for her execution! And you still want to save her at this point?"

Kallum turned to face him, his expression deadly serious. "When I say she can resolve this catastrophe, she definitely can! If you don't believe me, don't try to stop me. I know what I'm doing."

"You've been completely bewitched by that woman!" For the first time, Walter lost his composure, his voice booming. "She's ensnared you! How can you still act like a family head? You're just like the inept monarchs of ancient times!"

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Kallum suddenly let out a chuckle, “You’re absolutely right. His body tensed momentarily as he swiftly pulled his arm free from Walter’s grasp, straightening his attire meticulously as he did so. “She has indeed captivated my soul. I would go to any lengths for her, even if that meant becoming inept.”

When Walter reached out once again in an attempt to grasp his arm, a sharp glance from Kallum froze him in place. Faced with the uncle he had always held in high regard, Kallum’s patience finally snapped. “Don’t touch my clothes again, you’ll wrinkle them. It won’t look good if Callie sees me like this.”

With that, he brushed past Walter, whose face had turned as red as a beet, and boldly made his entrance.

Kallum had already informed the President beforehand, so his entry into the quarantine area was smooth and unobstructed. However, many onlookers couldn’t help but scrutinize his every move, trying to decipher his real reasons for being there.

Was he there to unleash his fury on Calista, perhaps even end her life, or was he intending to convince her to set clear boundaries with the Fairchild family?

Many speculated thus, pondering why such a drastic step would be necessary over just one woman, turning an entire nation against oneself.

Ignoring the speculative gazes of the crowd, Kallum navigated through several security checkpoints, his determination unshaken until he finally reached her

“Mr. Kallum...” Shaun began to rise as soon as he saw him, but Kallum gestured for silence with a finger to his lips.

Without needing to draw nearer, Kallum could see that Calista was asleep. Shaun had discreetly kept him updated on her condition—she had lost a significant amount of blood, endured not only external but also internal injuries, and had almost been strangled to death while he was busy capturing a notorious criminal for both personal and national motives.

The thought of the brutal treatment his woman had suffered was a recurring nightmare, igniting a fierce rage within him each time it surfaced, filling him with an urge to destroy everything around him!

“How is she doing now?” Kallum inquired in a subdued voice, barely above a whisper.

Shaun responded in equally hushed tones, “Apart from the severe blood loss which has left her weak, she’s now out of immediate danger.”

“That’s good then...” Kallum felt a weight lift from his shoulders, the relentless anxiety he had carried seeming to dissolve at that moment.

Shaun looked at Kallum, his expression conflicted, as if he had something to say but was hesitant. Despite being out of touch with the current outside chaos, he knew about the turmoil brought by the relatives of the nearly two hundred people housed in the quarantine area, which had only calmed down about half an

hour earlier,

There are urgent matters requiring Mr. Kallum's attention. He shouldn't be here right now, and I'm sure he knows that

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This heartfelt admission rendered Shaun speechless, unable to formulate a rebuttal. Instead, he felt a pang of melancholy and sighed deeply. "Indeed..."

Outside, time was of the essence, and tension was high. Yet here was Kallum, who, apart from discreetly sending messages on his phone, astonishingly refused to make any phone calls, simply sitting beside Calista quietly for two hours. If those outside knew of this, they would surely be in an uproar!

"K-Kallum?"

Calista's faint voice broke the silence, startling Kallum, who quickly set aside his phone.

"You're awake?" He took the medication handed to him by Shaun and gently asked, "Does your throat hurt? Can you swallow the pills now?"

If she couldn't, his only option would be to dissolve the pills in water, which would make for a very bitter drink.

Calista closed her eyes, assessing her condition. Her neck pained her, but she felt she could manage to swallow the medication. She nodded slightly. Seeing her nod, Kallum pressed a button on the side of the bed to slightly elevate the head, making it easier for her to sit up.

"Open up?" he asked, holding a pill between his fingers. Noticing the swelling and scars on her neck, he decided to administer the medication one at a time.

Calista opened her mouth, and Kallum gave her a sip of water to ease the swallowing. He then gently placed the pill in her mouth, which she swallowed with little effort. Relieved, Kallum was about to administer the second pill when Calista, catching her reflection in the glass before her, touched her swollen, scarred face and frowned. "

“I’m so ugly...” she muttered, clearly dismayed by her appearance.

Even if she couldn’t see clearly, she could tell just by imagining how terrifying she must have looked at

that moment.

Kallum chuckled softly. “Not at all.”

As he attempted to feed her the second pill, Calista turned her head away, insisting, “I am.”

Kallum sighed, his violet eyes filled with a gentle resolve. “In my eyes,” he said, “even if you were truly unattractive, which you are not, you’d still be the most refreshingly unique among all.”

Calista couldn’t help but laugh at that, then opened her mouth to take the next pill.

However, the pill was quite large, and she almost immediately spat it out. Once she started vomiting, she couldn’t stop, bringing up only water and the medication she had just ingested. The mess splattered onto Kallum’s immaculately clean shirt and trousers.

Normally meticulous about his appearance, Kallum now had only concern for her comfort. He held her close, his attention completely focused on her well-being.

After noticing that Calista felt somewhat better, he glanced down at the stains on his clothes and remarked, “Did the smell get to you? Wait a moment, I’ll go change.”

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No sooner had he stood up than Calista’s hand reached out and grabbed him.

Kallum was taken aback by the sudden contact, frozen in place, unsure of her intentions. In the next moment, he felt her arms wrap tenderly around his waist.

She nestled close to him, her actions filled with undeniable affection. Words seemed to swell within her, choking her speech as they fought for release. Yet, all she could manage to express through her trembling voice was a heartfelt. “Thank you, I truly... I really need you...”

The confusion and disorientation she felt were intense. The terror of being ushered into the quarantine area reminded her eerily of being taken to a research center in her previous life—a memory filled with fear and helplessness.

Even after Shaun’s arrival, her sleep had been restless, plagued with anxiety. However, upon awakening to see Kallum’s face, her heart surged with emotions so powerful they felt explosive, overwhelming her. She had wanted to leap into his arms right then, to confess her fears and the depth of her terror.

Feeling the gentle tremors coursing through Calista's shoulders, Kallum felt as though something was tugging at his heartstrings with relentless force. T

The sight of her vulnerability gripped him deeply. He reached out and gently stroked her hair, speaking in a voice barely above a whisper. "Don't be afraid, I'm here now," he reassured her softly.

Calista remained silent. Kallum's heart ached at her silence. "I'm sorry, Callie, I arrived late," he said, his voice laden with regret.

She shook her head slowly, then pulled him into a tight embrace. When she finally looked up at him, she urged, "Go on... They must really need you out there right now."

Kallum smiled gently, lifting her chin with a tender touch. "I'm here to take you with me," he said, his voice firm. "They need me, but I need you more."

Calista seemed almost scorched by the intensity of his gaze. It took her a moment before she could lower her head, speaking in a broken voice. "They wouldn't let me go."

Kallum's resolve hardened, and he patted her shoulder with a comforting gesture. "Leave it to me."

He turned to Shaun, instructing him to fetch a wheelchair. Once Shaun returned, Kallum helped Calista finish the remaining medicine. Then, with infinite care, he settled her into the wheelchair.

Calista's anxiety was palpable as she gripped his hand, her voice shaking. "I caused this K Virus leak. Regardless of the circumstances, they won't let me go. You should leave first!"

Kallum's grip on her hand tightened, his smile unwavering and full of confidence. "So what if you were the one who caused the virus to leak? In the entire world, you're the only one who can conquer it! You should have a bit more confidence in yourself!"

Shaun chimed in from the side, "Exactly! Our experiment has already reached its final stages. The adjusted antiserum is fine in all other aspects, but when it comes to its side effects, we still haven't found a solution. In fact, after improving the antiserum, the side effects have become even more intense. It could potentially inflict unbearable pain, leading to death. After all, not everyone possesses the strong willpower

of Mr. Kallum."

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He spoke with a sense of urgency. “We are currently at the mercy of panic and public opinion. At this point, even a minor issue with the antiserum could completely ruin the advantageous position we’ve worked so hard to achieve!”

His serious expression turned to Calista. “So, we need you! You are the most gifted and intelligent medical research expert we’ve ever come across. We all believe that you are the only one capable of overcoming this challenge! We’re now bound together, and your fate is inextricably linked with the Fairchild family. In this critical moment, you must have confidence and lead us out of this predicament!”

Shaun’s words struck a chord deep within Calista. Can I... really do it?

Had it been before, she would have been fearless. But after the brushes with death she experienced that night, she surprisingly found herself unsure for a fleeting moment.

Kallum held her hand, his smile reassuring and full of warmth. “Of course! You’re my woman; what’s there to fear? You have me by your side.”

Kallum personally escorted Calista outside. The medical staff didn’t dare to intervene, intimidated by his presence. Eventually, the highest-ranking military officer, surrounded by numerous armed police, blocked Kallum at the entrance of the Protective Security Building.

“Mr. Kallum, she’s the main culprit in this incident. You can’t take her away!”

Faced with the armed police, Kallum didn’t yield an inch. “What if I were to say, only she can resolve this crisis?”

“Mr. Kallum, surely you must be joking. The highest-ranking military officer, a portly man, dabbed at the sweat on his forehead with a handkerchief, speaking hesitantly, “This is the K Virus. It’s not a trifling

matter....

“The antibodies my people brought have already been tested by you, instantly saving over a hundred lives. These antibodies were developed by Calista. Now, the antiserum for the K Virus is in its final testing phase. Give her three days, and we will surely produce a perfect antiserum.”

The sweat on the chubby officer’s forehead was pouring out even more now. He could barely maintain his forced smile, wondering if Kallum was taking him for a fool. Could such a powerful antibody really have come from the hands of Calista? She’s barely twenty years old!

“I’m afraid you cannot take her away, Mr. Kallum. Otherwise, I won’t be able to fulfill my duties,” the officer insisted.

Kallum's patience seemed to wane, a frown creasing his forehead. His violet eyes, usually as dazzling as the morning sun, now resembled the profound depths of an abyss. A storm seemed to weave around him, creating an inexplicably tense atmosphere.

"Do you have a way to resolve this crisis?" he asked, his voice low and dangerous,

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With a dismissive scoff, Kallum retorted, "So many lives at stake, do you really think killing her would solve everything?"

"I-1..." The officer stammered, stumbling back a step, completely overwhelmed by Kallum's imposing presence. He was so anxious that he couldn't find his words. What could he possibly do in this situation? Given the dire circumstances, he could only follow the usual protocol, resorting to damage control and suppression. What other options did he have?

"Kill her, and those people will surely die! But with her around, those people can definitely survive. It's just three more days. If anything goes wrong, my family will take full responsibility. It's a profitable deal—what are you hesitating for?"

Kallum's voice carried a hint of intimidation, his rising inflection bearing down on the plump military officer, causing his complexion to turn even paler. His mind became a tangled knot, uncertain of what to do next.

Due to Calista's intricate relationship with the Fairchild family, her causing such a commotion inevitably implicated them. It was undeniable that the Fairchilds suffered the most from this incident. However, instead of trying to limit the damage and distance himself from Calista, Kallum astonishingly chose to vouch for her.

Given that Kallum had pledged his guarantee, the chubby officer didn't dare to hinder him from leaving. Regardless of the methods used, it was only a matter of three days, a delay he could afford. If questioned by superiors, he would simply shift the blame onto the Fairchilds. After all, he couldn't forcibly restrain Kallum.

"In that case, I'll be patiently awaiting your good news..." The officer subtly shifted to one side, and the SWAT officers behind him simultaneously cleared a path.

Without any hesitation, Kallum personally escorted Calista away. As they passed by, they inevitably attracted the attention of the crowd.

This was a national crisis. Protecting Calista was akin to defying the entire nation. Even with the Fairchild family's influence and wealth, mishandling this situation could lead to significant repercussions.

All of this was because of this woman... What kind of charm did she possess to make Kallum Fairchild, the country's leading arms dealer and a man of immense wealth and youthful accomplishment, disregard everything for her? Even if it meant standing against the world?

All eyes were on Calista, whose current state was far from glamorous. Her visage was marred by swelling and scars, her complexion ghostly pale. One had to wonder what unique allure she held that could compel Kallum, a young and successful arms dealer of considerable stature, to risk so much.

Overcoming numerous obstacles, Kallum and Calista drew the attention of many people. They halted in their tracks, gathering around to spectate. The patrol team mulled over intervening but hesitated, given Kallum's influential status. With senior officers in the quarantine area refraining from acting, they saw little reason to escalate the situation themselves.

The atmosphere in the quarantine area was thick with tension, a palpable silence hanging over the area as everyone braced for potential turmoil.

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Upon spotting the man, Kallum paused briefly before confidently approaching with Calista in tow. "Mr. President."

The sudden recognition of the man's identity by Kallum caught Calista off guard. She looked up, shock registering on her face as she realized the gravity of her situation—the President himself had come to intercept her.

The President, a paragon of righteousness, managed a graceful smile despite the confrontation. "Why must it specifically be her you're taking away?"

It seems that the chubby military officer had already reported the situation.

Kallum replied, "Callie is an exceptional talent in the field of medical research. You must have heard—it was she who conquered the Influenza T epidemic in Lostaria previously. Therefore, this time, she is the only one who can resolve the side effects of the antiserum and save those who have been infected!"

Acknowledging this, the President added thoughtfully, "Yet, she is now a crucial asset. Letting her go could incite widespread panic. And what if she fails to deliver within three days?"

Without a trace of hesitation, Kallum asserted, "I will bear all resultant losses—be it in reputation, status, or

influence."

The President, who held Kallum in high regard from their past collaboration, sighed regretfully at Kallum's words. "If she doesn't succeed, your family will face severe repercussions, and you will be denounced as a traitor."

"Why entertain such a pessimistic view?" Kallum countered, a chuckle escaping him.

His expression, even under the cloak of night, was undimmed by fatigue; his eyes sparkled with unshakeable confidence. "I trust her. Once she triumphs, not only will this crisis be resolved, but the Fairchild family will emerge as a beacon of admiration worldwide. Then, everyone will see that today's actions were guided by wisdom."

"So, your gamble is for glory?" the President probed.

"No, I'm doing this for her," Kallum replied, looking down at Calista, his smile lingering. "She deserves the world's attention long before now. She just never had the right opportunity. I'm providing her with that. chance, hoping she will seize it and distinguish herself."

Calista felt a profound stir within her heart. Be it in her previous or current life, her potential had long been overlooked, awaiting just one opportunity to shine. Now, faced with such a moment, she sensed the weight of expectation resting on her shoulders.

The President's interest in her was evident, recognizing her as not only extraordinarily intelligent but also favored by one of the nation's most esteemed figures.

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How did she manage to do that?

Hence, the President asked her with a smile, "Young lady, Kallum has undertaken extraordinary measures on your behalf. What do you have to say in response to his actions?"

Even in her state of disarray, with her appearance far fromfi pristine, Calista's eyes sparkled with an intense, cold brilliance, reminiscent of stars illuminating the dark night sky.

"The only thing I can promise is that I won't let him down," she declared firmly, her resolve clear.

The President gave a nod of understanding and approval.

At this point in the crisis, betting on Calista's proven skills seemed a more prudent strategy than adhering to more conservative approaches. Her previous success in swiftly handling the Influenza T epidemic stood as a testament to her abilities. Moreover, she had been the one to develop the antiserum; surely, she could handle its side effects as well.

"Very well, you may go... But remember, you have only three days," he cautioned her.

Kallum exhaled a deep sigh of relief upon receiving the President's endorsement, his gratitude evident as he responded warmly, "Thank you, Mr. President!"

Gratitude was swiftly followed by action; he wasted no additional time and immediately began to usher Calista away. The urgency of the situation was palpable, and Kallum had many responsibilities calling for his leadership. There was simply no time for delay,

As he helped Calista into the vehicle, Kallum chose not to join her inside right away.

Instead, he bent down and tenderly kissed her forehead. "Take a bath when you get home, try not to dwell too much on today, and get some good rest. Just be careful not to wet your wound. We'll talk more after you've had some sleep," he instructed softly.

"Where are you off to?" Calista asked, her voice hoarse and weak.

"I've got a small issue to take care of. I expect to find you asleep by the time I get back," Kallum replied, his tone casual yet caring. He gently stroked her hair, his touch reassuring. "Don't worry, Gunner will be there to ensure your safety. Once you're home, you'll be safe."

Calista felt the weight of the chaos she needed to address and tightened her grip on his sleeve before reluctantly letting go. "All right."

"Good girl!" Kallum exclaimed, his voice filled with pride at her compliance, which brought him immense satisfaction.

Just as he was about to close the car door, Calista's voice stopped him. "What am I to you?"

What was she to me?

Kallum chuckled, almost amused by her question. Without hesitation, he replied, "Silly, you are my everything!"

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How did she manage to do that?

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Then, he shut the door and swiftly got into another vehicle to attend to the pending matter.

On her way back, Calista’s thoughts churned tumultuously.

Why had Kallum gone to such lengths for her? Why had he refused to abandon her or blande her for the turmoil? Could it truly be because she meant everything to him?

Despite the current situation directly resulting from her actions, even if she managed to resolve the impending crisis, the damage to the Fairchild family’s reputation might be irreparable. Any prudent head of a family would likely have distanced themselves from her at this juncture.

They should’ve focused solely on addressing the antiserum’s side effects and saving those affected. If the antiserum proved effective, it could potentially overshadow the prior negative press and elevate the Fairchild family’s status even further. Abandoning her might have seemed the safest strategy.

Yet here they were, linked together in a situation where any misstep could result in significant repercussions. Was it really because she was his everything that he acted with such abandon, risking everything?

The enduring darkness within Calista began to show signs of fracturing. For the first time since her reincarnation, she felt utterly lost and helpless, the unfamiliar sensation of vulnerability gripping her tightly.

Upon arriving at the Fairchild Manor, Wanda and Silas, along with her father, were already waiting for her. As Calista spotted Wanda through the car window, a wave of guilt washed over her.

After all, she was the one who had stirred up this whole mess. What struck her as odd though, was that Silas didn’t seem irritated in the slightest. Instead, he was waiting for her, just like Wanda.

“Callie!” Wanda’s voice was filled with relief and joy at seeing Calista, but her expression quickly shifted to one of distress as she took in Calista’s battered state. “What happened to you? Who did this? It’s absolutely inhumane!”

Calista simply shook her head, her throat too sore to articulate the whirlwind of emotions and events.

Wanda, noticing Calista’s discomfort, quickly composed herself and reassured her, “It’s good that you’re back. We’re safe here. We can talk about everything else later.”

Benedict, overwhelmed by guilt, speculated that his decision to shelter Yelena might have inadvertently led to Calista’s current predicament. Would she have been safer if she remained with the Fairchild family from the start?

After some rest, which allowed her throat to recover slightly, Calista expressed her deep regret to Wanda. “I’m sorry... I’ve made a mess of things...”

Had she been a bit more cautious, the day’s events wouldn’t have unfolded as they did. She was overly confident, presuming she could emerge unscathed, while neglecting to account for unforeseen

circumstances.

Wanda shook her head dismissively, grasping Calista’s hand reassuringly. “Nonsense. If you hadn’t dealt with those terrorists who snuck into Horington, who knows what horrors they might have committed to achieve their objectives?”

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civilians hostage, or perhaps even resorting to killing some to send a stark message to Kallum. In this scenario, the Fairchilds would have inevitably found themselves on the back foot, forced into a defensive

posture.

Calista blinked, her expression registering a fleeting mix of surprise and realization. It was somewhat astonishing to think that her act of rescuing Ambrose could wield such significant ramifications.

However...

Send Gifts

Chapter 419 I Will Bathe You

Suddenly filled with regret, Calista closed her eyes and said, "You don't need to console me anymore. I'm the cause of over a hundred people getting infected, which led to panic across the country. I understand the severity of this situation. If only I had been more careful..."

Upon seeing her thoughts, Wanda felt a mix of amusement and despair. "Callie, if we're going by that logic, then I should primarily blame Kallum. If it weren't for him, you wouldn't have caught the infection and we wouldn't be in today's predicament"

Calista opened her mouth to speak, but Wanda cut her off, "Nobody wished for such a situation to occur, but solving it takes priority. Your intentions have always been good, and you've done so much already. There's really no need to be overly hard on yourself."

After Wanda finished speaking, Silas added, "You've done very well."

Benedict rubbed his nose and said with a hint of embarrassment in his voice, "I admit I was wrong in this matter too. I sent Yelena away as soon as I got home. Callie, could you please not be mad at me?"

Calista hadn't expected that they wouldn't blame her. The enormity of the crisis that the Fairchild family was currently facing was obvious. Benedict even had egg whites on him, which clearly indicated that he had also fought his way out of the office building. She had brought such a huge trouble, and yet, these people weren't blaming her at all.

"All right; stop overthinking. I'll get you cleaned up. Take some time to rest properly."

"With the situation being so tense, how could I possibly rest now?" Calista said flatly.

Wanda couldn't help but give her a playful glare. "Being fully prepared will not delay one's job but quicken the process. If you don't rest well, how will you have the energy to deal with the side effects of the antiserum?"

As she spoke, she ushered Calista toward the bathroom. "Come on! This time. I'll bathe you!"

Calista was injured, so she indeed couldn't manage to wash herself.

Stripped naked and seated in the bath, Calista was still somewhat dazed. Why has my world, which I have perceived as harsh and cruel, suddenly become so gentle and forgiving?

She had grown accustomed to her solitude, to the schemes and exclusion of others. But now, it was as if she had suddenly fallen from a cold, monochrome space into a vibrant, brightly colored one. It was like the colorful bubbles in the bath, the warm, misty steam, and Wanda's caring hand gently landing on her back.

Calista was incredibly tense as she became acutely aware of her surroundings. The unusual warmth enveloped her, leaving her feeling out of place. It felt as if she didn't quite belong. Suddenly, Wanda gave Calista's waist a gentle squeeze.

"What are you thinking about?"

Snapping back to reality, a swift blush spread across Calista's face.

In a state of utter confusion, she had allowed Wanda to bathe her.

Chapter 419 I Will Bathe You

However, it still felt rather weird.

Wanda was secretly amazed at how great Calista's skin looked. It was tender, fair, and elastic, Kallum sure is a lucky man!

If Calista knew Wanda's thoughts at that moment, she would have been absolutely exasperated. Clutching her chest nervously, she said, "I can do this on my own, Aunt Wanda."

"That simply won't do!"

Wanda was not swayed by the tense atmosphere outside. Her heart was small and only filled with her family. As for the storms of the outside world, she decided to let the men handle them. Seeing how shy Calista was, she couldn't help but laugh.

“I had long hoped to have a daughter, to dress her up and raise her like a princess. Unfortunately, Kallum was such a strong-willed child that giving birth to him took a toll on my health. If not, I would have definitely given him a little sister.”

Calista tried to picture a young Kallum with a little sister trailing behind him. Hmm... I just can't seem to imagine it.

Wanda offered to wash Calista's back, but her offer was met with a blushing refusal. Seeing that Calista was genuinely shy, Wanda, although disappointed, decided to let her be. Only when she saw Calista was capable of washing herself with her right hand, did Wanda finally step back. After all, she did not want to make Calista feel uncomfortable.

Calista, however, felt embarrassed even though Wanda was just standing there. She asked Wanda to fetch some anti-inflammatory medicine from her room. She also secretly knew how to prepare some herself. never expecting it would actually come in handy someday.

After Wanda handed it over to her, Calista applied the greenish medicated cream onto her neck. She then gently massaged and patted the area, allowing the ointment to absorb into her skin.

Viewed from the side, her profile was still remarkably attractive. Her damp, long hair clung to her fair skin. It looked as if she were a piece of exquisite artwork.

“Callic,” Wanda suddenly called out to her in a hushed tone.

“Yes?”

“When did Kallum claim you?”

Having been caught off guard, Calista suddenly struggled to catch her breath, and began to cough. violently.

Startled, Wanda quickly tried to soothe her by rubbing her back.

“My goodness! I was just asking! You were bold enough to say it in front of a crowd back then, but now

My you’re being shy in front of your godmother?” Wanda teasingly remarked, referring to the day Calista reincarnated and forced Kallur to verify her virginity.

Indeed, Calista had publicly declared herself to be Kallum’s woman.

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her such questions.

“Is it inconvenient for you to talk about it?”

Calista quickly shook her head in response, Worried that Wanda would ask even more inappropriate questions, she hurriedly stopped her.

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Chapter 420 I Do Not Look Good Right Now!

“I’m done with my bath. Could you help me dry my back?” At this point, she didn’t care about being seen naked anymore. Staying in the bathroom any longer was simply too terrifying for her. Unexpectedly, her usually kind and loving godmother seemed to have a perverted side.

As expected, Wanda’s attention was indeed diverted. However, in the end, she playfully patted her very firm buttocks and said teasingly, “Kallum is indeed more fortunate than his father!”

The underlying implications of that statement were truly terrifying, so Calista decided to pretend she hadn’t heard it at all.

After washing up, Calista was originally planning to head to the lab, but Wanda said. “You’ve been worn out for a full day and night, so take some time to rest properly. We women shouldn’t be so hard on ourselves. Besides, Kallum can handle things out there.”

Even though she felt irresponsible for passing on her burdens to others, and she was consumed with guilt for lying idle while everyone else was busy, when Calista heard that everything was still under control and about Kallum’s involvement, an inexplicable sense of tranquility washed over her.

So, is this what it feels like to be protected? Could this be what trust feels like? I've always been fighting my battles alone, but for the first time, I am wholeheartedly entrusting all my trials and tribulations to another person. I don't have to fear betrayal or abandonment. This feeling sure is unexpectedly beautiful!

With certain questions lingering in her mind, Calista initially thought she would have trouble falling asleep. However, in reality, she drifted off quite quickly.

When Kallum returned home, his face etched with exhaustion, it was already nine in the morning. Not wanting to cause Calista any worry, he massaged his temples and rallied his spirits before stepping through the front door.

Calista was still asleep at the time. She had only gone to bed at five in the morning and was now in the deepest phase of her sleep. The medicine had worked wonders, as her face and neck were no longer swollen. However, there was still a horrifying ring of bruise around her neck.

Upon seeing her haggard appearance, Kallum found it hard to bear. He gently touched her forehead, and only after confirming her temperature was normal, he breathed a sigh of relief. He sat down by the bed, and for a moment there, he didn't want to move at all.

When Calista woke up, she was greeted by the sight of a young man with delicate features curled up on the edge of the bed in a somewhat uncomfortable sleeping position. As if he was afraid of waking her, his tall frame only occupied a small portion of the bed. Even so, his face was very close, and Calista could see his flawless skin, slanted eyebrows, and long, curled eyelashes.

Kallum had foreign ancestry in his lineage, the best of which he had inherited. Calista knew this well. When he opened his eyes, which was the most captivating feature of his face, they were dazzlingly radiant like a peerless treasure.

Seemingly aware of Calista's gaze, Kallum's eyelashes fluttered. However, the moment he opened his eyes, his vision was abruptly plunged into darkness. It turned out that Calista had covered his eyes.

"What's wrong?" Kallum asked, a hint of confusion in his voice. He reached out to move her hand away as he spoke, but Calista stubbornly continued to cover his eyes with her hand.

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Her voice came through with such seriousness that it took Kallum aback. Gradually, he relaxed under her touch, and said with a chuckle, "You must not have paid much attention to me before, then."

Hasn't I always handsome!

Calista moved a bit closer, while Kallum turned to his side. He could sense her slightly approaching breath, along with the faint, almost imperceptible scent of medicine.

The two lay side by side, gazing at each other. Only her infuriatingly small hand obstructed the view between them.

"Why won't you let me see you?" Kallum asked in a muted tone.

Calista remained silent for a long while.

"I don't look good right now."

Following that, she issued her ultimate command, "So, until I become more attractive, you're not allowed to look at me."

Kallum wore a face full of confusion but once he caught on, he suddenly pulled Calista into an embrace.

Even though her hand still covered his eyes, by now, Kallum's face was already slightly above hers. Separated by just her hand, he could sense their lips were mere millimeters apart.

"Why won't you let me see you? Has my young lady finally come to her senses and realized she wants to look pretty in front of the man she likes?" he asked, unable to hold back his laughter.

Calista pursed her lips, instinctively wanting to throw a few insults his way. But before she could utter a word, Kallum silenced her with a single finger pressed against her lips. "Your little mouth is fond of saying one thing but meaning another. I don't want to hear anything that might ruin the mood."

Calista remained silent for a long time, finally letting out a muffled grunt. I am not one to say one thing but mean another!

"Actually, the way you are now is good too. Every time I take you out, it's as if everyone's eyes are glued to you. It frustrates me so much that I always want to whisk you away, hide you somewhere only I can see, a place that belongs to me alone!" Kallum said with a laugh.

Calista's face flushed slightly. She gently bit her lower lip, gazing at Kallum who was close at hand, his face wearing a smile. Then, she suddenly said, "But I'm really good at getting into trouble, and I won't change!"

My goodness! This arrogant attitude truly is the result of being overly pampered!

Kallum slightly curved his lips at the thought of that. Unable to resist the urge to gently pinch her face, he naughtily pulled her cheeks from both sides.

“Callie, how is it that you become more adorable with each passing day? This won’t do! At this rate, I can’t help but want to keep you by my side every day!”

“Kallum!” This guy is as consistently irreverent as ever!

But at that moment, Kallum suddenly grew serious.