

Her Vengeful Rebirth (Calista) Novel Chapter 421

Chapter 421 Thank You For Teaching Me What Love Is

“Callie,” he called her name, his tone serious. Although she couldn’t see his eyes, Calista could sense his eyelashes fluttering rapidly beneath her palm. He seemed nervous and was not as carefree and composed as he appeared to be.

“Thank you,” Kallum said.

“Why are you suddenly thanking me?”

Kallum chuckled lightly, his gaze seemingly fixed on her as if he was contemplating in his mind how to articulate his thoughts. It took him a few seconds before he finally said, “When I used to be into you, all I wanted was to claim you. Back then, you were disobedient, always trying to provoke me, and that just made me want to claim you even more.”

He was referring to the early days of their relationship, a time characterized by an invasive style of interaction.

“Later on.

on, my thoughts became more extreme. Even though we interacted daily without me putting any pressure on you, I found myself thinking more than once that if you couldn’t defeat the virus, I would rather drag you down with me. I love you, and I simply couldn’t bear the thought of you being with another man if I were to die. Just the mere thought of it made me want to destroy the world.”

He flashed a grin, his pearly white teeth contrasting his fair complexion, creating a captivating image. Yet, Calista couldn’t help but sense a hint of bitterness in his gaze at that moment.

“You see, I’ve always been a selfish person, From childhood, I simply took whatever I desired. There were no obstacles in my path. Even if there were, it didn’t matter as I

always got what I wanted. So, in my mind, the concept of giving without expecting anything in return never existed. If I gave, I was certain to receive something in return, and it had to be double the value of what I give. But now, with you, I'm beginning to experience a different feeling."

As he spoke to this point, Kallum seemed somewhat uncertain, carefully choosing his words as he continued,

"That feeling is akin to satisfaction, tolerance, or perhaps devotion. Huh... I never thought such words existed in my vocabulary, but that is the truth. I found myself increasingly content in devoting myself to you, much like a follower toward his religion. As long as you accept me, I am satisfied. My devotion to you was born out of love, and when I give, I truly never expect anything in return."

After having spoken so much, Kallum seemed somewhat embarrassed. He spoke lightly yet earnestly as he uttered each word and sentence.

"So, thank you for teaching me what love is. I was very immature before, but I won't be anymore. I love you," he declared, willing to profess it to her every day with the same devotion as a religious follower.

After finishing his words, Kallum held his breath and waited for Calista's response. What he didn't realize was that, at some point, Calista's face had become streaked with tears.

Tears silently trickled down her temples, one drop at a time. She stared at the man before her, who anxiously awaited her response. She remained silent, afraid that her voice would crack if she spoke.

How could I allow myself to cry? How could I reveal such a vulnerable side of myself? Shouldn't I have lost the ability to shed tears long ago?

00:21 Sat, 15 Jun

Chapter 421 Thank You For Teaching Me What Love Is

"Callie?" Kallum called her name, then reached out, intending to remove the hand she was covering his

eyes with.

Somewhat flustered, Calista hastily wiped away her tears and quickly said, "Don't look at me!"

Kallum felt that her reaction was off, and a sense of urgency crept in. He quickly pulled her hand down, only to have Calista suddenly turn around and bury her face into the pillow.

Feeling puzzled, Kallum looked at her and asked, "What's wrong? Did something I say upset you?"

Hitting a nerve wasn't a new experience for him. Although he felt somewhat anxious asking about it now, he also felt rather calm about it.

Calista stubbornly buried her face in her pillow, refusing to move. As her unusual behavior puzzled Kallum, he tried to gently move her face into view and ask her what was wrong. However, all he found was the dampness of her tears soaking the pillow.

Callie is crying?

He quickly turned her over, and sure enough, Calista's beautiful eyes were red with a hint of panic. She resembled a small, helpless rabbit.

Almost instinctively, she reached up to cover her face, concealing the scar that marred her features. Her sparkling eyes, now even more prominent, evoked a deep sense of affection from those who beheld her.

"Don't cry!"

Kallum was panicking a little. I thought that my confession would make her very happy. Why is she crying instead?

"I'm not crying!" Calista stubbornly shook her head, glaring at him as she continued, "My eyes just suddenly felt uncomfortable!"

Kallum pondered for a moment before deciding not to expose her terrible lie. He let out a helpless chuckle, lowered his head, and gently blew on her eyes.

“Do they feel a bit better now?”

As a result, his unintentional action led to a sudden outpouring of crystal-clear tears from Calista’s eyes. They fell one by one, like pearls slipping off a broken string.

In an instant, Kallum was thrown into a state of shock. All I did was blow on her eyes!

Calista shoved Kallum with her right hand, once again burying her face into the pillow and bursting into tears. She was really crying, the kind that seemed to vent all her grievances, much like a child’s uncontrollable sobbing.

Calista’s voice was tinged with a sob as she yelled, “Why did you blow on my eyes? Your blowing only made

them hurt even more!”

It took a moment for Kallum to react before he found himself helplessly trying to coax her.

“Yes, it’s all my fault. I shouldn’t have blown made your eyes even more uncomfortable by blowing on them. The blame is entirely mine,” he

Chapter 422 Laughing At A Time Like This

Such unprincipled, weak, and soft words would have never been uttered by Kallum in his wildest dreams. However, because of her, everything seemed to flow naturally.

He carefully reached out and gently patted her shoulder.

“Could you stop crying, please? It’s breaking my heart to see you like this. If you’re upset, angry, or unhappy, just take it out on me...”

Calista had her head buried in the pillow when she heard him say that. Without a second thought, she stretched out her leg and gave him a swift kick.

After receiving a kick, Kallum let out a dramatic scream, swiftly “falling” to the ground.

Upon hearing a muffled sound, Calista subtly turned her head to look. A snow-white pillow concealed most of his face, leaving only a reddened, gleaming eye peering out at an angle. It looked both pitiful and wary at the same time.

Kallum had initially planned to feign pain, but when he saw her looking over, he couldn't resist. Like a ravenous wolf lunging for its prey, he leaped from the ground onto the bed.

"What are you looking at? Afraid I'll get hurt? Has my little darling finally learned to care for others?"

Calista, with a huff, hid her face again and exclaimed, "Why didn't you die from the fall?"

Kallum gave a shameless grin. "How could I possibly die? If I did, wouldn't you be left a widow? I couldn't bear to do that to you...."

Shameless! Absolutely shameless! This jerk has no decency at all!

Calista berated him in her heart, even despising herself. Why did I even cry? His words weren't even that touching! There must be something wrong with my body, even my tear ducts have malfunctioned.

With these thoughts in mind, she fiercely wiped away her tears, but still turned her back, unwilling to let Kallum see her in such a state. Kallum saw her turning her back to him, moving from one side of the bed to the other in frustration..

When Calista saw him draw near, she instinctively turned her body to the other side. In response, Kallum hastily backed off.

Why is he so annoying?

"Callie, Callie, don't ignore me please! Look, I hurried back right away just to see you! Let me have a look.... You are always so adorable!"

"Don't use those cheesy words on me!"

Calista simply sat up, having cried her heart out already. He has seen me crying, so what else is there to hide?

Upon seeing that Calista was finally not hiding from him anymore and even glaring at him with red-rimmed eyes and a reddened nose, he really wanted to pull her into his arms and tease her. Unfortunately, the situation was too tense to do so.

Chapter 422 Laughing At A Time Like This

a little bit more?"

His shamelessness and submissiveness left Calista in a dilemma, with no solutions at hand.

“I can’t stand the sight of you!”

Upon hearing this, Kallum raised an eyebrow and abruptly pulled Calista into his arms. He gave her bottom a playful smack and feigned a stern tone. “Lying earns you a spanking!”

“Kallum!” Calista was truly losing her mind. Ignoring her own injured hand, she tackled him to the ground.

In their intimate position, with her on top and him below, Kallum found himself looking directly into her sparkling eyes. There seemed to be a struggle within her. Is it because of me?

“Don’t come any closer... she uttered inexplicably and then attempted to leave.

But the moment she moved, Kallum rolled over, pulling her into his embrace and pinning her beneath him. He was careful, though, to avoid her injuries.

“That won’t do!” He flashed a grin, his eyes brimming with determination. “You are mine!”

Surprisingly, Calista didn’t protest immediately.

At that moment, a phone call came in, shattering their rare moment of passion.

After he answered the call, the delight in Kallum’s eyes gradually turned grim

After he finished the phone call, his demeanor had become icy, a stark contrast to his usual self. “What’s the matter?” Calista speculated that the issue must have been caused by Kallum taking her away.

Upon hearing her voice, Kallum lowered his head and offered a comforting smile. “It’s nothing. Some troublemakers have leaked the news of me taking you away. Then, some with an agenda are leading a public protest with the relatives of the patients. I’ll have someone deal with it right away.”

Calista, however, caught his hand as he was about to make a call.

“How should we handle this situation? Suppressing the worried families of the patients will only backfire. Perhaps we should hold a press conference. Otherwise, in the coming days, those with ulterior motives will continuously exploit them to create trouble, preventing my research from progressing.”

Kallum hesitated for a moment. A press conference was inevitable, and Calista had to be present. However, he was unsure if she could withstand the verbal onslaught from the crowd, given her current physical and emotional state.

However, Calista had made up her mind. "We need to issue the statement now, or else we'll be at a disadvantage when they make their next move."

Kallum lowered his head, planting a kiss on her face, and said with a smile, "Alright, your wish is my command, Wiley!"

Calista couldn't help but glare at him. "How can you still laugh at a time like this?"

Kallum's lips were still curled into a smile, his gaze unwaveringly resolute, his defiance telling.

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Chapter 422 Laughing At A Time Like This

"Haven't you mentioned this before?"

"Hmm?"

"I asked you why you were fond of me, and you said it was because you found my confidence dazzling, as if nothing could ever trouble me. So, in order for you to continue liking me, I decided I would never be defeated. So, why can't I laugh at a time like this?"

His confidence seemed to have rubbed off on Calista, causing the tension in her heart to ease slightly.

Send Gifts

296

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Chapter 423 The Press Conference

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Recalling Wanda's previous comment that with Kallum around, there was no need to worry, Calista suddenly lifted her head and planted a kiss on his face.

Kallum was taken aback, staring at her in bewilderment.

Calista deliberately avoided eye contact, nervously whispering, "You once told me that my encouragement was your greatest motivation. So, if I kiss you, we are bound to win!"

When he noticed her subtle nervousness and shyness, Kallum suddenly clutched his chest, speaking in an absurdly dramatic tone. "Callic, let me be honest with you! I'm actually feeling quite insecure and scared.... How about you give me a few more kisses to invigorate me further?"

“Ugh, enough already! Hurry up and issue the announcement!”

Calista couldn't help but reach out to tug on his ear; her glaring expression was rather fierce. I can't believe how annoying he can be!

“Ouch! I'm going... I'm going right now. Wifey, please let go!” Although it didn't hurt, Kallum played along, crying out dramatically. Despite being a grown man, he shamelessly acted cute.

“Pah! Who says I'm your wife?”

With a stern and serious expression, Kallum responded, “You've touched and kissed me, ruining my reputation in the process. And now, you're thinking of not taking responsibility?”

Calista was utterly speechless. “Get lost!”

“Understood, Wifey!”

After he finished, Kallum straightened his clothes, brimming with energy as he headed toward the door. Just before he stepped out, he suddenly turned back and said, “Dear Wifey, once this matter is resolved, may I request the consummation of our marriage as a reward?”

Calista furiously hurled a pillow at him.

“Dream on!”

Kallum acted swiftly. If a press conference was to be held, the first thing he needed to do was to extricate Callie from the situation, preferably by pinning the blame on someone else.

Although it might not have been the most ethical course of action, Kiefer was the one who started the trouble. Since might made right, the latter simply had it coming.

After figuring out a strategy, Kallum needed the government's cooperation, and more importantly, he needed the fugitives in prison. As a result, his workload increased slightly.

Calista kept coaxing herself to sleep in her mind. After she finally managed to calm her thoughts and sleep for a few hours, someone came with news. They informed her that the press conference was all set and ready, inviting her to come over.

Kallum was aware that this time, they were up against public opinion. Therefore, in order to protect Calista, he devised a strategy and hired the best public relations team to execute it. Over fifty people

Chapter 423 The Press Conference

All that was left was to face it head on.

Kallum had booked the largest square in Horington. The families of the patients, the protesters, and the journalists had all rushed over. The square, which could accommodate a hundred thousand people, was packed to the brim. In the center, a temporary podium had been set up on the stage. Everything was ready; all that was left was their performance.

Beneath the stage, throngs of people were raising banners and shouting. Some were demanding the execution of Calista, advocating for a life for a life. Others accused the Fairchild family of sheltering Calista and called for a nationwide boycott against them.

They were passionately shouting from below the stage, some even secretly armed with stones and the like, just waiting for Calista to appear so they could overwhelm her on stage.

Fortunately, the Fairchild family had dispatched over a thousand people to maintain order, and the government was also secretly assisting, so no major chaos had erupted for the time being.

After a while, someone took the stage and the crowd gradually hushed, with only the incessant clicking of the reporters' cameras breaking the silence.

The first to arrive weren't Kallum or Calista, but rather a group of injured foreigners. They were all handcuffed, heads bowed. Their bodies were covered in scrapes, bruises, and fractures, making for a distressing appearance.

The sudden appearance of the foreigners had everyone taken aback. At that moment, Levi stepped onto the stage. After a brief introduction, he refrained from any unnecessary chatter and went straight to the point.

"I understand that everyone is here because of the K virus leak. Everyone suspects that Ms. Stafford is the cause, but in reality, she's also a victim!"

As soon as he said those words, the crowd instantly became agitated.

"Are you trying to clear Calista's name? My son only got infected because he accidentally came into contact with her blood that was spilled on the ground. My son is only eight years old!"

"B*stard! You're trying to fool us, but we won't be tricked! Hand over Calista, she deserves to be executed!"

"The Fairchild family, despite being renowned in Chanaea, is shockingly sheltered Calista. It seems they're

as virtuous as they appear. We shouldn't believe their lies!"

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Facing the riled-up crowd, Levi was not at all flustered because the team behind him had already anticipated this situation.

“You’re right. This matter is indeed tied to the Fairchild family and can’t be ignored.”

Unexpectedly, Levi actually admitted it. Many people quieted down, waiting to hear what he had to say.

Pointing at the prisoners on stage, Levi continued, “These individuals are all fugitives who have fled from our allied country, Lostaria. Everyone should still remember the upheaval in Lostaria two years ago. It was a time of crisis, and someone stepped forward to assist the Lostaria government in turning the tide, conquering influenza T. Although this event wasn’t widely publicized at the time, as citizens of Horington, we all should know that Mr. Kallum played an indispensable role in the swift resolution of the war in Lostaria!”

00:28 Sun, 16 Jun •

Chapter 423 The Press Conference

The crowd gradually calmed down. They were all well aware of Kallum’s exploits in Lostaria, which they themselves had bragged about often.

296

Chapter 424 The Foreign Conspirators

After all, he was a national hero who hailed from their very own city of Horington.

Moreover, he was no ordinary man. He hailed from a wealthy family, powerful enough to rival nations. Such a person should have stayed above the fray of worldly matters. Yet, scenes of Kallum leading the charge in the battlefield of Lostaria occasionally made their way back through war reports. His unyielding and valiant fighting spirit added another layer to the aura surrounding him..

Hence, even though the Fairchild family didn’t intentionally publicize it due to Kallum’s infection, the general public was still able to learn about Kallum’s exploits in Lostaria through reports, and they felt a sense of pride because of it,

Seeing them deep in thought, Levi breathed a sigh of relief and continued, “The leader of the chaos in Lostaria, Kiefer, once suffered a great loss at the hands of Mr. Kallum. Therefore, after his plot failed, he harbored a deep-seated grudge against Mr. Kallum. Despite being wanted by thirteen countries, he still risked it all and smuggled himself here by sea with hundreds of his men, seeking revenge on Mr. Kallum. The people on the stage are all his subordinates. This evening, during the news broadcast, Chanaea

Television would announce each of their names and statuses, verifying what I say as truth!"

The crowd was puzzled. What do these international political situations have to do with the viral outbreak that is currently plaguing Horington?

Levi explained. "Last night, Mr. Kallum apprehended Kiefer, a significant achievement. However, before that, Kiefer had sent over a hundred men to capture Ms. Stafford, intending to use her as leverage against Mr. Kallum. Despite their efforts, the astute Ms. Stafford evaded capture, but not without sustaining a gunshot wound to her shoulder. Those despicable terrorists, aiming to incite widespread panic in the city and inflict substantial loss on Mr. Kallum, contaminated the bullet with a virus. Therefore, Ms. Stafford only contracted the infection last night!"

A single statement caused an uproar among the crowd below. Is it true that Calista was infected just yesterday! Some witnesses recalled the sight of Calista's arm bleeding profusely the night before. Could all of this have been a plot by foreign terrorists?

"Lies! Calista had been researching the K virus a long time ago. She must have gotten infected herself. that's why she's been researching it so hard! Or maybe she accidentally got infected during her research. You people should stop wasting your energy trying to clear her name!"

Instinctively, Levi glanced at the person who had spoken. That individual seemed incredibly uneasy, having fanned the flames of fire. They quickly hid within the crowd, fearful of being discovered.

The public began to harbor doubts, primarily because Calista had been consistently studying the K virus. The possibility that she could be infected, or might have already been infected, was a very plausible explanation.

Levi sneered, "If Ms. Stafford was infected long ago, why would she carelessly expose herself like that? Those who saw her last night would have noticed that she was stumbling along, barely conscious. A gunshot to the shoulder wouldn't have caused this. It was because she was feverish and not fully aware, doesn't this prove that she was recently infected?"

Levi cleverly shifted the blame for Calista's unsteady walk, which was unclear, to having a fever due to an initial infection.

Others didn't understand just how severe the gunshot to her arm was. They instinctively believed Levi's words. assuming that Calista was unaware of her infection and the subsequent fever that had set in. After

Chapter 424 The Foreign Conspirators

all, how could someone with a gunshot wound to the shoulder not see the path ahead clearly?

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Seeing the crowd's anger seemingly subside considerably, someone grew impatient and shouted out.

"He was lying. Calista was clearly infected long ago! Besides, even if Calista was only infected yesterday. she's a virus researcher herself. She should have known what was going on the moment she had a fever. Yet, she still went to populated areas, it was obviously deliberate! This whole mess was stirred up by the Fairchild family and Calista. There's no doubt about it. Even if there were terrorists involved, they were the ones who invited trouble! And then, we, the ordinary folks, got dragged into it. The Fairchild family must be held accountable!"

This time, the instigator of public opinion was swiftly apprehended. Two burly men, clad in neat black attire, hoisted the petite man onto the stage. As he struggled, his voice grew shrill with fear.

"Why are you holding me? Can't a person speak the truth anymore? It's the Fairchild family who's brought trouble upon us ordinary people! Do you think you can escape blame and be forgiven? Let me tell you..."

As he was speaking, his words abruptly halted. This was because he saw a man, slowly making his way onto the stage and moving toward him....

For the first time, Kallum donned a suit of pure black. It accentuated his towering and upright figure, his chiseled features gave off a hostile aura. As soon as he made his appearance, he immediately commanded the attention of the entire venue.

"Speak up, why aren't you continuing?"

The low, pleasant voice carried a domineering undertone. Kallum watched the man who was clearly hired by someone else, a flicker of disdain flashing in the depths of his eyes.

"Many countries were hoping for discord within Chanaea. With the recent events, I've received information that numerous foreign agents have been stirring the pot, bribing unprincipled individuals in an attempt to unsettle the public. Seeing your frantic behavior, I believe it's necessary to scrutinize your

accounts."

As soon as Kallum appeared, the initially restless atmosphere strangely settled under his dominance. Compared to his once dazzling demeanor, the current Kallum had become much more composed. Like a pearl, his brilliance was restrained yet impossible to ignore.

Upon hearing Kallum's words, the person who was dragged up became rather anxious.

296

Chapter 425 The Explanation.

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"You greedy bloodsuckers! What right do you have to pry into my finances? So what if a friend suddenly came into wealth and gave me some money to start a business? Don't you dare try to slander me!"

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Kallum laughed at his foolishness. "So, you really do have an unexpected sum of money in your account?"

He gestured with his finger. "Take him to the police station. Let them investigate thoroughly."

"Understood." At Kallum's command, Derek immediately sprang into action. Ignoring the man's loud protests, he swiftly escorted him away.

Making an example out of someone had proven to be quite effective. However, for those genuinely concerned about the safety of their loved ones, seeing the person in charge still got them all worked up. They couldn't help but become emotional.

"My child has been harmed for no reason. Don't the Fairchild family owe us an explanation?"

"Yeah... My son is only in his twenties and has just earned his medical license, but then... The old man's voice trailed off into a quiet sob. Even though the incident involved a foreigner, the root cause was tied to the Fairchild family. Therefore, if someone were to be held responsible, it could only be the Fairchild family.

Yet, the current situation was far better than Kallum had anticipated. With a swift hand gesture, he had the offenders on stage escorted away, leaving him alone on stage. As he faced the crowd, the pressure from all sides converged on him as everyone awaited his response.

"I understand how you all feel," he said. "Like everyone else, I too am in pain because my fiancée, just like your loved ones, is suffering from this virus. But I'm not worried, not because I don't love her, but because I have a solution."

He pressed the remote and a boy appeared on the large screen behind him. Busy medical staff could be seen in the background. The boy turned his head toward the camera and said, "Mom, my head doesn't hurt anymore. I'm okay now..."

"That's... That's!" The child's family members rushed to the stage. "k it my son? Is my son alright?!"

Kallum continued to press the button, bringing up several more people on the screen. They were still under observation, but they were able to share good news with their families through the camera.

After receiving the antibody injection brought by the Fairchild family, many of the feverish individuals successfully recovered. Upon hearing this news, Kallum immediately thought to have them record a video as proof. There was no better evidence than them regaining consciousness. After the video was paused, the family members of the patients dropped their protest banners and rushed to the front.

"Where is my daughter? Why isn't my daughter here?"

"Have they really recovered? If they have, why hasn't it been made public?"

"Wasn't it said that if you're infected with the K virus, you're definitely going to die? Are they lying to us?"

Faced with the cacophony, Kállum remained unflustered, slowly beginning to speak. His voice seemed to

Balance:

1 Coins

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00:28 Sun, 16 Jun

Chapter 425 The Explanation

the slightly more than one hundred and eighty infected individuals are now out of danger. However, they are still under observation because many people can't believe that my fiancée really pulled it off. So, they are still in the quarantine area, undergoing thorough checks."

Someone couldn't help but ask, "What about my child? Is my child out of danger?"

Their gazes were filled with hope, each one wishing that their loved ones were among the hundred or so who were no longer in danger.

Compared to the skepticism of the higher-ups, they didn't really care about the potency of the antibody. All they cared about was whether or not their loved ones were among the lucky ones.

Facing their gazes, Kallum pursed his lips, lamenting,

"Those who had awakened were required to stay in the quarantine zone for observation for two days. As for those who hadn't, it meant that the antibodies were ineffective, and they were still suffering from a fever.

The crowd instantly became all worked up.

How can they suddenly give everyone hope, only to plunge a portion of us back into despair!

Someone shouted, "I don't care! You guys are the ones who caused this mess, you must ensure my child is safe!"

"Why couldn't your fiancée save everyone if she was able to create this so-called antibody?"

Upon hearing the demands, Kallum suddenly laughed. A determined glint flashed in his eyes.

"That's the reason I insisted on taking her with me yesterday."

Kallum's words instantly reminded everyone of the reason they had gathered there. They were all there because Kallum had taken the main culprit out of the quarantine zone, which had sparked their indignation and led them to stage a protest.

"Could it be..." someone remarked incredulously after a moment of contemplation.

The next second, Kallum confidently answered, "My fiancée is the most brilliant medical researcher of our time. She has been studying the K virus for two years and is confident that she can defeat it. That's why I was so desperate to get her out of there. She's the only one who can heal the remaining people. Only she can do it!"

In the square,

Kallum's voice echoed through the speakers, unexpectedly instilling belief in the crowd. However, the scene was becoming increasingly chaotic. Whether to trust Kallum or not had turned into a

conundrum.

A reporter couldn't help but ask, "The K virus takes at most a month from infection to death. Are we supposed to wait for your fiancée/for a month?"

Upon hearing this, everyone turned their eager eyes to Kallum. Their focus had shifted away from the matter of Calista being taken away. Faced with the K-virus, they were all at a loss. Suddenly, when someone who claimed to have a solution appeared, they didn't want to let go of this glimmer of hope. However, they feared that this person might be deceiving them.

Balance:

Chapter 426 Calista Speaks

Before Kallum could even utter a word, a cold and clear female voice sounded.

"The President granted me three days. After those three days, everything would become clear.

Calista gradually approached, and the moment she spoke, Kallum was reaching out to assist her as if she were someone fragile.

Everyone who saw Calista at that moment couldn't help but sigh. She looked terrible; not a single part of her body was unscathed.

However, for the relatives who had unjustly suffered, their feelings toward her were even more complex. Regardless of whether Calista was a victim or not, they firmly believed that it was Calista who had brought misfortune upon their loved ones.

So, when Calista stepped up, the crowd below became considerably emotional. Thanks to the groundwork laid earlier, they all knew Calista was their only hope at the moment, which was why they refrained from acting recklessly.

As soon as Calista made her appearance, the sound of the reporters' cameras clicking away filled the air.

Someone asked, "Ms. Stafford, you mentioned that the President gave you three days. If you fail, will those infected die?"

Before Calista could reply, Kallum spoke on her behalf.

"It's not impossible. We can definitely achieve it."

But the reporter stubbornly asked, "What if you can't?"

Calista stopped Kallum, her face, marred with scars, was resolute as she spoke. "If it can't be done, those people won't die. The recovery process will just be a bit more challenging. As for me, I'm willing to accept any punishment."

"Does that include death?" A haggard-looking woman suddenly asked. As all eyes turned to her, she trembled from suppressed emotions, crying out, "Am I wrong?"

Because of her, my mother has to endure such a calamity in her old age. Why shouldn't she die?"

Her words were undeniably true, this situation was difficult for anyone to endure.

Kallum was about to speak when Calista silenced him, her face calm and composed.

"You're right. It's only fair to pay a life for a life."

Her words stirred quite a commotion, Kallum furrowed his brows, moving her behind him protectively, and spoke solemnly.

"Rest assured, everyone, all consequences resulting from this matter will be solely borne by the Fairchild family! For hundreds of years, our word has been our bond! In three days, if this matter is resolved smoothly, my family will provide additional compensation. Even if there are minor mishaps, I will resolve it to your satisfaction!"

At that moment, Kallum's and Calista's unwavering confidence somewhat pacified the crowd's anger.

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Chapter 426 Calista Speaks

Fairchild family held significant power and wealth, the crowd was not worried about them shirking their responsibilities.

After he had momentarily appeased the public's discontent, Kallum's pledge became the focus of worldwide attention within a few hours. As a result, the entire world was watching the issue closely.

"Is it arrogance or a stalling tactic?" This was the question posed when Kallum claimed that his fiancée would decode the K virus within three days.

After all, Calista was only twenty years old, and there was little to support her confidence.

Many wondered if this was a high-stakes gamble or a sure win? All they could do was wait and see.

Upon seeing the flurry of news reports, many foreign experts scoffed. With the assistance of the President of Chanaea, the fact that Calista had developed a serum was deliberately concealed. As a result, most people believed that Calista had made a rash promise only after causing such a major crisis.

In an interview, a renowned expert jokingly remarked, "If a twenty-year-old girl manages to conquer the K virus, then we all might as well pack up and go home."

Those more informed knew that Calista had once developed a serum capable of extending the lifespan of patients suffering from the K virus. However, this shouldn't have been the reason for her overconfidence. Someone who acted recklessly after gaining a little success was bound to fail.

More influential individuals knew that Calista had introduced a new type of antibody. With its release, over a hundred lives were saved. They consequently held great admiration for her.

While they were impressed, they were also anxious about the three-day deadline. Even with such achievements, solving such a huge problem in just three days seemed a bit too much.

However, nations that had been tormented by the K virus were hoping that all of this was true. If they could completely rid themselves of this virus, then life would improve greatly for many countries.

Therefore, a significant number of people in different countries were praying. They even petitioned, prayed, and sent wishes online, hoping that God had seen their suffering and sent an angel to rescue them.

They didn't concern themselves with what had prompted Calista to utter such words, but they sincerely hoped for Calista's success, and made a point to remember the name of this individual from Chanaca.

Carrying everyone's hopes, Calista returned and immediately locked herself up in the laboratory.

The antiserum was right in front of her. The one that Kallum had previously been administered was unstable, with a failure rate that could be said to be as high as fifty percent. It was only due to Kallum's consistent streak of good luck that no issues had arisen.

The modified serum demonstrated enhanced stability, yet its side effects were significantly more severe. Upon injection, it would obliterate all diseased cells within the body in one fell swoop. Amidst the viral counterattack and the potency of the drug clashing, the data suggested that this drug could potentially cause unbearable pain, leading to death, even without anyone having tried it.

Therefore, Calista wondered how she was to go about modifying the physical defects of the antidote.

Her Vengeful Rebirth

Chapter 427 The Challenge

Holding it in her hands, Calista decided to inject herself first.

“No, you can’t risk it at a time like this, Ms. Calista!” Shaun was the first to stop her.

Calista, however, responded, “How can I

Conquer the virus if I’m not certain of the antidote’s medicinal properties? Don’t worry, when it comes to enduring pain, I can handle it.”

All the other experts wanted to stop her but were hesitant to speak. Essentially, they wanted someone else to serve as the test subject. However, Calista was right, conducting the experiment on herself held more authority.

Amidst the anxious yet hopeful gazes of the crowd, Shaun gradually injected the serum into Calista.

At that moment, Calista was tied to the bed, her mouth gagged tightly for fear she might bite her tongue in an attempt to end her own life.

When Shaun administered the injection, she could distinctly feel something gradually entering her body.

In her past life, she had always been waiting for this moment. Back then, she thought that no matter the cost, as long as she could survive and recover, walking out of the research institute, she would cherish every single day of her future life.

As the medication gradually took effect, Calista’s hand, where the injection had been administered, suddenly twitched.

At first, veins of a bluish–purple hue slowly surfaced. Gradually, dark red veins also began to appear, their menacing presence reminiscent of a complex and mysterious pattern. They intertwined and seemed to climb upward along her arm...

The process of “climbing” was clearly visible, with Calista’s upper body suddenly jolting. In that moment, at bright white light unexpectedly illuminated before her eyes. It was as if a slideshow was playing, images continuously flashing before her. The world alternated between darkness and light; sometimes upside down, sometimes right–side up.

It seemed as though someone was urgently whispering in her ear, “Oxygen! We need oxygen quickly!”

“Ms. Stafford, inhale! Breathe deeply!”

Then there was the sound of equipment colliding.

“Insert a central venous catheter...”

tac

“Defibrillator...”

“Quick! Give her the medicine!”

Gradually, her pale skin seemed as though it was cut through by red and blue veins. Calista’s eyes widened, unfocused as she stared at the light before her. The images in her mind flashed faster and faster, her breathing becoming increasingly rapid,

The anxious murmurs around her gradually gave way to the commanding sound of a piano. The music was intense, brimming with an evident restlessness. Just by listening, one could tell that the pianist was

Chapter 427 The Challenge.

dissatisfaction. Yet, upon closer listening, an undercurrent of innocent unease was discernible.

Calista was held by her grandmother, Tanya, who stood by the window. At that time, Kallum was seven years old and Calista was only two. Cradled in Tanya’s arms, she was a chubby bundle of joy.

At that time, the Fairchild family had just undergone a major upheaval with the death of Kallum’s grandfather. Therefore, Tanya had brought Calista to visit. During the meal, Tanya noticed that young Kallum seemed a bit distracted. After he finished his meal in silence, he sequestered himself in his room to practice the piano.

“Callie, Kal is feeling down...”

Dressed neatly and exuding an aura of scholarly elegance, Tanya happened to pass by. Upon hearing Kallum playing the piano, she paused, expressing her admiration with a sigh.

From a very young age, Calista started to be aware of her surroundings. Her intelligence was evident the moment she spoke. Upon hearing Tanya’s words, she might have been confused, but she asked clearly, “Why is he upset?”

Grandmother chuckled. “Because his grandfather has passed away.”

Calista blinked at her, her voice soft and childlike as she asked, “What does it mean to pass away?”

She was acquainted with Kallum’s grandfather, a man who held a particular fondness for her. Every time they met, he would shower her with compliments.

Upon seeing the innocent expression on Calista’s face, Tanya, for some unknown reason, felt a sense of melancholy rise in her heart.

“Passing away means you won’t see them again. One day, your grandpa and I will also leave you, just like Kal’s grandpa did, never to return.”

Calista was slightly panicked, clutching onto Tanya’s clothes, “Why aren’t they coming back?”

“Because we can’t be with you for your whole life... my dear Callie! How I wish I could see you grow up. If that’s not possible, I hope there will be someone who will love you as much as we do...”

Thinking about the chaotic situation in the Stafford family, Tanya felt a wave of sorrow washing over her the more she spoke. From the current state of things, it was clear to see what kind of life Calista would lead once they passed away.

Calista noticed that Tanya was upset. With her chubby hand, she gently patted the latter’s eye, comforting her, “Don’t be sad...”

She had previously suffered from a toothache, which was quite distressing, so she remembered this term.

Seeing her acting all grown-up, Tanya couldn’t help but laugh again....

“Sweetheart, I’m not the one who’s upset. It’s Kal who’s troubled He’s your future husband, you know. Perhaps you could comfort him...”

Tanya was laughing and chatting as she placed Calista on the windowsill, lightly tapping on the window.

Kallum was abruptly interrupted, and he responded with a sharp tone, bristling with irritation! Despite his young age, his assertiveness was quite evident, making him someone not to be trifled with.

00:29 Sun

Chapter 427 The Challenge

No one had ever dared to disturb him in the midst of his tasks. Thus, when he opened the window, his well-defined face was filled with a hostile aura. However, this stern demeanor froze instantly at the sight of a little girly figure. The child was wearing a soft pink dress, her short curly hair bouncing around, licking her fingers while tilting her head to look at him. Her black obsidian eyes were filled with an innocence yet to be exposed to the harshness of the world. It made the reprimand he originally intended to unleash to inexplicably diminish.

“What are you doing here?”

Chapter 428 Flashback Of Calista

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Young Kallum knew that Calista before him was to be his future wife, but he was young and had little knowledge about the concept of it. He only reckoned that he would have to take care of her in the future.

Hmm... she really is quite adorable.

Meanwhile, Calista looked at him cluelessly, grinning away. Just then, a gentle voice rang out from behind her.

“Mr. Kallum. I’m getting on in years and find it hard to carry her. Could you help me look after her? I’ll head to the living room to fetch Edwin to take over. It won’t take long.

Kallum thought he must have misheard Tanya. I’m only seven years old. How can I be expected to look after a little girl? Sure enough, this elderly lady is up in years and has gotten senile.

However, given that she was a guest, he still agreed and nodded assertively despite his impatience. He replied concisely and to the point, “Sure.”

Tanya stifled a laugh. Then, thank you, Mr. Kallum.”

As she spoke, she left without a worry in the world, completely disregarding the fact that Kallum was only seven years old.

Seeing that the little girl in front of him neither cried nor made a fuss but merely looked around curiously, Kallum felt much better, for he couldn’t stand little brats who wailed endlessly.

He lifted her off the window sill, waiting for her grandfather to arrive. He was worried that she might fall before anyone else came, so he had no choice but to hold her in his arms. She’s such a soft and fragrant bundle, nice to carry....

Kallum was ultimately still a child. After “playing with Calista, the displeasure that lingered within him. previously gradually faded away. She was so tender and warm that he didn’t want to put her down.

Conversely, Calista merely laughed, thinking that he was playing with her. When she caught Kallum’s scent, she suddenly exclaimed in a juvenile voice, “Kallum, you smell so good.”

After saying that, she nestled into his arms like a puppy. She sniffed around while Kallum held her carefully, ensuring that she didn’t slip and fall.

When Calista’s delicate little hand brushed against his face, young Kallum finally couldn’t help but blush. However, he said sternly, “All right, sit, properly! And no touching allowed!”

Calista paid him no mind. She continued touching him for a while, causing Kallum to grow increasingly anxious, sitting upright and alert.

only then did she say with a smile, "Grandma said you're unhappy. Why are you unhappy?"

Kallum harrumphed. "I'm not unhappy at all!" Nonetheless, his brows furrowed when Calista brought that up, his dejected visible.

Calista's eyes flickered. Then, she lowered her head, her chubby little hands rummaging beneath her adorable pink inner vest.

00:29 Sun, 16 Jun

Chapter 428 Flashback Of Calista

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Under his furtive glances, Calista eventually pulled out a piece of candy that was hidden well. It was a white color milk candy.

Edwin didn't allow her too much candy because she was too young, and overindulging would give her a toothache. However, Calista was clever from a young age, crafty enough to think of hiding it in the pocket of her inner vest.

"Here, this is for you!"

Kallum had initially thought it was something valuable, only to find that it was just a piece of candy. He turned his head away arrogantly, "I'm not a three-year-old kid, so I certainly don't eat candy!"

Calista cocked her head, seemingly unable to comprehend that there were actually people in the world who didn't like candy.

Seated on Kallum's lap, she strained to pry open his palm with both hands, giving the candy to him.

"Eat this candy. You'll feel happy after eating it!"

She tilted her head back and flashed him a devastatingly sweet and innocent smile. That had the mind of Kallum, who initially wanted to refuse, go blank for the first time. She looks utterly adorable when she smiles, and her cheeks are chubby, Can I pinch them?

Under her hopeful gaze, Kallum ate the candy with disdain written all over his face. It still bore her warmth and her milky fragrance. Besides, it felt as though it held some magical power. After eating it, he strangely felt a sense of joy. So, it truly works?

Seeing that he had eaten it and his face filled with surprise, Calista grinned like a cat that got the cream.

Grandpa said that all interactions in the world stem from exchange. I've given Kallum a candy, and he accepted it. That meant he's mine now!

Such a lengthy scene was merely a fleeting image in her mind, but the details were vividly etched in the

link of an eye. Calista had a remarkable memory and could recall events from when she was just a year old. However, she never indulged in reminiscing, seeing it as pointless.

But this time, she remembered everything—the small hand she reached out, the pink and white candy wrapper, and even Kallum's eyes that lit up slightly. All those details were etched in her memory, more distinct than any bystander could recall.

She went into a coma for a full day and night, leaving only thirty–nine hours in the already tight schedule.

“What should we do? The severe pain caused Ms. Calista to go into shock, and she hasn't been able to regain consciousness... The virus within her has indeed been eliminated. But if she doesn't wake up, the three–day deadline will soon be upon us.”

Kallum massaged his temples wearily.

After temporarily taking care of the matters out there, he hurried back, only to find Calista in a coma. He kept watch over her for ten hours, but there was no sign of her regaining consciousness.

“Continue with the experiment and find a solution to the problem! We are all individuals of real talent, so we can't let a young girl shoulder all the pressure!”

After saying that seriously, Bowen left Shaun to take care of Calista while he proceeded to lead the others.

Chapter 428 Flashback Of Calista

away to continue with the research.

Kallum turned to Shaun.

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Chapter 429 A Bittersweet Sensation

“Is there a way to wake her up?” Kallum asked. He couldn’t fathom how much pain she must have experienced that she went into shock and nearly died. All he knew was that he couldn’t bear to see her unconscious any longer. It gave him a constant fear that she might die at any moment, the dread as infinite as the depths of an abyss.

Shaun shook his head. “We’ve done all we could. Now, it’s all up to her.”

The thing Kallum could least accept was such a vague and non-committal answer. Is there really no other way, and I can only wait? No!

However, he wasn’t planning on giving up so easily. After Shaun had left, he began racking his brain to wake her up through their shared memories.

Initially, he assumed there weren’t many shared moments between them. But upon deeper reflection, he realized that their relationship actually brimmed with memories.

Holding Calista’s hand, he called out her name.

“Callic...

He paused before continuing, “You’ve been sleeping for quite a while now. Hurry up and wake up. Are you hungry? I prepared a lot of your favorite foods... If you don’t feel like eating, how about I ask the chef to cook you pumpkin kefir oatmeal? Remember? It’s the medicated meal you taught the chef when you were young. You came to visit me when you were ten because I was sick. Remember?”

When Calista saw Kallum’s pale face, her heart broke.

Because Kallum misunderstood that it was Mirabelle who saved him from drowning last year, while Calista merely stood by and left him in the lurch, he became distant toward her.

For some reason, she remained as clingy as ever despite his attitude. Upon learning about his illness, she rushed over first thing in the morning.

“Mrs. Fairchild, Kal seems to be having a tough time.”

“Yes. He just got over his fever, and his appetite is terrible. He throws up everything he eats. I wonder if he’ll feel better when he wakes up later,” Wanda said.

After a moment of thought, Calista stroked her chin and asked, “Mrs. Fairchild, does Mr. Chef know how to make pumpkin kefir oatmeal? When I was sick in the past, Grandma used to make it for me.”

Upon hearing that, Wanda replied, “I don’t think so. It must be a medicated meal, right? I’ll call and ask your grandma for the recipe right away. You’re amazing, Callie. Once Kallum wakes up, I’ll have him thank you!”

Calista quickly said, "There's no need to involve Grandma. She hasn't been well lately. I know how to make it. Just have Mr. Chef assist me. I'll teach him!"

Wanda believed that, as Calista had been intelligent since young, possessing an eidetic memory. With her there, the chef would undoubtedly be able to create the dish.

Having received Wanda's approval, Calista quickly made her way to the kitchen.

Chapter 429 A Bittersweet Sensation

47%

She remembered every detail of the preparation of ingredients and the cooking process, not missing a single step. The chef followed her instructions with a smile and even jestingly said, "If you know any other recipes for medicated meals, Ms. Calista, please teach me a few more!"

Naturally, Calista didn't know much. Besides, her entire focus then was on the oatmeal she was making- She tasted it several times while cooking, only daring to add a hint of seasoning each time.

Seeing how devoted she was, the chef had nothing left to do and joked smilingly, "Mr. Kallum is truly fortunate to be marrying you, Ms. Calista!"

Calista flashed him a smile in return. Then, once the oatmeal was ready, she quickly scooped a bowl and hurriedly delivered it to Kallum.

Lately, Kal isn't fond of me. Perhaps I inadvertently did something wrong... But considering my earnestness, he'll probably forgive me, right?

Holding the bowl of oatmeal, Calista allowed her thoughts to wander.

Kallum had already woken up. At the sight of Calista, a flash of displeasure flickered across his eyes. She's downright thick-skinned, having the audacity to keep visiting his house even after leaving me in the lurch!

"The oatmeal is ready!"

"Kallum, look how good Callie is to you. She prepared this especially for you. It smells so nice!" Wanda said with a hint of surprise.

Kallum, however, frowned. "There are pecans in there? Don't you know I detest pecans most? Don't bring it over!"

His countenance was exquisitely but unapproachable. Despite being pale, his tone was harsh.

Calista immediately felt aggrieved. She came over early in the morning and bustled around for four to five

ours, making oatmeal for the first time, yet he didn't like it.

She attempted to explain, saying, "I know you're not a fan of pecans, but they're essential in this dish. Moreover, I prepared them in a way you won't taste them. Give it a try. I promise you won't detect

any hint of pecans-

"I said to take it away!" His violet eyes were reminiscent of two blazing gemstones, and his tone was stern. "Also, quit looking like I'm bullying you. I've told you I absolutely detest pecans!"

Kallum harrumphed, then added, "Only a fool would be swayed by such petty favors!"

From a distance, Calista heard everything, her heart filled with sorrow. Why did Kal suddenly start hating me

so much?

Kallum's grip on Calista's hand tightened, his eyes brimming with anguish and regret.

"I'm truly sorry for the harsh words I said to you back then... In truth, I'd always been unkind to you. Yet, you'd shown me great tolerance. I've hurt you many times, intentionally or otherwise. Now, every time I think about it, I wish nothing more than to punch myself..."

Back then, I misunderstood her and was always terrible toward her. Yet, she refused to give up, insisting on staying by my side. Perhaps that's love..

Chapter 429 A Bittersweet Sensation

A bittersweet sensation filled him, his fingers gently tracing her palm. "Truth be told, I ate that bowl of oatmeal. Although it was my mom who forced me to eat it, in reality, it was really fragrant. The moment I smelled it. I wanted to devour it. I was just being stubborn. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to force

me."

Chapter 430 The Taste Of Love.

"Could you forgive me? I was once downright impulsive and detestable. My mom was right—you had long since given me the best of everything. Compared to you, my feelings for you seem childish and laughable. No wonder you never agreed to be with me previously. It was because I wasn't good enough, hot at all," Kallum rambled.

He brought Calista's hand to his lips, his voice barely a whisper. "But I will try my best to learn... In the future, I'll never let you down again... If you're still willing to trust me, wake up... Without you, even my courage has vanished. I'm scared."

He leaned in, trembling as he planted a kiss on her lips.

Her lips were beyond cold yet soft. An icy fragrance enveloped him. At that moment, his heart skipped a beat. Even his breath caught.

Once their lips parted, he fixed his violet eyes on her unblinkingly. They were filled with hope and could seemingly glow. Alas, Calista remained motionless. At that instant, the light in his eyes dimmed bit by bit.

If she doesn't wake up, I'll have no choice but to secretly send her away for her safety. As for what would happen after she left or the challenges the Fairchild family would face, I can't afford to worry about all that anymore...

He gradually straightened up, his gaze slowly hardening in determination.

"If you're very tired, just sleep a little longer. I'm here, and I won't let anything happen to you."

"What did that bowl of oatmeal taste like?"

Calista's weak voice suddenly drifted into Kallum's ears, leaving him momentarily stunned.

She slowly opened her eyes, which seemed to be sprinkled with stars, and asked again, "Did you really find it delicious?"

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moment, Kallum's eyes suddenly went red-rimmed. Almost without thinking, he blurted out a question.

"Why are you awake?"

Calista let out a sigh. "Because I can't just leave you alone..." That isn't my style.

Kallum's voice abruptly choked off. His tough armor seemingly shattered into pieces before her. All he wanted was to hold her in his arms, never to let go again.

"You still haven't answered me. Was that bowl of oatmeal really delicious?"

What did it taste like, the concoction meticulously crafted in my dream as if performing a scientific experiment, each ingredient added with precision?

Kallum's hands clenched into fists and relaxed before uncontrollably clenching once more. Despite it all, he wore a smile on his face as if he was entirely relaxed.

"It was delicious. I was quite surprised at the time, for I didn't expect your culinary skills to be so good.... There was a taste I've never tasted in any other food."

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Chapter 430 The Taste Of Love

#Finished

"Perhaps it was the thoughtfulness of infusing the nutrients of pecans into the oatmeal without having me

discern their flavor."

Looking at him, Calista burst out laughing. "The taste of love?"

Kallum couldn't help but laugh with her. In high spirits, he bent down once more and planted a kiss on her lips. As their eyes met at close quarters, his were filled with deep affection and love, seemingly glowing.

"It's the taste of you. I love you. Only you can satiate my hunger."

Calista looked at him with a hint of provocation in her eyes. "So, do you have courage now?"

"With you by my side, there is nothing to fear."

Kallum pinched her chin and declared triumphantly. "I'm now filled with strength!"

Calista seized his hand and yanked hard. Kallum was pulled onto the bed.

With a swift turn, she pinned him down, saying confidently, "I already have an idea to conquer the side effects. I heard you've been watching over me for over ten hours. Sleep now. It's my turn to take the lead

next"

Kallum looked at her with a smile and pretended to whine, "I want to sleep too, but more than ten hours have passed, and there's just so much work waiting for me..."

As he spoke, he reached out and gently tucked Calista's hair behind her ear.

He continued, "Leave everything out there to me. Just focus on your experiment here. We still have over thirty hours. Once everything is over, we'll rest together."

At his seriousness, Calista stared at him for a long time. In the end, she smiled faintly.

After she had said that, she got up and climbed out of bed.

Having survived a near-death ordeal, she felt as though she had undergone a complete transformation, brimming with vitality.

Her antiserum was successful, and what appeared to be side effects were not adverse reactions but were measures taken by the antiserum to rapidly revive a body ravaged by the virus. While it looked terrifying, it wouldn't destroy the body. However, the process was more than many could bear, with pain so intense it could cause asphyxiation or even death. So, it was somewhat tricky.

However, Kallum sparked an inspiration in her. To alleviate pain, she didn't necessarily have to modify the antiserum itself. She could develop an auxiliary medicine to be injected alongside the antiserum. Her eyes fell on the painkiller she previously designed for Kallum. But if it were to be used for that purpose, it needed to be improved. With only a little over thirty hours left, time was really not on her side.

When Shaun heard her idea, his eyes lit up. Previously, they didn't know what would happen when the antiserum was injected into the human body. They had assumed it would be painful, considering it a side effect and drawback of the antiserum, thus trying to modify it instead of Calista's suggestion of using

external assistance.

Once Calista said that, everyone was suddenly enlightened. They then threw themselves into their work,

Chapter 430 The Taste Of Love

working overtime and pushing themselves to the limit. Many hadn't slept in a long time but were surprisingly energetic.

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Over thirty hours later, there would be a hard battle. As an integral part, everyone felt a sense of duty and strength.