

CHANGING ONLY FOR HER (SOPHIE AND TRISTAN)

Chapter 1 Do Not Move

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It was annoyingly hot in Horington by the time June arrived.

After the self-study session ended at night, Sophie Tanner waited till the other students filed out before

she got on her bicycle. She took the road to a quiet alley to head home. It might be deserted, but she

could shorten her journey by over ten minutes.

Before she could cycle out of the alley, she caught a whiff of blood with her keen nose.

Sophie was pretty familiar with the scent of blood. Other girls would've fled the scene if they were in her

shoes.

However, Sophie was no ordinary young woman. She continued riding on her bicycle as though

nothing had happened.

Indeed, five minutes later, she saw a fight happening in this desolate alley.

One of Sophie's feet was on the ground, and the other was on the pedal. She stuck one hand into her

pocket and held her bicycle with the other as she whistled loudly to catch the others' attention.

There were over a dozen tall men beating a man up. As there were no lights in the alley, she peered at

the man who was surrounded by the rest under the moonlight.

Looks like he's the one who got hurt.

Hearing Sophie's whistle, everyone present turned to look at her.

"Scram!"

As she was tall, skinny, and clad in her school uniform, the leader of the attackers barked at her

furiously.

Sophie's brow knitted together impatiently.

"You're blocking my way."

"You have a death wish!" the leader snarled testily. They had gone to great lengths before getting the

opportunity to take action against Tristan Lombard.

Anyone who stopped them from doing that would have to die.

It only took one look from him to get two men to march toward Sophie.

Glancing at her watch, Sophie realized it was already half past ten at night.

Before they could lay a hand on her, Sophie placed her other foot on the pedal and cycled toward the

men in black swiftly.

In the blink of an eye, she managed to hit one man with her bicycle, who stumbled to the ground in a

miserable heap.

Placing both palms on her seat, Sophie whipped around and kicked another man forcefully.

The leader belatedly realized he had overestimated Sophie's capability.

At once, he ordered, "Kill them both." They didn't have much time left. If Tristan's men arrived, they

wouldn't be able to take him out any longer.

Tristan was barely alive when he heard the leader's order. He immediately pulled himself together. I

can't die here.

Sophie initially planned to leave after teaching the men a lesson.

She happened to walk past Tristan and caught a glimpse of him. Suddenly, her bicycle halted to a stop

even though she had successfully escaped from the men.

"D*mn it." Sophie changed her mind. I'm going to do a kind act today. Just for today.

The next moment, she turned her bicycle around and pedaled toward the men.

As Sophie didn't have any weapons, she grabbed two knives from the men.

Using her bicycle as leverage, she started attacking the men.

The men's expressions grew grim when they realized how vicious and swift Sophie could be.

"Kill them!" the leader commanded.

Sophie darted to Tristan deftly.

"You're still alive?"

“I’m not going to die.”

They didn’t have a chance to continue their conversation, for the men began charging toward them.

Sophie was capable enough to defeat them all easily. Her actions were cool yet sassy.

After all the men had been beaten to a pulp, Sophie kicked the person who was blocking her path away.

“Goodbye. You’re welcome.” She didn’t want to continue poking her nose into his business.

She got onto her bicycle nimbly. It was almost eleven, so she needed to get home as soon as possible.

Alas, her bicycle remained rooted to the spot even after she started pedaling.

She turned at her shoulder and realized Tristan had grabbed the rear seat of her bicycle.

Her eyes were flashing with fury, for it was late at night.

“What else do you want?”

“Thank you.”

With that said, he fainted and lost consciousness.

“What the f*ck?” Sophie cursed under her breath as she glared at the man on the ground. Despite

losing consciousness, he still looked as dignified as ever. In the end, she helped him up and used up all

her might to place him on the rear seat of her bicycle. After doing that, she gritted her teeth and rode out of the alley.

As Tristan was shot, Sophie dared not bring him to the hospital.

A gunshot wound was too sensitive. She was pretty satisfied with her current life and didn't want to return to her past life.

If his gunshot wound wasn't dealt with, he would meet his doom before the sun rose tomorrow morning.

Sophie brought him to a medical laboratory at Horington University. She walked in freely as though she owned the place.

After switching on the lights, she placed Tristan on the dissection table that the medical students used for their experiments.

Opening one of the cabinets, she pulled out a surgical gown and put it on.

There were no anesthetics around. He had fainted, so she assumed he could bear the pain.

After putting on the surgical gloves, Sophie grabbed a pair of scissors and cut Tristan's bloodied shirt into half.

The bullet was pretty near to his heart, so if she didn't pay enough attention, his heart might suffer from a rupture.

She disinfected the scalpel and began to remove the bullet.

Tristan prided himself as a tough man, but the pain jolted him awake when the scalpel sank into his chest.

He glared at the young lady beside him who was holding the scalpel.

“Who are you? Do you have a death wish?”

Sophie had no idea Tristan would regain consciousness at this moment. It was understandable,

though. There was an incision on his chest, so he was no less than a dead body if he were to remain motionless.

“If you want to survive, don’t move,” she snapped impatiently.

Not wanting to waste more time, Sophie continued the surgery without hesitation.

“Mm!” Tristan moaned in anguish as she cut into his skin. However, that was the only moan he made throughout the entire surgery.

Tristan waited until the surgery ended before he allowed himself to faint.

“He has a strong willpower, huh?” Sophie remarked. After all, Tristan had remained awake the entire

surgery and watched as she operated on him without taking any anesthetics. Hence, he deserved the praise.

Pulling his phone out, she typed out a text and sent it to a random name that was to her liking.

Sophie cleared the laboratory and left with her backpack. She didn't even bother sparing the man another look.

After receiving Tristan's text, Felix Northley rushed all the way to the medical laboratory at Horington University.

He was stunned to see Tristan lying on the dissection table.

I wonder who had the guts to do this? Doesn't he or she know who Tristan Lombard is? He's one of the Lombards from Jipsdale!

Tristan woke up and saw Felix standing before him.

"Mr. Tristan, who did this to you?" he asked curiously. The person must have a death wish! No one dares to do this to Mr. Tristan in Jipsdale.

Tristan shot the talkative Felix a look.

"Mr. Tristan, who brought you here?" Felix was sweating profusely after he learned of Tristan's disappearance.

If he meets his doom, many people in Jipsdale will have to die alongside him! I wonder who is the person who did this to him.

Felix's curiosity was piqued.

“The enemy hired mercenaries to take my life. Find out who saved me tonight.”