

Only For Her 811

Chapter 811 Liability Waiver

Nicholas was bold enough to come to Tristan directly. When they met, Tristan gave him a deathly glare.

“Tristan, you had no idea I'd come directly to you, right?” Nicholas didn't bother being nice as Sophie wasn't around.

Tristan replied coolly, “Not really. It's normal for a psycho like you to act in a way that is not considered usual.”

“Ha!” Nicholas snorted.

Psycho? Yeah, to them, I'm just a psycho. No one likes psychos.

Nicholas boldly suggested, “Tristan, let's fight.”

He had never viewed himself as being in any way inferior to Tristan, but Sophie was completely smitten with Tristan.

Thus, he decided to challenge Tristan that day.

Tristan remained silent, not responding to the taunt. His silence only seemed to spur Nicholas on

further, and the latter jeered, “What? Are you too scared to take me on?”

Too scared? Ha! Fear has never been a factor in my life. I've never been scared of anything.

Shortly after, Nicholas brought Tristan to a fighting arena. Both of them didn't allow their subordinates to tag along.

"Let's have a match here!" Nicholas announced when they arrived at the boxing ring.

He was intrigued by the man that had won Sophie's affection and was eager to measure his strength against his rival.

"Sure," Tristan agreed.

He had harbored a deep-seated resentment toward Nicholas for a considerable amount of time, so this was the ideal opportunity to teach him a lesson.

Nicholas had been to this arena before, and when the owner noticed his arrival, he came over with their outfits.

They changed into the outfits and hopped into the ring.

"Tristan, should we sign a waiver? A liability waiver will make sure that neither of us would be held responsible for the other's injuries or even death," Nicholas suggested. This waiver would protect them from being held accountable for any injuries or deaths that may occur due to the other party's actions.

“Sure,” Tristan agreed readily.

He wasn't about to back down now.

“Are you sure you'll be signing the liability waiver? If you're sure, I'll get someone to prepare the form now,” the owner of the arena offered quickly.

It was clear that they both weren't people to be messed with.

If either of them got hurt in his arena, the owner would be in trouble. As a result, he was intent on taking the necessary safety measures.

“Mm. Get ready!” Nicholas ordered icily.

He didn't seem to be in high spirits.

Nicholas was actually planning on meeting Sophie today. However, he was informed that Sophie had gone to the International Medical Association and would not be returning in the foreseeable future.

Hence, he had no choice but to go to Tristan.

His decision to come to the arena was motivated by his foul mood. He believed that the physical exertion of working up a sweat would help to alleviate his negative feelings.

Soon, the owner came out with the liability waiver.

The act of signing a liability waiver to protect his business from any legal liabilities was a common practice here.

After receiving the waiver form, Nicholas signed his name and gave it to Tristan, who also signed without saying anything.

Upon learning that they had signed a liability waiver, the others who were present quickly ceased their practice and instead focused their attention on watching the match.

At the start of the fight, the two men began to exchange blows carefully, lightly punching one another in the boxing ring.

Gradually, they began to strike each other without any reservations, with their attacks becoming increasingly violent and relentless.

Tristan leaped up and delivered kicks to Nicholas' chest with both his legs.

He did that effortlessly as if he were soaring through the sky.

As soon as Nicholas hit the ground, Tristan reared his arm back, ready to deliver a punch to his face.

However, Nicholas reacted quickly, rolling away and leaping back up to his feet to punch Tristan's

midsection.

The audience was in a frenzy of anticipation as they watched the match that was unfolding in front of them. It had been a long time since they had seen such an action-packed game.

Nicholas and Tristan didn't bother with their moves as their goal was to beat each other to a pulp.

That was why their match had attracted the attention of many.

“What the f*ck! It has been ages since I've witnessed such an action-packed match. They are really good at this!”

“Yes! This isn't an ordinary match, though. It seems like they want each other dead.”

“You're right. A one-sided match where one party is completely dominant over the other is not really enjoyable to watch. It is more enjoyable to watch a match where both parties are fairly equal in terms of strength and skill!”

Nicholas and Tristan were evenly matched, making it especially gratifying to observe their clash.

Right then, Tristan got the upper hand by getting on top of Nicholas and pinning him to the ground.

Nicholas struggled to sit up, but Tristan refused to give him the chance to do so, instead raining a flurry

of blows down upon his face.

“B*stard! You just won't give up, huh? I've been enduring your antics for a long time!” Tristan spoke a lot for the first time that day.

Nicholas' cheeks were red and swollen from his punches.

“F*ck you! How could you punch my face?” Nicholas suddenly struggled to sit up.

He then attempted to throw Tristan over his shoulders, but Tristan was quick to counterattack, neutralizing the man's effort in an instant.

Nicholas refused to give up and swung his leg in Tristan's groin, intending to harm his nether regions.

Sophie will no longer like him if he can't have sex with her, right?

The manager gasped, “D*mn, that was harsh! Boss, can you imagine the consequences if something happens to Nicholas Sable while he is on our turf? What will we tell Old Mr. Sable?”

“What should we do? They are locked in a bitter battle, and no one has the courage to stop them. Are you brave enough to step onto the stage to persuade them to stop?” the owner asked worriedly.

Could it be that one of the two killed the other's father, or did something else take place to cause such a deep-seated animosity between the two?

The manager shook his head profusely. "If I head onto the stage now, they might beat me up!" He had a family to support, so he wasn't about to risk his life.

Tristan and Nicholas were both strong, but soon they found their strength and vigor draining away as they continued to compete.

In the end, their bodies fell limply to the ground, their strength spent.

After taking a few moments of respite, Nicholas attempted to stand up and continue the fight, but his body had become too weary. He ended up collapsing back to the ground in a state of exhaustion.

He laughed out loud.

Ah, it has been a while since I had this much fun.

Nicholas was beaten to a pulp today, but it was an exhilarating experience.

"Tristan, if you are not after my woman, we might be friends," he remarked weakly.

Tristan's moves had won him over today.

Tristan didn't feel like talking, but he agreed with Nicholas as the latter wasn't as weak as he expected.

He had a good time fighting with Nicholas in the boxing ring.

At that moment, Richard showed up with his team in tow. When he saw Nicholas' miserable state, he quickly told his men to surround Tristan.

“Boss, are you okay?” he asked worriedly.

The wounds Nicholas sustained made his heart ache. Turning over his shoulder, he discovered that Tristan wasn't doing any better.

Even so, Tristan still looked as intimidating as ever
Chapter 812 She Is Busy

“Why are you here?” Nicholas snapped.

This was between him and Tristan, and he had an opportunity to kill Tristan today.

It would be no fun if Richard suddenly showed up and spoiled his fun.

“Boss, we were worried about you and decided to come here. Do you want us to take action now?”

Richard asked carefully. This could be the ideal chance to get rid of Tristan.

Nicholas rolled his eyes. “No need. Find someone to give him a ride back to his hotel. We should leave now!”

It was only right for him to respect his opponent.

Spinning on his heel, he gave Tristan a serious look and said in a solemn tone, "I'm showing mercy today, Tristan. The next time we meet, we will still be rivals, and I won't go easy on you."

Sophie was his first crush, and no one could make him give up on her.

"It doesn't matter whether or not you give up. Sophie doesn't care about you at all. She loves me,"

Tristan announced smugly.

Nicholas said nothing.

The scathing arrogance of Tristan's words stung him deeply, and his anger began to flare. He felt helpless as he realized he was unable to do anything in the face of such an affront.

"Take him away. I don't want to see him now. He's annoying me," Nicholas snapped impatiently.

I can't meet Sophie in this state, so I'll have to recuperate for a few days at home before attempting another visit.

Back at the hotel, Tristan bumped into Sophie unexpectedly. He had not anticipated that she would return so soon, and he was embarrassed to be seen in such a wretched state.

Never in Sophie's wildest dreams did she expect to see Tristan badly wounded one day.

Worried, she inquired, "Where did you go? How did you get hurt? Who did this to you?" She was

perplexed, as Tristan was skilled at defending himself.

Tristan felt incredibly uncomfortable, not wanting to expose this side of himself to her. "Why are you back all of a sudden? I had no idea that you were coming back today," he said, his voice betraying his unease.

"Are you saying that you can go wild since I'm not coming back?" Sophie demanded. She felt terrible for him, as his injuries were clearly quite serious.

She had only returned to collect something and was utterly shocked to find him badly hurt.

Sophie made a call to the front desk to request a medical kit. She then urged, "Come, sit down."

Tristan felt a bit awkward as Sophie had seen him in this miserable situation.

"I'm fine. You must be busy, so you should get back to work. I can handle it myself," he told her. His injuries, though they appeared to be severe, were only superficial.

Sophie replied sternly, "Tristan, you'd better come over while I'm still being nice."

Does he think he's still young? He's already in his thirties but still acts impulsively and gets himself into trouble,

Knowing she would fly into a fit of rage if he refused to comply, Tristan let out a sigh and went over to sit down in front of her obediently, allowing her to dress his wounds.

Sophie was gentle, so he didn't feel any pain at all. When she had finished, she shifted him so that he could rest his head on her abdomen.

“Did Nicholas do this to you?”

Tristan was speechless. Why did she say that out loud?

He meekly replied, “He's faring worse than me. Don't worry. I didn't suffer any losses.”

Sophie chided, “Nicholas is crazy. Why would you play along with him? You should've ignored him!”

Even though Nicholas might be faring worse than Tristan, she still felt her heart ache for Tristan.

Tristan told her, “He challenged me. I would look like a coward if I refused to accept his challenge!”

As Sophie remained silent, he attempted to console her. “I'm really fine. These are just superficial wounds, so don't worry.” He then pulled her and sat her on his lap. “What about you? It must be chaotic back at the International Medical Association, right? No matter how busy you are, remember to get some rest, okay?”

It was essential for her to take breaks when it was necessary. After all, she was unable to resolve the

issue by herself.

Sophie twirled around, positioning herself so that she was straddling him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss.

"I'll take good care of myself, so please don't worry. Remember to be careful since you're alone. If

Nicholas shows up again, ignore him," she reminded him.

"Yes. Don't worry!" Tristan agreed.

He didn't take Nicholas to heart as he merely agreed to the challenge as he was in a good mood.

Tristan hugged her, reluctant to let her go.

"You need to go now, right?"

"Mm. I only came back to retrieve something. Everyone is racing against time to stop more deaths from happening," Sophie revealed.

She couldn't afford to be selfish right now.

"Okay. I'll give you a ride, then," Tristan offered.

Sophie shook her head. "No need for that. Your image will suffer if you head out looking like this." She

made a reserved reminder.

“Do I look like I care about my image? It doesn't matter. Let's go. I'll drive you there,” Tristan said firmly.

Still, Sophie shook her head. “Stay here. Someone is waiting for me downstairs.”

She pressed a kiss to his forehead, reluctant to part with him. “Goodbye. I'll call you when I'm free.”

“Mm.”

No matter how reluctant they were to part, Sophie still had to leave.

Sophie went downstairs and arrived at the lobby to see Caleb. She assumed he was there to meet her.

“Sophie!” Caleb called out.

Sophie was taken aback to see him here.

After meeting her, Caleb said sternly, “I can't believe it's you. What are you doing here? You must be

aware this country is in danger. If there isn't anything crucial that brought you here, then you should go

back home immediately.”

Sophie was his sister and had never done anything wrong, so he didn't want her to risk her life.

Sophie told him hastily, “I can't head back now. I need to hurry to the International Medical Association

and can't talk to you right now. I'll contact you when I'm available, and then we can talk.”

Caleb was aware of the International Medical Association and the fact that Sophie majored in medicine.

Despite this, he didn't think that she would be of much assistance, considering her status as a freshman student.

"I really need to go," Sophie added quickly.

Caleb watched as Sophie hurried away and only regained his composure moments later.

Anglandur had been thrown into a state of disarray and pandemonium. Many people were desperate to return to the safety of Chanaea, but that wasn't easy to accomplish as of now.

Caleb had a strong desire to return to Chanaea, but he found himself without the means to make the journey.

Hence, he came in search of Sophie after learning that she was here, hoping she had a way of sending him back home.

Right then, Charmaine's call arrived. "Caleb, did you get a chance to speak to Sophie? Did she manage to make the necessary arrangements? If she has made the arrangements, you should return here as soon as you can," she said anxiously.

After learning about Anglandur's situation, she kept calling Caleb, hoping he'd come back home soon.

Alas, despite having exhausted every resource available to them, they had been unable to find a solution to their problem. In that moment of despair, they remembered Sophie.

Sophie might not be able to provide a solution, but they knew someone who could—Tristan.

"I met her, but she was too busy. I didn't have the chance to tell her about it," Caleb said curtly

Chapter 813 Rude

"No matter how busy she is, your problems cannot be taken lightly. Your situation there is really too dangerous, Caleb. I'm going to call Sophie right now," Charmaine said anxiously.

She was like a cat on hot bricks.

No matter what, Caleb was her son, and she knew he was her only hope in the future. Hence,

Charmaine couldn't let anything happen to him.

"Mom, you don't need to concern yourself with this. I'll think of a way," Caleb stated plainly. Sophie

doesn't owe me anything.

"Caleb, I can only depend on you now. Please come back! When Anglandur was safe, I didn't have any objections to you staying there for your research. However, it's far too dangerous to stay there right

now. Everyone is trying to get out of there right now. You can't stay there anymore," Charmaine reasoned.

"Okay. I understand."

It was not that Caleb wanted to stay there. However, leaving there was not easy.

After hanging up the call, Charmaine immediately called Sophie. Even though the line went through, nobody picked up.

Charmaine's expression turned darker by the second.

It was the first time in a long time that she thought to ask Sophie for help. However, her daughter wouldn't even spare her the courtesy of picking up the call.

"Mom, is Sophie not picking up?" Willow seemed to have turned over a new leaf recently. She no longer stirred trouble and only stayed by Charmaine's side.

"Yes. She's avoiding my calls."

A grim look spread across Charmaine's face. She knew that Sophie had never thought of her as her mother.

This is why I don't like her.

“How could Sophie do this to you? We're family, no matter what happens. It's so dangerous for Caleb to be alone at Anglandur right now. Mom, don't take this the wrong way, but I think Caleb should return right now,” Willow said.

Noticing Charmaine's darkened expression, Willow added, “I promise you that I'll behave and not get on Sophie's nerves.”

“I didn't mean to blame you. Sophie's not picking up my calls right now, and I don't know what else I can do,” Charmaine groaned.

She knew that Sophie was in Anglandur, and there was no way Charmaine could get her points across to Sophie right now.

“Why don't you try calling Mr. Tristan?” Willow suggested.

Charmaine reckoned she ought to try her luck and gave Tristan a call. However, nobody picked up either.

Charmaine finally realized how menial she was in the family. Nobody was taking her seriously. She dreaded the feeling of being sidelined.

"D*mn it!"

I should have choked Sophie when she was born. She wouldn't be so insolent right now.

"Mom, what should we do? We don't have any other choice right now," Willow said anxiously.

"I don't know."

Naturally, Charmaine was at a loss too.

Right then, Yale had just arrived home. Charmaine's face went dark at the sight of him.

He must have another woman out there. Otherwise, he wouldn't come home so late.

"Yale, do you still think this is your home?" Charmaine mocked.

"Charmaine, what are you saying? This is my home, and it's my house too! If you don't think this is your home, feel free to leave," Yale retorted.

He would only restrain himself a little in front of Sophie.

Charmaine was so furious that she was shaking.

"What are you saying? Do you want me to give way to your mistress so she can move in? No freaking way! You're going to have to go over my dead body!" Charmaine exclaimed.

She wished that Caleb could come back and teach Yale a lesson.

“Oh, why don't you go ahead and do me the favor of dying right now, then?” Yale couldn't care less about Charmaine. He didn't think she was that great, to begin with. Now that he had another woman, it had made him think even less of Charmaine. At least the woman out there knows how to please me.

“Dad, you—” Even Willow couldn't stand her father anymore.

“Willow, don't follow your mother and become a bad example. Now, we all have to rely on Sophie. So, you know what not to do!” Yale warned.

“Yale, Anglandur is really dangerous right now, and yet Caleb is stuck there right now. Can't you think of a way to save him? Need I remind you that he's your son, your only son?” Charmaine cried.

Yale was beyond frustrated that she brought this topic up again.

Of course, he loved Caleb too. However, there was nothing he could do right then.

“What do you think I can do here? I asked him to come back, but he refused to do so. Now, it seems even more impossible for him to come back,” Yale said exasperatedly.

He wouldn't have stood by and done nothing if he had any other choice.

I don't know what else I can right now.

“Yale, he is your only son. What will you do if anything happens to him? Nobody will carry on the Tanner family!” Charmaine wailed.

Yale was enraged and raised his hand to slap her across the face.

“If you don't have anything good to say, just keep your d*mned mouth shut! You're so aggravating!”

Yale roared.

Charmaine held her face.

“Did you just hit me?”

“So what if I did? Blame yourself for not watching that vile mouth of yours,” Yale berated. He was sick of her crying and whining.

Then, Yale left without looking back.

Willow hugged Charmaine.

“Mom, are you all right? That must have hurt.” Willow didn't know what else to do either.

Charmaine sobbed uncontrollably.

What has my life come to?

Meanwhile, Sophie arrived at International Medical Association and immediately got started with her

research.

When it was her rest time, she finally thought of Caleb and immediately called Tristan.

“Tristan, could you arrange for Caleb to go back home?” She reckoned that Caleb must have gone to the hotel today for this too.

“Sure,” Tristan replied.

She sounds exhausted.

“I’ll take care of this. Take a good rest. You sound really tired,” Tristan said.

His heart ached for her.

However, there was nothing else he could do. It was her job, something that she was pursuing. Tristan knew he didn't have the right to interfere.

“I’m all right.”

After hanging up the call, Sophie went into the laboratory. In fact, everyone was busy in the laboratory.

The situation was not looking good. The whole Anglandur would be afflicted if the situation continued to worsen. By then, the situation would truly go out of hand.

Right then, Sophie overheard some people discussing the matter.

“I find the virus outbreak this time really bizarre. I feel like someone is orchestrating this behind the scene. Their ultimate aim is to topple our country over!”

“I think so too. Otherwise, why would things suddenly take a turn for the worse now?”

“Do you guys think Chanaea is behind this?”

“I think they're the culprit, and yet the president has asked a Chanaean to come to help us. I'd be surprised if they would help us at all. I just hope they won't make the situation worse.”

“Chanaeans are the most despicable people!”

Sophie's expression darkened.

How can they say such irresponsible things?

“What did you guys mean?” She stopped the group of Anglandurans who was about to head for lunch.

“What's the matter with you? How are you so rude?”

Chapter 814 Spy

When they saw it was Sophie who interrupted their conversation, their expressions turned sour.

One of them continued, “Isn't what I said true? You have been here for so long, but you haven't been

able to find anything. Besides, there's something off about the spread of the virus, Chanaea—”

Realizing that the other party had no plans of apologizing, a cold look soon settled in Sophie's eyes. “I

can see that you need to be taught a lesson.”

“Why? Are you going to beat me up? Need I remind you that you're in Anglandur? This isn't a place

where you can do whatever you want.”

“So what if we're in Anglandur? I can beat you up wherever and whenever I want.”

Upon saying that, Sophie stepped forward and grabbed her counterpart by the collar.

She then added, “Keep in mind that we Chanaeans are upright people. If we really wanted to destroy

you, we would have done it in broad daylight.”

The other party didn't expect Sophie to be so haughty and spluttered, “You! Aren't you being a bit too

arrogant right now? Who do you think you are? Who gave you the gall to spout nonsense here?”

Infuriated, he was about to claw at Sophie's face when the latter grabbed his hand and folded it back

calmly.

An agonizing howl rang out almost immediately.

When his companions saw that, they tried to come forward to help, only to freeze on the spot when

Sophie's glacial glare came to rest on them.

The man cried out, "What are you doing? Let go of me! I'm warning you, my hands are priceless. If you destroy them, I'll make your life a living hell!"

In response, Sophie uttered, "I don't mind letting you go, but you need to apologize first."

Still acting as cocky as ever, her counterpart spat, "Why should I apologize? Did I say anything wrong?"

Kill me if you dare. Otherwise, I'll make sure you suffer a fate worse than death!"

Just as he said those words, he was made to kneel by Sophie.

Seeing that, the others chimed in, "Sophie, this is the International Medical Association. This is no place for you to act how you want."

Sophie replied, "Is that so? Fine, I'll just take my leave, then."

"Leave? You're not getting away that easily! Do you really think this is a place where you can come and go as you please?"

Not only did she injure one of us, but she didn't seem to have any remorse for her actions as well.

"Get security in here and detain this arrogant woman! I bet she's a spy from Chanaea!"

Sophie scoffed at that.

A spy? What a joke!

Just then, Arius arrived. When he saw that Sophie was teaching the few people before her a lesson, he scrunched up his brows.

Walking to her side, he asked in concern, "What happened? Are these people giving you a hard time?"

Sophie has never been one to act rashly unless someone provoked her. If someone dared mess with her, she would teach whoever it was a harsh lesson, no matter who they were.

Unbothered by Arius' presence, the other party insisted, "Both of you are from Chanaea. I bet you two are spies sent by the Chanaeans! You have no intentions of helping us, do you?"

Anger surged through Arius when he heard that.

These impudent fools. We risked everything to come here to lend them a hand, and this is how they repay us? By spouting nonsense?

He fumed, "What? We're spies? Do you have any proof to back up your accusation?"

Just like that, the situation spiraled out of control.

Due to the fact that Anglandur was in a state of wariness right then, and the topic they had breached

was extremely sensitive, Sophie and Arius quickly became the target of public criticism.

Subsequently, a crowd surrounded them.

Arius took off his white coat and stated, "Since you all don't seem to need our help, we'll leave then. It's

not like we're desperate to stay here, anyway."

We've been working our a*s off day in and day out without any complaints, and they had the audacity

to insult Sophie and me? I'm really disappointed by these Anglandurans.

He turned to Sophie and said, "Let's go, Sophie."

"You can't just up and leave like that. The only place you spies are going is the military court."

Arius' gaze turned colder when he heard that. "Do you even know who invited us here? The president

of your country asked us here! If he hadn't begged us, do you think we would have come? After all,

sc*mbags like you aren't worth saving."

Seeing how Arius was insulting them, the few Anglandurans went and started a fight with him.

Naturally, Arius wasn't someone who would just lie down and take a beating. Although they were all

colleagues before, he was aware these people had always looked down on Chanaeans.

As such, he didn't spare them any mercy.

Unfortunately, he was still outnumbered and was soon at a disadvantage. Seeing that, Sophie

immediately jumped into action without caring that she was a woman.

Nonetheless, it soon became clear that these men weren't her match as she kicked one of them, who

was six feet and three inches and weighed more than three hundred pounds, to the ground.

The commotion soon attracted the attention of a group of special forces who were guarding the

International Medical Association.

They surrounded the troublemakers, and while the men tried to pin all the blame on Sophie and Arius,

the latter two became uncharacteristically silent.

One of the men said, "Arrest them. These two are spies. We suspect they are responsible for the

mutated virus."

Sophie stared at the man who spoke as though he was a fool.

The world has never lacked idiots before, but I guess they are in abundance this year, huh?

The captain of the special forces looked at the crowd and was at a loss of what to do when Sophie

gave the president of Anglandur a call.

When the call connected, she barked, "Since your people keep stirring up trouble here and making us unable to work with peace of mind, you can solve Anglandur's problems yourself!"

Once she was done, she passed the phone to the captain of the special forces.

When the captain received the phone and found out who he was talking to, he listened to the other party's instructions attentively.

The man who started the argument jeered, "Do you think you can scare us off by making a phone call?"

Well, too bad for you. Captain, hurry up and arrest this woman!"

Right as he finished his words, however, he saw the captain handing back the phone to Sophie in a respectful manner.

The captain then said, "We're sorry, Ms. Tanner, but this is all just a misunderstanding. The president is on his way here now."

"You..." The man didn't expect the president to go there in person, for he thought Sophie was simply brought there by Barney.

No longer wanting to stay and bicker with them, Sophie snorted and left with Arius.

If this matter weren't handled well, they would no longer work for the International Medical Association.

After all, the Anglandurans were openly insulting Chanaeans.

Being Chanaeans who loved their country, Sophie and Arius wouldn't let anyone humiliate their country.

As cold sweat flowed down his back, the captain of the special forces could only watch as the two left the scene.

“Captain, what just happened? Who was on the phone earlier?”

“Who was on the phone earlier? It was the president, that's who! You'd better start thinking of an explanation to give him later!” The captain's face was pallid as he spoke, for he didn't expect to encounter such a messy situation on the day he was on duty.

Chapter 815 A Lesson

Just when the few troublemakers wanted to leave quietly, they were stopped by the captain of the special forces.

Looking helpless, he questioned, “Where do you think you're going? I'll have you know that the person you've offended was invited by the president personally.”

As expected, the president, Marcus Analheim, soon arrived at the International Medical Association.

After learning the whole story, his expression fell. "Where's Barney? Did he leave as well?"

"Dr. Smith is still in the lab. He has no idea what happened."

To that, Marcus said, "Let's go! We going to see Dr. Smith."

The entire country is in a mess, and I just managed to get someone here to handle it, only to have these few b*stards piss them off.

Barney was still in the lab doing his research when Marcus arrived. It wasn't until half an hour later that he came out and saw that the president was there.

Before Barney could say anything, Marcus started, "I'm sorry, Dr. Smith. I've failed to keep an eye on my subordinates and caused all this to happen."

Barney was stunned to hear that. "What happened?"

Marcus replied, "Arius and Sophie have both left in anger. I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to help appease them."

The only reason I invited Sophie here is that I know how good she is, and I need her expertise. And yet, something like this had to happen.

Barney inquired, "What actually happened?" I would need to know what happened first in order to help!

Soon, Marcus explained the situation again.

Barney's expression turned grim after he got the whole story. "We came here because you invited us,

and we've been doing our best ever since we got here. Alas, this is the treatment we got?"

I was the one who brought them here, and now, they've been wronged while the president is here

apologizing profusely.

Marcus said, "Dr. Smith, it is indeed our fault this time. How about this? I'll take those troublemakers

over personally to apologize to them."

Chanaeans have always been the most patriotic, and they won't allow anyone to insult their country like

this.

"All right. I'll go over and take a look at what the situation is, but I can't guarantee how it will turn out,"

came Barney's reply.

Sophie has quite the personality and has her own principles to live by.

Meanwhile, when Sophie and Arius returned to the hotel and saw Tristan's face, Arius couldn't help but

burst out laughing.

Trying his best to rein in his laughter but failing at it, he asked, "Mr. Tristan, what did you do? How did you get beaten up like this?"

Tristan didn't expect that his sorry state would be seen by Arius. "Don't ask questions you're not supposed to. Don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?"

"Are you seeing this, Sophie? I was just concerned about him, but he's acting so hostile toward me."

Sophie muttered, "That's enough. Haven't you been tired these past few days? Why don't you go back to your room and rest?" She reckoned there was no rush to head back, and they would discuss the matter once they were well-rested.

It was only then that Tristan realized something was off.

"What happened? Didn't you just go to the International Medical Association? Why are you back so soon? Were you bullied?" Tristan inquired.

At the thought of someone giving his woman a hard time, a grim look spread across his face.

"I just met some trash who said some very unpleasant things," came Sophie's reply. We came here to help, not to be insulted.

Tristan growled, "Who was it? Let me teach them a lesson!"

Whoever it was that upset her should get a good thrashing.

"No need. I'm tired. Will you take a break with me for a while?" Sophie said before holding his hand.

Tristan fell silent.

I'd be more than happy to accompany her. It doesn't matter what her request is because I'll grant it.

With that thought in mind, he scooped Sophie into his arms and walked toward the bed before placing

her down. After getting into the bed, he pulled her into his embrace.

He then probed, "Can you tell me what happened?"

Sophie has never been a wilful person. Someone must have made her like this.

In response, Sophie explained, "I just met some eyesores, that's all, so I wanted to come back and

rest." We gave our best to help others, so there is no way we would stand for them slandering

Chanaea.

"All right. Go to sleep, then. I'll be right by your side."

Sophie snuggled closer to him and leaned against his arm. "You should get some shut-eye too. I know

you've been trying hard to find Butterfly these past few days, and that must have taken a toll on you."

Nicholas is different from other men. He won't be so easy to deal with.

"Got it," was Tristan's response.

While Tristan and Sophie fell asleep, Arius, too, had gone back to his room. He was beyond exhausted.

He fell asleep as soon as he got to bed. As such, he missed the countless calls that Barney had given him.

When he opened his eyes again, two hours had passed, and he felt refreshed from the nap he had.

It wasn't after he fumbled for his phone and looked at it that he noticed there were so many missed calls.

The calls are all from Dr. Smith. I didn't tell him anything because I didn't want to put him in a difficult position, but I guess he still found out about it, huh?

Arius returned Barney's call immediately. "Dr. Smith, I fell asleep earlier, so I missed your calls."

"Well, I'm in the lobby of the hotel now. The president's here as well, so you guys should come down.

There's been a bit of a misunderstanding, so let's clear them."

"There's no misunderstanding. Since they say we're spies, just treat us as spies, then."

Not like it would make much of a difference to us, anyway. Plus, there's nothing to be scared of.

Barney implored, “Arius, do this for me, won't you? We're in a dire situation right now, and this is not the time for childish tantrums.” This is a matter of life and death. We can't have a delay because of a few people.

“Dr. Smith, I'm not throwing a temper tantrum. I just can't help getting mad. Ever since I got here, I've been working day in and day out. And what's the result of my hard work? Not only do I not get any thanks—which I don't mind since I'm not a hypocrite anyway—but I'm getting scolded. I'm not that good-natured of a person to let this all slide,” Arius explained.

We're humans, and every human have their own temper.

“Just come down first, won't you? It's hard to say everything clearly on the phone.” Knowing the temper

Arius had, Barney could only get the former to come to the lobby first.

At that, Arius said, “All right. I'll be right down after I take a shower. I haven't taken a shower since I got here.”

He was feeling icky and uncomfortable all over.

“Okay.” Barney was aware that Arius was having an outburst right then and had no choice but to let the

latter do whatever he wanted.

When Marcus saw how Barney looked making the call, he knew the matter wouldn't be so easy to handle. "Dr. Smith, this is all the fault of these people here, and you can rest assured that I will give you all an explanation."

I spent so much effort inviting them here, only for something like this to happen. It's only natural that I take responsibility for solving this.

"All right." Barney was infuriated by the whole fiasco as well. After all, he was so busy that he didn't have time to sleep, and now, he had to handle the problems those ruffians caused.

"Mr. President, we really are—" The few Anglandurans wanted to say something but were cut off when Marcus signaled his men to seal their mouths shut with tape. He didn't want to hear a word from them.

Chapter 816 Begging For Forgiveness

Meanwhile, Arius had washed up and headed downstairs. He did not call Sophie on his way down, assuming she was still sleeping.

There was also the fact that Tristan was still in her room. If Arius foolishly interrupted their privacy, Tristan would surely have his head.

And so Arius decided it was best to head downstairs alone.

Barney was already up. When he noticed that Arius was alone, he asked anxiously, "Where's Sophie?

Has she flown home?"

It was a valid supposition, given Tristan had the means necessary to fly Sophie home at a whim.

"No, she hasn't. She's still sleeping. I'm sure you know we haven't enjoyed a good night's sleep in ages!" replied Arius flatly.

Just then, Marcus piped up, "Arius, we've captured the men involved. They will apologize for their actions, and we'll do everything we can to make things up to you." He was wholly at their mercy and had no choice but to make such a proposal.

Anglandur was in a mess, and eliminating the virus was the best way to defend Marcus' presidential seat.

Arius was unmoved. He replied, "You know what I'm like, Mr. President. I'm a pretty magnanimous person, but at the end of the day, I'm a citizen of another country, Chanaea, and I will not allow anyone to humiliate my country."

He was born a Chanaean and would spend the rest of his life protecting his country.

“Of course, I completely understand. Everyone loves their country and wouldn't stand for anyone to disrespect their beloved country,” said Marcus beseechingly.

After Barney left the International Medical Association, the bunch of loafers left at the organization failed to deal with the virus sweeping through Anglandur. Their incompetence was the reason the Anglandurans president was begging for Arius and Sophie to save his country.

Even Barney added, “Well, Arius, the president has brought the men here. They're guilty of wrongdoing, but the Anglanduran citizens are innocent.”

Arius remained silent. Sometime later, he said, “I understand that, Dr. Smith. Why don't we do this? I'll return with you. As for Sophie, I can't guarantee she'll agree. You know her temper as well as I do.”

However, without Sophie around, there was no guarantee they could defeat the virus spreading through Anglandur.

After all, she had figured out how to eliminate the previous virus.

“Then we'll wait until she agrees!” Barney declared resolutely. He knew it was fruitless to shower her with pleading calls then.

In any case, her cold treatment was directed at the arrogant Anglandurans, not her mentor.

By the time Sophie awoke, it was already past six in the evening. She saw Tristan stretched out beside her, gazing at her tenderly.

To her horror, she realized she had been sleeping on his arm for hours.

“How's your arm?”

“It's fine!” In truth, Tristan's entire arm was numb.

Still, he could not bear to push her away when she slept so soundly.

Sophie sat up in bed and gently massaged his arm.

She chided him, “Why didn't you let me sleep on a pillow?” She was baffled that she could fall into such a deep sleep with her head against his arm.

Tristan enjoyed her gentle massage and replied earnestly, “That's because I'd love to be your pillow for the rest of your life.”

This man... my heart is no match for his romantic gestures. I simply can't refuse him.

Amid her thoughts, Tristan added, “Oh, before I forget, Barney called you many times. I get it if you

don't want to speak to anyone else, but it's Barney. Should you, erm..." he trailed off hesitantly while handing Sophie's phone to her.

As expected, her call log had exploded with missed calls.

She told herself off sternly in her head. How could I forget about Barney? Sophie quickly called her mentor.

"Hi, Dr. Smith. It's me."

A pause later, she said, "Sure. I'll be right down."

Sophie promptly decided to meet Barney and the others upon learning they were just downstairs.

Tristan clearly disagreed with her decision and pulled her back into bed.

He muttered, "Ignore them. Let's find Butterfly and head back!" They upset my sweetheart so! Why should we care about their safety?

"We can't be petty about this." It was a matter of life and death; Sophie could not overlook their transgressions otherwise.

Unconvinced, Tristan argued, "But they hurt you. I can't stand for that." He could not bear to see her suffer even the tiniest bit. What makes them think they have the right to hurt her so?

Sophie said reassuringly, "Don't worry about it. I won't let anyone hurt me. No one has the right to do that to me." Bona fide talent gave her the luxury of choices, and she could walk away whenever she wanted.

Isn't that why everyone tries to make themselves better all the time?

Realizing it was futile to convince her otherwise, Tristan changed tack and suggested, "Why don't we eat first, then? It's almost time for dinner. Eat with me before you head downstairs."

He did not want anyone else to see him in his current state.

While Nicholas was in a horrible state, Tristan was hardly any better, and allowing others to catch a glimpse of him would only invite unwanted gossip.

It was better for his mental and emotional state if he remained in the hotel room for now.

Sophie countered, "Okay, but Dr. Smith is downstairs, and I think he has been waiting for a long time.

He's innocent in all this. Why don't you wait for me here? Let me quickly handle things downstairs, and I'll be up here to join you for dinner."

Tristan mulled over her words.

She's right. Barney isn't at fault.

He relented, and Sophie headed downstairs. As expected, Barney and Arius were there, and so was the president of Anglandur. It explained the special forces stationed outside the hotel to ensure their leader's safety.

“Ah, you're finally up, Sophie.”

She ignored Arius' loaded words and walked up to Barney. After greeting her mentor, she took a seat and stared at Marcus.

Sophie cut straight to the point. “I'm sure you know everything that happened. As a Chanaean, I will not allow anyone to denigrate our country.” It concerned her pride as a Chanaean.

Marcus replied, “Of course, Ms. Tanner. We will do our best to remedy the situation.”

Then, he had his men bring over the troublemakers in question.

“These are the men who offended you, yes? I've brought them here, and you can deal with them as you please.”

The troublemakers were forced to kneel on the ground. They were still trying to wrap their heads around the extent of Sophie's influence.

Even the president was watching his words around her.

That doused any hopes they had of coming out of the mess unscathed.

The men began pleading for her mercy. “We're extremely sorry. We know we're utterly at fault, and we promise this will never happen again. Again, we're so sorry. The stress got to us, so we just spouted nonsense without thinking. Please, give us another chance.”

“Oh, is it? What exactly did you call us Chanaeans again?” Sophie bristled as she recalled their past behavior.

The troublemakers could only mutter, “We're really sorry, Ms. Tanner. It was all mindless nonsense.”

Then, they turned to Barney and begged, “Dr. Smith, please help us! We were really too exhausted and said those things unthinkingly.”

Barney stared at the men wordlessly.

I handpicked these men for the International Medical Association. How did I make such a blunder?

After some thought, Barney arrived at his decision. He declared, “All right. Let's scrub the slate clean!

All of you can leave the medical association now.”

Chapter 817 A Tentative Truce

Marcus immediately voiced his agreement with Barney's plan. "Of course. No problem at all."

He desperately needed Barney, Sophie, and Arius' help with the virus that held Anglandur hostage.

At that point, he could agree to almost anything that helped to smooth over their ruffled feathers.

Alas, Barney's declaration did not sit well with the men pleading for mercy on the ground. Getting a

spot in the International Medical Association had been a laborious feat.

If they were essentially fired from the association, their reputation in the medical field would be ruined.

They immediately launched into a fresh wave of pleas. "Dr. Smith, we've truly realized our mistakes.

Please give us another chance!"

Marcus had heard enough. He piped up, "That's enough. Ms. Tanner and the others have been far too

generous toward you. All you're good for is saying nonsense instead of curing diseases. I don't ever

want to hear about you lot next time."

He ordered his men to bring the disgraced former researchers away.

"Ms. Tanner, let me express my apologies once again. I personally invited you here, yet such an

unforgivable act happened to you on our grounds." Marcus continued, "Once we've overcome this

virus, I will take you out for a meal and properly make things up to you.”

These three doctors were his only hope.

He could sacrifice every shred of his pride to ensure the security of his country and his position.

Sophie had had enough of dealing with the drama by then. She replied curtly, “Let's talk about it

another time! Why don't both of you head back first, Dr. Smith? I'm going to have dinner with Tristan, so

I'll make my way back later.”

Reminding herself that the virus was a matter of life and death was the only thing that boosted her

patience.

“All right. Go on, then. Arius and I will return as well.”

Arius whined, “Let's eat out, Dr. Smith! I'm sick of all the dinners they serve us at the medical

association!”

He was suddenly swamped by a longing for his life back in Chanaea. It had been so easy to get

whatever he craved in Chanaea. In Anglandur, he had to suffer through countless fast-food meals.

Barney had no objections to his mentee's suggestion. “Works for me. I'm going back to my room. Come

and get me when you're ready for dinner.”

He knew they were tired of Anglanduran cuisine.

Unlike them, Barney was born and raised in Anglandur, and he was used to their culture and lifestyle.

However, it was surely a culture shock for Sophie.

Marcus suddenly roared at his subordinates, "What's wrong with you? Didn't I ask you to see after their

needs? If Ms. Tanner isn't used to Anglanduran cuisine, can't you hire a chef to make Chanaean

cuisine for her? Did you need me to give you all a lesson on basic hosting etiquette?"

"We're sorry for overlooking that, Mr. President. We will arrange for a chef right away."

One of Marcus' subordinates turned to Arius and Sophie and said, "Don't worry, Professor Gullifer and

Ms. Tanner. We will hire the best chef in Chanaean cuisine we can find."

They would spare no expense or pride in ensuring their esteemed guests' comfort.

Barney was beginning to think they had wasted enough time that day and declared, "All right, Mr.

President. I'm heading back to my room."

He had no interest in wasting more time.

Sophie had already turned around and returned to her room to have dinner with Tristan.

Meanwhile, Arius dropped his idea of dining with Sophie. The lovebirds hardly spent enough time with each other.

He eventually trailed after Barney.

After their departure, one of Marcus' aides voiced his doubts about the situation. "Should we be waiting on them hand and foot, Mr. President? Even the International Medical Association failed to help us.

Can the three of them really be the answer?"

Marcus sighed and replied, "Frankly, no one can guarantee a solution to this virus, but Sophie has the advantage of experience, so she's our best bet for now."

He was already facing such a tough trial shortly after becoming Anglandur's president.

There would be no presidency to speak of if the country's citizens were obliterated by a virus.

He continued, "Right. Make sure you do your best to fulfill their requests. And I never want to hear any more of that nonsense about Chanaea again."

Salvaging his pride as the president of Anglandur was the least of his concerns.

Freeing his country from the shackles of this virus was his top priority. If Sophie managed to help him do it, he could even be compelled to kneel at her feet and express his everlasting gratitude for her

services.

Sophie arrived at her room just as Tristan finished changing.

She was supposed to head to the International Medical Association immediately, but she could not

bear to leave him alone in his battered state. She suggested, "Let's go! What do you want to eat? I'll go with you."

Tristan had other plans. "Let's order delivery! I really don't want to go out looking like this." I've got my pride too!

A laugh escaped Sophie.

Tristan hugged her from behind and placed his chin on her shoulder.

He wailed, "Don't laugh at me. This isn't funny at all. I must look a horror now, Sophie. Are you going to dump me over this?"

"No. You're still handsome like this. I would never be disgusted by you." Her earnest reply was marred somewhat by the amused smirk curving her lips.

"Good, good." A relieved Tristan planted a kiss on her forehead.

They ordered room service and tucked in. Only after that did Sophie set off for the International Medical Association.

Once again, Tristan was alone in the room.

Later that night, he video-called Sean, Felix, and Charles. The latter two loudly proclaimed their shock at Tristan's appearance.

“D*mn, Mr. Tristan! What the heck happened to you? Who thrashed you so badly?”

“Exactly! Did you run into thugs?” Wait, that's not right! Mr. Tristan's more fearsome than any thug out there!

Sean asked calmly, “Is this Nicholas' work?”

Tristan's silence confirmed Sean's suspicions. It also tipped Felix and Charles off about their rather overboard reaction to their boss' current state.

Realization dawned upon Felix and Charles, who both looked to Sean.

Indeed, Nicholas was the only person who could beat Tristan up so badly.

Upon noticing Tristan's ill expression, Felix abruptly changed the topic and asked, “Do you need us to come over and help with Butterfly's matters?”

They could not afford to offend Tristan unless they happened to have a death wish.

“It's fine. Don't come here. It's quite dangerous.” Tristan did not wish to put his men at risk of unnecessary harm.

They backed down, but not without adding, “Okay. But anytime you need us, just say the word, and we'll be on the next plane out.” The four men were fiercely loyal and would easily risk their lives for one another.

“Got it. Don't worry too much! It's just a fistfight with Nicholas, and I promise you he's in a much worse state than me.”

Tristan did not exaggerate the situation to reassure his friends. He had not held back his strength or skills when fighting Nicholas, but his opponent was hardly as meek as a punching bag. It was natural for Tristan to take some hits during their duel.

“How did it feel fighting with Nicholas? Must've felt great sinking your fist into him, huh? Did you feel the

urge to just kill him?” Felix asked conspiratorially. Tristan's and Nicholas' animosity toward each other was no secret.

“Hm, not bad.”

Frankly, Tristan could have befriended Nicholas if not for the man's dogged persistence in pursuing his woman.

Sadly, Nicholas was thoughtless enough to attempt wooing Tristan's woman, and Tristan would not let that slide.

Soon enough, Tristan brought an end to the call. “Anyway, just call me if anything's happening with Lombard Group. I'm always reachable.”

Sophie was too busy at the International Medical Association to spend time with him, so he was really only here to ensure a speedy departure from Anglandur should an emergency arise.

Tristan was a selfish man. If nothing could be done to save Anglandur, he would bring Sophie away without a hint of hesitation.

Chapter 818 Faith And Hard Work

Felix replied to Tristan reassuringly, “Nothing to worry about there! Lombard Group is doing great, and with us around, you can focus on taking care of yourself and Sophie.”

The three of them could lessen his load on everything else but were powerless when it came to the

virus threatening Anglandur's population.

“Thanks, Felix. Keep an eye on Ysabelle, by the way. Do not allow her to come here. The situation here isn't looking too bright,” cautioned Tristan.

“Yes. I know. She's making a fuss about coming here, but I've stopped her each time.”

In fact, not causing more trouble was already the best way of helping Sophie and Tristan.

Meanwhile, much like Tristan, Nicholas was still nursing his wounds. Richard had immediately ordered someone to buy some medicated patches for Nicholas once he got home.

Still, Nicholas stubbornly refused to use them. He mumbled, “It's fine. I'm hardly going to die from these bruises.”

The fight with Tristan had been exhilarating, but Nicholas was somewhat irked that he seemed to be in a poorer state than his opponent.

Richard replied hesitantly, “Boss, if you go out like this...” He had no idea how to cushion the blow.

Nicholas is the head of the Sable family! He will be the town's laughingstock if he heads out like this.

Nicholas silenced his sputtering subordinate with a glare.

Undeterred, Richard said, "Boss, if you meet Ms. Tanner like this, I'm afraid she will merely despise you more!"

At last, the mention of Sophie's potential distaste captured Nicholas' attention.

Richard jumped on the opportunity to add, "Young women these days are all about looks. If those wounds leave a scar, that can't be good..."

"Fine! Come here and help me with the medicated patches!"

Sophie isn't my biggest fan now; I can't do anything that'll make her hate me more.

He got a blunt reminder of his ghastly "battle scars" later that day when a starving and bored Butterfly left her room in search of food.

She guffawed at the sight of his appearance. "Nicholas, you're a real sorry sight! Didn't you always think you were all that? How did someone beat you up like a rag doll?"

Her amused laughter reverberated through the room.

Other than the lack of freedom, Butterfly surprisingly had little quips for her captivity. She ate and slept well in Nicholas' house, so she was even starting to despise the man less.

Nicholas glared at his captive, who ignored his murderous gaze and sat across from him.

She even had the cheek to add, "I'm telling the truth. You have no idea how your current look amuses me."

Nicholas was speechless with indignance. How can this woman be so tactless? Doesn't she know she'll piss off her captor like this?

He fumed, "You must be bored of living, Butterfly!"

"Pfft!" She scoffed and continued nonchalantly, "Don't threaten me. They never have and never will work on me."

She was aware of Nicholas' somewhat psychopathic tendencies, but she also knew the man was obsessed with Sophie. As long as she was still under Sophie's backing, he would never harm her.

Her guess had hit the nail on the head. Despite her impudence, Nicholas could only glare at her in disbelief.

Pettily, he instructed Richard, "Tell the kitchen staff not to prepare meat for her dinner tonight. All she deserves is carrots."

"D*mn it, Nicholas! You j*rk! I was just teasing you. Are you really going to feed me just carrots for

dinner? Am I a rabbit or something? Let me remind you of something. Even bunnies bite! You're too much!"

Butterfly wished she could claw his face off, but she was restricted by her lack of strength.

All she got out of Nicholas was a dispassionate harrumph.

Richard was baffled by their exchange. Still, he dutifully applied the medicated patches on Nicholas' body before heading to the kitchen to convey his employer's instructions on Butterfly's very orange dinner.

To her dismay, there were only carrots on Butterfly's dinner plate that night.

Her pitiful expression pleased Nicholas to no end. That's how it should be! She needs to pay for her audacity to laugh at me!

The International Medical Association continued investigating the reason behind the virus' latest mutation.

The staff's research had hit a dead end.

Barney and the others had arrived three days ago, but they did not discover any new leads.

All the researchers involved were now in a meeting regarding the virus. Sophie sat beside Arius,

appearing disinterested in the Anglanduran researchers' discussion.

Arius noticed her straying attention and asked anxiously, "What's wrong? Are you unwell?"

The workload at the International Medical Association was immense, and Arius assumed she had a hard time acclimatizing to the work schedule.

The meeting had been called because every researcher in the International Medical Association had run into a bottleneck. Barney wanted everyone to discuss their thoughts and brainstorm a solution.

It never hurt to gather more opinions and gain a different outlook on the situation.

To Arius' surprise, Sophie replied, "Nah. I just think they're talking a load of bull." A professor seated beside her overheard her words and could not help but sneer.

She's so young! She was probably still in diapers when we joined the International Medical Association.

How dare she look down on our research!

His offended expression did not escape Sophie's notice, but it did not bother her at all.

Instead, she said to Arius, "I'm going back."

Her mind was rather jumbled, and she believed she needed to organize her thoughts alone before she

could think of a useful plan.

Being cooped up in the lab was clearly not the solution to Anglandur's public health emergency.

Arius' sentiment appeared to echo hers. "Where are you going? Let me join you! I don't want to listen to their empty talk either." The researchers were merely taking turns singing praises about their roles in the virus research.

This isn't some recognition awards dinner! We're supposed to be brainstorming a solution!

Eventually, Sophie and Arius headed to the rooftop of the building.

The weather was finally looking up after several gloomy days in Anglandur. The city, however, remained as lifeless as before.

Suddenly, Arius asked, "Why do you think we're here, Sophie?" A country as mighty as Anglandur hardly needed to beg on its knees for help. He continued, "I thought I came here to do Dr. Smith a favor, but after seeing the public's helpless expressions, I've changed my mind."

Arius had always been a rather blithe man.

Yes, he was a medical professor and arguably the best surgeon in the world, but he would never force himself to save someone he despised.

The severity of the viral infection in Anglandur had changed his mind. "Everyone is equal before the disease. We are all helpless regardless of our nationality."

The many unanswered questions about the virus made it all the more frightening to the public.

Sophie glanced at the bright blue sky, and her mood suddenly lifted.

She replied, "I don't have any ideas now, but trust me. I'm sure we can defeat this virus as well."

To her, unwavering faith and hard work made the best recipe for success.

"Really?"

Arius had been in medicine longer than Sophie and should have been more confident. Nonetheless, his reply reflected his uncertainty in his ability to understand and eliminate the virus.

Sophie asserted, "Of course. If you can't even believe in yourself, how can you succeed in the end?"

They sorely needed to consider a different way of tackling the virus, and Sophie was racking her brains for a fresh idea.

Chapter 819 Do You Think It Is Right

Arius knew what she meant. It's true that we need to have faith in everything we do. Without faith, we can never succeed in anything.

"You can leave first. I want to be alone for a while," said Sophie.

"Sure."

After Arius went downstairs, Sophie was alone on the top floor.

She took out her phone and called Tristan.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing much. How about you? Are you running out of ideas?"

"Yes."

"Sophie, you have tried your best. All these have nothing to do with you. There's no need to pressurize yourself."

"I know."

"Are you missing me? Do you want me to come over?" If nothing could be done, then it would be better not to do anything.

"It's all right. There's no need for you to come here."

Even if he did, there was nothing much he could do to help.

“But, I want to see you. You want to see me, too, right?” Otherwise, she would not have phoned him.

“Yes.”

It was true. That was why she gave him a call.

“But, there's really no need for you to come over. I'm going back to work now. Once I'm done, I'll go over and look for you.”

“Okay.”

Tristan did not force her, knowing that she was a very responsible person. If she took over certain responsibilities, she would not give up so easily.

Sophie then returned to the laboratory.

That was the first time she ran out of ideas.

After Arius returned to the laboratory, he began a new experiment. Unfortunately, it still failed in the end.

That made him feel very lousy.

When Barney saw Arius' expression, he knew what the result was.

Barney went over and patted his shoulders.

“Don't worry. Everything takes time.”

No matter how capable a person might be, there was no way one could foresee the future.

It would be normal for anyone to fail several times before he or she could achieve success.

Sophie also joined them.

“Dr. Smith, please don't worry about us. We know what we should do.” After all, that was supposed to be a team effort.

The problem was no one from the International Medical Association wanted to collaborate with them.

They did not trust them anymore.

That was the cause of the current problem.

“Dr. Smith, I think we should redistribute our workload.” Since no one from the International Medical Association was able to trust them, they would have to have faith in themselves.

“Fine. What do you suggest, then? We'll go along with your idea.”

Barney had always trusted Sophie very much.

He would support her no matter what decisions she made.

Sophie handed the two men a piece of paper each.

"I have already listed the work that needs to be done. Just follow according to this list."

Right now, she had no confidence that it would work.

The only thing they could do was give it a shot.

"Sure, no problem. I'll do my best to cooperate with you." At that instant, Arius had run out of ideas.

He found Sophie's way of distributing the workload to be very reasonable.

"I'm fine with it too. From now on, let's continue with our work, then!"

They decided to risk it all now.

If it did not work out, they would have to give it up.

In the medical world, not everything had a solution in the end.

More often than not, their attempts would result in failure.

Meanwhile, Tristan took a shower and had a change of clothes before he drove to the International

Medical Association.

He knew he could not gain entry, but he was adamant about getting his way.

However, knowing that Sophie did not want him to be there, he controlled himself in the end and did not

go into the association.

Because of that, he bumped into Nicholas!

Tristan could not help but frown when he saw him there.

At the same time, Nicholas noticed him too!

Obviously, the two men were there for the same reason.

They were there to see Sophie.

Nicholas got out of his car and walked up to Tristan's car.

"Don't look at me like this. I'm just here to see her. What's wrong with that?" I thought they weren't

married yet, no? Why is he so possessive of her?

"I'm not interested in why you are here. You don't have to tell me."

"Tristan, don't waste your energy. You won't find Butterfly."

Nicholas knew what Tristan was up to recently.

However, he did not interfere because he knew Tristan could not locate her.

Tristan decided to ignore him. As far as he was concerned, Nicholas was a lunatic. The more he entertained Nicholas, the crazier he would become.

“To be honest, I haven't seen Sophie for a few days now. I really miss her,” mumbled Nicholas.

Still, Tristan ignored him. What right does he have to miss my woman?

Just then, Tristan's phone rang. It was Sophie.

“Are you done? I'm outside the International Medical Association now. If you are done with your work, let's have a meal together!”

She had been busy for the past few days.

“I have just resolved the matter. We have an idea now. I thought I told you to rest at the hotel. What are you doing here?”

The association was a dangerous place.

“I miss you. That's why I'm here. I'm waiting for you here. It won't take up too much of your time. After all, you need to eat. It's only a meal.”

“All right, then. Hold on for a while. Let me change my clothes, and I'll be out in a minute.” He's right.

It's time to eat something. No matter how urgent things may be, there is still time for a meal.

During his conversation with her, Tristan had completely forgotten about the man who was standing next to him.

Unfortunately, Nicholas had heard everything.

Yet, he stood there with no intention of leaving.

If he had been the one to phone Sophie, she would not have come out.

Now that Sophie was coming out, he had to join them for the meal.

“Nicholas, why are you still here? We're going on a date. Why must you insist on being a third wheel?”

This man is so obtuse.

Does he not know that he isn't welcome here?

“It's only a meal. Don't think too highly of yourself.” Nicholas was bitter about it.

That was what angered him the most.

Tristan could pull off any stunt he wanted to with ease, but the same could not be said for Nicholas.

To top it off, those things mattered the most to Nicholas.

Sophie did not expect both men to bump into one another. The moment they met, they wanted to kill

each other.

A smile appeared on Nicholas' face when he saw Sophie.

"It's been a while. Since you guys are going for a meal, can you bring me along? I'm alone, and it's

boring to eat by myself," Nicholas stated his intent.

"Nicholas, we're going on a date. Do you think it's right that you go with us?" Right now, all Tristan

wanted to do was fight with him.

"What's wrong with it? No matter what, Sophie and I are friends. It's only dinner. It won't affect

anything." Nicholas was persistent in getting his way.

Chapter 820 Psychologist

No one could stop him.

"Fine, I don't have much time. Let's just grab a bite nearby." She had other things to do that night.

She had time to go out only because it was mealtime.

Therefore, Sophie didn't want to waste her time arguing with Nicholas. Besides, he's still holding

Butterfly captive, isn't he?

Nicholas curled his lips into a satisfied smile.

“Sophie, I knew you still cared about me. Otherwise, you wouldn't have agreed to have a meal with me, right?”

Sophie was rendered speechless.

She genuinely didn't want to respond to him. He's truly ignorant.

Tristan wasn't fond of Nicholas in the first place, yet the latter insisted on tagging along and even uttered such absurd words.

The trio found a restaurant that was relatively famous in that area. Upon entering the eatery, both Tristan and Nicholas pulled out chairs for Sophie.

Sophie stood there, watching their childish behavior, and at a loss for what to say.

Naturally, the restaurant manager knew the guests' identities, so he walked over to welcome them personally. However, he broke out in a cold sweat when met with that unexpected scene.

Everyone knew Nicholas had a terrible temper.

If he were to go berserk right then and there on his territory, the restaurant manager wouldn't know how

to handle the situation.

In the end, Sophie sat in the chair Tristan had pulled out for her.

She wanted to provide Tristan with a sense of security at all times because he was her man.

Nicholas' mood was dampened following the choice Sophie made. How could she treat me like this?

“Sophie, no matter—”

“Nicholas, I'm really tired. If you don't want to eat, you can leave first.”

She was genuinely exhausted.

She had been swamped with mentally draining work and hadn't rested well for the past few days. As a result, her head throbbed with pain.

Taking in her demeanor, Nicholas didn't say anything else. He immediately ordered the manager to serve all the specialties of the house to ensure she ate her fill.

Noticing Sophie was really feeling unwell, Tristan got up and stood behind her to gently massage her temples.

“Do you feel better now?”

Given a choice, he honestly didn't wish for her girlfriend to be so capable. It was precisely due to her exceptional competence that she had to bear many responsibilities and had no way to refuse the

burdens.

Most importantly, she was actually a person with a strong sense of justice. She could be ruthless

toward those who had hurt her, but when facing those innocent people, she ultimately chose to give her

all.

“Yes. I feel a little better now.”

Sophie didn't turn him down because the spot he was applying pressure to felt too comfortable,

prompting her to lean against him with her eyes closed.

Nicholas watched their interaction in silence, suddenly realizing how redundant he was.

Nevertheless, it would be too humiliating if he were to leave at that moment.

Still, that was such an awful feeling.

There were three people there, yet he stuck out like an expendable, sore thumb.

Nonetheless, he couldn't throw a tantrum before Sophie. I can't always show my unpleasant side to her

and cause her to disdain me further.

After a while, Sophie grabbed Tristan's hands.

“That's enough. I'm fine now. Take a seat too.”

“Okay.” He sat down beside her. “If you're tired, get some proper rest. This virus isn't easily resolvable.”

If that task were a piece of cake, Anglandur's president wouldn't have lowered himself to invite them there in person.

“I know.”

She had a clear understanding of the circumstances.

“Sophie, in my opinion, you should just care for yourself. Why do you concern yourself with others' well-being? People die every day in this world, so how they expire really doesn't make a difference.”

To Nicholas, that crisis was nothing more than nature's test for the fittest to survive.

He spoke for some time, only to realize that Sophie hadn't been listening at all. He couldn't help but feel a little dejected.

“Sophie, are you that unwilling to listen to me?” She's making me sad. I also have her best interest at heart!

“Nicholas, we don't share the same ideals and values, so I don't want to explain anything to you.”

Expounding those things to someone with a different worldview would be tiring, and she didn't have the

slightest interest in doing something that was both laborious and thankless.

“Sophie, how can you hurt me and be so nonchalant about it?” Nicholas genuinely felt his heart aching.

He truly hoped she could take good care of herself instead of troubling herself with others' welfare.

“I never intended to hurt you. You're the one who keeps coming around. That's enough. How has Butterfly been lately? You can't keep her locked up forever!” If it weren't because Butterfly was at his mercy, Sophie wouldn't even want to share a meal with him.

That was just the person she was.

“She's doing great, so don't worry about her. I won't do any harm to her since she's your friend.”

Nicholas didn't want to do anything Sophie wouldn't like.

“Okay. Take care of her.” That was her only request. “Nicholas, you should see a psychologist.”

His obsession had become a sickness, and if the condition dragged on, she reckoned he would one day be the cause of his own demise.

“I don't want to. I've mentioned to you that I'm not sick. What's the matter with all of you? Is liking you an illness?”

Tristan grasped Sophie's hand.

“That's enough. You don't need to waste your time and effort trying to counsel him since he won't listen no matter what you say.” Tristan didn't want to let someone like Nicholas ruin his mood to enjoy a meal.

“Sophie, if I see a psychologist and am ruled out of having these issues, can you give me a chance?”

Ultimately, Nicholas compromised.

He was willing to do anything to make her happy.

“You no longer stand a chance, Nicholas. She's my fiancée now. We will get married and have children.” Tristan didn't want to give anyone even the slightest opportunity to dream about getting together with Sophie.

“I wasn't asking you. My question was directed at Sophie. You just don't believe I love you, is that it? If I see a doctor and be verified that I'm free from any psychological disorder, but I still love you, can you give me a chance, then?” All I want is an opportunity. Is that too much to ask?

Tristan snorted. This man is outrageous. I, Sophie's fiancé, am sitting right here, yet he dares to spout this nonsense in front of me!

“Nicholas, do you want to fight me again?” If that's the case, let's brawl outside instead of dwelling on

this gibberish.

“Fine. I can give you a chance if you visit a psychologist.” I only promise to give him a chance. The final result is still full of uncertainty, right?

“All right. I'll make an appointment with a psychologist.”