

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2587

Tristan and the two doctors got into a car and were soon taken to a quarantined hospital.

The hospital wasn't just blocked off—several surrounding streets were also cordoned off, guarded by heavily armed soldiers. All traffic was forced to detour.

Entry required a special pass—even Tristan wasn't exempt.

"Doctors, the hospital is housing many plague patients. To be safe, please put on protective masks," Tristan said, handing each of them a gas mask.

He also wore a full protective suit, not taking any chances. He had always been physically weak, and if he caught the plague, it could very well be fatal.

Isaias and Sadie didn't object. They quietly put on their masks and followed Tristan inside.

The hospital had been mostly evacuated. Aside from the stationed soldiers, only a few medical workers remained, all equipped with protective gear.

Plague patients were separated by floor and room, depending on the severity of their condition.

Tristan led the group directly to the tenth floor via elevator.

This floor held the most critically ill—patients on the brink of death.

Two guards stood watch outside the ward. Inside, only one nurse remained, rotating between patients to administer pain relief injections.

"Doctors, I'll wait here. Please go in and examine them yourselves," Tristan said, stopping at the door.

He gave a small nod to the nurse, who then led Isaias and Sadie inside.

Given Tristan's status, personally escorting them here was already a show of great respect.

Neither Matthias nor Nathaniel would have done even this much.

Time ticked by. Tristan paced back and forth, occasionally peeking through the glass window on the door.

Half an hour passed.

Finally, the two doctors came out.

“Dr. Lavallee, Dr. Frenette, what did you find? Can the patients still be saved?” Tristan asked anxiously.

He had never cared this much about the fate of commoners. But this time, their survival would determine whether the plague could be brought under control.

“Your Highness, the situation is far worse than we expected,” Isaias said first. “This isn’t a mild infection. It’s an aggressive plague unlike any we’ve encountered. Judging by their symptoms, I’m afraid some won’t live through the night.”

“What about you, Dr. Frenette? You’re a master of pharmacology and detoxification. Can you handle this plague?” Tristan turned to Sadie with a glimmer of hope.

Sadie shook her head gravely. “To be honest, Your Highness, I’m not capable of curing this disease at the moment.”

She paused, then added, “And I believe this isn’t a natural outbreak—it’s man-made.”

Tristan’s brows furrowed. “What do you mean?”

“I just ran some tests. This plague is not only highly contagious, but it also appears to be a hybrid of multiple viruses,” she explained. “I’ve never seen anything like it. Unless someone engineered it deliberately, I can’t imagine how it came to be.”

“I’ll have people look into that immediately,” Tristan said, his voice tense. “But right now, our top priority is developing a cure. I’m relying on both of you.”

“Please give us a little time, Your Highness. We’ll do everything we can to come up with a treatment and contain the damage,” Isaias assured him.

“Good. Whatever you need—people, supplies, books—just say the word. I’ll provide everything.”

“Your Highness is too generous. We won’t let you down,” Sadie promised.

With that, the formalities ended and the two doctors got to work.

One began digging through ancient texts. The other started mixing herbs and testing treatments.

The patients in the critical ward became their test subjects.

Under normal circumstances, this would’ve been unthinkable.

But desperate times called for desperate measures.

To save lives and find a cure as quickly as possible, they had no choice.

Meanwhile, in **Linche City**, where **Matthias** was stationed...

The situation wasn't much better.

Since arriving the night before, Matthias had discovered dozens of plague cases already present in the city.

But by morning, the number had surged to over two hundred.

And the local doctors? Completely useless.

He'd called for backup from Oakvale, but it would take at least half a day for them to fly in. All he could do now was wait.

If he had known it would be this bad, he would've brought a medical team with him from the start.

"Your Highness," Kyle said as he entered the room, his tone low and urgent. "The number of infected is still rising. Word of the outbreak has spread, and people from nearby towns are fleeing. Half of Linche is in chaos."

Matthias's face darkened. "Didn't I order the news to be contained? How did this get out?"

"We were short on trusted personnel. The local officials only pretended to cooperate. They thought it was just the flu and didn't take it seriously. That's how it got out of control," Kyle explained.

"Useless fools," Matthias growled. "They're quick to pocket public funds, but when disaster strikes, they vanish. Once this is over, I'll make sure they pay for their incompetence."

"Your Highness, this isn't the time for blame. Right now, we need to focus on containing the plague. If we don't, the consequences will be catastrophic," Kyle warned.

"There's only one option left," Matthias said, his expression grim. "Seal the city."

It wasn't something he wanted to do—but the rumors were already spreading. Panic was inevitable.

A lockdown was the only way to control the damage.

