

The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce

Chapter 1 the meeting at Cherry's Cafe

"I'll do it, Grandpa." Alistair Reid remarked in a measured tone over the cellphone. "I'll marry Princess Evelyn."

His gaze was calm as he stared at an abstract painting hanging on the wall. It was past noon and he was sitting by the window in a private suite in an upscale cafe. "Finally you're leaving that backwater city to claim what's rightfully yours." Grandpa Reid's aged yet steady voice replied from the other end. "But are you sure?" Alistair didn't respond immediately, his expression revealing a trace of bitterness before returning to normal. "I am, but it can't happen now, I need a few months to settle matters here in Haven." "Is it about Sara Connor?" The old man asked knowingly. "Yes... I have to divorce her. I'll let you know when I'm ready." Alistair replied; his voice remained composed, but the bitterness in his eyes betrayed him. The call ended soon after and Alistair laid his phone aside, a deep sigh escaping his lips as he leaned back against his chair. Though reluctant, he did not regret his decision. Just then, there was a knock at the door of the suite he was in. "Come in." Alistair looked up, his expression cool and steady. The door opened and in walked a man in a black suit holding some documents. It was Ronald Ray, the divorce lawyer he'd hired. "Are the divorce papers ready?" "Just as you wanted, sir, please take a look," Ronald replied as he handed over the folder. Alistair let out a slow breath before picking it up. After years of a loveless marriage, he had finally decided to bring it to an end. Although Sara meant a lot to him, he found no point in continuing to hunt a game already hunted by someone else anymore. "Once you and your wife sign the agreement, it will take effect after the mandatory waiting period," Ronald explained after which he politely asked. "Has your wife arrived yet, sir?" "Not yet," Alistair replied calmly, flipping through the details. "But I'll see to it that she signs." "...Very well, sir," Ronald said, a hint of awkwardness in his tone. Having handled numerous divorce cases, he knew it was time to leave. "If you have any concerns, sir, just give me a call." "Of course." With that, Ronald smiled courteously, shook Alistair's hand, and took his leave. Barely two minutes after Ronald left, the crisp sound of high heels echoed outside the private suite, striking the tiles in a demanding rhythm. Soon, a tall, stunning woman with delicate features stepped into the private suite. She wore a navy blue corporate suit that despite looking professional, did not take away from her incredible beauty. With minimal makeup and jewelry, she looked gorgeous. She was Sara Connor, Alistair's wife, the renowned CEO of the Connor

Group- decisive, efficient, and commanding. "Sara." Alistair breathed out as he turned to look at the woman he once called the love of his life. But then, he saw that she wasn't alone. Accompanying her was a tall, handsome man. It was Tristan Cole, Sara's ex-boyfriend from her college years. "What is he doing here?" Alistair questioned as he glared coldly at the uninvited guest. "I don't recall..." "What's wrong with that?" Sara lashed out, not seeing anything wrong with Tristan's presence. Tristan chipped from the side with a mocking smile. "Yeah bro, chill out. Don't be so thorny." Watching Tristan pretend to be friendly and close with him caused a flicker of disgust to flash in Alistair's eyes. "This is a private suite for couples, and in case you don't know what that means, it is meant for a husband and a wife, not a husband, wife, and her ex who can't seem to understand boundaries!" Alistair said coldly. Tristan hadn't expected Alistair to be so blunt. His expression froze as if he'd been struck hard, then he feigned a pitiful look and apologized. "Sorry bro, I didn't mean to offend. If it really bothers you, maybe I should leave..." "Enough with the theatrics!... Just get out then." Alistair sneered. He knew that Tristan was merely playing the victim, trying to look innocent and pitiful in front of Sara to win her sympathy, just like he'd done countless times before. "Enough, Alistair!" Sara snapped, her impatience cutting through the tension. "Why do you always have to pick on Tristan? Can't you stop being so petty?" Then, she spun towards Tristan, her tone softening instantly. "Ignore him. You don't have to go anywhere." Though prepared, a swirl of emotions churned inside Alistair as he stared at Sara. Was this really the living woman he married years ago? A woman who would pick her ex's side over her husband again and again? Did she not realize that because of Tristan, their marriage was already hanging by a thread?! Meanwhile, a glint of triumph flashed in Tristan's eyes and a mischievous smile hung at the corners of his lips.