

# The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce-Chapter 10: Roadblock

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The reason for the blockage quickly became clear as Sara and Tristan laid eyes on more than a dozen Maybachs, lined up across the entrance road.

In the midst of these cars was a custom-made Corvette that screamed opulence, its exterior modified with the best of what money could buy.

The car was surrounded by large bodyguards who radiated an intimidating aura while looking very well-trained.

Awed by the sight at first, it didn't take long for Sara to be infuriated by the scene.

She was in a hurry to meet with Mr. Bolton but now this was surely going to delay her.

Just as she was considering stepping out to complain, she noticed that she wasn't the only one forced to wait.

There were several luxury cars from reputable brands belonging to notable figures, ranging from wealthy tycoons to senior government officials, in the city, also waiting quietly on the side, with none of them daring to step out and complain about the roadblock.

Common sense dictated that, after seeing such a shocking sight, whoever had stopped the road was of even greater stature than these people.

So who was she to dare and complain?

Sara's ego swiftly deflated as she sat quietly in her car.

Just then, one of the bodyguards in the blockade approached her.

Sara grew tense as she gripped the steering wheel tightly.

The bodyguard knocked on her window and gestured for her to drop it.

Managing an awkward smile, Sara did as instructed.

“Is everything okay?” she asked, feigning calmness.

The bodyguard replied. “If you are in a hurry, you should take the service lane, it's going to be a while before this road is cleared up.”

“Of course.” Sara nodded, while secretly having a relieved sigh.

Then, she asked. “Sorry to bother, but could you tell me who is inside that Corvette?”

The bodyguard chuckled. “You are interested, huh?... Well, it's understandable for a beautiful woman to be attracted to wealth. But I'll let you know now, my boss, Mr. Bolton, isn't interested in passionate encounters any longer.”

“Mr. Bolton?” Sara's eyes widened. “Do you mean, Sir Caleb Bolton, patriarch of the Bolton family?”

“Oh, so you are familiar with my boss. I guess you've done your homework. But I'll say it again, don't bother going after him, if you are interested, his grandsons are still available.”

The first part of the bodyguard's words left Sara stunned.

Why was Mr. Bolton in her residential area?... He wasn't the type to move around without purpose which meant if he was here, there had to be a reason.

Then, she recalled what Mr. Coleman had said about his meeting with an important guest.

Did this mean that Caleb Bolton's important guest was living in her neighborhood?

Her heart churned.

For a great figure like Caleb Bolton to personally move to greet someone... that person's identity must be extraordinary!

To think such a person lived in the same district as her yet she never even noticed.

Sara could only curse her luck for not meeting this person earlier.

Then, she turned to the bodyguard and quickly asked. “Sorry again, but is there any chance Mr. Bolton came here to pick someone up?”

The bodyguard frowned.

“You are beginning to ask too many questions.” He coldly said. “You should leave now before I am forced to treat you as a danger to my boss.”

“Of course, I'm sorry.”

Snorting, the bodyguard left, leaving Sara frustrated in her car.

She wanted nothing more than to meet with Mr. Bolton and the VIP he came to see.

But she didn't dare to force her way through.

Doing that would only end horribly for her.

Letting out a sigh, she reluctantly turned her car around, deciding to use the service lane to head straight to the address Trina had given her.

Hopefully, she would be able to catch Mr. Bolton there instead.

As she drove away slowly, she couldn't help but glance at her rearview mirror towards the Corvette Mr. Bolton was in.

Through the mirror, she saw the car door open and an elderly man stepped out.

It was none other than Caleb Bolton, the powerful patriarch of the prestigious Bolton family.

Just as Sara tried to see who Caleb Bolton was prepared to greet, a familiar side profile appeared in her mirror.

From her angle, she could clearly see that the mighty Caleb Bolton, the man who almost ruled over Riverdale's elite, was nearly bowing respectfully towards that familiar figure.

“What-him?!”

Sara's eyes went wide as she instinctively pumped the brakes, her face frozen in disbelief.

Mr. Bolton's esteemed guest... was Alistair?