

Chapter 11: Mr. Bolton's esteemed guest

Impossible!

Sara thought inwardly as she gripped the steering wheel of the car she was in tightly.

The Bolton family was the overlord of Riverdale, their authority absolute.

For its patriarch, Caleb Bolton, to act so respectfully towards Alistair was unimaginable.

There was no way what she was seeing was real.

If she weren't so far away, she would've reached out and wrenched the man around herself, just to see if it really was him.

Noticing Sara's sudden stop and her stunned expression, Tristan asked worriedly. "Sara, you okay?... You look like you've seen a ghost."

Recalling she wasn't alone, Sara quickly turned to Tristan, her breathing uneven. "Did you see that?"

"See what?" Tristan asked with a raised brow.

"Look in your rearview mirror. The person across from Mr. Bolton... is that Alistair?"

Sara's voice was urgent, tinged with slight panic.

Tristan frowned, then glanced at the rearview mirror, but saw nothing. 1

He asked suspiciously. "Sara, are you seeing things? It's empty."

Hearing this, Sara stubbornly looked into her rearview mirror again, only

to see rows of luxury cars.

There was no sign of Alistair, not even his back.

"Sara, relax. You've probably just been too tense and overworked lately." Tristan said gently as he reached out to hold her hand.

"If Alistair really were Mr. Bolton's esteemed guest, then you and I might as well be Mr. Bolton's parents!" He teased with a smirk.

Feeling slightly reassured, Sara instinctively pulled her hand back, then awkwardly laughed. "You're right. Maybe I really did see things."

She glanced once more at the rearview mirror.

After confirming that there really was nothing there, she stepped on the gas and drove away.


At the same time, she couldn't help but mock herself inwardly.

Alistair had always been so ordinary, unmotivated, and utterly mediocre.

How could someone like him possibly know Caleb Bolton, let alone make that man treat him with such respect?

It seemed she really had been far too tired lately.

As Sara decided to put what she had seen behind her, she would have no way of knowing that her eyes hadn't deceived her.

Instead, true to what she had seen, Caleb Bolton had indeed gotten down from his car to greet none other than her supposed useless husband, Alistair Reid. 

"Mr. Reid, it is an honor," Caleb said sincerely.

Donald Bolton, shocked to watch his father bow deeply, didn't dare to remain silent at this juncture as he reiterated his father's words.

Though he had no idea why his father was bowing his head to the young man standing before him, he didn't dare to make any mistakes.

Especially not after what his father had said before they left their residence.

As for Alistair, he was completely unmoved by Caleb's actions, merely speaking in a calm, detached tone. "There's no need for this. Let's just go."

"Ah, of course." Realizing he may have offended Alistair by acting so ostentatiously, Caleb quickly stepped aside and personally opened the rear door of the car, gesturing respectfully.

"Mr. Reid, after you, please."

Alistair gave a slight nod and got into the car with Caleb following right after him.

As for Donald, the eldest son of the Bolton family and its future heir?

Unfortunately, the Corvette's backseat was only spacious enough for two passengers, so at his father's gesture, he had no choice but to squeeze into the escort car with the bodyguards up front.

To think his father would make him sit with the bodyguards while this unknown man accompanied him in the Corvette.

It displeased him.

But he knew better than to cause a scene.

This young man had better be worth it, he thought coldly.

Soon enough, the Bolton family entourage that had blocked the highway was on its way back to the Bolton residence in the city.

Meanwhile, as Sara drove, her mind was in complete turmoil.

Just now, she had chosen pride over desperation and refrained from forcing her way in.

But when she thought of her company's dire situation, her heart felt as if it were being scorched by fire.

The anxiety was unbearable.

"Sara, are you okay? You look totally out of it," Tristan asked with concern.