

Chapter 12: No matter what

"Are you okay, Sara?" Tristan worriedly asked, noticing Sara's anxious state. "You look totally out of it."

"I'm okay." Sara forced a smile.

Gripping the steering wheel tightly, she seemed to finally make up her mind.

Just as Tristan considered bringing up a topic for discussion, Sara suddenly remarked. "This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, Tris."

"What?"

"No matter what I HAVE to meet Caleb Bolton today. And if possible... the VIP he personally came to pick up."

Before Tristan could respond, Sara slammed her foot on the accelerator and sped towards the address Trina had given her.

She had to get there first, before the Boltons' entourage.

Twenty minutes later, the Bolton entourage was mere meters away from their destination, the Boltons' holiday home, when a black BMW M8 suddenly pulled up ahead, screeching to a Halt just before the gates of the grand estate.

The car leading the entourage swiftly stopped to avoid a collision, causing the others to do the same.

The Corvette also jerked to a stop, causing Caleb to frown in irritation.


Alistair, who had been resting with his eyes closed, opened them and glanced forward.

At that moment, Donald's concerned voice crackled through the intercom.

"Dad, are you and Mr. Reid alright?"

"What happened? Why did we stop?" Caleb asked, his tone laced with unmistakable displeasure.

"There's a car blocking the estate gate, Father."

"Then get rid of it at once!" Caleb roared. 

Just then, they saw a tall, coldly elegant woman step out of the BMW parked diagonally in front of them.

"Sara?"

Seeing this, inside the car, Alistair's brows knitted together as he saw her running towards the entourage.

Was she out of her mind that she'd resort to blocking someone's car in such a manner?

"Excuse me, I need to speak with Mr. Bolton urgently." She said, her voice loud with both anxiety and determination.

But before she could get any closer, a group of grim-faced, fully alert bodyguards stepped forward to block her path.

One of the bodyguards turned out to be the same one who had advised Sara to leave.

Upon recognizing her, he stepped forward. "It's you. Didn't I tell you not to make trouble? What are you doing here?"

"Listen, I'm Sara Connor, head of Connor Group, and I really need to speak with Mr. Bolton. If you would just give me a minute to see him, I would really appreciate it."

Meanwhile, by the Corvette, Donald had already received word from the bodyguards and understood the situation.

His expression turned grave as he reported to Caleb. "Father, the one blocking the way is Miss Sara Connor, CEO of Connor Group. She's the one I mentioned earlier today."

"Sara Connor? Connor Group?" Caleb's expression darkened, his tone cold and laced with barely restrained fury.

He had gone to great lengths, pulling every connection he had just to invite Lord Reid to treat his granddaughter.

If this debacle caused Elizabeth's chances of being saved to drop further, then the Connor family can forget about survival in Haven!

"Did you not inform her about the postponement?" he demanded, his voice like ice.

Donald sighed helplessly. "Of course, father."

"So she ignored what you said and came here uninvited, even daring to block my way?" Caleb's fury boiled over. "How insolent. Get rid of her NOW!"

"Yes, Father." Donald immediately took the order and scurried away.

Meanwhile, Sara was still patiently waiting for some good news when Donald stormed over with an irate look.

"Mr. Donald..."

"How dare you, Ms. Connor? Have I been so lenient with you that you think you can do as you please?" Donald scolded.

"No, Mr. Donald..."

"Then what is with your lack of etiquette?" Donald questioned. "What makes you think you can block me and my father like this?"

"Sir, it's just that this meeting is really important for Connor Group and ..."

"If it's so important then you could have reached the meeting, either through my butler or manager. Not like this." Donald berated, cutting her off.

"I understand, sir, but..."

"Enough!" Donald bellowed. "I did not come here to trade words with you. Move your car this instant, otherwise, you will not like what happens next."

Then, Donald turned to leave, dismissing her outright.

Sara gritted her teeth, as she stared at his retreating back.

Connor Group was in shambles and its finances were in the red.

The more time wasted, the less chance she had to save it from falling apart.

The mere thought of losing the company after she'd poured so many years into it left a bitter taste in her mouth.

No matter what, she had to speak with Mr. Bolton.