

Chapter 13: His name is...

Finding herself at a crossroads, Sara had no intention of leaving the gates of the Bolton residence without achieving something.

So, gritting her teeth, she boldly pushed past the guards. "Mr. Donald, just give me a chance to explain, please."

Donald paused briefly before glancing back at her.

Seeing an opportunity, she continued, her tone laced with desperation. "I know what I did was wrong and I wouldn't have done this if this meeting wasn't important. All I need is just a few minutes with Mr. Bolton and his guest, I'm sure they won't be disappointed with my business offer. If that can't happen, then at the very least, let me get their contact information. Please, just do this for me and I will never forget your kindness."

Sara knew she was taking a reckless gamble, succeed or perish, there was no in-between.

But she had no other choice.

Donald sneered. "You are quite the opportunist, Ms. Connor. You somehow managed to learn about my father's private business. You know I can punish you for that though."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Donald, but I am only doing all this for the sake of my company. I promise I have no ill intent towards your family. All I need is a chance to prove myself and I promise that you won't regret it." Sara pleaded, unwilling to give up just yet.

Seeing this, Donald let out a sigh.

Annoyed as he was, he had to admit that Sara was quite persistent.

Very few business owners would be willing to go so far just to meet with his father.

And just as the rumors said, Sara was indeed a rare beauty.

To possess such beauty and still have this level of determination and courage, even risking offending them just to fight for a chance, she was truly remarkable.

For that, he couldn't help but admire her.

Very well, he thought, he would give this young woman a chance.

"Fine then, I'll pass along your request to my father but don't expect anything."

"Thank you so much!" Sara said gratefully.

This was her lifeline and she had to seize it.

Then, Donald made his way to the Corvette and spoke through the half-open window to Caleb and Alistair.

"Father, Ms. Connor seems to be really sincere in her request for a meeting with you both. I just wanted to confirm if you and Sir Reid would want to see her. If not, would you prefer to leave a contact instead? Perhaps that would help smooth things over."

Caleb was about to refuse outright but paused as he realized that Donald was also asking Alistair.

If Alistair wanted to see Sara, who was he to say no?

In fact, doing so could even end up offending Alistair.

So, he turned to the young man. "Sir Reid, what do you think?"

Alistair didn't respond immediately.

He gazed out through the half-open car window.

Not far ahead, Sara was waiting anxiously down the road, surrounded by bodyguards.

Beside her stood Tristan who had joined her at some point, one hand resting on her shoulder, the other gently wiping the sweat from her forehead with a tissue.

Anyone else seeing such would easily mistake Tristan for her partner.

Snorting derisively, Alistair coldly remarked. "No need."

Since he had already decided to go through with the divorce, there was no point in any further contact.

Still, he couldn't help but wonder what her expression would be when she realized that the almighty Caleb Bolton she was so desperate to meet was nothing special in his eyes.

And when the day came that she discovered he himself was the distinguished guest of the Bolton family she had risked everything to see, how would she feel then?

Meanwhile, Caleb secretly heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing his rejection.

Then, he glanced at Donald. "What are you waiting for? Go tell Sara Connor to move."

"Of course." Donald nodded, slightly disappointed.

Of course, it had nothing to do with Sara's request that was rejected but the fact that his father had waited for Alistair to respond before making his decision.

Just who was this Alistair Reid and why was his father so deferential in his presence?

Soon, he arrived at Sara's position.

"Move your car, Ms. Connor. My father and Mr. Reid won't be obliging to your request." he coldly remarked.

Hearing this, Sara was too stunned to speak.

She'd hoped that her sincerity or at the very least, her looks, would earn her at least a simple contact card, but not only Caleb Bolton, but even his guest were utterly unmoved.

Just as Donald turned to leave, Sara snapped back to her senses and called out to him.

"Sir, could you at least tell me the name of this Mr. Reid if it's not too much trouble?"

If she couldn't get his contact, then at least getting his name would bring her one step closer to establishing contact with him since they lived in the same neighborhood.

Donald didn't see any harm in just revealing a name.

Besides, he really didn't want to be hassled by this woman any longer, so he began.

"His name is..."

But before he could finish, Caleb's impatient command came crashing down like thunder. "Donald! Move, don't waste time!"

Clicking his tongue, Donald remarked. "Move, Miss Connor. I won't ask again."

Then, before Sara could continue pleading, he quickly left with the other bodyguards returning to the cars.

Sara didn't dare to call out again to Donald and could only return to her car, filled with regret.

Once she moved out of the way, the convoy began to move again with Sara staying to watch them, frustration etched on her visage.

Soon, the Corvette rolled by, its window slowly closing.

At that moment, Sara caught a glimpse of the side profile of the man seated next to the Bolton family patriarch.

What the hell?

For a moment, Sara froze, her heart jolting violently.

That side profile... How could it look so much like Alistair?!

If it was truly him...

Struggling to catch her breath, her mind raced.

Furrowing her brows, Sara quickly took out her phone, about to dial Alistair's number.