

Chapter 14: An uncanny resemblance

Just when Sara was about to hit the call icon, Tristan suddenly remarked, "Ah, so that's it." jolting her from her thoughts.

She glanced at him just as he looked up from his phone.

"What is it?" She asked.

"Just found out the identity of Mr. Bolton's guest and guess what?"

"What?"

"Apparently, it's someone from the Twelve Great Families of the capital."

Sara froze.

"The Twelve Great Families... from the capital?" she thought inwardly.

"Are you certain?"

"Absolutely." Tristan confidently replied. "That explains why Mr. Bolton is treating him like this. Compared to the Twelve Great families of the capital, the Bolton family is nothing."

So the man in the car wasn't Alistair after all?

Letting out a relieved sigh, Sara couldn't help but feel a twinge of melancholy.

From what she knew, Alistair was just an ordinary man.

He'd never talked about his past much but she just knew he couldn't possibly belong to one of the great families of the capital.

But still... The resemblance was truly uncanny.

Sara managed to regain her outward composure while inwardly remaining unsettled, with numerous thoughts running through her mind.

"Sara." Tristan suddenly called out, jolting her from her thoughts.

"Yeah?"

"We should leave, it's best not to make matters worse. I'm sure we'll get a chance to meet Mr. Bolton some other time and as for his guest, we can always do something about that later."

Though reluctant, Sara nodded. "Yeah, I guess so. Then... let's go grab something to eat nearby and talk about what to do next."

With that, she drove away with Tristan.

Meanwhile, the convoy finally arrived in the parking lot of the Boltons' residence.

The building was a work of art that exuded opulence, its exterior boasting features that conveyed wealth.

Few could be lucky enough to see it up close yet apart from a perfunctory look around after getting out of the Corvette, Alistair ignored it completely.

"Mr. Reid, please come with me," Caleb remarked as he approached Alistair with Donald in tow.

Nodding in response, Alistair followed as Caleb led the way into the manor with Donald.

Soon, they arrived in a luxurious bedroom with enough space to fit at least thirty people.

The air was thick with the smell of disinfectant and several herbs and medicines, with the walls and floors completely spotless.

A pale, lifeless yet beautiful woman lay on the king-sized bed at the top corner of the room, surrounded by several doctors wearing anxious expressions.

There was also a middle-aged woman in their midst, pacing up and down, her face filled with worry.

It was easy for Alistair to guess the identity of the woman on the bed as Elizabeth Bolton, granddaughter of Caleb Bolton and daughter of Donald Bolton, the apple of the Bolton family's eye.

Just then, the middle-aged woman pacing around the bed noticed Caleb and Donald's presence in the room.

"Finally! You are back." She said eagerly as she rushed over to meet them.

Though no longer young, the middle-aged woman still carried an air of mature allure.

Her delicate features bore a striking resemblance to the beautiful young woman lying on the bed, her figure remained graceful and captivating.

Apparently, she was Elizabeth's mother and Donald's wife, Charlotte Bolton.

"How is she?" Donald asked.

"Barely holding on," Charlotte replied, barely managing not to break down. "Did you find a skilled doctor?"

Glancing at the doctors surrounding the bed, she said in annoyance. "

These physicians are all completely useless, a bunch of good-for-nothings who can't even care, about my dear Elizabeth."

On hearing her chidings, the middle-aged doctor who seemed to be the leader turned around with a bitter smile.

"Mrs. Charlotte, we've truly done our best... but your daughter's condition is just too strange."

"Oh? So now you're saying it's my daughter's fault that she can't be cured?" Charlotte lashed out.

"No, no, that's not what I meant," the doctor said helplessly.

"We've done every test possible, blood work, dialysis, and CT scans. We've used every piece of advanced equipment available but we still can't find the cause. Every medicine we've tried only eases the symptoms. But nothing treats the root of the problem."

"And you dare to say that." Charlotte's eyes blazed. "I should have your medical license revoked for spouting such nonsense."

"Sorry, we really have done everything we could..."

"Enough." Caleb cut him off coldly. "Since you are incapable of curing my granddaughter, it is time to let someone truly capable take over."

"Mr. Reid, I'll be counting on you then," Caleb said, looking hopefully at Alistair.

Everyone followed Caleb's gaze, their expressions turning skeptical.

True, one shouldn't judge by appearances but this Mr. Reid didn't look like an experienced physician at all.

Every doctor present was among the best in their respective hospitals.

Especially the lead doctor, Charles, who was a senior physician with over thirty years of experience and a distinguished biomedical scientist from Red Angel Medical Institute, one of the most renowned medical establishments in the region.

Even he was helpless.

How could this young man possibly bring the apple of the Bolttons' eye back from the brink of death?

Besides, as fellow professionals, they knew most of the world's top doctors by name and face, but none of them had ever even heard of a Reid.

At that moment, Charlotte also noticed the man standing quietly behind Caleb.

Her brows knitted tightly, a look of doubt on her face

"Father, the top-notch doctor you mentioned... it can't be him, can it? He looks about the same age as Elizabeth. Can he really cure her? You're not being fooled by some quack, are you?"

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