

# The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce

## Chapter 2 signing divorce papers

Alistair noticed the triumphant look in Tristan's eyes.

There was a time he may have tried to get Sara to see how she was destroying their marriage by her actions, but now? Well, now, maybe he couldn't care less. Forcing down the bitterness rising in his chest, Alistair didn't want to waste time arguing. But Sara seemed even impatient that he was as she remarked. "So what is it?... Why did you call me here in such a hurry?" "At least sit down first." Alistair calmly said. "For God's sake, just spit it out!... Don't you know I'm not like you, sitting around doing nothing all day?... I have an important meeting with the Bolton family soon and I can't afford to waste my time on trivial matters!" "Trivial?" Alistair raised a brow, a bitter smile etched on his lips. So that's what she thought of him now? Someone idle, insignificant? Even meeting with him counted as a trivial matter to her? Fine. Swallowing the rage and bitterness rising within, Alistair slid the divorce document across the table and calmly remarked. "I need you to sign this." Sara frowned, her sharp instincts causing her to pause. "Can't this wait?" "No." "I see." Just as Sara reached for the document to read through, the sharp crack of breaking ceramic cut through the air. Tristan's cry of pain followed immediately. He had spilled two freshly brewed cups of coffee. "Oh my gosh, Tristan!... Are you alright?" Shocked, Sara dropped the papers and hurriedly grabbed her handkerchief to help him clean off the coffee while the latter continued to act like coffee spilling on him was the end of the world. Alistair watched Tristan's deliberate acting with disgust, unable to comprehend how Sara could actually fall for it. Perhaps, love indeed makes a person blind. "Sara, it's okay, I can handle it," Tristan said, though his wince seemed all too calculated, as if he were forcing himself to look strong for her sake. Sure enough, Sara fell for it. "I'll take you to the hospital now." "But your meeting with your husb..." Tristan feigned concern but Sara dismissed him. "Don't worry, it's not that important now that you need to go to the hospital. So come on, let's go." As she spoke, she pulled Tristan to his feet and started towards the door. "Sara..." Alistair, who had remained a silent spectator all this time finally called out. "What is it!?" Sara lashed out, cutting Alistair off before he could speak. Her voice was sharp, tinged with impatience. "Tristan's in pain. Can't you see that?" Then, as if suddenly recalling why Alistair had called her here, she glanced at the document on the table and snorted. "It's because of this, right?... Fine, I'll sign it." She then left

Tristan alone briefly to pick up the divorce papers. Without bothering to read it, she flipped to the last page and signed her name on it. “There, happy now?” Slamming down the pen, she blurted. On seeing this, Alistair's expression darkened. “Do you even know what you just signed?” “Whatever, it's not important.” Sara snapped, grabbing Tristan carefully by the arm. “Right now, Tristan needs to get to the hospital.” For now, Tristan's well-being came first. “Oh right, I'm not coming back tonight.” She added before disappearing through the door. As for why she wasn't coming back home tonight, well, she could always explain things to Alistair later. Alas, she had no way of knowing that there would be no later. The divorce papers she had signed made sure of that. Perhaps someday she would realize what she'd done but at that time it would already be too late to make amends. Meanwhile, Alistair stayed silent, watching as the woman he loved clung to another man. Then, his gaze shifted to the divorce papers on the table. To think Sara hadn't even bothered to read it. Years of devotion, countless sacrifices—worth less to Sara than Tristan's feigned pain. At the end of the day, it was clear that Tristan was the one she loved, and despite everything he had done for the past three years, they were married, her feelings for Tristan would never change. “From today onward, we owe each other nothing, Sara Connor.” Alistair thought, his emotions a tangled mess.