

The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce

-Chapter 3: In need of help

Just as Alistair was set to leave the cafe, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

Seeing an unfamiliar number, he frowned slightly before answering. "Hello, who is this?"

"Am I speaking to Lord Alistair Reid?" On the other end of the call, an old voice asked in a shaky tone.

Alistair shifted upon hearing the question, barely able to believe his ears.

It had been a while since anyone had called him that.

As a member of Arcadia's shadow royal family, the true power and status of the Reid family had always been a hidden matter.

Publicly, the Reids were merely one of the thirteen top aristocratic families in the imperial capital.

Alistair had once been the most influential successor among the next generation of the thirteen great families, a man the upper circles of the capital respectfully addressed as Lord.

However, a few years ago, he vanished and the title of Lord had long faded from people's memories.

So for this old man to refer to him as Lord, he must have done his homework.

Alas, Alistair no longer identified with that title.

"Sorry," Alistair said calmly. "I'm not Lord Alistair Reid, just Alistair Reid."

Then he made to end the call, hardly in the mood for a conversation.

"Lord Reid, please..." sensing Alistair's intention, the old man's voice trembled with urgency.

"Actually, I got your number from President Parker. He said I could call you. I won't take much of your time, I beg you to hear me out."

Jonathan Parker?

Wasn't that the president of the Avalon Southern Region Chamber of Commerce?

An old classmate of his late father?

Memories flickered briefly in Alistair's mind.

After a short pause, he sighed and said. "Fine. I'm listening."

"Lord Reid, my name is Caleb Bolton, patriarch of the Bolton family from Riverdale. I know this is improper, as it is our first time speaking, but I need your help to save my granddaughter, Elizabeth. She's gravely ill and in need of medical aid."

Caleb's voice was hoarse and choked.

The Bolton family was no ordinary family.

They were one of the top four families in Riverdale and very few could be said to be on their level in terms of power and wealth.

As for Caleb Bolton, he was undoubtedly one of the most influential figures in all of Riverdale.

Only a select group of powerful men could be said to have his personal line yet he had used it to reach out to Alistair.

If Sara knew that the almighty Caleb Bolton himself was speaking to Alistair with such respect, she would be utterly dumbfounded.

After all, the Bolton family was the very one she had been desperately trying to cozy up to and curry favor with.

In any case, Alistair wasn't moved in the slightest as he answered in an almost lackadaisical tone.

"I'm sorry, but I can't help you. If your granddaughter is sick, I advise you to send her to the hospital."

With that, he was about to hang up.

He didn't wish to be rude, but due to his current state, he was hardly in the mood for anything right now.

Anyone who saw him reject Caleb Bolton so decisively would've been utterly stunned.

This was the patriarch of one of the largest conglomerates in Riverdale, yet Alistair wasn't the least but swayed.

In all of Riverdale, who else, apart from Alistair, would dare turn down Caleb Bolton like that?

"Lord Reid, please, don't be so quick to dismiss me." Caleb Bolton spoke urgently, afraid that Alistair would hang up the next second.

"I've reached out to several doctors, but none have been able to save my granddaughter. You are my only hope.

"I am willing to do anything you wish as long as you save her life. I swear my allegiance to you, my family's fortune, our connections, treasures, and anything you want. Whatever you demand, the Bolton family will obey." Caleb pleaded almost on the verge of tears.

Alistair let out a sigh. "Mr. Bolton, I believe you did your research before contacting me. In that case, you should already know, I don't save just anyone."

Grasping at what felt like a lifeline, Caleb Bolton immediately replied. "Of course, Lord Reid. You possess the ultimate techniques to bring people back from the brink. You only save those truly worthy of being saved. Those who are cruel, exploit the weak and commit endless wrongs, you would never save."

"Since you know this, tell me, what makes you think you deserve my help, Mr. Bolton?" Alistair asked, his tone filled with indifference.

"I swear, although the Bolton family is among the top financial powers, we have never been cruel or oppressed the weak."

"On the contrary, Lord Reid. I have always strived to help those in need and will continue to do so till I die. So please, I beg you to help my granddaughter, I really don't deserve to suffer a loss like this."

At this point, Caleb Bolton's voice broke over the phone.

Recalling the numerous news reports about the Bolton family's charitable work, Alistair knew the old man wasn't lying and let out a quiet sigh.

"Fine then, send me the address and I'll treat your granddaughter. Whether she lives or dies, that's up to fate. And one more thing, don't call me Lord."

"Oh thank you so much, Lor... I mean, Mr. Reid."

On hearing this, Caleb's face immediately lit up with joy.

"Your great kindness will forever be remembered by the Bolton family. By the way, please there's no need to make the trip, I would be more than happy to pick you up myself."

"Alright." Alistair simply said.