

The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce-Chapter 4: Trash to some, treasure to others

After giving Caleb the address of Cherry's Cafe, Alistair hung up the phone and let out a light sigh.

When he first came to Haven, it was not only to avoid his arranged marriage, but also to secretly gather strength and uncover the truth behind his parents' ambush and assassination.

This was also why he had kept a low profile for such a long time.

It was also why he had acted quietly behind the scenes, helping Sara's Connor Group navigate its bankruptcy crisis and securing her foothold in Haven's business circles.

Yet perhaps it was precisely because of his silent efforts that Sara overlooked him, seeing him as insignificant.

And with Tristan Cole's recent return to Haven, Sara seemed to finally reveal her true nature, growing increasingly impatient with him.

At the thought of this, a wry smile tugged at the corner of Alistair's lips, but his gaze only grew firmer.

Over at the Bolton manor, Caleb Bolton, frantic as he was, didn't even bother with any fancy arrangements as he barked orders at his son, Donald Bolton.

"Hurry, get the car ready, I'm going to pick up L..., Mr. Reid."

"Father, can't I handle it?... I promise I'll take care of everything properly." Donald suggested.

"No, that won't do. I'll go personally."

"But..." Donald frowned.

Was that really necessary?

"But nothing!... What do you know?" Caleb cut Donald off.

“The fact that Mr. Reid agreed to save our dear Elizabeth is already a tremendous favor. We can't be too careful in showing our gratitude. I must receive Mr. Reid personally as a sign of respect. Not only will I go myself, but you are coming with me too.”

Saying that, he strode towards the door.

Donald couldn't believe what he was hearing. His father had always been a proud man who deferred to no one, yet the way he was talking about this Mr. Reid, it was almost like the person was the emperor!

Wasn't he just a healer?

Before he could voice his thoughts, his father turned back, his expression stern as he warned.

“And before I forget, remember, Mr. Reid is no ordinary man. In his presence, put away your arrogance; otherwise, I won't hesitate to kick you out of this house. Do you understand?”

Though Caleb Bolton had been humble and deferential to Alistair over the phone, within the Bolton family and even all of Riverdale, he had absolute authority.

In terms of capability, status, power and wealth, he was far beyond what ordinary people could imagine.

Thus, hearing his father issue a careful and serious warning, Donald's heart jolted.

Instinctively, he straightened up and nodded respectfully.

“Yes, Father.”

“Good, make sure the others understand as well, and if anyone dares to go against what I've said, well...” Caleb left the rest unsaid, but his meaning was perfectly clear.

Donald instinctively flinched.

Just then, as if he'd recalled something, Donald spoke up.

“Father, I forgot to tell you. Sara Connor, the CEO of Connor Group has been requesting an audience with you for over a month. Would you like to see her?”

“Do I look like I have the time to waste on trivial matters?” Caleb asked harshly.

Snorting derisively, Caleb continued. "Tell her I'm busy. If she still wishes to see me, she'd better request a meeting at a later date."

"Yes, Father."

Donald respectfully acknowledged the order, then took out his cellphone and texted Mr. Coleman, one of the managers of Bolton Inc.

"Inform Ms Connor that the meeting will have to be postponed. Indefinitely."

Then, following closely behind Caleb, Donald got into a black limousine.

Meanwhile, over at Connor Group, Sara was seated in her office, anxiously waiting for a call from the Boltons concerning her request for a meeting to discuss a potential cooperation.

Just as her anxiety was about to overwhelm her, her phone finally rang.

She immediately picked it up and answered. "Hello, Mr. Coleman, should I be on my way to the meeting?"

"It would be best not to waste your time, Miss Connor." Mr. Coleman coolly replied.

"What?" Sara's expression froze.

"Mr. Bolton is currently busy with a very important guest, so he can't spare the time to see you. If you wish, you are free to reschedule, but I cannot promise that the meeting will be held."

Sara panicked.

She had struggled for weeks to secure this meeting with Caleb Bolton and now it was being postponed indefinitely?

Unwilling to accept such an outcome, she inquired desperately. "Sir... could you at least tell me who this important guest Mr. Bolton is meeting with?"

Hesitant at first, Mr. Coleman ultimately replied. "Mr. Reid."

"Mr. Reid?"

Who the hell was this person that Mr. Bolton would cancel their meeting just to see him?

A flicker of doubt crossed Sara's eyes as a figure suddenly came to mind.

“Which Reid, sir?... What's his full name?” She pressed further.

Mr. Coleman, clearly losing patience, snapped. “How would I know?... That will be all, Ms. Connor.”

Then the call ended.

Listening to the harsh beep of the disconnected line, Sara went pale.

“Damn it!” She suddenly cursed aloud in frustration.

This meeting with the Boltens was her lifeline to save Connor Group from financial ruin.

What now!?