

The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce-Chapter 5: Signature steak

Sara's hostile demeanor betrayed the frustration she felt.

If she couldn't finalize the cooperation project with Bolton Corporation, then Connor Group would face total financial collapse.

Just the thought of that happening left her pale.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bolton wouldn't even meet with her, instead choosing to see some important guests.

Why today of all days?... And who on earth was that important guest?

Clearly, he was important enough to warrant Mr. Bolton meeting them personally.

If only she could meet with them, convincing them to partner with her company would surely lead to reaping great benefits.

Unfortunately, she knew that was just her wishful thinking.

The Connor family was at best an average clan, nowhere near the level of the Boltons, who were a top-level powerhouse.

How could she ever have the opportunity to meet with those they considered important?

Just then, Tristan walked into her office, a smug smile plastered on his lips.

"Sara dear, you..." trailing off, he noticed Sara's demeanor which was anything but friendly at the moment.

Sara, upon noticing his presence, let out a sigh. "You're back."

"What's up?... You look like you ate a pickle." Tristan joked as he walked up to her desk. "How about we go somewhere fun, it should help to ease off the stress?"

"I can't, I am supposed to have a meeting with the Bolton patriarch now," Sara muttered. "Unfortunately, it got cancelled."

"How come?" Tristan raised a brow.

"Something about meeting with an important guest." Sara let out a heavy sigh.

"What guest could possibly merit such caution from Mr. Bolton?... He can't even spare a moment to see you?" Puzzled, Tristan frowned. "With his status, who in all of Riverdale could make him drop everything?"

"No idea. Mr. Coleman only said the last name was Reid." Sara shook her head, clearly unsettled.

Tristan's expression shifted, glancing at Sara who looked worse for wear.

'Reid?... Could it be him?'

A fleeting image of Alistair crossed Tristan's mind but he quickly dismissed the fanciful thought.

"No way." Tristan instinctively blurted out while shaking his head, an amused smile emerging at the corners of his lips.

How could the great figure Mr. Bolton is personally meeting, possibly be that good for nothing live-in husband who did nothing all day?

It made no sense.

Noticing his amusement, Sara felt offended. "What's so funny?"

Tristan smirked. "Nothing really, just... listen, no need for you to feel bad that Mr. Bolton postponed your meeting. As far as I know, he is in Haven for two reasons: to find business partners and, more importantly, to seek medical help for his granddaughter. I heard she's terribly ill."

"Are you certain?" Sara asked with Tristan nodding.

“Of course!... What do you take me for?... I know for a fact that he's going to be in Haven for a while, so you still have a chance to meet with him, and if you don't, well, that's still not a problem because I'm right here and I won't rest until you get what you want.”

As he spoke, Tristan went on one knee and took Sara's hand in his own.

He even messaged it a bit with an intimate look in his eyes.

Sara instinctively pulled away as a bitter smile emerged at the corners of her lips. “There's no need for you to do that. Don't worry, I'll handle it myself.”

Then, in a bid to change the topic, she asked softly. “Are you hungry?... Maybe we could go somewhere for lunch.”

Tristan noticed her pulling away, leaving him quite displeased.

In the past, Sara had always been big on her love language being physical contact, so she clung to him constantly, always wanting to be in his arms.

Yet now?... Now she deliberately pulled away from him.

Why?

Was it because of Alistair?... that good for nothing?

Letting out a sigh, he feigned a saddened expression while getting back on his feet.

Noticing this, Sara asked. “What is it?”

“Nothing really, just... I really miss your signature steak.”

“You can't be serious, “ Sara chuckled.

“No, for real,” Tristan replied. “Do you remember back in college?... You used to make it a lot when we started dating. I always looked forward to it.”

Then, acting like he'd made the decision, he asked. “How about that? You make your signature steak.”

Sara grew hesitant at this juncture, after all, back then, the reason she used to make the steak was to impress Tristan.

But now...