

The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce-Chapter 6: A pic for the gram

Before Sara could decide how to respond to Tristan, she heard a disappointed sigh escaping his lips.

“Doesn't seem like you are interested in it like I am. Well, it's fine, you don't have to cook if you don't want to. Let's just eat out instead.”

Sara immediately softened.

She couldn't bear to see Tristan upset, so letting out a sigh, she remarked. “Alright.”

“Hmm?” Tristan raised a brow.

“I'll make the steak.”

“For real?”

Sara managed a smile. “Absolutely.”

“You're the best!” Tristan excitedly said as he took her hand and pulled her close before taking a casual photo, which he uploaded to Instagram.

Sara chuckled as she asked while pulling away. “Why the sudden photos?”

“I just feel like recording every moment we spend together. It's way too beautiful not to immortalize, no?” Tristan gently said, even adding a playful wink.

Sara shook her head in amusement. “You can be so extra at times.”

Then, she picked up her bag and keys. “Wait for me at the entrance, I'll head to the parking lot to get the car.”

“Sure thing.”

On the way to the company entrance, Tristan sent out a mass message to everyone on his contact list, asking them to like his Instagram post, including Alistair.

Meanwhile, Alistair had just gotten back from Cherry's, intending to pick up some items before heading back to meet with Caleb when he suddenly got a notification on his phone.

He checked and discovered it was Tristan's message.

Frowning, he was just about to delete it, after all, what was his business with Tristan and his Instagram posts?

However, just then, another message came in from Tristan, this time an apology for sending the first message.

"What's he up to this time?" Alistair muttered in slight annoyance.

He'd experienced enough of Tristan's schemes to know when the troublemaker was up to something.

Then, the last message entered with Tristan claiming that the post was just a simple picture, nothing more.

Perplexed as to what he meant, Alistair decided to check the post out only to pause at the sight that greeted his eyes.

Naturally, it was the photo of Tristan and Sara in her office, with both looking very much like a couple.

Alistair's demeanor turned icy as he stared at the picture.

He recalled the one time he'd visited Sara in her office after they'd just gotten married.

Not only did she shame him for coming, but she also made it clear that she never allowed anyone into her office.

Yet, here she was, posing for a cute picture with Tristan in that same office.

She honestly never cared about him, did she?

Filled with bitter disappointment both in her and himself, Alistair let out a cold laugh.

So this was Tristan's game?

A vain attempt to ignite rage and jealousy in his heart.

Once upon a time, Alistair might have been furious, but not anymore.

He had long since accepted that Sara was never his so, instead of lashing out at Tristan, he instead gave the post a like and after a brief thought, went ahead to even leave a comment; two souls, one heart, endless love, Congratulations.

Then, he tossed the phone aside and was just about to get back to the reason he'd returned home only to catch a glimpse of his and Sara's wedding photo.

It was hung up on the wall for all to see, courtesy of Alistair, who had been the proudest and happiest man on earth the day they'd gotten married.

He still recalled how that day, without taking the time to rest, he'd picked up a hammer and a nail to hang the picture.

It had been the reason he'd stayed with her for so long, enduring everything Sara threw his way.

Now though, it was a painful reminder of a past he no longer had any intentions of recalling.

Filled with disgust, he walked up to it and pulled it down, then walked outside and tossed it in the trash.

That was where it belonged now, just like their already broken marriage.

Just as he was about to walk back into the house, Sara pulled into the driveway.

Upon noticing Alistair tossing something into the trash bin, she got out of the car and asked. "What was that?"

It looked too familiar for her to ignore.

"Just some trash," Alistair replied, his tone cold and distant.

Sara felt a pang of unease.

Just as she considered checking it out herself, Tristan stepped out of the car.

“Oh hey bro, you're home?... Didn't see you there.” Tristan said, as if only just realizing Alistair was around.

Alistair turned to regard him, his gaze filled with intense disdain.

“Firstly, I am not your bro. Secondly, why are you at my house?”