

The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce-Chapter 7: Do as you please

Alistair's question caught Tristan off guard.

“Did I do something to offend you?... You look like you don't welcome me,” He said, his tone carrying a touch of wounded innocence, though his eyes flickered quickly towards Sara.

Sure enough...

“What right does he have to not welcome you?” Sara snapped, turning towards Alistair with clear irritation, completely dismissing her curiosity over what Alistair had thrown away. “This is my home and I can invite anyone I want.”

A bitter laugh escaped Alistair's lips.

He looked at Tristan, smug, basking in her defense, and then at Sara, who stood firmly at his side.

“No right, huh?... So what are you saying?... That I should get out of the way and leave the space for you two?”

The air froze instantly, heavy and sharp, like the calm before a storm.

“Alistair Reid!” Sara snapped, her voice cutting through the tension. “Must you make a scene and embarrass everyone?... I just brought Tristan home for lunch. Don't read too much into it, okay?”

“Lunch?” Alistair glanced at her hands and then at the car she brought back. “Is it in the car?”

“What?”

“The takeout. I mean, you got some food from a restaurant, right?”

Sara rolled her eyes. “No, we didn't.”

“Then... what do you plan on eating?” Alistair asked only for Tristan to cheekily respond.

“Sara's world-famous steak.”

Sara instinctively froze while Alistair's expression darkened.

“Steak?”

“Yeah, she made it a lot while we were dating in college. I'll tell you now, her steak was the best.” Tristan said.

Then, almost like he recalled something, he facepalmed. “What am I saying? Of course you'd know that, I mean you guys are married so she must have made a lot for you as well, right?”

Silence followed for a second or so before a self-mocking chuckle escaped Alistair's lips.

He glanced at Sara who instinctively looked away.

On their wedding night, Sara had established a couple of rules.

One of them was that she would never cook for him because she didn't know how to and had no plans of learning.

And true to her words, Sara never broke that rule.

Alistair was the one who always cooked, and if he couldn't, then they ordered takeout.

To think she knew how to cook and even did it a lot for Tristan.

Letting out a sigh, Alistair didn't even know why he was surprised.

Noticing the tension, Tristan feigned ignorance as he asked. “Did I say something bad?”

Ignoring him, Alistair regarded Sara. “I thought you didn't know how to cook?”

“I never said that,” Sara said.

“And you never once cooked for me?”

“And so?... You spend the whole day at home anyway, why should I get back from work and still cook for you?” Sara shot back.

She saw nothing wrong with cooking for Dennis, after all, it was just steak.

So why was Alistair making such a fuss?

Letting out a sigh, Alistair coldly said. "Do as you please. I don't care anymore."

Then, he turned and walked into the villa without looking back.

Sara was momentarily unsettled by his cold demeanor.

He felt distant, unlike the lovestruck and obedient man he once was.

Pursing her lips, she wondered why that was.

"Are you okay?" Tristan asked, jolting her from her thoughts.

He feigned worry as he approached her. "Maybe we should just eat out instead."

Forcing a smile as she brushed her unease aside, Sara replied. "No need for that."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. We are here already. Come on, let's go in."

"But Alistair..."

"Don't worry about him. He's always been so narrow-minded." Sara said, though it seemed more like she was convincing herself than actually telling Tristan.