

The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce-Chapter 8: The wedding photo

Sara couldn't understand why Alistair behaved the way he did whenever Tristan was around.

Sure, Tristan was her ex but they had long since parted.

There was no reason for Alistair not to accept Tristan as a friend, after all, she still had a good relationship with him.

So, as far as she was concerned, it was Alistair's narrow-minded viewpoint that stopped him from seeing things her way.

"I see." Tristan nodded, a faint smile emerging at the corners of his lips.

Sara didn't notice this as she led him into the living room.

Once inside, she quickly noticed that it looked emptier for some reason.

Furrowing her brows, she looked around before pausing at a wall, the same one that once held a wedding photo.

Noticing its absence, she frowned.

Just then, Alistair walked downstairs with a small bag.

"Where is it?" She asked while pointing at the now-empty wall.

"What?" Alistair raised a brow.

"Our wedding photo. I remember it should be hanging on that wall."

"It was an eyesore so I removed it." Alistair flatly replied.

"Are you insane!? Did I give you permission to do that?" Sara scolded. "Where is it? Put it back right now!"

Alistair sneered inwardly; put it back?

Impossible.

That photo was already in the trash and he had no plans of taking it out.

If she wanted it back so badly, she could go dig it out herself.

“I said put it back!” Sara ordered, jolting him from his thoughts.

Alistair remained silent though, merely meeting her furious gaze with a cold one.

She never cared about his feelings as she brought another man into their home without his consent, acted intimately and even cooked for him.

So what right did she have to be upset about the wedding photo he'd trashed?

It's not like she ever cared about it, and anyway, it held no meaning now.

The divorce agreement was already signed and soon, they would be free from one another.

“Alistair...”

“No.” Alistair bluntly said, cutting her off.

“What?” Sara could hardly believe her ears.

Enraged, Sara was just about to lash out when Tristan intoned. “This place looks amazing.”

The silence that followed was deafening as both Alistair and Sara glanced at him.

‘Does this fool not know how to read the room?’ Alistair sneered inwardly.

“Do you remember, Sara?” Tristan said as he turned to Sara. “Back in college, you always said that if we got married, you'd decorate our home like th...”

Realizing too late he'd said too much, Tristan feigned awkwardness and stopped midway.

But the damage was already done as the atmosphere shifted from tense to awkward.

Sara flushed with embarrassment as she glanced at Alistair, expecting him to react.

Contrary to her expectations though, Alistair was unmoved.

He didn't even seem curious.

He was completely indifferent, like a bystander uninvolved in their matters.

Sara's heart ached as she saw this, unable to ignore the feeling that Alistair was drifting away from her.

“Alistair... it's just...” Sara seemed to want to explain but couldn't bring herself to lower her pride.

“Ahem, Alistair, I hope you don't mind. I didn't mean to offend you with what I said. But these things... You know how it can be.” Tristan said, feigning a nervous smile.

It was meant to sound like an apology but Alistair knew it was anything but that.

Not with the smugness in Tristan's eyes.

He knew Tristan's goal was to provoke him, to make him lose his temper in front of Sara so she would dislike him even more.

But Tristan's scheme had failed.

If it had been before, he might have snapped.

But now, there was no need.

He didn't care.

If the house he was standing in was where Sara was trying to live out her dreams with Tristan, then they could have it.

He didn't want it.

So, he calmly remarked. “Since you two want to enjoy your time together, I won't disturb you. I have other things to attend to. Excuse me.”

Then, he made to leave.