

The Hidden Sovereign Rises after Divorce-Chapter 9: Tristan's vile thoughts

A heavy silence permeated the walls of the home that once belonged to Alistair and Sara.

As Alistair finished speaking and turned to leave, Sara couldn't help but inwardly panic.

In their five years of marriage, she had never seen Alistair so cold and indifferent.

She was his wife, yet he acted like he didn't even care at all.

Her heart wavered as he walked past her.

Gritting her teeth, she turned and asked. "Where are you going?"

Alistair stopped at the door but didn't bother turning to face her.

"To meet a friend."

"What friend?" Sara snapped, unaware that Alistair had any friends.

He was almost always indoors and hardly ever stepped out.

Even on his cellphone, he didn't have any numbers saved, so where did this friend turn up from?

Alistair icily replied. "That's my personal business, not yours."

Then, he opened the door and stepped out and the door slammed shut behind him.

Sara's face darkened, fists clenched as she stared at the tightly shut door.

How could Alistair slam the door in her face?... And what was with that response?

When did he become so coldhearted and secretive?

Biting down on her lip, she felt things were getting out of hand and slowly slipping out of her control.

Just then, Tristan approached, an innocent look plastered on his face.

“Did I do something wrong?” He asked, feigning ignorance. “Maybe that's why Alistair is so upset.”

“No, you didn't,” Sara said, trying and failing to stay calm.

“Maybe I should go after Alistair and explain things. I'm sure he'll listen.” Tristan offered, though a triumphant glint in his eyes offered a glimpse of his true thoughts.

As far as he was concerned, Alistair's exit was beneficial to him.

Now, it was just him and Sara.

Unaware of Tristan's vile thoughts, Sara replied. “That's fine, you don't need to do that. I'm sure he'll come around.”

Though she said that, Sara couldn't help but feel restless as she wondered why Alistair was acting the way he was.

What was wrong with him?

Just as she was considering how best to handle things with Alistair, her phone rang.

It was her secretary, Trina.

“What is it, Trina?” She asked.

“Good news ma'am.” Trina excitedly replied. “I've tracked down Mr. Bolton's residence in Haven. I believe that's where he plans on hosting his guests as well.”

Then, she asked. “Perhaps you could pay him a visit, ma'am?... That way you won't just be meeting Mr. Bolton but his guest as well.”

Sara's eyes lit up instantly, pushing all thoughts of Alistair to the back of her mind.

“Well done, send me the address, I'll head there now,” she said, her tone rekindled with determination.

This news couldn't have come at a better time.

After all, this meeting with Caleb Bolton was too important.

After hanging up the call, Sara glanced at Tristan, who was still watching her expectantly.

A hint of guilt flashed in her eyes as she apologized. "Sorry, I don't think I'll be able to cook for you today. Trina just called. It's something crucial about the company's future. I have to head out right now."

A flash of displeasure crossed Tristan's eyes, but he quickly masked it with a warm smile as he remarked. "That's fine. I understand. If there's anything I can help with, I'm all in for you."

"Thank you," Sara said with a sigh of relief.

Touched by his thoughtfulness, she couldn't help but share the good news.

"Trina located Mr. Bolton's residence in the city. I think I should pay him a visit, maybe convince him to meet with me."

"Great, how about I come with you?" Tristan offered.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely, at your service," Tristan said.

Sara smiled and nodded. "Fine then, let's go."

And so, the two quickly set off to Mr. Bolton's residence.

However, just as they arrived at the main road outside the villa district, they quickly discovered that the road was blocked.