

A Farewell 191

Chapter 191

Two young men pushed a cart over to them. The cart was adorned with bright red roses, and next to them were various liquors and bartending tools. Each of them held a bouquet in their hands.

When they reached Sage and Tiana, they got down on one knee and gave them a bouquet each. "Your majesties, I hope you'll have a delightful evening here tonight."

Sage found their cheesy words amusing. "Thanks," she said as she accepted the flowers.

Tiana also accepted the bouquet. She smiled as she said, "These guys are professional bartenders who have participated in competitions. They are here to whip up cocktails for us!"

"Ohh, and here I thought you had arranged for some hunks to keep us company," Sage joked softly.

"I figured it wouldn't be the best idea since we're both married and all." Tiana suggested, "Why don't I get some hunks to drink with you now?" Sage pretended to ponder for a moment. "Forget it. Though you could find me a bunch once I'm divorced."

"Would a bunch be enough? I don't think so."

"Allow us to whip up two glasses of frozen rosé since we have two lovely ladies here. It's guaranteed to be both beautiful and tasty!" one of the bartenders said amidst their laughter.

The bartenders put on a fancy bartending show before mixing the drinks. The bottles and glasses danced in their hands and even lit up with a pale blue flame.

Dressed in black shirts and trousers, their long, slim legs and slightly exposed chests, combined with their skillful moves, made them incredibly attractive. Many were drawn in and enjoyed their performance.

No wonder Tiana said this was a highlight of the bar. It was indeed unique and pleasing to the eye. The girls had already finished their first drinks when the two glasses of frozen rosé were delivered to them. "Beer is just to start the night. The cocktails are our main attraction. Cheers!" Tiana raised her glass gracefully and clinked glasses with Sage.

"Cheers!" Sage was in a good mood as there were bright lights, alcohol, and the company of her good friend.

Calvin was hanging out with his friends in a booth on the second floor. There were about ten people who were all having a great time drinking and chatting.

"Mr. Luther, check out that bartender. He's so hot! Why don't you invite them up to give us a show?" a woman coquettishly suggested as she leaned over the railing.

Calvin took a look downstairs. "What's so interesting about that? It's just some flashy tricks to impress you girls!"

"What's wrong with that? He's still hot. Mr. Luther, are you afraid that your looks can't compare to his? Is that why you don't want to invite him up to perform for us?" the woman teased, deliberately provoking him. Calvin was furious when he heard that. "There's no way I'd lose to those two bartenders!"

He had always paid great attention to his appearance but was never interested in entertainment. Otherwise, he would have outshined half of the pretty boys in the industry.

He immediately called the bartender over and pointed downstairs. "Get those two—"

Calvin paused midsentence when he noticed a familiar figure standing in front of the bartender, holding a glass of rosé wine.

He leaned against the railing to get a closer look. The lights in the bar were flickering, and the bartender was tossing around something that had been set alight, making it difficult for Calvin to see. Hence, he pulled out his phone and zoomed in.

It was Sage! What was she doing here? Sage was also in the bar when she was filmed playing the drums last time. Did Ian know she was here?

"Mr. Luther, are you going to invite those bartenders or those beauties?" someone joked when they noticed Calvin checking out the girls on his phone.

"Get out of my way! Can't you see I'm busy right now?" After he confirmed that the woman was Sage, Calvin snapped a photo of her and found a quieter spot to call Ian.

"Ian, please don't tell me you're still at the office at this hour," he said as soon as Ian picked up.

"What do you want?" Ian asked apathetically.

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Calvin clicked his tongue. "Ian, you can't just bury yourself in work all day. You need to make some time for Mrs. Holcomb!"

"If you have something to say, spit it out. I don't have all day." Ian's patience was wearing thin.

"Why are you so grumpy?" Calvin took a sip of his drink and continued, "We're chilling at the bar, Ian. Why don't you swing by for a drink and loosen up a little?"

"No thanks. I'm busy."

Calvin wasn't surprised by Ian's refusal. "Are you sure? I have a surprise for you. I'm sure you'll love it."

"Quit messing around!" Ian then hung up on him.

Calvin was in no rush at all. He sent Ian the photo of Sage that he had just taken. Sure enough, his phone rang almost immediately after he hit send. He silenced his phone when he noticed Ian's name flashing on the screen.

"This serves you right for hanging up on me!" he mused. Calvin decided to leave him hanging for a bit.

He then returned to his booth, shooed away the person sitting by the railing, and sat down. He looked down at Sage, who was wearing a simple T-shirt and jeans and all smiles as she drank with her friend. The woman was laughing so hard that she was doubled over. Her happiness was palpable.

In his mind, Sage was never one to frequent places like bars. She always carried herself with meticulous elegance. But she seemed to have cast all of that aside and was looking livelier than ever now.

A beautiful woman would easily attract people's attention. So, it didn't take long for men to walk over and chat them up.

Calvin became even more excited when he saw this. He whipped out his phone and took a picture of the scene.

"Why are you being such a chicken, Mr. Luther? Which one of them has caught your eye? I'll go and invite her up for you!" one of his friends volunteered when he noticed Calvin snickering and taking pictures of the women downstairs.

"Mind your own business!" Calvin snapped. He checked his phone and noticed that there was only one missed call. He then sent Ian the photo of a man flirting with Sage. Calvin was curious to see how long Ian could keep up the act.

Calvin waited for a while after sending the phone. However, he didn't receive any response from Ian. Could it be that he didn't see it?

He decided to video call Ian. He planned on hanging up on him as soon as he picked up, just to tease him. However, Ian declined his call. What was going on?

Calvin was a little confused. How could Ian stay calm after seeing Sage being hit on? Just then, a few whistles and applause came from below, drawing his attention. He looked down, and to his surprise, Sage had stood up from her seat and was walking toward the stage.

The DJ welcomed Sage onstage to perform a drum solo for everyone. Her friend cheered the loudest and pulled out her phone to record the moment.

The man who had hit on Sage appeared to have been thoroughly rejected. He was shooting daggers at them as he returned to his seat. When the music started, Sage picked up the drumsticks. She tapped her foot to the beat and twirled the drumsticks between her fingers a few times. Her confident and cool moves made her friend scream in excitement.

Calvin had to admit that he was also captivated by Sage's charisma. It was even more breathtaking to see her perform live than on video. He'd seen other girls play the drums, but none of them had the same kind of charm as Sage.

Despite her delicate appearance, her movements were clean and crisp, as if her entire body was grooving to the beat. Even his friends were impressed.

"Whoa, I had no idea a girl could rock the drums like that!"

"Mhm, no wonder she's got Mr. Luther hooked. He can't even blink!" "Shut it, guys," Calvin snapped. "That's Ian's wife!"

Everyone was aware of who Ian was. Their jaws dropped as they looked at Sage on stage. They couldn't believe that the wife of the CEO of Holcomb Corporation could be so... bold.

After finishing her performance, Sage high-fived the other people on stage and returned to her seat.

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Tiana's face flushed with excitement. "Sage, you're truly my idol! That was so cool! Here, have another glass of frozen rosé."

Sage was overjoyed, possibly due to the amount of alcohol she had drunk. Despite how tipsy she felt, she downed her drink in one gulp. "Sage, you really shouldn't be drinking like this. Even though it tastes sweet, it's quite strong!"

Sage waved her hand nonchalantly. "It's alright. It doesn't matter if I get drunk."

She didn't need to please anyone anymore. She wasn't afraid that Ian would think that she wasn't dignified enough. Hence, it didn't matter if she got drunk.

"Besides, you don't usually have time to come out for a drink. Let's just drink to our heart's content tonight!"

Tiana sighed. "Man, I'm exhausted from accompanying my mother-in-law these days. I just needed to step out for some fresh air and loosen up a little."

"How's that female classmate of Wilson doing? Did she get transferred to the hospital where Wilson is?" Sage was still worried about it.

"I don't think so. I asked him a couple of days ago. He said he hadn't contacted her, so he wasn't sure," Tiana responded.

"That's a relief." Sage breathed a sigh of relief inwardly. Based on the timeline of her previous life, Wilson's female classmate would have already returned to Haldon and gone to the hospital. Sage wondered if things had changed because Tiana had accompanied Wilson abroad in this lifetime.

"My mother-in-law has been pushing for us to have a baby recently. It's giving me a headache," Tiana lamented.

"My chances of becoming the head nurse will be ruined if I get pregnant now. Considering my mother-in-law's personality, she might even ask me to resign. Even though work can be exhausting at times, I've worked hard for all my qualifications, and I don't want to give up." "Tiana, you shouldn't always bend over backward for Wilson and your mother-in-law. You need to respect yourself first before others will respect you," Sage said with concern. "If you don't want to get pregnant, then don't. Even if you do get pregnant, you don't have to quit your job."

In her previous life, Tiana gave in to her mother-in-law and quit her job after she got pregnant. Eventually, her mother-in-law criticized her for not earning money and burdened her with housework, which ultimately led to Tiana having a miscarriage.

In addition, Wilson's first love caused all sorts of trouble for them, leaving Tiana disheartened. Tiana eventually got a divorce and went abroad to return to nursing. After moving overseas, she dropped off the radar.

The alcohol started to kick in, causing Sage's head and heart to start pounding. Sage put her arm around Tiana. "Tiana, if you have any problems you can't solve in the future, tell me. Don't carry them alone. Don't ever give a fuck about your mother-in-law and husband. You matter most."

Tiana pinched her flushed cheeks. "Why do I feel like you've matured a lot? The old you wouldn't have ever been able to say such wise words." Sage leaned on her shoulder. "Well, this is my second life after all." "Huh?" Tiana thought that she had misheard Sage.

Sage continued, "It feels so good to love yourself, Tiana. You should try it."

"Well, well, well. Are you drunk, hot stuff? Why don't you let us give the two of you a ride home?" The beer-bellied man who had tried to hit on them earlier came back. This time, he had a few friends with him. "We'll manage on our own, thanks," Tiana said warily as she shielded Sage.

Unfortunately, because the man's ego had been bruised earlier, he wasn't prepared to back down so easily. He grinned, got closer to Tiana, and extended his hand. "Don't be shy, darlin'. We just want to help—"

Sage kicked the man in the groin before he could touch Tiana's face, causing him to cry out in pain.

"How dare you kick me, you lil' bitch?" The beer-bellied man massaged his aching waist and waved his hand aggressively. Several people suddenly surrounded Sage.

Sage positioned herself in front of Tiana and glared at the beer-bellied man. The group was in a secluded spot in the bar, and the loud music made their conversation inaudible. Sage knew that no one would notice their predicament in these circumstances.

"You play the drums, and you're feisty. You're just my type!" The beer-bellied man leered and reached out for Sage.

However, the man suddenly lurched forward, crashed into the coffee table, and knocked over the wine glasses and bottles that were on it. The commotion drew the attention of a few people standing nearby.

It also attracted the attention of Calvin, who yelled to his friends, "Quick, let's go downstairs and help them!" He then hurried down the stairs.

The beer-bellied man was lying on the ground, crying out in pain. His companions, on the other hand, were caught off guard by the sudden turn of events.

All of them subconsciously looked at the person who had done this. The man was tall and well-dressed, exuding arrogance and authority. "Who the hell is this man?" Having been embarrassed twice, the beer-bellied man was seeing red. In a fit of rage, he gritted his teeth and yelled, "Get them! Tie up the woman and beat that man to death!"

His companions immediately leaped into action. However, before they could do anything, their cries of agony filled the air.

Sage wondered if she was dreaming as she watched Ian's fierce attacks. What was he doing here?

He was a skilled fighter. His punches were sharp, and his kicks were swift. But wasn't he the lofty CEO of Holcomb Corporation, who was solely focused on making money? How could he be so skilled at fighting?

When Calvin and his friends arrived downstairs, the men had already backed off. They were clearly no match for Ian.

Sage relaxed a little once they had backed off. Even though she wasn't sure who they were, she knew Ian would be alright no matter what. "How dare you harass my friend's wife? I'll give you a piece of my mind!" Calvin was about to kick the beer-bellied man, who was still on the ground, when one of his

henchmen pushed Calvin. The sudden force caused him to stumble sideways and hit his forehead on the coffee table.

"I'm bleeding!" Calvin touched his forehead and passed out as soon as he saw the blood on his hands.

Tiana, being a nurse, instinctively went over to stop his bleeding. Sage also wanted to help Tiana, but her steps were unsteady due to how much she had drunk. She almost stumbled and fell, but Ian steadied her.

"If you can't walk properly, don't move," he said coldly.

Sage was fuming. "I can walk just fine!"

The beer-bellied man had a crazed look in his eyes, which went unnoticed by the couple who were locked in a tense standoff. The man grabbed a nearby bottle and swung it at Ian's head amidst the chaos. His movements were swift and ruthless. Sage only realized that he was attacking Ian when the bottle was about to hit Ian's head.

"Watch out!" Her reflexes took over, and without hesitation, she pushed Ian away.

However, Ian had also noticed the imminent attack. He forcefully pulled Sage into his arms. Even though he had reacted quickly, the bottle still struck Sage's shoulder.

"Ouch!" She winced in pain and swayed slightly.

"Sage!" Ian kicked the beer-bellied man away and looked at her. "Are you okay?"

His urgent voice echoed in her ears. Sage wasn't sure if it was the alcohol or the pain, but she felt dizzy and couldn't open her eyes. In a haze, she felt herself being lifted by Ian, who then ran out of the bar. Faintly, she heard Tiana's voice, the pitiful cries of the beer-bellied man, and various screams...

Sage woke up to find herself lying in a ward.

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Sage was surrounded by white walls and had an IV drip attached to her arm. How did she end up in the hospital?

All of a sudden, memories of what had happened in the bar flooded back. The beer-bellied man had tried to hit Ian, so she pushed him away and was injured in the process.

"Hey. You're awake." Ian's low voice brought her back to reality.

Sage looked up and noticed Ian sitting by the bed. He looked tired. His brows were knitted and his face looked haggard. He usually took care of his appearance, but now, he looked disheveled.

His suit jacket had been tossed carelessly over the back of the chair, and he was propping his head up with one hand. His sleeves were rolled up, revealing his strong wrists.

"Are you feeling any pain?" Ian asked, sitting up.

Sage moved her body. Aside from her shoulder and a headache, she was fine. "I'm fine. Where's Tiana? Has she gone home?" she asked hoarsely.

His eyes darkened as he looked at her. "Why did you do that, Sage? Fortunately, that guy was drunk and didn't use much force. Otherwise, you would have been seriously injured."

Sage felt a wave of regret and fear wash over her when he recounted the incident. She was also feeling a little down.

Her tendency to prioritize Ian over everything else was overwhelming. Even though she had another chance at life, she couldn't fix it.

"Don't worry, it won't happen again," she mumbled.

Ian felt uncomfortable when he noticed her grim expression. He frowned and said awkwardly, "I admit I've neglected you, and I haven't been there for you. But if you want to get a divorce because you think I don't care about you, then let's hold off on that for now. We could spend some time together and try to get along. I will try to meet your needs." Sage understood that his words had probably been spoken out of guilt for her selfless act. Ian was usually high and mighty, so it was rare for him to show such humility.

In the past, she would've readily agreed to his suggestion. But now, she had no interest whatsoever. Although she loved him for eight years, and old habits die hard, she simply didn't have the energy to love him anymore.

"It's alright," she said apathetically. "Let's just stick to our original plan and go through with the divorce at the agreed time. You don't have to change anything."

Ian suppressed his emotions and took another step back. "I could make it up to you by celebrating our anniversary again. We can do whatever you want to do."

Sage seemed to have changed after she woke up from her suicide attempt. The reason she had tried to kill herself was because he didn't celebrate their fifth anniversary with her.

Hence, Ian felt like this was the crux. It was at least one of the reasons that triggered her desire for a divorce. Since he had found the root cause, everything would be fine after he addressed it.

Although Ian thought he had come up with the perfect solution, Sage was not impressed. In fact, she even sneered at him. "Ian, our problem isn't just about an anniversary. You're not someone who fusses over such things, so don't try to make up for your guilt with these gestures." "Do you really think this is just a way for me to make up for my mistakes, Sage?" he asked through gritted teeth.

"What else could it be?" she shot back.

His expression hardened. "Why did you risk your life to protect me in that dangerous situation if you don't have any feelings for me? I want to have a proper conversation with you, but you're acting like you want nothing to do with me. Don't you think your actions are a little contradictory?"

Sage responded, "What happened tonight was an accident. If it had been anyone else I know, like Tiana or even Mr. Zane, I would've protected them too."

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"Listen, this is just who I am. It has nothing to do with whether I love you or not." Her voice was calm, and her face was expressionless.

Ian felt his heart get heavy. "Sage, do you even believe what you're saying?"

Sage had been revolving around him for half a decade. Everyone knew she loved him. There was no way she could stop loving him overnight. However, her patience was wearing thin. "Believe it or not, I'm telling you the truth. Regardless, we're getting divorced right after Grandma's birthday and not a day later!"

There was a knock on the door just as the couple were at each other's throats. Calvin's voice came from outside. "Ian, Mrs. Holcomb, may I come in?"

"Come in," Ian responded coldly.

The door of the ward swung open, and Calvin walked in. He had a bandage on his forehead, but apart from his slightly pale lips, he seemed to be in better spirits than Ian.

Calvin could sense the tension between the couple, so he asked with a smile, "Mrs. Holcomb, you're awake! Are you okay?"

Initially, Sage wanted to ignore Calvin, but she nodded because he had stepped forward to confront the big-bellied man last night. "I'm okay." "That's good to hear." He continued, "Oh, you won't believe this, Mrs. Holcomb, but Ian freaked out after you were struck with the bottle. He didn't even care that he had hurt his back. He just scooped you up and bolted outside."

Sage eyed Calvin skeptically. "Didn't you faint at the sight of your own blood?"

He corrected her solemnly, "I didn't faint! I just hit my forehead and felt a little dizzy. Ms. Ford fixed me up, and I was back in action."

He did faint again later on because someone else's blood splattered on him, but there was no need to dwell on that.

"I saw with my own eyes that Ian bruised his waist on the corner of a table!"

Sage glanced at Ian's waist when she heard that. Despite her haze, she had vaguely felt that Ian had been bumped by something. But he didn't miss a beat and just bolted out of the bar. No wonder his brows were knitted, and he looked unwell. It was because of his backache. "I'm alright now. You should take him to the doctor," she told Calvin. Calvin glanced at Ian and noticed his hardened expression. He figured something must've gone down between them. As his best friend, he felt like it was his duty to help him out, so he suggested, "Ian, I'll accompany you to see the doctor."

Ian didn't budge, so Calvin walked over and helped him up. "Let's go. Mrs. Holcomb needs her rest. We can come back and check on her later. Mrs. Holcomb, I'll take Ian for his check-up now!" Calvin waved to Sage and dragged Ian out of the ward.

Ian yanked his hand away as soon as they were outside. "Take it easy, Ian. Your back injury could be serious. If something goes wrong, you'll be the one bearing the brunt of the consequences!"

Ian shot him a cold look but remained silent.

"Ian, did you and Mrs. Holcomb have another argument? What was it about?" Calvin asked out of curiosity. "Mrs. Holcomb risked herself to save you, and you spent most of the night accompanying her. This should have been a good time for you two to talk things out. So why do you look so upset?"

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Ian couldn't figure out why Sage was so cold to him. It was obvious she had feelings for him, but she refused to let go of her grudges for some reason.

"Ian, is Mrs. Holcomb still planning to divorce you?" Calvin asked cautiously since he didn't get an answer.

He happened to overhear Sage saying that she didn't want to delay the divorce for even a single day before he knocked on the door. He was a little surprised that although Sage would disregard her safety for Ian, she was unwilling to give him a chance to make things right.

Ian's face turned grim when he heard Calvin's question. "It's not like I can't live without her. If she insists on getting a divorce, I won't force her to stay."

"Is that so?" Calvin cocked his brow. "Come on, Ian. Let's be real. Mrs. Holcomb is drop-dead gorgeous and has a great personality. Plus, she plays those drums like nobody's business.

"It's understandable for you to be reluctant to let her go. I told you to take her out for some fresh air the other day. Have you made any plans yet?"

Ian felt even more frustrated when he heard that. "My company's going to Greenfield for the team-building event the day after tomorrow. But she said she wants to hang out with her best friend and doesn't want to go."

Calvin thought that sounded like an excuse. "Ian, you should find a way to invite Mrs. Holcomb's friend then. Couples need to spend more time together to strengthen their relationship."

Ian glanced at him coldly. "Did you think I wouldn't hold you accountable for your actions just because you're saying all these things? How could you not help Sage when she got into trouble at the bar? You were at the fucking bar!"

This was indeed his fault. He kept Ian on tenterhooks by not telling him the address, and he didn't notice when Sage was being harassed. Knowing this, Calvin admitted his mistake.

"I just wanted to mess with you. I didn't expect you to be resourceful enough to find the bar yourself. You even managed to beat up the hooligans for Mrs. Holcomb! But Ian, how'd you figure out where we were?"

Ian cast him a scornful look. "You tagged the location in your stories." Calvin smacked his forehead. He had posted a moment shortly after he arrived, but he had completely forgotten about it.

"Man, Ian, you're so sharp. You notice every single detail." Calvin began trying to butter up to Ian. "Mrs. Holcomb will definitely see your strengths all over again once she spends more time with you!"

"So... you're saying I don't have a single good quality left in her eyes?" Ian asked lowly.

"N-no, of course not," Calvin hurriedly said. "You're so outstanding, Ian. There's no way Mrs. Holcomb doesn't know that. But she's dealing with some stuff right now. Once you help her resolve them, she won't be mad at you anymore!"

"You should hurry up and get your waist checked, Ian. Mrs. Holcomb is still waiting for you in her ward after all."

Meanwhile, Sage unlocked her phone. It was already dawn. Four or five hours had passed since she fainted.

Tiana sent her a message on WhatsApp mentioning that the men who had bullied them at the bar had all been sent to the police station by Ian's men.

Tiana also assured her that although her shoulder was bruised, there was no muscle or bone damage. She then told her to apply some ointment to the bruise and that it would be fine in a few days.

Moreover, she mentioned that she would come to the hospital in the morning and told Sage not to wander around.

Sage responded to Tiana's message and settled back onto the hospital bed. Fortunately, her shoulder wasn't seriously injured, or she would've regretted saving Ian.

However, she still regretted it at that moment. Her actions had only deepened Ian's misunderstanding of her. He even said that he wanted to forget about the divorce.

Forget it. Ian had protected her a few times in the past, and he almost got hurt last night while trying to help her.

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She would be in a difficult position if Ian was injured and used it as an excuse to delay the divorce. Sage felt much more relaxed as she thought of that.

Not long after, Calvin came into the ward. "Mrs. Holcomb, Ian's injuries have been checked out. He stayed up all night watching over you, so I asked him to get some rest at my place first."

Sage nodded.

"Mrs. Holcomb, Ian also took quite a hit to his lower back. The doctor said it would be best for him to stay in the hospital for a few days. But since Ian's too busy to rest, the doctor prescribed him some medication to improve blood flow and alleviate his pain. He needs to apply it and massage the area every day."

She couldn't believe it. Was he asking her to apply the medication for Ian? Sage chuckled and pointed to her shoulder. "Unfortunately, I injured my shoulder and can't exert much force. I'm afraid I can't help him."

In her previous life, she was pushed by Ian and injured her lumbar spine. She had to rest for half a month before it recovered. Ian had only bumped into the corner of a table, so he got off easy.

Calvin changed the subject. "That's alright, Mrs. Holcomb. But his injury is on his side, so he can apply the medicine himself. Mrs. Holcomb, since you can't massage your own shoulder, why don't you let Ian do it for you?"

Sage declined. "It's okay. Wanda will be back tomorrow. She can help me out then."

Calvin paused for a moment before apologizing. "Mrs. Holcomb, please don't take all the nonsense I have said to you in the past to heart. I've had a bad habit of running my mouth."

Of course, she didn't take it to heart. The reason he didn't think much of her was because Ian never took her seriously. It was only natural for his friends not to take her seriously as well.

Sage chuckled. "It's okay, you weren't spouting nonsense. I indeed used to cling to Ian, so it's not surprising that you felt the need to stand up for him."

Calvin cleared his throat. "Mrs. Holcomb, I heard Ms. Ford works at the hospital. Will she be stopping by tomorrow?"

"No. She doesn't work here, but she said she'd drop by. Do you need her for something?" she asked. x

"It's nothing. I just wanted to thank her for what she did last night."

"I see. I'll let her know when she comes around tomorrow."

"Thanks, Mrs. Holcomb." Calvin pulled out his phone. "By the way, let's exchange contact information. It'll make it easier to contact each other in the future if anything comes up."

Those words sounded familiar. In the past, she had wanted to get Calvin's contact information to get to know Ian better, but he had turned her down.

"I don't see why we would have to contact each other in the future. So there's no need to exchange our contact information." Sage used his words against him.

He had no idea Sage was so vengeful. Ian was in for it now. After all, it wouldn't be easy to win her back after he treated Sage like garbage in the past.

Calvin returned to his ward, where Ian was resting with his eyes closed. He opened his eyes when he heard Calvin walk in. His expression was unreadable.

Calvin sighed. "It's a lost cause. Mrs. Holcomb isn't having any of it. She won't help you, nor will she accept your help. She even refused my request to exchange contact information."

"Huh? You asked for her contact information?" Ian arched his brow. "That's not the point, Ian." Calvin was rendered speechless. "I wanted to get her contact information so I could keep an eye on her and see if I could find any opportunities for you."

Ian had known him for years, so he could see right through him. He scoffed.

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"I bet you're interested in her friend, Tiana, aren't you?" Ian scoffed. "But she's already taken."

Calvin wasn't the least bit upset that he had been caught red-handed. Instead, he seemed a little downcast. "Why did she rush into marriage at such a young age?"

He then realized what he said and added, "Of course, Mrs. Holcomb doesn't count. She married you because she loved you."

Ian snorted. "Tiana's husband is a chief surgeon at a top-tier hospital. That means she's into successful and stable men. Even if she wasn't married, you're not her type."

Calvin was rendered speechless. Ian's words cut deep. It seemed like birds of a feather really did flock together—Ilan and Sage were both the same. Calvin felt defeated.

Tiana arrived at the hospital in the morning, carrying a pot of soup she had made for Sage.

"Sage Joyner, you almost gave me a heart attack. How could you block such a huge wine bottle?" Tiana reprimanded her as soon as she saw her. "How could you claim you've moved on from Ian with such reckless behavior? Who do you think you're fooling?"

Sage sighed inwardly. She knew Tiana wasn't the only one who didn't believe her. Anyone who learned about what had happened wouldn't believe her either. Sage could only blame herself here.

"Please spare the victim. I know I messed up," she pleaded.

Tiana pinched her cheek. "If you're willing to risk your own safety just to keep Ian from harm, it means he's still very important to you. Honestly, you should just forget about getting a divorce. Ian is handsome and physically fit, and he is also the CEO of the famous Holcomb Corporation.

"Plus, he looks cool when he's beating people up. I can see that he cares about you. Why don't you guys just stay like this?"

"I didn't realize you had the potential to be a lobbyist." Sage rolled her eyes at Tiana.

"Oh, hush. I just know how strong your feelings for Ian are, and I don't want you to regret it," Tiana said. "Sure, he's got his flaws. But who doesn't? What matters is that he's willing to work on them for you." Sage couldn't disagree with Tiana. The man she loved was finally interested in her, and he had even promised to change. Perhaps she and Ian could live with their current situation, even if it wasn't ideal. "But I don't want to settle," Sage said. "I'd rather not have love than have someone's pity."

Tiana was confused when she heard Sage's words. "Didn't you say that as long as you stuck by Ian's side, he'd eventually realize how wonderful you are and fall in love with you? Why are you backing down now that he's realizing that?"

Sage couldn't tell her about what had happened in her previous life. It was only natural that Tiana couldn't understand her.

Hence, she changed the subject. "Let's not talk about it anymore. I'm hungry. I want to eat something."

After she finished her meal, a doctor came to check on her and said they would conduct another examination on Sage later. If there were no other problems, she could be discharged from the hospital.

Naturally, she was happy to hear that. Sage and Tiana then made plans to take a stroll through the small garden outside.

The girls ran into several doctors as they walked down the corridor. The leader was a man wearing rimless glasses. He had a cold and aloof demeanor. It was Tiana's husband, William.

The doctors were so engrossed in their discussion that they didn't notice Sage and Tiana. Sage and Wilson weren't acquainted. She had only seen him twice, but she had never spoken to him or shared a meal with him.

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Her understanding of him came solely from Tiana. Sage had no idea how to greet him, so she nudged Tiana. "Tiana, are you not going to say hello to your husband?"

William looked up at the sound of her voice. However, he wasn't looking at Sage. He was looking at Tiana.

Tiana's eyes lit up, and she smiled. However, Wilson didn't greet her. He just glanced at her and looked away. He walked past them with the doctors. The smile on Tiana's face faded as he did that.

Sage was confused. "Why didn't he greet you? Is he mad at you because you hit the bar last night?"

Tiana shook her head. "He had a late surgery last night, so he didn't come home. He doesn't even know I was out."

"Then why is he behaving like he doesn't know who you are?"

Tiana responded, "He's probably here for an exchange. Plus, he was surrounded by his colleagues. If he greeted me, he'd have to introduce me to everyone. It'd be a waste of time."

"Has he always been like this with you?" Sage asked.

Tiana smiled. "Nah, not really. He has fulfilled his duties and given me the respect I deserve. Besides, I get to feast my eyes on that handsome face every day, so I'm not complaining."

Sage was rendered speechless. It seemed like birds of a feather flocked together. She and her friend were both hopeless romantics. The girls walked around the garden for a while. Then, a nurse came over to call Sage for a check-up.

Calvin came over after they returned to Sage's ward. He spotted Tiana and greeted her warmly. "Hello, Ms. Ford."

Tiana nodded. "Is your forehead okay?"

He responded, "Don't worry. I'm as healthy as a cow. Last night was just an accident."

"Tiana, why don't you catch up with him for a bit? I'll go for my checkup," Sage said when she noticed how well they were getting along.

"Mrs. Holcomb, there was a problem at the company that Ian had to tend to early this morning. He'll be here later to take you home from the hospital," Calvin said.

"Aww, would you look at that! Someone's got their eye on you now," Tiana teased.

Sage glared at her before following the nurse into the examination room. After completing a series of tests, she returned to the ward and ran into Terry, who had a folder in his hands.

"Mr. Zane, what brings you here?" she asked him.

To her surprise, Terry, who usually seemed calm and collected around her, looked a little nervous when he heard her voice.

"Mrs. Holcomb, I'll be heading downstairs to wait for you and Mr. Holcomb." He then sprinted off.

Sage was dumbstruck. What was going on? Why did he react that way?

Just then, Ian emerged from the ward. "Are you done with the check-up?" he asked.

Sage nodded and looked back at Terry, who had disappeared into the elevator. Turning back to Ian, she asked, "Did Mr. Zane do something wrong? Why did he run off so quickly?"

Ian asked calmly, "Are you guys close? Not only did you give him a gift, but you also seem to care about him."

Sage was perplexed. "Huh? When did I do that? I just found it strange that he's acting so out of character."

"Why'd you say that you would also block the wine bottle for Terry if he had been in the same situation?" he couldn't help but ask.

Tiana was her best friend, so it was understandable that she would do that. But why would she do the same to Terry?