

A Farewell 201

Chapter 201

Sage was at a loss for words. She couldn't help but wonder if he had injured his brain instead of his waist last night. Why else would he dwell on such a trivial matter? Sage couldn't be bothered to answer him, so she walked into the ward.

Ian also realized he had overreacted. He wondered why he was so bothered by her words. In the end, he chalked it up to not getting enough rest last night.

Tiana and Calvin appeared to have hit it off in the ward. Sage caught them in the process of exchanging contact information when she walked in.

"Welcome back!" Tiana dragged Sage into the restroom and locked the door behind them as soon as she spotted Sage.

"What's up? Why'd you drag me in here?" Sage asked.

Tiana asked excitedly in hushed tones, "Calvin told me that you were the one who bit Ian's lips. Is that true?"

Sage had almost forgotten about it until she brought it up. Ian's lips did look much better that day. She couldn't believe how perceptive Calvin was.

"To be honest, I had also noticed the scar on Ian's lips last night, but I was too busy to dwell on it. Calvin had the same suspicion as me, and he found out about it in the ward last night."

Tiana teased, "It looks like things got pretty heated, huh? After all, he left a hickey on your neck, and you bit his lip."

Initially, Sage was going to refute Tiana. However, something hit her. "Wait... did you tell Calvin about the hickey on my neck?"

Knowing Calvin, word would soon reach Ian's ears. Wouldn't she have given Ian leverage if he wasn't the one who left those red marks on her neck?

"Of course! Gossip is meant to be shared," Tiana said matter-of-factly. "You've only known each other for a few hours and you're already spilling secrets?"

"Mhm. We hit it off right away!"

Sage was rendered speechless. Before long, her test results were in. There were no other issues with her body. The injury on her shoulder would heal in no time if she applied the ointment every day.

After completing the discharge procedures, Tiana decided to leave first because she had an afternoon shift.

"Let me give you a ride, Ms. Ford. I'll be going in that direction, too." Tiana declined, "It's okay. I can hail a cab."

Calvin touched his forehead and said pitifully, "To be honest, I noticed how skilled you were at treating wounds. My forehead still hurts... I was hoping you could teach me how to treat it."

This time, Tiana agreed readily. "Sure, I can do that. I'll explain on the way."

Sage watched as Calvin diligently opened the car door for Tiana before rushing into the driver's seat. "Is he interested in Tiana?" she asked Ian.

Ian remained silent as if he were lost in thought.

Sage couldn't help but wave her hand in front of him a few times. "Well? What are you looking at? Do you not hear me? I'm talking to you, Ian Holcomb!"

He turned to look at Sage. "His interest usually fizzles out in about half a month. It won't affect your friend."

"So... he is interested in Tiana?" Her eyes widened.

Ian fell silent once again. Just then, the driver pulled up. Ian opened the car door and motioned to Sage. "Get in."

Eager to learn the answer, she hopped into the car.

"Does he not know that Tiana is married?" she asked after Ian settled into the back seat with her.

Ian was never one to stick his nose into someone else's business. However, he decided to answer her question after looking into her big, shiny eyes. "He does. He wouldn't do anything out of line."

Chapter 202

"He's just used to expressing his feelings. Give it a few days, and... back off."

Sage was a little disappointed when she heard that. "If only he would persist for a little while longer..."

Ian eyed Sage suspiciously.

Tiana's husband might have felt a sense of urgency about his marriage and started paying more attention to Tiana if Calvin persisted for a little while longer. However, she couldn't tell

Ian that.

Hence, she said, "It's complicated."

Ian was rendered speechless. The driver dropped Sage off at Solaris Estate.

"I'll help you apply the ointment on your shoulder tonight, so don't bother Wanda," Ian said as she got out of the car.

Calvin had mentioned it last night as well. Still, she declined. "It's alright. Wanda can handle it.

He added lowly, "My waist is also injured. I'll practice on you first."

Sage quipped, "Maybe you should just keep your mouth shut. It might just speed up both our recoveries." Then, she walked away without sparing him another glance.

Ian frowned. He wondered why her reaction was different from what he had imagined. After all, he couldn't bring himself to act pitiful like Calvin. He had come up with a more reasonable explanation for his actions. Yet, Sage wasn't having any of it.

"Women are so difficult to understand," he groaned inwardly.

Sage was resting her eyes in the afternoon when she received a message from Shane. "The fishies have taken the bait."

She immediately perked up. "Can you catch them?"

"Relax. They're being cautious right now. However, with the right bait, I'm sure they'll take it.

Sage was put in a good mood by his words. "Thank you, Mr. Morrison. I'll treat you to dinner when this is over."

"Why wait? Let's go out for dinner tonight."

"I apologize, but I've injured my shoulder and need to rest. I can't go out yet."

"It's okay. You don't need your shoulders to eat.

“Do I have to? I was just being polite.”

“Yes, you do. Or else, I’m afraid I wouldn’t know what I’d do.”

Sage was at a loss for words. Luckily, he sent his driver to pick her up. When she walked in, she noticed Giselle in the restaurant, and her head started to throb.

She hadn’t heard from Giselle since she ran out of Shane’s office in Farsight Investment in tears the last time. She assumed that Giselle had given up on Shane. She hadn’t expected to see her here.

“There you are.” Shane spotted Sage and walked over to her with a smile on his face.

Sage glared at him. “I’m not playing your games anymore. I’m out of here.”

He kept smiling. “Hold on a second. We’re in this together. Besides, you’ve made me out to be your ‘hopeless devotee’. Even if I didn’t invite you out, chances are that Giselle would come looking for you.”

“Well, you’re the one who’s head over heels for me, not the other way around. I have nothing to fear even if she comes searching for me.”

Sage turned to leave, but Shane’s words stopped her in her tracks. “The bait’s been set. Don’t you want to reel it in?”

“Shane Morrison! You were setting me up from the moment you messaged me, weren’t you?” she asked through gritted teeth.

Shane shrugged. “Don’t say that. We’re both getting something out of this.”

Giselle couldn’t sit still anymore. She got up and walked over to Shane and Sage. “Shanie, could you give us a minute? I’d like to talk to Ms. Joyner alone.”

Shane arched his brow. "What are you going to talk to her about? I'm warning you, dare bully her. Even if your older brother steps in, I won't let you get away with it."

don't WORRY

Chapter 203

"Don't worry," Giselle said, a pained expression on her delicate face. "I wouldn't dare to mess

with her with you here."

"That's what I thought." Shane scoffed. Then, his expression changed drastically as he turned to Sage.

"Don't worry. I'll wait over there. Just call me if you need anything."

Sage rolled her eyes at him and ignored him. The man walked away, glancing back every few

steps.

Giselle took a deep breath and said, "So we've met again, Ms. Joyner." Her eyes shone with determination as if she had come to terms with something.

Sage couldn't bear to see the young lady's crestfallen face. Hence, she cut to the chase. "Shane was just spouting nonsense, Ms. Rosethorn. Please don't take it to heart. Also, I lied to you. He

has no feelings for me at all.

"He threatened me into coming here today. Feel free to court him if you like him. I will never be an obstacle in your relationship, so please don't see me as your rival."

Giselle seemed unfazed when she heard that. She replied, "Ms. Joyner, I've looked into your situation. I know you're married, and you're not into Shane. However, I also know that Shane ruined your marriage."

That was a complete misunderstanding of her situation. Sage sighed, feeling drained. “Ms. Rosethorn, whether my husband and I get divorced or not has nothing to do with Shane.”

“I’m aware that there’s a deep-seated conflict between Shane and your husband. Those two have always been at odds,” Giselle continued. “Hence, he wouldn’t get too close to you. You should be grateful that he didn’t take his anger out on you.”

Even though it wasn’t the right time, Sage couldn’t help but ask, “Do you know what their conflict is about?”

In her previous life, Shane and Ian were rivals in the business world. In this life, both of them still didn’t see eye to eye.

Giselle hadn’t expected the conversation to take such a sharp turn. “That’s not the point here, Ms. Joyner,” she reminded.

Yet, that was what Sage wanted to know. “Ms. Rosethorn, have you ever considered the possibility that Shane might be using me as a shield to reject your marriage proposal?” she asked since she couldn’t get any useful information from Giselle.

“But there’s plenty of other women he could use! Why would he have to use you?” Giselle persisted. “There are plenty of women around him. Yet, I’ve never felt threatened because I

know he doesn’t care about them. But I can tell at a glance that you’re different to Shane, Ms.

Joyner.”

Sage shook her head as she thought, “Love really does make people blind.”

She didn’t want to waste her breath on Giselle anymore. “So, what is it that you’d like to talk to me about, Ms. Rosethorn?”

There was a tinge of sadness in Giselle's eyes as she responded, "I was hoping you could do me a favor, Ms. Joyner."

Sage hurriedly said, "Don't worry. I won't contact Shane privately or agree to his 'pursuit.'"

"That's not it..." Giselle took a deep breath and continued, "Could you teach me how to win him over?"

Sage was at a loss for words. How did she end up in such a preposterous situation? How was she supposed to know how to win Shane over? She had no experience in that department.

"Ring, ring! Cutie, your phone is ringing!" Just then, her phone rang.

Sage breathed a sigh of relief when she noticed Ian's number. "Honey!" she deliberately called out as she answered the phone.

Chapter 204

Ian thought he had dialed the wrong number when he heard her comettish, but urgent, voice. He looked at his phone and confirmed that it was Sage on the line.

However, she had been distant and indifferent toward him recently. Her sudden change in attitude suggested she was in serious trouble and needed help.

"Where are you?" he asked calmly.

Sage told him the location of the restaurant. Ian didn't ask who she was with or why she was there. Instead, he simply said, "I'll pick you up in a bit."

Sage felt a wave of relief wash over her after hanging up the phone. Giselle and Shane were too difficult to deal with, and she didn't want to get involved in their love-hate relationship. Ian's

call couldn't have come at a better time.

“I

teach you:

Ms. Rosethorn,” Sage said solemnly. “I’m telling you the truth. Shane doesn’t like me, and he never will. Honestly, you’re young, beautiful, and wealthy. Why don’t you move on and find someone who is better suited for you?”

Since she had been reborn, she always advised people not to be obsessed with love and romance. Sage believed that there was so much more to life and that revolving around a man was a very stupid thing to do. After all, doing so would never win a man’s love.

However, her well-intended words were not well received by Giselle. Instead, the young lady looked like she had anticipated Sage’s refusal.

“I’ve got my own plans, Ms. Joyner, and I don’t need you to lecture me,” Giselle said lowly. “I can’t believe you just gave me the runaround when I sincerely asked you for advice!

“Let me repeat myself. I’m not giving up on Shane! Mr. Morrison Senior made it clear that I was the only one who could be his daughter-in-law. None of the other women stood a chance.

Sage let out a soft sigh. She had said something similar to Ivy in the past, but it had fallen on deaf ears. In the end, she was just fooling herself.

Sage didn’t want to waste her breath on Giselle anymore. “I’ll wish you all the best then, Ms. Rosethorn. My husband is almost here. Please excuse me,” she said before heading toward the yard.

Yet, Shane chased after her and stood in her way. “Why are you leaving already when you haven’t driven her away?”

Sage shot daggers at him. “Ian’s here to pick me up. If you’re that upset about it, why don’t you go crash his car again? You could also pick a fight with him. Anyhow, I’m not obligated to

cater to your whims!”

She paused before continuing, “Besides, Ms. Rosethorn is a great woman. If you’re genuinely not interested in her, be upfront with your and her parents. Don’t lead her on and leave her hanging!”

A sly grin spread across his face when he heard that. “Alright.”

Before she could wrap her head around what he meant by that, Shane abruptly grabbed her hand and begged, “Please don’t go! She’s really not my fiancée. The engagement was decided by our parents. I wasn’t even present that day!”

Sage was dumbstruck. Realization dawned on her when she spotted Giselle approaching them. Sage shook him off and snarled, “What the hell is wrong with you, Shane? Are you done playing around?”

Shane had a pained expression on his face. “Why don’t you believe me? How could you leave with another man so easily?”

Sage was both amused and infuriated. “It’s such a shame you didn’t join the entertainment industry, Shane Morrison.”

Chapter 205

Then, she spotted Ian’s car approaching. Sage ran over to it, ignoring Shane, who was “in pain”, and Giselle, who was in tears. She swung open the car door and slipped inside without

hesitation.

Ian was glancing at the entrance with a hardened expression. Sage figured he must’ve seen Shane standing in her way. However, she didn’t feel the need to explain herself to him.

After all, he was much closer to Ivy and never explained himself to her. So why should she bother?

“Let’s go,” she said to the driver.

The driver turned to look at Ian and waited for his instructions. Ian shifted his attention to the driver and nodded at him. He then asked, “Why did you meet up with Shane again?”

“Don’t even start,” she scoffed. “Why can’t I meet with him? It isn’t my problem that Shane don’t get along.”

you

and

Ian was taken aback. “Sage, can’t you tone down your attitude and have a normal conversation with me?”

“Oh, sorry honey, but I’m very petty. I can’t have a civilized conversation with you.”

Sure enough, she wasn’t coquettish like she was on the phone when she was in the car with him. Ian decided not to dwell on this subject anymore. Instead, he said, “So what just happened? Did Shane

give you a hard time?”

Regardless, Ian did save the day, so she didn’t snap at him. “It was just a minor issue. No big deal.”

Shane had called her over to be his human shield. However, he still had something she needed, so she couldn’t afford to turn against him.

“By the way, why’d you call?” she asked.

Ian could tell Sage wasn't telling the truth. He was also aware that, even if he pressed her, she wouldn't tell him if she didn't want to. He suppressed his discomfort and asked, "How's your shoulder? I hope you didn't strain it just now."

"I didn't," Sage responded. She didn't even drive to the restaurant. Moreover, she greatly valued her life, so she wouldn't disobey the doctor's advice. "Is that it?" she asked, confused.

"I'm sure my grandmother has told you that my father will be returning to Haldon soon," he said.

Sage nodded. "Yeah, she did. Why? Is he arriving today?"

"He'll arrive in a couple of days," Ian responded. "He's not used to living in Holcomb Manor, and Holcomb Estate has been inhabited for ages. There's just a housekeeper there, so we might need to go over and sort things out."

Realization dawned on Sage. "I'll pass," she responded. "I've never met Mr. Holcomb Senior, and I don't know his preferences. I wouldn't be much help. Besides, my shoulder's killing me. I don't feel like running around."

"So your

shoulder doesn't hurt when you meet up with Shane, but it hurts when you go to Holcomb Estate?"

"Of course, it hurts! That's why I need to go home and get some rest."

Ian's expression darkened. He then questioned, "What did you just call my father?"

"Mr. Holcomb Senior! Isn't he the chairman of Holcomb Corp?" Sage realized what she had just said. "Don't worry. I'll still call him 'Dad' until we get divorced."

"Divorce,

, divorce. That's all she ever talks about," he brooded.

"My grandmother's birthday is just around the corner, Sage. Could you please refrain from mentioning that word? It's upsetting."

Sage realized it wasn't a good time for rumors of their divorce to spread. Linda had also said that Leo wouldn't be home for long.

Chapter 206

Sage nodded. "Don't worry. I won't bring up our divorce in front of Mr. Holcomb Senior. Plus, we can keep our divorce under wraps after we get the divorce certificate."

Ian wasn't particularly pleased when he heard that. "Let's head to Holcomb Estate right now," he ordered.

Her eyes widened. "What is the meaning of this, Ian Holcomb? I told you I'm not going!"

"Since we're not divorced yet, you'll have to fulfill your duties as my wife," he responded. Ian couldn't suppress his anger. After all, she was willing to meet up with Shane, but she wasn't willing to accompany him to Holcomb Estate.

Sage decided to tag along after she noticed his unyielding demeanor.

Holcomb Estate was in a prime location. It was a three-story Gothic-style house adorned with gardens. Sage had never stepped foot inside the estate even though she was Ian's wife.

Ian had moved out after college and opted to live alone in his own home. After getting married, Solaris Estate was their new abode. Moreover, she had little reason to come over since his parents were away and his grandmother lived in Holcomb Manor.

Nonetheless, she had begged Ian to bring her here because she was curious about his

residence.

parents'

"Ian, could you accompany me to Holcomb Estate? It's your parents' place, after all. I feel like I should at least drop by to pay my respects and let the housekeepers know who I am."

However, he had responded apathetically, "My parents aren't around, so there's no reason for you to go."

At the time, she was very disappointed, but to avoid upsetting Ian, she never brought it up again. Little did she know that Ian would take her there as their divorce drew near.

The housekeeper walked over after the driver pulled into the driveway and greeted Ian respectfully. "Mr. Holcomb."

The housekeeper stiffened when she noticed the woman behind him. Obviously, she didn't recognize the woman. Ian casually wrapped his arm around Sage's shoulder and said, "This is Sage."

The housekeeper immediately greeted Sage when she heard her name. "Welcome, Mrs. Holcomb." Even though she had never seen Sage in person, she was quite familiar with her.

Sage wasn't the least bit surprised by her reaction. She smiled politely and followed Ian into the house.

"Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb, have you eaten yet? Why don't I prepare something for you?" the housekeeper offered kindly.

Sage shook her head. "Don't bother. I'm not hungry."

However, Ian said, "Prepare something light. She's anemic, so she can't skip her meals."

The housekeeper nodded and headed to the kitchen.

“Let’s go upstairs. I’ll show you around.” Ian then took Sage’s hand in his. He led her upstairs and showed her the master bedroom and the guest room.

At that moment, images of her past self, who was trapped in the mental asylum, resurfaced in her mind. She looked worn out, and her eyes were lifeless. Sage was sure that her past self must have been very envious of her current self. After all, Ian was holding her hand and leading her around Holcomb Estate, telling her about the layout of the rooms.

“Why’re you crying? Are the lights bothering you?” Ian looked at her in confusion.

Sage stepped away and wiped the tears from her eyes. “I don’t feel so good. I’d like to head downstairs now.”

“What’s wrong?” Ian grabbed her hand again, his concern evident in his dark eyes. “Is it your shoulder? Or are you feeling dizzy from hunger?”

Sage pulled away yet again and responded apathetically, “It’s because of you. I’m sick of seeing you.”

Chapter 207

Ian was baffled by her abrupt change of demeanor. Even though he intended to mend their relationship, he found it hard to keep his cool when he looked at her tear-filled eyes and distant demeanor. “Sage Joyner, why are you being so fickle?”

Sage looked up at him and retorted, “I’m pretty sure you’re the fickle one. In the past, I begged you to bring me here, but you couldn’t be bothered to. Yet, you now insist on bringing me here when I told you I wasn’t interested anymore. Ian Holcomb, aren’t you just doing this because I haven’t been paying much attention to you lately?”

“Do you seriously think that I’m doing this because I’m upset?” Ian countered.

“What else could it be?” she scoffed. “Would you notice me, care about what I think, or bring me here on your own if I were still revolving around you every day like I used to?”

For a moment, he was stumped. In the past, Sage was too clingy. She would always want him to spend time with her, and she always wanted his eyes to be on her. Sage would do anything to grab his attention. She’d doll herself up and wear revealing outfits just to bring him a glass

of milk

However, those tactics were child’s play. Not only did she cry, make a scene, and complain

when Ivy joined the company, but she also threatened and harassed Ivy, causing Ivy to suffer unjustly.

The mere thought of Sage’s constant demands and relentless questioning made his head throb. Ian didn’t even want to go home, let alone bring her to Holcomb Estate.

“I had a feeling you wouldn’t,” Sage sneered. “I know you despise me and want me to stay as far away from you as possible. Yet, you’re feeling upset because of your ego after I’ve given

you what you wanted.

“Ian Holcomb, I might’ve been hopelessly in love with you in the past, but I’m not some toy you can play with when it suits you and discard when you’re done! I have feelings, too!” Sage then turned on her heels and walked downstairs with tears brimming in her eyes.

The housekeeper noticed her and asked, “Mrs. Holcomb, do you have any food allergies?”

“Thanks, but don’t bother. I’ll be leaving now.” Sage walked straight out of Holcomb Estate.

The estate was situated in a rich neighborhood, where every household owned a car, so it was rare to see cabs there. Sage pulled out her phone and was about to hail when she noticed Ian’s car approaching her.

“Get in,” Ian said as he rolled down the window of the back seat.

Sage turned him down. “No thanks. I’ll hail a cab on my own.”

‘Even if I only saw you as a ‘toy’, I wouldn’t leave you here.’ His tone was indifferent. “Get in the car. I brought you here, so I’m obligated to take you home.”

Sage decided to get in the car after she heard that. After she did, Ian didn’t say anything else. He booted up his laptop and started to check his emails. The couple rode in silence.

Wanda was already home when they arrived at Solaris Estate. “Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb, you must be starving! I’ve prepared dinner. Please dig in,” she said as soon as she noticed them.

Sage was about to tell her she wasn’t hungry and that she wanted to go to bed when Ian went upstairs without another word.

“Mr. Holcomb, aren’t you going to have dinner?” Wanda asked.

He replied indifferently, “I’ll have it later. I still have some paperwork to deal with.”

Had her words hit a nerve? Was that why he got angry? This might be for the best, then. It would save them from dragging things out in the last few days.

Sage took a seat at the dining table, glad to see Ian leave. “Wanda, have you sorted everything out at home already?” she asked.

Wanda’s eyes flickered. “Yes, Mrs. Holcomb. Everything’s alright now.”

Chapter 208

Sage

assumed Wanda had encountered some difficulties, so she comforted her, “Do tell me if there’s something I could help you with.”

The middle-aged woman immediately shook her head. “Oh, no. It’s nothing.”

“Alright, then.” Sage then took a sip of the soup Wanda had prepared.

“Mrs. Holcomb, did you get into an argument with Mr. Holcomb?” Wanda asked.

Sage took another sip of the soup and responded, “It’s nothing serious—just a little disagreement.”

the

All she had done was let off some steam. Ian, on the other hand, had barely reacted.

“Mrs. Holcomb, I believe Mr. Holcomb is worried about you. He specifically asked me to make this soup for you. He said you’d drink it when you returned,” Wanda continued.

instant.

Sage lost her appetite in an She wondered what Ian was playing at. After all, she had just called him out. So why was he going through all this trouble?

Sage returned to her room after dinner. After she did so, she received a message from Shane.

“Ms. Joyner, you were way out of line today. Don’t forget that you still owe me a meat”

Sage was baffled.

“Haven’t you had enough, Mr. Morrison? This isn’t the first time you’ve used me as your human shield. I can’t believe you still have the nerve to mention that I owe you a meal.”

Shane wasted no time and called her.

Seeing his name on her phone’s screen, Sage scoffed and accepted the call. “What do you want? Are you trying to start something?” Sage snapped.

“Tsk, what’s gotten your panties in a bunch? You almost made my ears bleed,” he grumbled. Is this how you speak to Ian in private as well? Is that why he’s dumping you?”

She couldn’t be bothered to correct him anymore. “What do you want, Mr. Morrison? Please don’t tell me you’re just here to stick your nose into my relationship. You’re making me wonder if you have a crush on him.”

“Eww!” Shane was visibly disgusted. “I’m not as blind as you!”

The pair exchanged a few more barbs before Shane got down to business.

“Didn’t you mention that you wanted to market CureX’s medication? I had someone draft a proposal, so please take a look at it. Let’s nail down the specifics by next week.”

“Sure, just send it over.”

Sage was about to boot up her laptop when she noticed Ian standing by the door. She had no idea when he had arrived. His face was as stoic as ever, and his dark eyes were unreadable.

Sage’s brows were knitted as she asked, “What is it?”

Ian pursed his lips and walked toward the stairs without saying a word.

“Weirdo,” she thought to herself.

Sage shut the door, booted up her laptop, and started going through the proposal. She felt sore and stiff when she was done. Hence, she shut her laptop and decided to go downstairs to ask Wanda to help her apply the ointment. However, when she opened the door, she found Ian about to do the same.

It was strange because she had made herself crystal clear. Knowing Ian, he shouldn't have come to her room again.

‘Are you here to retrieve something?’ she asked.

Ian didn't respond. Instead, he reached out and took the ointment in her hand when he noticed it.

Sage frowned. “What are you doing?”

“Wanda's asleep, and she's not strong enough. If you want to get better sooner, lie down.” walked into her room and said coldly, “Like you said, I'm just upset that you're not paying attention to me anymore. I'm not interested in you whatsoever.”

Sage was at a loss for words. He might not have been interested in her emotionally,
way

he kissed her in the kitchen last time didn't seem like he wasn't interested in her body.

He seemed distant, and his eyes were as icy as ever. He looked like he was just here to complete a task out of obligation.

Unable to help herself, she blurted out, “Do you men think it's perfectly normal to have sex without strings attached?”

Chapter 209

Ian's expression darkened when he heard that. "Do you not want to apply the ointment because you want Grandma to notice something's wrong?"

Sage was rendered speechless. Forget it. She shouldn't neglect her health. Besides, she could smell the ointment emanating from him. This meant that he had already applied it, so he was probably more experienced than Wanda in this regard.

Sage settled back into the chair and pulled her loungewear back a tad. "Please help me apply the ointment like this."

Even though he seemed uninterested, there was no telling whether he would suddenly get in the mood. Hence, sitting was the safer option.

Ian didn't seem to mind. He walked up to her and warmed the ointment in his hands before applying it to her shoulders.

Sage couldn't help but wince in pain as his warm palm touched her wound. However, Ian applied steady pressure and massaged her shoulder. It hurt, but the cooling sensation of the ointment and the warmth of his hands made her feel oddly satisfied.

He massaged her shoulder for half an hour. Sage noticed she was sweating at the tip of her nose halfway through. Ian, who was doing all the work, was probably sweating even more,

Sage doubted Wanda would have been able to do it as well as Ian, so she temporarily set aside her animosity toward Ian.

After the massage, Ian left her room without another word, which surprised Sage a little. She couldn't believe that the astute businessmen hadn't made any demands of her.

Later that night, she sensed Ian slipping into the bed as she slept. Sage assumed he couldn't be bothered to move to the guest room since there were only a few days left before they got divorced. Hence, she paid him no mind and continued to sleep soundly.

However, Ian was nowhere to be found when Sage woke up the next day. She went downstairs to eat breakfast. In the middle of her meal, she received a call from Priscilla, asking her to

come over to Mimosa.

"Don't you ever take a break, Priscilla?" Sage teased, "You sure are a workaholic."

Mimosa's business had been relatively stable recently, and Priscilla had been working hard. She had been spending most of her time at the company, and many had praised her for her dedication.

"It can't be helped. Everything has just settled down, and I can't afford to let my guard down. Priscilla smiled. "I called you over to give you an update on how things are going. After all,

you're a shareholder, so you should at least care about it a little."

Sage smiled as well. "With you in charge, there's nothing I have to worry about. I'm just waiting for Mimosa to get listed. Then, I'll reap a huge profit from my investment."

"You deserve it. Mimosa might've caved under Benjamin's pressure if I hadn't been for you." Priscilla paused before continuing, "By the way, Sage, I got word that Benjamin might be released soon."

"Wasn't he just detained not long ago? How could he be released so soon?" puzzled.

Sage asked,

Priscilla explained that Benjamin had been apprehended because he used improper means to acquire the operating rights of the distillery. However, the other party had admitted that he sold it to Benjamin at a low price voluntarily and that he wasn't threatened.

“Doesn’t that sound like he’s been bribed?” Sage continued, “I mean, why else would someone come forward to exonerate Benjamin?”

“I have no idea,” Priscilla responded. “I was afraid he would come after you again when I heard he was about to be released, so I’m giving you a heads–up.”

Sage’s forehead creased. Ian mentioned last time that there was no evidence that Benjamin

had sent someone to threaten her. Even if it could be traced back to him, it was unlikely that Benjamin would be punished because his underlings hadn’t actually done anything to her.

Chapter 210

Benjamin would only get questioned and a warning if he was detained for that.

Hence, Terry did a background search on Benjamin and had him detained for questioning on the opening day because he was using improper means.

Sage thought he would be locked up for a few years. Little did she know that he would be released so soon.

you,

“Don’t worry about it too much. He’s the kind of person who bullies the weak and fears the strong. He won’t act rashly now that he knows Mr. Holcomb has taught him a lesson for Priscilla reassured. “I’ll go and warn him when he gets released. If he dares to hurt you again, I won’t spare him.”

Sage smiled when she heard that. “Alright. We live in a civilized society. I’m sure he can’t just do as he pleases.”

The girls continued talking about this issue for a while before Priscilla said, “Tiana’s been back for a few days now. Why don’t we meet up for lunch this afternoon?”

“Sounds good. Let me give her a call.” Tiana’s name popped up as soon as Sage pulled out her phone.

“Whoa, great minds think alike! I was just about to call you,” Sage quipped.

“Let me go first!” Tiana said. “My colleagues are planning a team–building event, and we cant bring our families. Wilson’s tied up, so you have to be my plus one!”

“That’s so sudden. Why didn’t you mention this yesterday?” Sage asked.

“That’s because I wasn’t planning on inviting you yesterday. Since Wilson’s tied up today, you lucked out!” Tiana explained. “We haven’t hung out in ages. Where are you? I’ll come pick you up!”

Then, it hit her. “Oh, by the way, why did you call me?”

Sage turned to Priscilla, who smiled as she took her phone. “Tiana, I wanted to invite you and Sage to lunch. However, let’s reschedule since both of you have other plans today.”

“I’ll take you up on that,” Tiana agreed cheerfully.

Sage headed out after saying goodbye to Priscilla. “I’ll go home real quick to change. Pick me up at Solaris Estate later.

Tiana responded, “Why bother? You’re stunning! You’ll look good in anything. No one can outshine you!”

“I might be a sight for sore eyes, but let’s tone it down a little, okay?” Sage said when she

heard laughter on the other end of the line.

“Okay, okay. I’m on my way to Mimosa now, so stay put!”

Sage didn't have to wait long before Tiana and her colleagues pulled up. Tiana was driving, and there were two of her colleagues in the car, leaving the passenger seat open for her.

Sage greeted Tiana's colleagues and asked, "So, where are we heading?"

Tiana beamed. "You'll find out when we get there. It's a place with breathtaking scenery and a great environment. I'm sure you'll like it."

Sage couldn't believe that her best friend was being so childish. "Is it just us?" she asked.

"Mhm. The others went ahead in another car. We'll all meet up at the destination." Tiana's colleagues were also girls their age. The group gossiped and talked about makeup throughout the journey. They arrived at their destination after about two hours.

Tiana's other colleagues had also arrived and were snapping photos excitedly when they pulled up.

It was a mountain villa with a beautiful environment and expansive grounds. The entrance was grand, and the sign above it read "Greenfield Resort". Sage was instantly reminded of something when she read that name.