

A Farewell 281

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It turned out that he wanted to join in on the fun. Sage rolled her eyes at him and ignored him. The pair arrived at an exotic restaurant that was quite remote. It took them almost an hour to get there.

Sage grumbled, "Seriously? We came all this way just to eat this kind of food? Why didn't we just go abroad at this point?"

"Good point." Shane then asked, "Do you have your passport on you? Let me book a flight now." Sage was rendered speechless.

The restaurant might've been far, but its environment more than made up for it. The decor was truly one of a kind.

The pair walked upstairs, and Shane chose a spot in the courtyard. It was adorned with all sorts of strange flowers and exotic plants, and it was surrounded by a fence. The restaurant seemed like a peaceful retreat amidst the bustling city.

The duo placed their orders, and Shane got up to take a call outside, leaving Sage to fiddle with her phone. Ian had yet to respond to her messages. She tried calling him, but it went straight to voicemail. Frustrated, she tossed her phone onto the table.

Sage glanced downstairs and spotted a familiar figure-Henry! Henry arrived in a golden-colored, luxury automobile. He was oozing arrogance as he handed over his keys to the waiter. He then strutted into the restaurant with his group of friends, looking quite pleased with himself.

Sage couldn't help but smile because she knew that he wouldn't be so smug for long. The project he had just signed seemed like a big deal at the moment, but it was riddled with problems and would fail soon. Not only would Ivy's funds go to waste, but they would also face legal action. Shane noticed the mischievous grin on her face when he returned. The light illuminated her fair and delicate face. Sage looked like a cunning little fox.

"Ms. Joyner, I'd advise you not to smile like that in front of other men," he remarked. "Guys with no self-control might end up falling for you."

Sage glared at him. "If you were just a tad bit more serious, no one would think you were a frivolous playboy."

He chuckled nonchalantly. "Why would I want everyone else to know that? I'm pretty satisfied with just you knowing."

Shane then took a seat across from her. "Since we've known each other for a while now, and you're free today, why don't you tell me why you fell for Ian in the first place?"

"Well, since you seem to be interested in my personal affairs, Mr. Morrison, I suppose I could tell you a thing or two. But in return, could you tell me what's going on between you and Ian?"

"I want to know why you guys always look like enemies every time you meet. Not only do you guys compete in business, but you guys almost crashed into each other the last time you drove."

He glanced at her when he heard that. The glint in his eyes had been replaced by disdain. "You're delusional if you think I'm going to tell you things that even Ian wouldn't share with you." "Is it because of a girl?" Sage speculated. "Did you have a crush on a girl who liked Ian? Is that why you started to hate him?"

Shane's expression hardened. "Don't give me that crap. We're not close enough for you to ask me these questions. Don't you know what personal boundaries are?"

Sage was confused. He was the one who didn't understand what boundaries were. Her phone rang just as she was rendered speechless. Sage picked it up and realized it was Ian calling.

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Sage rose to her feet and walked over to the side before answering the phone. "What's the meaning of this, Ian Holcomb? Why'd you go on a business trip all of a sudden? Weren't we supposed to get the divorce certificate today?" Ian sounded as indifferent as ever. "Something came up."

"When are you coming back?" she asked.

He responded, "It depends. If everything goes well, I'll be back in two weeks."

"TWO WEEKS?" Her sudden increase in volume caused nearby customers to look over. Sage dropped her voice to barely more than a whisper. "Why is it taking so long? You're not purposefully dragging out the divorce, are you?"

Divorce, divorce, divorce. Ian was getting tired of that phrase. "I've been on a plane for over ten hours, Sage. I haven't even had time to rest since I landed. Can't you just give me a break?"

Sage was frustrated as well. "Well, who asked you to just up and leave? I couldn't find you anywhere. I'm the one who can't catch a break!"

"Oh, so you're going to die just because the divorce is delayed a few more days?" His tone was harsh. "How'd you manage to survive for more than a year then? Besides, when can't we get a divorce? It's not as important as my work!"

Sage was about to snap back at him when Shane interjected impatiently, "Are you done yet? The food's getting cold!"

"Okay, I'll be there in a second," Sage responded, covering the phone. She was about to hang up when she heard Ian's deep voice.

"Where are you right now?"

"What's it to you?" she fired back.

"That sounded like Shane. Are you out with him again?" His voice turned cold. "What are you up to, Sage? You've been spending a lot of time with him lately."

Sage sneered inwardly when she

heard his accusatory tone. She

"I've decided to move on and be with him. So please return as soon as possible and let's get our divorce done so that we can both move on with our lives!" Sage hung up the phone before Ian could respond. After all, that bastard was clearly delaying his return deliberately!

Sage returned to the table and found

However, he didn't sound

She remained wary of him. "Mr. Morrison, did you really ask me out for dinner?"

"What else could it be?" he responded as he served her a bowl of soup. Sage looked around frantically, afraid that Giselle would appear out of nowhere.

"What's with that look on your face." Shane was visibly displeased. "I'm just being polite."

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"Let's go," Shane said.

Sage hastily turned him down. "It's alright. There's so much good food here. It would be a waste not to eat it. You go ahead. I'm still hungry."

He didn't insist after he heard that. He got up and left. Sage felt relieved as she watched him walk away. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to eat in peace because she would have to constantly worry about him setting her up.

No wonder Shane chose this place. The food was delicious and authentic. Moreover, the restaurant was clean and hygienic. Sage savored each bite and ate until she was full and satisfied. She then headed downstairs to hail a cab after settling the bill.

When she passed the private dining rooms, she noticed one with its half-ajar door. She saw Henry inside entertaining a group of friends. The small room held a dozen people, all of whom were constantly toasting and showering Henry with compliments. Henry had his arm around a woman as he accepted

everyone's toast. Sage pulled out her phone and secretly took a picture of the scene. She could send this to Layla in case her judgment got clouded.

Initially, she wanted to book an Uber when she reached the first floor, but she noticed a man walking toward her. "Mrs. Holcomb, please get in the car. I'll take you home."

When she heard that, she realized it was Ralph, the driver-cum-bodyguard Ian had arranged for her. However, she hadn't informed him of her whereabouts. So, how did Ralph know she was here?

"Mr. Holcomb sent me to pick you up," Ralph answered respectfully, as if reading her mind. Sage was surprised that Ian knew where she was and even sent Ralph to pick her up.

All of a sudden, she thought of Shane, who had left in haste. Could that also have been Ian's doing? It seemed unlikely, so Sage dismissed the thought.

Sage had no reason to send Ralph away since he was already here, so she got in the car. It was almost 10:00 p.m. when she arrived at Solaris Estate.

Wanda poured her a glass of water

Sage didn't comment on it. Instead, she said, "I'll leave it for you guys to figure it out." Then, she went upstairs.

Sage walked into her bedroom, took

out her suitcase, and packed some

essentials and a few outfits. She had kept her promise to Linda, so even if she didn't get divorced that day, she

The next day, Sage woke up, freshened up, and went downstairs where Wanda had prepared breakfast as usual.

"Mrs. Holcomb, Ralph has gone out to familiarize himself with the surroundings. Are you planning to go out today? I can call him back to get ready."

Wanda went to answer it. After asking who they were, she said, "Mrs. Holcomb, there are two people outside who said you called them here."