

## A Farewell 61

### Chapter 61

Susan said boldly. "While you're at it, ask Ian if he can put in a good word for your uncle with Pacific Group. Owen wants to partner up with them!"

It was just as she expected.

Sage said straight away, "Aunt Susan, Ian won't listen to me. I won't talk to him about these kinds of things, either."

Susan was upset. "Sage, you have shares in Maven Corporation too. Why are you so nonchalant about company matters? If the business deal is sealed, you'll reap benefits too!"

"How can you ask Sage to ask these things of Ian?" Donald spoke up. "In the eyes of outsiders, our family is already dependent on the Holcomb family, but now, you're troubling them even more.

"Sage is stuck in between, so think of how she'll feel!"

Susan said, a little dejectedly. "Dad, you know how hard it is to run a business these days. Pacific refuses to meet with us, but they have business dealings with Holcomb Corporation.

"If Ian gets involved, we can seal the deal for sure!"

Donald retorted, "They must have their reasons for not meeting with you. You won't think of a solution yourselves, but you want to force Sage to ask Ian for help instead. What's up with that?"

“But-”

“No buts. Deal with it yourselves. You can’t cause trouble for Sage.” Donald gave orders right away.

Sage was touched. No matter what, Donald would always defend her.

“Aunt Susan, Grandpa is right. We can’t depend on Ian for everything. So, I really can’t help you with this.”

Susan was upset to have failed, but she still reluctantly kept her mouth shut.

Sage was Ian’s wife, after all, and Donald only ever took her side.

If Susan caused a ruckus, she would be the one at a disadvantage.

“I’m leaving now, Grandpa. Remember my suggestion, alright?”

With that, Sage left the hall.

“Dad, what did Sage suggest to you?” Susan was a little nervous.

Donald had already given Sage a lot of the shares, so Susan hoped that Sage wasn’t trying to get more. Those shares belonged to her family!

Donald could see what Susan was thinking about. He shook his head and said, “Sage isn’t as greedy as you think. Tell Owen to come home tomorrow.”

Sage drove safely back to Solaris Estate.

The car Ian always drove was already parked in the garage. By the looks of it, he had returned.

In the past, she would look forward to his return, but he never bothered to come home.

Now, she kept wishing that he wasn't home, but he was even more punctual than her.

Why was it so hard for her to get things to go her way?

As Sage entered the hall, Wanda walked up to her. "Mrs. Holcomb, Mr. Holcomb has a fever. The doctor came over and gave him a checkup. He's now resting upstairs."

Sage nodded. "Oh."

At noon, she had felt that Ian had a fever, but she didn't expect it to worsen so much that he had to see

doctor.

After changing her shoes, Sage walked upstairs.

She didn't notice that behind her, Wanda was hesitating to speak.

After opening the door to her room, Sage shook off her slippers and bag. Then, she skillfully undid her bra and removed it through her collar. She grabbed it and tossed it onto her bed..

"Ah!"

When Sage was tossing her bra, she noticed someone sitting on the bed!

She instinctively let out a scream.

In the next second, she realized that the person sitting on the bed was Ian.

But before she had time to recover, she saw lan removing the bra from his head.

lan held the black bra with his slender and bony fingers. Sage felt an indescribable suggestiveness and embarrassment when she saw that.

“You! Pervert!” Sage was both furious and embarrassed. She hastily dashed over to him to snatch it back.

lan raised his hand higher so that Sage missed.

Sage reached out to snatch it again. This time, she caught it, but before she could hide it, a large hand held her waist in place.

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After that. Sage fell into lan’s arms.

A faint cedar fragrance entered her nostrils along with his masculine scent. Sage shuddered a little.

Recently, she had gotten into a few accidents with lan, which resulted in some physical contact, but this was her first time getting hugged by him like this.

His chest was firm and hot, and the warmth of his skin reached her as it traveled through their thin clothes.

Their bodies were close together, and Sage could even feel lan’s thumping heart.

She had desired and imagined the hug countless times in her past life. Now, she had finally obtained it.

Ian felt Sage's delicate body. He was also very aware of her scent now that she was in his arms.

Perhaps because his fever had heightened his senses, he felt as if Sage was like a puddle of water melting onto his body. His breaths turned rough and hasty.

As Ian imagined Sage's softness and moistness, something came over him. Turning around, he tried to pin her under him.

But then, Sage seemed to have come to her senses. She squirmed to the side and quickly escaped his grasp.

"Ian, did the fever do something to your brain? You came to my room out of the blue, and you even tried

to take advantage of me!"

Sage crossed her arms and glared at Ian. Her face was flushed.

Ian also felt that his brain wasn't working properly. He couldn't believe that he felt a sense of emptiness when Sage ran away from him.

He felt as if something was gnawing at his heart, and it felt both sore and uncomfortable.

He said hoarsely. "What do you mean, your room? This is the master bedroom. I deserve half of it!"

Sage smiled despite her anger. "This is the master bedroom to you, huh? Does this mean that before this.

you've always lived in this house as a guest?"

After they got their marriage license, Ian indeed rarely entered this room, let alone slept there.

family doctor to check up on my health.

"When the family doctor goes back, Grandma is sure to ask about the details. To avoid getting reprimanded by Grandma, I'm forced to move in."

It sounded logical. "But the doctor is already gone. Why are you still here?"

"I'm sick. The doctor said that I need someone to keep an eye on my condition."

"But these aren't reasons for you to take advantage of me!" Sage wasn't fooled. She reprimanded him in

an angry tone.

Ian glanced at the black bra that had landed by the pillow.

Looking at the fire burning in Sage's eyes, he said, "You were so enthusiastic as soon as you came back.

Any normal man wouldn't be able to hold back, right?"

Sage didn't think that Ian was a normal man.

They had been married for more than a year, but his wife was still a virgin!

Sage wanted to retort, but she knew that lan was in the mood right now.

If she actually said that, she would be the one at a disadvantage.

So, Sage hastily grabbed her bra and hid it behind her. Then, she said sternly. "You're not welcome here.

Go back to your room right now! If you feel that sick, just go to the hospital or get a male caregiver!"

As Sage spoke, she suddenly noticed something off about the room.

Many things were added, including pillows, books, chargers, and glasses. Those were lan's things.

Sage went to the bathroom. As expected, lan's razor and toiletries were laid out next to her stuff.

"lan, what is the meaning of this? Didn't you say that you came to my room because you didn't want

Grandma to know? Why is your stuff here?" Sage asked furiously.

lan leaned half of his body against her pillow. His voice had regained some clarity. "Since I've moved the

stuff in, we shouldn't go through the trouble of moving them out again."

"Moreover, this is the master bedroom." Sage was about to speak up when lan continued, "Even if I didn't

sleep here in the past, it doesn't mean that I can't sleep here now."

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Sage was furious as she thought, "What's wrong with Ian? He's being so unreasonable!"

Sage knew that even if she tried to drag him out, she wouldn't be able to succeed. So, she dashed over and grabbed the pillow Ian was leaning against.

"Fine! Stay here all you like! I'm going to sleep in the guest room!"

When Ian heard that, he closed his eyes. He was indifferent to her words.

With the pillow in her arms, Sage went to check on the guest rooms. The beds were all empty, and there wasn't any bedding to be found. It was only then that Sage realized why Ian didn't respond to her words.

Sage could sleep on the couch or a bare bed, but she didn't see why she should suffer.

Holding the pillow in her arms, she stomped back to the master bedroom. She wanted to drive Ian out,

but then, she saw him on a video call with Donald.

"Grandpa, Sage is here." Ian aimed the phone at her.

Sage hastily put on a smile. "Grandpa, why are you still awake so late at night?"

"You didn't call me when you arrived home. I was worried about you, so I called."

As Donald spoke, he asked curiously. "Where did you go with the pillow?"

"Oh, well, I was grabbing a pillow from the side."



“Ian said just now that he’s feeling a little sick, and he has a fever. Take good care of him, and don’t run around so much.”

“Got it, Grandpa.”

“Alright, now go to bed soon, you two. I’m hanging up.”

After the video call ended, Sage still wanted to talk about the bed, but Ian said, “You’ve promised Grandpa to take good care of me, so you can’t go back on your word.

“If not, I’ll record a video and send it to Grandpa.”

Sage was speechless.

She knew that Ian might not do something as childish as that, but she couldn’t be bothered to keep arguing with him anyway.

She tossed the pillow onto the lounge chair. Then, she went to the bathroom.

By the time she finished showering and entered the room, Ian was already asleep.

She didn’t know if he felt too hot or uncomfortable, but he had undone a few buttons on his pajamas. His well-developed chest muscles were exposed.

Sage thought for a moment. Then, she grabbed her phone and took a photo of Ian. She even made sure that the pink bear on the bed was in the frame. Then, she sent it straight to Ivy.

Ivy liked to use that tactic, so Sage would let Ivy have a taste of her own medicine.

Sage didn't care if she managed to provoke Ivy. She just wanted to offend Ivy.

Then, after Ivy got together with Ian, she would remember that Ian was still sleeping on Sage's bed even though he was on the verge of divorce. Ivy would feel upset because of that.

After everything was done, Sage put her phone away and lay on the lounge chair. She soon fell asleep.

The next day, Sage woke up to find herself on the bed.

She didn't sense anything off at first, and she even stretched naturally.

But then, when she recalled what happened last night, she suddenly came to her senses. Why was she

on the bed?

Did she sleepwalk here? Or did she go back to her bed halfway through her slumber because she couldn't get used to the lounge chair?

Where was Ian?

Sage glanced around her. Ian was nowhere to be seen, so he must have gone to work.

Sage sighed in relief. Then, she casually unlocked her phone. Unexpectedly, she saw the internet blowing

up because of Benjamin's incident!

She tapped in to read the details. As it turned out, Benjamin had published an alarming post on his news feed early this morning.

However, the author of the post obviously wasn't Benjamin himself.

After all, there was a refreshing sense of resolve in the contents of the post.

"I am Benjamin Xenith, male, aged 51. This is my driver's license number. In the name of charity, I

colluded with the insiders.

"On this day, in this hotel I forced myself on a 19-year-old woman from Sunshine Orphanage. I hereby attach my hotel check-in record and also evidence of my conspiracy with the insiders.

"Please hold me accountable under the law."

Attached to the post were the evidence and also photos of Benjamin entering a hotel with the woman in his arms.

Mimosa was financing soon, after all. So, as soon as the alarming and gossip-inducing post was published, the whole internet blew up.

## Chapter 64

People on the Internet were saying that Benjamin was shameless and despicable. They were saying that he had forgotten his roots. People were saying that the orphanage was using the girls, and others were

blaming it on how society currently was.

Of course, there were also people who expressed support and satisfaction at what Priscilla had done.

Sage was astonished.

After what Priscilla had said yesterday, Sage had guessed that she would be taking action.

However, she hadn't expected Priscilla to use Benjamin's phone to post such an Instagram story!

Now she and Benjamin had completely fallen out.

Mimosa could forget about financing. Even their reputation and sales would be greatly affected.

Those who envied Mimosa would grab the chance to kick them while they were down.

Sage immediately sent a "hug" emoji to Priscilla.

The Xenith family must be a veritable battlefield right now. It wouldn't be appropriate for her to call, so

she could only use this way to give Priscilla a little bit of support, even if it was completely useless.

As for what Priscilla had said about whether or not Mimosa would still be worth investing in if it did not

have Benjamin's technical skills, that was something that Sage would have to consider seriously.

The expressions of everyone in Bolton Investment's conference room were solemn.

Ivy looked especially solemn. Her usual gentleness had disappeared. Her brow was now creased in a frown.

The executives had no idea how to comfort her.

Very soon, Ian arrived. He was accompanied by Terry.

His gaze swept coldly over everyone, and he sat down at the head of the table. He tossed a pile of documents forcefully onto the table. "Who's going to explain about Mimosa?"

"Didn't you investigate and say that Benjamin was framed, and that he was clean? How did his wife find out all this?"

Everyone remained silent while trembling in fear.

Ivy stood up. "I did not investigate this thoroughly enough. I trusted too easily in what Benjamin said. I'll accept any punishment."

Ian looked at her. "It's not wrong for you to want to accomplish a collaboration, but you were in too much of a rush to get results. You made a conclusion without clearly investigating the truth of the matter!

"This isn't just about losing the project. The public will think that Bolton has no principles. They'll think that we already knew about Benjamin's immorality and were actively helping him to eliminate his

obstacles!"

Ivy continued to apologize. "It's my fault for not thinking things through. I will accept punishment according to the company rules..."

"Apart from Ms. Shekdotter, aren't any of you going to stand up and admit your responsibility?" Ian looked around at the executives. "Didn't you have any opinions when she made the decision?"

The executives exchanged glances. Of course, they had given their opinions, but Ivy had thought it was a good opportunity. Additionally, Ian thought highly of Ivy, which was why they had all agreed.

Now that their boss was angry, they hurriedly admitted to their mistakes. "We were negligent in our duty."

"Everyone will lose three months of your year-end bonus. Other than that, by the end of today, you must

present a solution for salvaging Bolton's image!" Ian ordered.

Ivy answered, "I will have a discussion with everyone and find the best solution."

After everyone had dispersed, Ivy apologized again to Ian.

"Ian, you were right. I was in too much of a rush with Benjamin," Ivy said. "I'm afraid that you'll think that

I'm trying to evade responsibility, which is why there's a strange point that I didn't mention at the meeting.

Ian indicated for her to continue.

"From the moment we found out about Benjamin until after we finished resolving the situation, only a few

hours passed. We were also able to block the news in time, so no one should have been able to find out about this.”

“So... who leaked it to Mrs. Xenith?”

## Chapter 65

Ivy had analyzed the situation correctly.

Whether it was those who had a hold over Benjamin or those who were using the opportunity to lay their own plans, none of them would have leaked this to Priscilla.

After all, this wouldn't benefit anyone.

However, not only had Priscilla found out about the news, but she had also managed to find evidence of Benjamin's deeds very quickly. She had then taken destructive action that would affect them both.

She had made Benjamin become a joke overnight. Mimosa had also lost the chance for financing and listing because of the scandal,

The more important thing was that Bolton would also be criticized by those who knew the truth because they had helped Benjamin.

“It's not t

not true that it won't benefit anyone.” Ian's voice was impassive. “If someone knew that they wouldn't be able to get the project, then the only thing they could do would be to stir things up and make

a mess.”

Ivy immediately realized what he meant. "Farsight Investment?"

Ian pressed his thin lips together and said nothing.

Ivy looked indignant. "It looks like he's just like he used to be. He just won't let us have it even if he can't get it for himself.

"Ian, the day before yesterday, when the incident with Benjamin happened, someone saw Shane's people.

nearby. Then sometime later, Shane caused trouble for Sage at the bar.

"Have you asked Sage why she went to Shane's bar that day? Why would Shane want to harm her for no reason?" she continued.

"What are you trying to say?" Ian looked up at her.

Ivy spoke in a measured tone as she shook her head. "I don't mean to imply anything. I just think that it's a bit strange. If Shane found out about Benjamin's news from the start, why didn't he just solve the problem for him? Why did he just stay at the bar?"

As Ian did not stop her, she continued to speculate. "Was he perhaps waiting for Sage? Maybe the two of them had a disagreement, which was why Shane lost his temper.



“Don’t be angry. Let me finish.”

Before Ian’s expression could change, Ivy hurriedly asked, “The proposal you told Terry to send was done.

by Sage, wasn’t it?”

Ian did not deny it.

“Firstly, I want to say that I really admire Sage’s talent. That’s why I expressed my support the moment I saw the proposal.

“However, after we decided to use her proposal, you told us that she wasn’t coming to Bolton and that she wouldn’t be following up with any of the relevant work. I felt that was very strange. Who would spend so much time making a proposal and then refuse to work at Bolton?”

Ian frowned. He had asked Sage this question a few times, and she had always rejected him very clearly.

“Ian, you must have thought about it too. Sage didn’t make that proposal for Bolton, did she?” Ivy asked.

Ian’s brow furrowed even more tightly. “You’re trying to tell me that Sage is working for Shane?”

Ivy looked calm. “I’m not making any conclusions. I’m just analyzing the facts. That would be the only way we could explain this.”

Ian pursed his thin lips. He thought about what Shane had asked Sage on the day of the car accident.

There was also the second floor of the bar. Although they were opponents, there had been no real fear on Sage’s face.

There had been anger, and disappointment.

“Ilan, I’m not trying to sow discord between you, but look at this.

Ivy took out the photos of Sage visiting Shane in the hospital room a while ago. “I had such a bad

headache that morning, and I couldn’t stand it, so I went to the hospital. Coincidentally, I saw Sage

carrying a bunch of flowers and heading to the inpatient department.”

Ilan’s expression turned cold when he saw the photos.

## Chapter 66

Sage arrived at the sports complex.

She was fed up thinking about Mimosa and Priscilla, and she needed to vent.

Everyone at the sports complex had great figures, and Sage forgot about her troubles quickly. She was too busy trying to take all the sights in.

Of course, she maintained a calm exterior, looking both ladylike and aloof.

Many of the people who were working out also glanced over at her. Sage wasn’t used to it.

In the past, she had been very confident about herself, and she had been a showy kind of person no

matter what she did.

It was a pity that the indifference Ian had shown toward her had gradually made her doubt herself. She had begun to think of herself as inferior.

She had those thoughts every day, and her temper grew worse. Her personality became very peculiar, too.

“You’re here, miss!”

Sage was about to go and get changed when Michael walked toward her. He was wearing a camouflage print T-shirt, and he greeted her politely.

“Yes, I had time to come and train today.” Sage smiled and said, “Go ahead. I know you’re busy. There are people waiting for you over there!”

Michael seemed like a pretty popular guy. He had personal training classes, and there were also several women who wanted to join his classes.

Mimosa might not be able to ask him to be their spokesperson anymore, but he had such exceptional skills. He could still be a singer that was liked by everyone.

“Okay, I just came to greet you, miss. You can ask me if you’re having trouble with your training.”

Sage nodded.

After changing. Sage and a few other students began to warm up under the guidance of a trainer.

Then, there was stamina training and some practice for a few basic skills.

Sage was able to keep up at first, but toward the end, she just wanted to give up.

It was too tiring. Warming up was tiring, stamina exercises were tiring, and basic skills were both tiring and boring.

“Come on! Keep squatting!” The trainer blew the whistle again sternly.

Sage didn’t work out much, and she really couldn’t do squat anymore. She leaned against the wall to rest.

“Miss.” At that moment, Michael’s low voice came from beside the door. “Train with me. I’ll teach you a way that’s not so tiring.”

Sage immediately nodded. The intensity right now was too strong for her, and she couldn’t withstand it.

Michael took her to a training area with punching bags hanging from the ceiling.

“Miss, put these on and punch this punching bag any way you like.” Michael handed Sage a pair of gloves.

Sage asked, “Don’t I need to practice the movements or something?”

Michael said firmly. “You won’t need those. It’s more important to pique your interest first.”

Sage didn't know whether Michael was an expert in kickboxing, but he sounded very professional, and she agreed wholeheartedly with him..

She wanted to train because she wanted to react faster and learn some cool boxing moves. The basics were important, but they often made people lose patience and interest very fast.

Sage put the gloves on and began punching the punching bag with all her strength. She even let out a wild yell and she was ready to sway the punching bag from side to side.

However, the punching bag didn't move at all. All she felt was waves of pain from the joints of her

gloved fingers.

Michael laughed softly.

"Try exerting your strength this way." He showed Sage how to do it.

Sage tried copying him, and it really made her hand hurt less. The punching bag moved slightly as well.

"Wow, you're amazing!" Sage praised him.

Michael touched his ear in embarrassment. "It's just a technique. If you really want to increase your

strength, you still need to work on those basic skills."

"Alright, I approve of you," Sage said. "See if you can adjust your schedule. I want to sign up for your

personal training classes!"

Michael said hurriedly. "You don't need to pay for classes. I can teach you for free."

"Listen to what you're saying! How can you push a client away like that? I chose your classes because I approve of you, and if you don't teach me Well, I'll change my mind. I don't need you to teach me for free."

Sage spoke matter-of-factly, and Michael was persuaded.

"Miss. I will definitely teach you well!"

"That's better."

Sage handed the money over. She saw that it was getting late, so after a shower, she grabbed her bag and headed toward her car.

Then she saw a burly man rush out all of a sudden. He began swinging punches at someone in front.

"You asshole! How dare you take my clients again!"

Sage looked up and saw that the attacker was the burly trainer she had followed previously, and the person he was attacking was Michael

The attack had not succeeded because Michael had dodged quickly.

The burly man had gotten a pair of nunchucks out of nowhere. He wasn't just trying to look cool as he

beat Michael up. He was simply going to smash them into Michael's face!

if a handsome

man like him got injured in the face, then how would he become a pop star?

Sage wanted

the nunchucks!

tell them to stop, but before she could make a sound, Michael reached out and grabbed

Sage didn't even have time to be shocked.

The burly trainer was both angry and embarrassed. He grabbed Michael and flung him to the ground.

Michael wouldn't just take this lying down. The moment he fell, he hooked his legs around the trainer's neck and pushed him to the ground.

With a bang, the two of them began fighting with each other.

Since they were both trained fighters, watching them fight was like watching a martial arts performance.

They each gave as good as they got, and every move was aggressive.

Suddenly, someone who looked like the manager of the sports complex rushed over to them and reprimanded them sharply, "Don't you want to work here anymore? Have you forgotten the rules of the

sports complex?”

The burly trainer reluctantly let go of Michael and snapped, “This fellow keeps taking my clients! He focuses on the pretty and rich ones, too! The client was training with me just now, but then he snatched her away! How could I just let it go?”

Michael was red with anger, but he just pressed his lips together and didn’t offer any explanation.

“Look! He’s guilty, isn’t he?”

“Hey, you’re just bullying him!” Sage couldn’t help speaking up. “Since when was I your client? You were just the one leading everyone today. I have the freedom to decide who I want as my personal trainer!”

The burly trainer recognized Sage, and he huffed, “Lady, you’ve got to be more alert. This guy may look decent, but he’s not as innocent as he seems! He’s always hanging around in bars with thugs!”

Michael was furious but said nothing, feeling that explaining would just make things worse.

Sage already branded herself as a future fan of Michael, and she couldn’t bear to see him get bullied.

“So you’re an upright citizen while everyone else is a thug? He hasn’t sold himself to anyone, so why can’t he hang out with his friends? Why can’t he go to the bar?”

“Besides, what century are you living in? Why are you still trying to exclude and slander others? Don’t you find it embarrassing?” Sage said.

“If you have the energy to be jealous of others, then work on improving yourself and think about why

people don’t like you!”

Sage lifted her head and spoke righteously.



She had not noticed the black car parked in the distance. The car window was half rolled down, revealing the side profile of an extremely handsome man.

## Chapter 68

Ian watched Sage Indifferently.

Her head was lifted high, revealing her long, slender neck. Her pretty features were especially striking.

under the lights.

The man she was defending was looking gratefully at her with shining eyes. This made Ian feel irritated.

“You don’t need to sound so righteous. You’re just like other women. Your husband is old and ugly, so

you signed up for this handsome young man’s class to seduce- Ow!”

The burly trainer hadn’t finished speaking when he suddenly let out a yell of pain. Michael had punched

his jaw!

“Don’t talk nonsense!”

The trainer sprawled on the ground, and blood spurted out of his mouth and nose. He covered his mouth,

whimpering in pain.

“Are you crazy? How could you be so aggressive!”

Michael was just a part-time worker, after all. The manager panicked when he saw their full-time worker

bleeding.

“Ken is right. A young and pretty woman like her who is so extravagant in spending is either someone’s sugar baby or is married to an old man!”

“Who are you calling an old man?”

Just as Sage pulled Michael back and was about to retort, a cold male voice rang out ahead of them.

Sage looked up and saw Ian walking toward her.

He was wearing a sophisticated black shirt. His striking looks and long legs made him stand out in the crowd.

He looked completely different from how weak he had been last night. He had returned to his usual aloof,

distant self. He didn’t look like someone you should offend.

The manager of the sports complex and Ken were both stunned by Ian’s appearance.

They were experienced men, and there were many burly, domineering men who frequented the sports.

complex, but none of them were as formidable as the man in front of them right now.

That commanding air and arrogance weren't something that anyone could achieve.

"W-Who are you?" the manager stuttered.

Ian glanced at Sage, who looked surprised. He reached out and put an arm around her. He said

indifferently. "Her husband."

Apart from the time at Shane's bar, this was the first time Ian had declared himself as her husband in

public to stake his claim on her.

Men were obviously all egotistical. They couldn't bear being insulted, even by strangers.

Sage moved to the side slightly and pulled free of Ian. This made him frown.

The manager's and Ken's eyes widened when they heard what Ian had said!

This handsome man, who looked so rich and powerful, was this woman's husband?

"You're not an old man?" the manager blurted out in shock.

"Do you think that pretty women are only able to marry old men?" Sage retorted. "Can't we earn

money and be beautiful ourselves?"

our own

“Sorry. I’m sorry. We were rude! It’s our fault!”

The manager knew that he had offended someone important. He began apologizing at once and kicked

Ken, who was still on the ground. “Hurry up and apologize to her!”

Ken’s nose was still bleeding, but he didn’t want

apologizing.

to cause :

a more

trouble. He wiped the blood off while

“You’re just bullies who pick on those weaker than you!” Sage huffed. “I’m not the one you should

apologize to!”

Ken knew who Sage was referring to, so he apologized to Michael as well. He begged Michael not to hold

a grudge against him since they both worked there.

Sensing the impatience of the man in front of him, Michael told Ken and the manager to leave.

He stuck out his hand sincerely to Ian. "Hello, I'm Michael I'm Ms. Joyner's personal kickboxing trainer. I apologize on my colleagues' behalf for offending you."

Ian didn't seem

to see Michael's hand. He didn't seem to hear him either. His brow furrowed as he ask

Sage, "Kickboxing? Since when have you been interested in that?"

Chapter 69

Ian's way of dealing with things so haughtily nearly gave Sage a heart attack.

She didn't want to concern herself with him anymore. Instead, she asked Michael gently, "Are you hurt?"

"Do you want to get anything checked at the hospital?"

Michael didn't look too embarrassed. He withdrew his hand and shook his head, saying, "I'm okay, miss.

"I'm really sorry about today. I didn't mean to drag you into this mess."

"What do you mean by that? It was their fault in the first place. It's getting late. You should get back."

Michael nodded and said. "Okay."

As soon as Michael was gone, Sage looked at Ian rather angrily and said, "Don't you know basic

manners? Why did you ignore his hand?"

“Are you very close with him?” Ian asked instead of answering Sage’s question. “Why does he call you miss’ like that?”

“So what if he calls me that? Ivy calls you ‘lany,” and I’ve never had any qualms about it!”

Ian was stunned by what Sage said. His face darkened as he said. “Sage, don’t be ridiculous. It’s not the same! How could you defend another man in public? Have you forgotten who you’re legally married to?”

“You don’t have to keep reminding me of that. Of course, I remember,” Sage said. “You say that as if you’ve never defended Ivy before.”

Sage sighed and continued. “I don’t even understand why you’re doing this. You don’t want me seeing other people behind your back, but you refuse to divorce me.

“And you also don’t seem keen on giving an official title to the one person who’s been waiting for you. You’re a fucking jerk with double standards!”

Ian suppressed his urge to strangle Sage until she could no longer speak. He gritted his teeth and growled, “Get in the car. I have something to ask you.

Sage said, “No, thank you. You can say whatever you want to say to me right here. I drove here.”

Ian responded. "In that case, we'll talk in your car."

Sage refused. "We will go home and discuss. I need to focus on driving when I'm in the car. I can't get distracted talking to you."

"Sage Joyner, this is an order!" Ian was starting to lose his cool. "If you don't want me to bundle you up into my car, open the doors now!"

Sage was stunned for a moment. She could tell that Ian was on his wit's end. Worried that he would do exactly as he'd threatened, Sage quickly unlocked her car doors.

Ian got into the front passenger seat as Sage started up the car. Ian's driver followed behind them.

Sage looked ahead and said impatiently, "So what is it?"

"Were you the one who came up with the Mimosa investment plan for Shane the last time?"

Screech!

Sage suddenly stepped on the brakes and stopped the car, causing Ian to nearly crash into the dashboard. Even his driver, who'd been following them, almost crashed into them.

"How the fuck do you drive with such lousy skills like this?" Ian roared.

Sage merely frowned and asked, "Why are you suddenly bringing it up?"

Ian forced himself to calm down as he continued questioning. "You were at the bar last time. Did you go

looking for Shane because of Benjamin's affairs?"

Sage replied with another question of her own, "Did you get someone to follow me?"

"So it's true, then?" Ian's eyes turned steely. He said, "So, tell me why you went looking for him and came

up with an investment plan for him."

Sage refused to answer. Instead, she stepped on the gas and said, "Ian Holcomb, I'm not repeating myself again. Anything I do has absolutely nothing to do with you. I don't have to explain myself to you at

all."

"Are you using this as a way to outshine Ivy?" Ian asked, looking at Sage's perfect side profile.

\*Are

Sage couldn't be bothered to answer him.

Ian ended up staring at her for a few minutes. When he realized she wasn't planning on answering his question, his voice turned colder and more dangerous.

"Sage Joyner, I thought you've changed. I see that you're just using a different way to annoy me.

"I don't care how huge of a fuss you plan on kicking up, but let me give you a warning. Shane is not a good person. Don't even think of begging me for help if you fall into his trap."

What did he mean by "a warning"? And what did he mean by "begging him for help"?



He was thoroughly looking down at her and her capabilities!

However, Sage only rolled her eyes in silence. She didn't want to argue further with Ian. Ian finally lost his patience and said nothing more, his face turning cold and frosty.

## Chapter 70

Sage and Ian entered Solaris Estate one after another after reaching it.

When she entered the bedroom, Sage realized that Wanda hadn't removed all of Ian's things as she told.

Fortunately, Ian didn't want to enter her bedroom tonight, so Sage just went in and locked the door from

the inside.

She then lay down on the bed. It felt as if she could still feel Ian lying down next to her, making her twist and turn in bed, unable to have a good night's sleep.

In the end, she gave up. She got out of bed and threw all of Ian's things into the corridor outside her room. She then dusted off her hands and flopped back down onto her bed. She hugged her pillow and fell

asleep at once.

By the time Sage woke up the next day, Ian was nowhere to be found. His things were still lying outside

her door, however.

After telling Wanda to clean up the mess, Sage looked at her phone and saw that news about Mimosa had been trending online again.

Benjamin and Priscilla had gotten divorced in record time. They had also split their shares in Mimosa.

Benjamin had taken his winemaking skills and cash elsewhere, setting up his own brand.

Meanwhile, Priscilla retained Mimosa's name and a majority of the shares.

After all, Mimosa was a winery started by Priscilla's father, Freddy Childe. It would make sense for

Priscilla to want to retain ownership of it.

Sage then decided to look for Priscilla.

When Sage reached Mimosa, Priscilla was still in the middle of a meeting. Exhaustion was evident in her eyes, but she didn't look the least bit upset or devastated.

"Priscilla?" Sage called out.

Priscilla looked surprised to see Sage. She quickly invited Sage into her office.

"Are you alright, Priscilla?" Sage asked.

In just a few days, Priscilla had experienced her husband's betrayal and had done everything she could

+15 BONUS

to defend herself. After divorcing him as quickly as she could, Priscilla still had to ensure that Mimosa continued operation as usual.

Despite being someone who'd been reborn, Sage didn't think she could be half as determined as Priscilla was.

Priscilla smiled and said, "Don't worry. I'd never regret the decisions I made."

Sage asked, "What are you planning to do without Mr. Xenith's winemaking skills?"

Priscilla then told her that Freddy had always had his own recipe, but they hadn't promoted it, and its sales were only so-so. Nonetheless, Priscilla didn't think it was any worse than Benjamin's version.

"So you mean that the company can operate as usual? But you'll just have a bit of a cash flow problem?" Sage pressed further.

Priscilla saw Sage as her friend. She didn't deny what Sage had just said. "Times are a little hard."

Although the one who'd been at fault was Benjamin, she was the one who initiated the divorce. She also didn't want to waste time and effort dragging out the divorce. That was why she offered to split their

assets equally.

Since she would take Mimosa back, she cashed out Benjamin's shares and gave them to him. As of now, Mimosa's cash flow was close to zero. Priscilla also owed money to many of her loans and creditors.

After talking about the cash flow for a bit, Sage suddenly asked, "By the way, Priscilla, how did you find out about Mr. Xenith's affair?"

She just couldn't understand it. Benjamin was a cautious person. He would never have done anything to rouse Priscilla's suspicion.

Priscilla answered Sage with a question of her own, "You don't know?"

Sage was confused. "Was I supposed to know?"

"Someone from Farsight Investment told me about it," Priscilla answered. "You wanted to invest in Mimosa under Farsight Investment's name in the past, didn't you? That's why I thought you knew."

I

Upon hearing this, Sage suddenly thought about the other day at the bar when Shane told someone to get something done over the phone. Was he referring to informing Priscilla about it?

"I didn't know who it was at first. It wasn't until I decided to look further into it while checking on Benjamin that I found out it was you."

Sage was surprised to hear this. She thought that Shane would be the first one to back up Benjamin—yet he turned out to be the one who informed Priscilla about it instead.

What was the purpose of Shane doing this?