

## A Farewell 71

### Chapter 71

Sage then continued learning more about Mimosa's current predicament.

Priscilla still had other things to attend to, so Sage got up and said, "Don't worry about anything. Priscilla. I will always support you. Leave the funding part to me. I'll think of something."

"You've always been a good friend to me," Priscilla said with a chuckle. "I'm eternally grateful that you're willing to help out. But I know that with Mimosa being where it's at now, nobody would ever want to

Invest in it anymore."

Sage understood what Priscilla was trying to say. Nonetheless, she sincerely hoped that she would be able to help the latter out of this pinch.

After coming out of Mimosa, Sage received a call from Tiana. As it turned out, she'd also read about the news on Mimosa.

"How could Benjamin do such a thing? It's unbelievable! How could he do such dirty, shady things while pretending it was all charity work for him? I wonder if the police are going to question him about it!"

Tiana sounded furious on the phone. Sage just replied, "Priscilla had made a police report against him in the past. However, the girls from the orphanage said they willingly followed him to the bar. They also said that they were with Benjamin out of their own accord.

"The people at the orphanage said the private agreements they made with Benjamin were all for the sake of the orphanage as well. So, other than this being morally wrong, there's no other way to convict them."

“So he’s getting off scot-free just like that?” Tiana huffed.

Sage replied, “Benjamin has left Mimosa for now. After being caught in a scandal like this, I don’t think he’s going to do very well, even if he sets up a whole other winery by himself. I guess he’ll still get what he deserves.”

“What do you mean by that? He’s still filthy rich! His name might be in the dumps for now, but ultimately,

he lost nothing!”

Tiana continued swearing and cursing at Benjamin for a while more. Then, she changed the topic and started asking about Priscilla. Sage simply told her everything she knew.

“How are you planning to help Priscilla? Will Farsight Investment still want to invest in Mimosa?” Tiana asked.

“I don’t think so.”

Sage then filled Tiana in on her argument with Shane. “Even though such a thing never happened, I reckon that Shane might not want to invest in Mimosa that easily anymore in order to protect his interest.

While Sage did have some funds on hand amounting to a hundred million dollars, it wouldn’t be enough for Mimosa in its current state. At most, it would just save them in the short term. However, the funds were far from enough to help Mimosa expand or even think about being a listed company.

And if they couldn’t turn things around and clear Mimosa’s name, it would be useless for her to continue

investing in it.

There wasn't anything Tiana could do to help. "Don't feel too pressured. I'm sure Priscilla won't blame you if you can't help her."

After chatting for a while longer, Sage asked, "Tiana, so what's it been like after being in Lathuyria for the past few days? Did anything interesting happen?"

Tiana replied, "What kind of interesting things were you hoping to happen? Wilson's been attending conferences left and right. By the time he returns to the hotel, it's already late at night. But whenever he has a bit of free time, he'll make it a point to bring me around.

"We even met up with one of his old classmates he hadn't seen in a long while for dinner."

"A female classmate?" Sage asked.

"Yeah." Tiana said. "She went to the same university as Wilson. She then left abroad to further her studies. She happened to attend the conference this time."

Sage could guess that this old female classmate was Wilson's old flame. First love, even.

"Is she pretty?" Sage asked, trying to imply something. "Did you sense anything out of the ordinary while you were having dinner with her?"

Tiana could tell at once what Sage was implying. "You're overthinking things! His female classmate was gorgeous and quite generous, too. She never acted out of line. She talked to me a lot during the dinner. She didn't even talk much to Wilson."

Sage was even surer of her hunch now. "Tiana, my poor, dumb friend, if you met an old flame and his spouse by coincidence, would you still continue talking to him?"

Tiana thought for a while after hearing what Sage had to say. She then responded, "I'd never dated anyone before Wilson. I've also never met anyone else whom I've felt anything for until I met him."

## Chapter 72

Sage was speechless for a bit. "You're missing the whole point."

Tiana suddenly burst out into laughter. "You about me. Wilson only has work on his

brain, nothing more, nothing less.

"Even the prettiest classmate sitting next to him means nothing. Otherwise, he would never have had to resort to marrying a blind date!"

Sage wanted to knock some sense into Tiana. "It doesn't hurt if you just paid a little more attention to your husband's dating history. Get him some food or drink now. It'll show that you care for him. Besides, you'll also get a different perspective to continue eyeing that woman."

"Alright, alright! I'll go now if that's what it takes for you to shut up about it."

After ending the call with Tiana, Sage still couldn't help feeling antsy about it. So, she sent Tiana a text message that said, "I remember you said your mother-in-law likes emerald jewelry. Lathuyria is famous for its emerald jewelry. Maybe you should get her an emerald bracelet as a gift."

In her past life, according to what Tiana had told her, Wilson's first love knew exactly what to do and how to do things right. Besides fostering an amicable relationship with Tiana, she also knew how to win over

Wilson's parents.

Wilson's

After returning from abroad, old flame had gifted Wendy Moss, Wilson's mother, an emerald bracelet. Wendy had been simply delighted with it.

Tiana had even regretted not going to Lethuyria with Wilson. Otherwise, she would have been the one to gift Wendy her beloved emerald bracelet.

Sage sincerely hoped that Tiana's efforts would change the ending between herself and Wilson this time.

Since they brought up the topic of gifts and souvenirs, Sage suddenly recalled that Linda would be celebrating her birthday in three weeks. She wanted to get something special for her.

After all, this would be the last act she would pull as Linda's filial granddaughter-in-law.

Afterward, she would no longer be celebrating Linda's birthday as her current identity anymore. She'd

just be another regular young woman to her.

Sage first went to the mall and ordered a set of prayer beads with tiny figurines for Linda. Linda liked anything to do with religious offerings, so Sage thought that this would be a suitable gift for her.

Sage then went to another place that specialized in customized albums. She thought of picking out a few photos she'd taken of them at the yard of the restaurant they went to and compiling them into a photo

album for Linda.

Just as Sage was going through her photos, she suddenly heard a loud, piercing voice screaming. "I just told you to buy some expensive-looking clothing, so why did you have to insist on getting this fucking

expensive watch?

“Why must you spend so much money? Don’t you know how to save money?”

Sage trembled.

Although it had been days since she’d been reborn, she still couldn’t stop herself from getting goosebumps all over her skin whenever she heard this voice.

In her past life, the owner of this voice, Sandra Fraser, had been torturing her for more than two years.

Sandra would always scream or yell at her, call her degrading names, and tell her that she was as

worthless as dirt and that even her breathing was a waste of air.

But if Sage fought back, she would experience even worse torture than before.

Sage turned back and saw the burly-looking Sandra coming out of the watch shop next door with a young man. He looked to be in his mid-20s.

The young man had the same facial features as Sandra. He towered around six feet tall and was wearing

a

new suit, coat, and tie with his hair slicked up on his head. He looked like he was an entitled brat born

into money.

“Why would I want to save on money?” the young man roared back. “That woman is from a rich background. She won’t fall for me if I don’t look my part!”

'Fine, you always have your excuses anyway. Look at the shoes by yourself. I'm going to use the bathroom!'" Sandra exclaimed, walking ahead of him.

Sage frowned. She let the sales assistant continue helping her choose her photos while she shadowed

Sandra.

One of the shops in the mall was currently under renovation, so there were piles of cement outside the bathrooms. Sage grabbed a bucket of cement and walked in after Sandra.

Nobody else was in the bathrooms, most probably because this part of the mall was still under renovation.

Very quickly, Sage identified the stall that Sandra was in and locked her in from the outside. Then, she dragged a stepladder over and dumped the contents of the bucket into the stall.

"Who is it?" Sandra screamed from the inside.

Sage didn't say a word. She then filled the bucket with water and returned to the stall, dumping the water

next.

Chapter 73

"My eyes! Who's throwing things at me?"

The dusty cement water had entered Sandra's eyes, stinging her so badly that she pounded her fists against the door as she screamed and cursed at it.

Sage took her time to wash her hands and clean up the sink before sashaying out of the bathroom.

Before she left, she grabbed the sign that said "Under Maintenance" and put it outside the bathroom entrance.

Then, Sage called Michael up and said, "I remember you have a friend who's really good at hacking. right? Can you please get him to do me a favor? Ask him to wipe out the security footage from this floor in this mall for the past half hour."

Michael was a little confused, but he agreed to help her. "Alright. Give me the exact location."

Sage had learned of Michael's hacker friend from his social media posts. In her past life, she recalled watching an interview where the friend joked that he was a full-time musician and a part-time prodigy

hacker.

After settling everything, Sage finally felt a little bit better about Sandra.

Sage went back to Solaris Estate. She realized the things she'd thrown out of her bedroom were all still scattered on the floor outside her door.

She couldn't be bothered with them. Instead, she focused on solving Mimosa's issues.

They'd already made all the public statements they were supposed to make. Everyone now knew that Mimosa's boss had been caught up in a scandal and, as a result, he'd been quickly divorced.



However, everyone was also aware that Mimosa had lost its core skills with Benjamin's departure. In fact, the public knew that Benjamin was planning to set up another winery to compete against Mimosa.

So, how could Sage use this breaking news to her advantage?

Getting Priscilla to act like the victim in this matter was impossible. She might even invite criticisms and keyboard warriors to roast her instead of getting any pity from the public.

Most of the ideas Sage came up with wouldn't work. She then grabbed her phone, thinking that she should perhaps scroll around and read the latest news to get some inspiration.

She came across an interesting news article. To celebrate their acquisition of Bolton Investment, Holcomb Corporation would be organizing a celebratory banquet and inviting all the elites and

professionals to attend.

In her past life, Holcomb Corporation had also organized a banquet like this, but it was to congratulate

Bolton Investment on successfully investing in Mimosa.

Who would have thought that Holcomb Corporation would still throw a banquet despite their failure to

invest in Mimosa this time around?

Holcomb Corporation had already acquired Bolton Investments for at least a month. Anyone with insider information would know that this was just a front to cover up their mistakes with Mimosa in the past.

Even so, this was a good way of introducing Bolton Investment to the eyes of the public.

Sage turned off her phone.

She went

went downstairs, meaning to get a drink of water, and saw Wanda watching an online video.

Wanda often liked watching local Instagram reels and TikTok videos whenever she had a bit of free time. Hearing the familiar screams from the video she was watching, Sage popped up next to her to have a

better look.

As expected, it was a video of Sandra.

Leir was also a stick

Sandra's face was covered in cement in the video. Her unruly mess. She was

crying and screaming at the mall employees, demanding compensation.

Meanwhile, the mall employees explained that since that part of the mall was currently under renovation, they had put up signs warning shoppers not to enter that area.

They also said there was something wrong with their security footage at that time, so they couldn't find out what really happened.

However, the mall employees suspected that Sandra did all of these to herself just to demand a handsome payout from the mall.

That was

because Sandra had been caught deliberately making a tiny hole in the clothes of a luxury brand at the same mall so that she could demand a discount on the clothing item.

But after the sales assistant found out about her dirty trick, Sandra refused to acknowledge it and accused the employee of framing her.

\*\*

The video commenters obviously hated Sandra's despicable acts. They called her an evil, greedy, and unreasonable old hag. They even went as far as to say that Sandra would continue being bad until the

day she died because it was in her bones.

A while later, the mall employees reported the incident to the police, and they arrived to take Sandra

away.

"Serves her right! The police should teach her a lesson!" Wanda said with a huff.

Sage just chuckled. "She does deserve it."

"By the way, Mrs. Holcomb, are you here because you're waiting for Mr. Holcomb?" Wanda suddenly

asked.

Chapter 74

Sage stopped smiling. "Who said I was waiting for him? I just came downstairs to drink some water."

"Mr. Holcomb called to tell me he won't be back tonight. He's out for work," Wanda said as if she knew

what was going on.

She urged, "Mrs. Holcomb, Mr. Holcomb actually called me because he was worried you wouldn't pick up

if he called you. He's actually reporting his whereabouts to you.

"It's a good thing that Mr. Holcomb is moving back to the master bedroom. Why don't you stop being mad at him and put his belongings back in the master bedroom?"

Sage replied, "Why don't you clear out the guest bedroom for me, and I'll let Ian have the master bedroom

to himself?"

That left Wanda speechless.

Sage went back to her room with a glass of water and texted Michael. "Help me thank that friend of yours. I'll treat both of you to lunch next time."

Michael replied, "You're welcome. It was no big deal,"

He never once asked Sage what happened nor why she wanted to tamper with the CCTVs. This respect Michael showed her improved her impression of him.

Sage went to find Priscilla the next day to express her desire to invest one hundred million dollars into Priscilla's company first in order to get things running. It was better to deal with this pressing matter now

and leave the rest for later.

Priscilla was extremely grateful and insisted on selling some of her company's shares to Sage. She even got a lawyer to draft the agreement on the spot.

"I'm really grateful for your help, Sage. Don't you dare refuse these shares! You deserve them!"

Sage knew Priscilla was being sincere, so she didn't reject further. She refused Priscilla's lunch invitation and left Mimosa.

Not long into her drive, the car sensors indicated that her tires' air pressure was low.

The moment Sage got out of the car to check the tires out, two men in suits and shades walked over to her. It seemed like they had been following her car and that the tires' condition was no accident.

Did they mess up her car tires on purpose?

Sage felt unsafe. She was about to call the police when one of the men said, "Mr. Morrison would like to see you, Ms. Joyner."

Sage sighed in relief upon hearing that name. At least it wasn't some other culprit.

But Sage couldn't let her guard down too much. Shane was no easy foe, especially after the unpleasant incident last time at the bar.

Sage knew she had no chance of escaping with these two men present, so she cooperated with them.

"Where's Mr. Morrison? I'll come with you."

Sage got into their car and did her best to stay calm throughout the ride. She neither made a sound nor did any sudden movements.

The car soon stopped outside of a grand building. Sage was surprised to see the logo “Farsight Investment” outside..

She thought Shane would’ve taken her to some abandoned house or remote forest area, beat her up, and

left her to die.

But here she was at his office headquarters.

Sage was soon taken up to Shane’s office. Unlike Ian’s office, Shane’s had a theme of pleasure and comfort.

Not only was there a coffee and bar lounge in Shane’s office, but there was even a mini golf course alongside some other gaming equipment. The furnishings were lavish, too.

Sage felt like this was more an entertainment room than an office.

“Ms. Joyner is here, Mr. Morrison,” one of the bodyguards said respectfully after knocking on the door. Shane kicked off the tall pile of documents on his desk with a clatter, revealing his handsome face.

Chapter 75

The bodyguards didn’t seem surprised by this. After escorting Sage over to Shane, they left the office.

“Have a seat, Ms. Joyner.” Shane had his legs propped up on his desk while he swiveled a wine glass in hand. He said in a playful tone, “Do you know why I asked you to come here?”

“Not really.” Sage replied calmly. “I also want to apologize for what happened with Priscilla last time. I misunderstood you.”

Shane scoffed. “At least you know to apologize first. Don’t you think Ian should also apologize to me for wrecking my bar?”

Sage knew Shane was looking for a bone to pick. She said begrudgingly. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know Ian would bring his men over or cause such a big commotion.”

Sage only apologized, not mentioning the fact that Shane had wanted to abduct her prior.

Sure enough, Shane’s mood lightened up. He pointed at a large bottle of XO on the bar’s countertop and shot Sage an amused look. “If you know you’re in the wrong, you should behave accordingly, too.

“Finish that entire bottle of wine, and we can start talking about my mental compensation afterward.” Even someone who had strong alcohol tolerance wouldn’t be able to stay upright after downing such a large bottle of wine, not to mention Sage and her so-so tolerance.

Sage said, “I can’t drink this wine, Mr. Morrison. What happened at the bar last time was purely an accident. I’m sure you’ve done your investigation as well. I had nothing to do with the fact that Ian knew about Priscilla, so there’s no such thing as me purposely trying to mess with you.”

there is such a thing as Ian wrecking my bar for your sake.”

Shane swiveled his wine glass and continued, “You act as if Ian has no feelings for you and as if you’re determined to oppose him. Yet he cares about you in everything he does. Aren’t you just using me to spice up your relationship, then?”

It made sense that Shane saw things this way.

When Sage got into the car accident and got trapped in the bar, Ian showed up just in time to save the day. But little did Shane know that Ian only helped Sage because of her identity as “Mrs. Holcomb”, not because he cared for her.

“Why don’t we make a bet, Mr. Morrison?” Sage suggested.

Amusement surfaced on Shane’s handsome features. “What are you betting on?”

Sage said, “If I can revive Mimosa’s reputation and make it meet its investors’ standards, you’ll forget about the unpleasant things that happened before and continue working together with me as agreed.”

Actually, even if Shane hadn’t “invited” her over, she would still want to chat with him.

After all, Farsight Investment was the most likely to oppose Holcomb Corporation. Sage wouldn’t even want to miss out on this opportunity, even if it was for herself.

Sage used to think Shane would help Priscilla unceasingly. But after Priscilla’s explanation, Sage’s perspective of Shane had changed again.

“If you can successfully make Mimosa go public, you’ll win your bet with Ian from before. It’d be a win-win situation,” Sage said.

Shane looked at Sage sarcastically, neither confirming whether he believed her or not. “What if you lose?”

Sage pointed at the wine on the bar countertop. “I’ll drink from that until you’re satisfied.”

Shane snorted. “What good would you be to me if you die from over-drinking? I’d be wasting my own wine, too.”



Sage stayed quiet.

Then, why did Shane suggest she drink the whole bottle of wine earlier?

“What punishment do you think is most suitable, Mr. Morrison,” Sage asked.

Shane replied, “If you lose, I want you to make Ian apologize to me in public and say that he’s no match.

for me.”

Sage refused without hesitation. “I can’t do that.”

## Chapter 76

What kind of man was Ian? He wouldn’t listen to Sage, nor would he ever apologize to Shane. It was basically a fever dream.

“If that’s the case, then the bet is off,” Shane said lazily. “But I’m not an unreasonable man. You were sincere, so you don’t have to finish all this wine today. You can do something else instead.”

Sage looked at him. “What is it?”

Shane said, “A woman will come by later. Help me get rid of her.”

Sage thought she’d misheard. “Get rid of a woman? What kind of woman?”

Shane didn’t hide his irritation whatsoever. “An annoying, clingy woman whom I can’t chase away.

Sage guessed that this woman’s relationship with Shane was no ordinary one based on his

reaction.

Shane must have been unable to get rid of her because of some family reasons, so he was using Sage to get rid of her.

If it were just some ordinary woman, Shane would've already made her cower with that temperament of his. He wouldn't have gone to this length just to find Sage in the first place.

"What an interesting way of doing things, Mr. Morrison. How could I get rid of someone based on my current identity? It wouldn't be appropriate even if I pretended to be a woman who likes you," Sage said.

Shane said nonchalantly, "That's your problem, not mine. You can either get her out of here, and I'll pretend what happened last time never happened, or you can finish this bottle of wine and compensate me for my mental turmoil."

He added deviously, "Don't expect Ian to come rescue you. I've been fooled once before, so I won't be fooled again. I can guarantee you he won't get the least bit of advantage even if he

comes here."

Of course Sage knew Shane had everything prepared. Ian was outstation for work, too, so there was no way he would be able to rush back in time.

Sage asked earnestly, "Why do you need me for this kind of thing, Mr. Morrison? A lot more people are far suited for this than I am."

"No. No one is more suitable than you," Shane said. He then explained patiently, "One, your looks are very convincing. Two, you won't take advantage of this to cling to me. Three, you owe me. Four, I'm happy to have you do this."

Sage didn't respond. Now she understood why Shane made her come here.

Putting pressure on Sage was far easier an alternative to vent his anger out than something as violent as abduction.

“Mr. Morrison, Ms. Rosewood is here.” The secretary’s voice rang out from the intercoms on the desk.

Sage swiftly reached into her handbag and grasped her phone.

“Got it.” Shane ended the call line.

Sage quietly pulled her hand out.

“I’ll leave the rest up to you, Ms. Joyner.” Shane didn’t notice Sage’s movements at all. He beamed widely. “Don’t worry. I’m a man of my word. I’ll let go of what happened before as long as you can get rid of her.”

Sage said in a louder tone, “I really can’t do this sort of thing, Mr. Morrison. If we get into a fight in your office, it would badly affect you,

you, wouldn’t it?’

Shane said, “Don’t worry. You can compensate for whatever you break here in the office.”

Sage remained silent.

Just then, there was some noise from outside Shane’s office door. A woman in her 20 walked in, dressed exquisitely.

“Shanie.” Her sweet voice rang out the moment she walked through the door.

But after seeing Sage, the smile on her face fell. She asked Shane, “Who is she?”

## Chapter 77

Shane lazily swiveled in his office chair as he said, "Why don't we let her introduce herself to you?"

Sage had never encountered such a crazy thing in her life. Did she have to kick away Shane's admirer as a married woman herself?

Sage met the woman's suspicious gaze and asked, "Would you believe me if I told you that I have nothing to do with Mr. Morrison and that I'm not here of my own volition?"

The woman clearly didn't buy it. She even sneered, "Do you think I'm an idiot? You must be here to pester Shanie.

"Women like you think you can seduce him all because you're pretty. You've even come all the way here to his office. Didn't you hear that he has a fiancée already?"

Sage didn't expect that the person Shane wanted her to kick out of his office would be his

own fiancée!

"I'm so sorry, I—" Sage was about to explain herself when Shane shot her a warning look. Sage had no choice but to change her rhetoric. "I didn't want to interfere with your relationship either, but Shane insisted on pursuing me. I've tried all manner of ways, but I just can't make him stop."

Shane's eyebrow raised upon hearing this. He shot Sage a look.

Sage calmly met his gaze. "I would be deeply grateful if you could persuade him to stop pursuing me."

The woman reacted as if she'd heard a great joke. "He's pursuing you? What kind of nonsense is this? Shane Morrison from the Morrison family is pursuing a woman like you?"

Sage nodded. "I'm not sure what's wrong with his taste in women, but he just won't let me off the hook. I can prove it to you if you don't believe me."

Sage then walked over to the office door. The two bodyguards there stopped her way, looking determined not to let her leave.

"Do you see now?" Sage said in exasperation. "Mr. Morrison won't let me leave no matter

what.

The woman glared at Shane. "Why won't you let her go, Shanie? Do you really fancy her?"

Shane didn't answer. He looked at Sage with an amused expression, which Sage returned with nothing but exasperation on her face.

To Giselle Rosethorn, Shane's response was equivalent to an acquiescence.

"If you really do like another woman now, what'll happen to our engagement? Don't tell me you plan to break it off?" Giselle scowled angrily.

Shane finally said in an annoyed tone, "I never said I wanted to marry you. It was our families' elders who decided that. I had nothing to do with it."

"What do you mean the engagement has nothing to do with you? All of our friends and family already bore witness during our engagement dinner. You're my fiancé. It's no use even if you hide here in Haldon City."

"What is this, Mr. Morrison? You've already had an engagement dinner, yet you're still denying that you have a fiancée?"

Sage's expression was exaggerated. "You're a terrible man. I will never accept someone like you! Besides, my heart already belongs to another, so you'd best just stay with your fiancée."

"She already has someone she loves, yet you're still pursuing her? When did you stoop so low, Shanie?" Giselle asked in disbelief.

Shane ignored Giselle and continued gazing vaguely at Sage. "So what if you have someone you love? As long as you're here, don't even think of escaping to anywhere else."

Even Sage found Shane's words somewhat outrageous, not to mention someone like Giselle, who had no idea what was really going on.

"Please don't do this to me, Mr. Morrison. Just let me go."

Shane snickered. "I really can't do that."

Giselle

grew more uncomfortable the more she listened to Shane and Sage's conversation and watched their interactions. She had so many ways to get rid of women who pestered Shane, but none to stop Shane from liking someone else.

Chapter 78

"I'm going to get you back no matter what!" Giselle cried before running out of the office, her eyes red.

As Sage watched her leave, she said, "How rude of you to do this to your own fiancée, Mr.

Morrison."

“She’s not my fiancée!” Shane hated that term. Then, he said coldly to Sage, “How polite of you to create this persona for me that’s head over heels for you. You’re really bold!”

Sage didn’t feel guilty about it at all. “I only did this for your own good. She would’ve been used to dealing with women who are infatuated with you if I pretended to behave that way.

“Only by knowing that you have feelings for another would she have given up on you.”

“Does that mean I have to thank you?”

“Not necessarily. You can just be a man of your word.”

Shane was about to continue speaking when a bodyguard said from outside, “Mr. Morrison, the receptionist just reported that some police officers have entered the building. They suspect someone’s being unlawfully detained here.”

Shane came to his senses instantly. He raised an eyebrow at Sage. “You’re a bold one for getting up to these antics behind my back.”

Sage hid nothing on her face. “What if you went crazy and tried to abduct me again? I needed a way out regardless.”

Though Shane said he wouldn’t cause Sage any trouble once she got rid of Giselle, she was still concerned about any sudden changes. That was why Sage had unlocked her phone earlier when Shane was on his call and called Tiana’s number.

Tiana guessed that Sage was in trouble after hearing her talk with Shane over the call. So, Tiana silently called the police.

Shanaw

angry at all. In fact, he gazed curiously at Sage. “How interesting.

“I’ll consider your suggestion if you can really make Mimosa hit its investors’ targets, Ms. Joyner.”

Sage smiled politely. “Alright. I hope I don’t disappoint you this time, Mr. Morrison.”

The police soon came into the office.

Sage immediately told them it was her friend who called them here and that Sage herself

was fine.

Shane pointed to a corner in his office. “There’s a surveillance camera there that recorded every single thing that happened earlier. You guys can take a look at the footage.”

Sage glanced up at the camera, suddenly feeling chills run down her spine.

Shane did this on purpose! He wanted Sage to get rid of Giselle for him because he thought she’d pretend to be his girlfriend or someone who had affairs with him. That was why Shane recorded the whole footage. He wanted to show it to Ian and humiliate him!

Shane affirmed Sage’s thoughts. He sighed softly and said, “What a pity we couldn’t show Mr. Holcomb how infatuated his wife was over another man.”

Sage remained quiet.

After leaving Farsight Investment, Sage called Tiana to update her on what happened.

“You’d better stay far away from Shane Morrison. He feels like such a cunning man, said fearfully.

Tiana



Sage consoled her, "Don't worry. I'll be careful."

She then asked Tiana, "Did you feel anything off with that female classmate from yesterday when you were passing something to Wilson?"

Tiana replied, "When I went, I felt like the girl sat a closer distance away from Wilson. I'm not sure if it's because of what you said or what."

Sage said, "Trust your intuition. Don't give her a chance to take advantage."

"You've never even met her, yet why do I feel like you're so judgmental against her?" Tiana asked, confused.

"Ian has admirers of his own, so I know a vixen when I see one."

1

"Well, you don't need to expose yourself like that," Tiana said. "Fine, I'll watch out. I'm going to go get some jewelry for my mother-in-law now!"

## Chapter 79

After calling a tow truck to tow her car back, Sage took a taxi back to Solaris Estate.

The moment she entered, Wanda hurried over. "Mrs. Holcomb, your aunt is here. She's making a stew right now. She insisted on cooking for you and even kicked me out of the kitchen."

Sage's brows furrowed. What was Susan doing here for no reason?

“Sage is back!” Susan came out of the kitchen after hearing the commotion outside. “I just made some herbal stew. It smells delicious. You can eat it in a bit.

“By the way, Ian called me earlier. He’s on his way back from work and should reach home soon.”

Sage got straight to the point. “What are you doing here, Aunt Susan?”

Susan said, “Oh, silly girl. I’ve treated you as my own since you were a child. I’m visiting my daughter’s home because I want to see her, of course.

“Didn’t you say Ian rarely comes home for dinner nowadays? I thought I’d come over to personally cook for you and have Ian join us, too. That’s a win–win situation!”

What did Susan mean by “treat her as her own”? Susan had never been kind to her when they were in private!

It looked like Susan still hadn’t given up on what happened at Pacific Group last time. Or maybe Susan was here to get some information after hearing that Donald intended to change Maven Corporation’s management.

While Sage was deep in thought, the roaring of a car engine sounded outside the was back.

Wanda went over to open the door.

Ian soon appeared in the doorway. He had a small box in hand and was dressed in a black suit, looking smart as ever. Even though he had been busy the whole day, there was still no hint of exhaustion on his face.

When Ian saw Sage, his eyes glirited as if he was waiting for her to greet him.

Sage wasn't going to go kiss Ian's ass right now.

When she thought about the unpleasant events from the past couple of days, she ignored

Jan and went upstairs to change her clothes.

"You must be tired from working, Ian. Come sit down and rest." Susan went up to greet Ian. enthusiastically

"I had someone buy good herbs to make this stew for you two. It'll boost your immune system. Remember to have seconds later, Ian."

Sage felt really awkward upon hearing this. "You're the guest here, Aunt Susan. You should sit and rest. Let Wanda handle the kitchen matters."

"That just won't do. You haven't had my cooking in ages, of course I'll need to cook for you! By the way, I've already put Ian's items back into the room."

Susan put on a disciplinary tone. "You've been spoiled by your grandfather, child. Tossing Ian's things out all because you're angry at him. You can't do this next time!"

Sage was speechless but also respected how thick-skinned her aunt was. Still, she didn't bother arguing with her, or else her grandfather heard about it and started worrying.

Sage went upstairs to get some clothes from the closet. But then she noticed that Ian's clothes were in there, too..

Footsteps rang out from behind her. She turned around to see Ian walking in.

"It's more convenient to leave the clothes here," Ian said lightly. "Didn't you always nag about pairing my outfits for me? This will be your responsibility from now on."

Sage found it incredibly amusing. She used to imagine coming up with daily outfits for Ian as his wife, but Ian never liked the idea of it. He even put his clothes in another room, not even giving her a chance to touch them.

But now he was moving back in and even letting her pair his clothes? "What is the meaning of this, Ian Holcomb?" Sage asked, staring at him.

## Chapter 80

Ian pursed his lips, not questioning Sage's attitude. He said calmly, "You requested this before. What's wrong with me agreeing to it now?"

Sage couldn't help but scoff. "You said so yourself. I requested this before, which means it was in the past. You didn't agree to it before. And now I don't need it anymore. The only thing you need to do now is to sign the divorce agreement!"

"If you really didn't want to pair my clothes anymore, why did you let Aunt Susan bring my things into the bedroom, Sage? You even told her I don't come home often for dinner."

Sage immediately felt awkward after hearing Ian's words.

Susan actually told Ian about that!

"I didn't ask her to come over. What she did has nothing to do with me..." Sage tried to explain.

Before she could finish talking, Susan called out from downstairs, "Sage, Ian, hurry up and come downstairs. Dinner will be ready soon!"

Sage composed herself and said to Ian, "We can talk about this later. No matter what Aunt Susan requests of you later, don't agree to it."

Ian shot Sage a neutral look but said nothing.

Sage soon lost the mood to change her clothes. She then went downstairs.

Wanda was helping Susan bring the food out from the kitchen. Not only was there herbal stew, but there were also high-quality ingredients like lobster and caviar. It sure lead like Susan had given it her

all for this dinner.

It was also obvious that Susan was trying to appeal to them with this meal.

“What are you standing there for? Where’s Ian? Have him come join us for dinner!” Susan gestured at Sage.

Sage said right away, “You shouldn’t come here to cook anymore, Aunt Susan. Wanda will

cook whatever we want to eat.”

Susan understood Sage’s meaning. She chastised, “I’m only doing this for your own good, Sage. I want you to grow closer to Ian.

“What’s so wrong with a husband and wife having a happy relationship? Why does it sound

like you’re blaming me for being nosy?”

Sage said, “You still can’t just interfere in our personal affairs like this.”

It made Ian think it was Sage’s idea!

Susan didn’t understand at first. “What personal affairs did I interfere in? Oh, do you mean by me putting Ian’s items back into the master bedroom?”

Susan continued, "Your housekeeper was cleaning things up when I arrived, so I went to check it out. I had her put the items outside the bedroom back inside. What's so wrong with that? You shouldn't have gotten angry with Ian in the first place!"

Sage gazed at Susan. "Aunt Susan, it's best you worry about the fact that Layla won't be able to graduate in your spare time. I don't need you to worry about us here."

"You!" Susan choked on her words. She happened to see Ian come downstairs, so she ignored Sage and went up to greet him. "Hurry and come sit here, Ian. Dinner will be ready soon!"

Sage was speechless.

Susan animatedly chatted with Ian during dinner. "Ian, you must be really busy with work, huh?"

Ian ate some stew and said in a tone that was neither distant nor friendly, "A little."

Susan sighed. "Your uncle is busy every day, too. But unlike you, he's mindlessly busying himself for the company. Not many people want to see him, so he's been really concerned."

"If Owen is so tired, then he should hire a professional management team." Sage couldn't you must've h  
bout." help but speak up. "I suggested this to Grandpa last time, which

ent team

'What professional management team?' Susan instantly got upset. "Don't you trust in your uncle's capabilities? Why waste so much money to hire outsiders?"

"If word gets out, people will talk about your uncle behind his back and think he's incapable!"