

## A Farewell 81

### Chapter 81

“Our company doesn’t lack connections and resources. Why would we give away our money freely to others?”

Susan then said to Ian, “I’ll just be honest with you, Ian. I came here tonight to make dinner for you because there’s something I need your help with.

“Your uncle wants to partner up with Pacific Group, but they don’t believe in him. So, I was thinking that maybe you could help meet up with them and get us connected?”

“Ian’s really busy nowadays and has no time to help with the Joyner family’s issues, so please don’t burden him further, Aunt Susan!” Sage said coldly.

“What are you saying, Sage? Ian is our family’s son-in-law. How would it be a burden for him to help his in-laws? What do you say, Ian?” Susan then asked Ian.

Ian glanced at Sage, who had a cold expression on her face. He then said lightly, “Give me the other party’s information, Aunt Susan. I’ll have someone check on it later before giving

you a reply.”

“Oh, thank

you so much, Jan! I knew you would help us out!” Susan was overjoyed to hear this. She quickly ladled some more stew for Ian. “Drink up, Ian. No one else can cook up a

stew like I can!”

Sage remained silent.

After Susan finished eating, she left the information behind for Ian before leaving happily.

Sage gazed unhappily at Ian. "Didn't I tell you not to agree to any of Aunt Susan's "ests?"

"You seem to really not want me involved with the Joyner family's business," Ian retorted.

There was no hiding this sort of thing from Ian, so Sage said honestly, "I think it would be better for the Joyner family to get used to not getting any help since we'll be divorced

sooner or later."

Ian's eyes darkened. "Why do you see me as such a cold and heartless person?"

Sage sneered internally. Ian hadn't cared about the Joyner family in the least bit when she was in the asylum. In fact, many people took advantage of the situation to attack the family, reducing Maven Corporation's strength. 1

"Ring, ring! Cutie, your phone is ringing--"

Donald happened to call, so Sage didn't waste any more time with Ian. She went upstairs while answering the phone call.

Donald had heard about Susan's visit to her home, so he called to ask her about it.

"Susan must've heard about my discussion with your uncle about hiring people, then went to find you on her own," Donald said. He then sighed. "Did she pressure you, Sage?"

Sage consoled Donald instead, "It's okay. I'm used to being shameless around Ian anyway, so things weren't too bad."

“What do you mean, shameless? Don’t you dare speak about yourself like that!” Donald said pitifully.

Sage said in a delicate tone, “I’m just joking. Don’t worry, Grandpa. Ian isn’t upset with me. He even came back home just to have dinner with me!”

“That’s good,” Donald said gladly.

Just then, Sage saw Ian walk into the room. He had clearly overheard her conversation. His gaze was deep and telling.

“Rest soon, Grandpa. I’ll hang up for now.”

After hanging up the call, Sage rubbed her face. “You can have the master bedroom if you like it so much. I’ll move to the guest room.”

Ian extended an arm to block Sage’s way.

“What are you doing?” Sage’s brows furrowed cautiously.

Ian said, “You talk about divorce every single day, Sage, so I’m sure you no longer feelings for me whatsoever. That means you shouldn’t be affected no matter where stay or whenever I’m around. Why are you so opposed to me staying here in the master bedroom?”

Sage was confused.

What nonsense was Ian saying?

Sage obviously couldn’t live with Ian in the same room if she had no more feelings for him!

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Ian could tell what Sage was thinking. "First off, we're still legally husband and wife, which means it's still lawful for us to live together.

"Secondly, your reaction makes me think that you don't want me staying here with you because you're worried you might realize you still love me.

Sage forgot to retort for a moment. "Are you saying I can only prove that I don't love you anymore by letting you stay in the master bedroom?"

Ian said neutrally, "Do it for Grandma's sake or think of it as my refusal to give up. Let's try to live together as a married couple before Grandma's birthday.

"If you're still adamant about your stance by then, I'll believe you, and we can divorce peacefully."

Sage stared at him suspiciously. "Won't our elders need to agree to it?"

hey'll definitely be notified of the divorce. As for how they'll react... Well, it depends on how well you can handle stress," Ian said.

Sage understood his meaning. Ian was saying that their elders would still be informed of the divorce, but if she could withstand their response regardless of what it would be, he would sign the divorce papers.

His term sounded much easier without the need for their elders to agree to the divorce.

Sage just needed to hold on for another 20 days. It would surely soon pass.

She said swiftly, "We can live together as husband and wife, but you can't take a me in any way nor force me to do what I don't want to do."

age of

Ian gazed at her, his eyes unclear. "What if you seduce me on your own volition?"

"That will never happen!" Sage blushed, knowing Ian was referring to when she tossed her bra at him. "I didn't know you were in my bed last time!"

Ian's eyes swept across her body briefly. "Don't worry. I'm not interested in flat land."

Flat land? Countless people admired Sage's 90-pound figure!

Sage huffed, "You better keep your word!"

She then took a pair of pajamas, ready to take a shower.

Ian piped up, "I want to shower, too. Help me pick some sleepwear."

Sage was confused.

"It's not too much for a wife to help their husband get their pajamas for them in a normal relationship, right?" Ian said calmly. "I remember you mentioned buying a matching pair of couples' pajamas several times."

Sage did indeed buy countless clothing for Ian, including pajamas. But he never once wore them because he was rarely at home and didn't want to wear clothes she bought for him.

Sage restrained the mixed emotions that were riling up within her. She then tossed a pair of dark blue pajamas to Ian before heading to the bathroom.

When Sage finished her shower, Ian had just finished his as well in the bathroom next-door.

His short hair was still damp, and he was wearing the blue pajamas from earlier. His muscular body was faintly outlined underneath, and with the addition of his long, built legs, the air seemed to thrum with testosterone.

Sage thought if she hadn't been reborn, she would be so overjoyed to see Ian wearing the pajamas she bought and living with her in the same bedroom

But now, all that was left in her was bitterness.

Sage had already given up on him, yet there he was, trying again with her out of spite for things to end the way they would.

Did it still matter?

"Get some sleep once you've had your fill of looking," Ian said, lying down on one side of

the bed.

Sage took her pillow and went to sleep on the chaise lounge. Ian gazed at her. "Do normal married couples sleep apart?"

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Sage replied, "Normal married couples get into fights and stop talking to one another, too.

see you." Now we're in the aftermath of a fight, and I don't want to see

Ian asked, "What was our fight about?"

"Did you forget? Who was it that behaved rudely outside the sports complex two days ago and embarrassed my friend?"

Ian snorted. "Why did I need to act courteously in front of someone who was eyeing up my wife?"

"What is wrong with you?" Sage didn't like hearing Ian insulting Michael. "Why would a bright young man set his eyes on a married woman like me?"

Ian stared coldly at Sage. "You're still defending him? Who do you think knows men better, you or me?"

Sage looked at his ugly expression and suddenly understood something. "Were you jealous because you thought another man was eyeing your wife?"

No wonder Ian would suggest they live together like a normal married couple. His possessiveness was triggered!

Ian had gotten fed up with Sage's constant admiration of him, but now that he sensed someone else might snatch her away, he was upset,

What a pathetic behavior.

Ian sensed Sage's disdain and said coldly, "I just didn't want to see you continue fuss. I want to give both of us a chance to have some peace and quiet."

Why did Ian have to justify his pathetic behavior?

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Sage said, "Fine, we can have some peace and quiet. Never talk to me again from now on."

She then tossed her pillow on the chaise lounge and lay down, her back facing Ian.

Ian held back as he looked at Sage's distant figure. He then started reading a book.

"The light's too bright. I can't sleep. Switch it off!" Sage said in an impatient tone after Ian finished reading two pages.

Ian ground his teeth in response to Sage's clear provocation. He set the book down and

switched off the main lights in the bedroom, leaving only a small nightlight near the

headboard.

The room immediately quietened in the dim light.

Ian was unable to fall asleep either due to the lingering fragrance in the bed or the earlier-than-usual bedtime.

After some time, he thought Sage had fallen asleep.

He got off the bed and looked at her. She was curled into a ball, face buried in her pillow. Her breathing was slow and even. It seemed like she really had fallen asleep.

Sage seemed peaceful, with not a trace of rebelliousness on her face whatsoever.

Ian didn't disturb her. He took his phone and book from the bedside table and went to the study.

After he left, Sage opened her eyes.

Unlike the exhaustion she felt the other night, she was unable to fall asleep as fast.



Ian had only been in the bedroom for a short while, yet Sage felt like his presence had dominated the entire space. She had loved her for many years, after all, and this was a scenario she had longed to happen.

Sage couldn't deny the beating of her heart when it was just the two of them in the bedroom. But she had to keep her mind clear and not fall back into what happened in her previous life.

No one could hurt her so long as Sage didn't fall for them.

She suppressed her thoughts and forced herself to go to sleep.

The next morning, Sage woke up to find herself in bed.

She had found it strange the last time it happened. She had no sleep-walking issues, so how would she have ended up on the bed? Her pillow was here, too.

This repeated occurrence convinced Sage that Ian had something to do with it.

After cleaning up, she went downstairs to find that Ian was still at home. He was drinking coffee while looking through some paperwork.

Ian was dressed in a white button-up and was sitting, relaxed. The morning sunlight

streamed through the window walls and lit up his flawless features. It made him look gentler.

Sage

couldn't deny that Ian perfectly fit her definition of handsomeness, no matter which angle she looked at him from.

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Ian raised his gaze when he felt Sage's gaze on him.

When Ian saw her gaze was fixed on him, his eyes shone with delight.

Sage took a deep breath and calmed herself down.

No matter how handsome he was, she still found him repugnant!

Sage coldly asked as she walked downstairs, "You're the one who brought me to bed last night, right?"

As soon as she finished speaking, the sound of cutlery dropping could be heard from the kitchen.

Sage turned around and saw Terry's shocked expression.

Terry quickly recovered from the shock. He picked up the fork from the floor and pretended nothing had happened as he retreated into the kitchen.

"Mrs. Holcomb, what-"

Terry even held back Wanda, who was about to come out from the kitchen.

Wanda was left puzzled by his actions, asking, "What are you doing? I was just about to ask Mrs. Holcomb what she wanted for breakfast!"

Terry dragged Wanda into the kitchen, saying, "Wanda, please take a look at this fork and see if it's too slippery from the oil."

"It's obviously very clean, though..."

Terry's and Wanda's voices faded away into the kitchen.

Sage thought about what she had said earlier, realizing that her words could really be easily misunderstood. She felt her cheeks flush a little as she thought about it.

"Yeah, it was me," Ian, unsure if Sage had done that intentionally, said in a teasing manner.

Sage suppressed her embarrassment and coldly said to Ian, "Didn't we agree that you're not allowed to take advantage of me?"

Ian put down the documents in his hand and said calmly, "As the saying goes, 'forgive and forget.' It's been a night now, so I think we can put an end to this cold war.

Sage was rendered speechless.

What kind of nonsense was that?

Before she could say anything, Ian added, "You should get ready. You'll be accompanying me to the Holcomb Corporation's banquet tomorrow night."

Sage directly refused him. "Sorry, but I have other plans."

Since it was a banquet held in celebration of the acquisition of Bolton Investment, Ivy, as the director, would inevitably be the center of attention. That was why she didn't want to

attend it.

"As my wife, isn't it quite normal for you to accompany me to such corporate banquets?"

Taking out two cards and placing them on the table, Ian said, "I'm not going to let you work for nothing. Take this black card and go get yourself some new clothes.

It wasn't out of the question to consider it if there was money to be made.

After all, she wouldn't be able to spend his money anymore after they divorced.

Besides, since Ian had brought up the whole "normal married couple interaction" matter, she couldn't really refuse him.

"After the divorce, you won't force me to pay half the amount of the jewelry and bags I bought, right?" Sage asked, somewhat worried.

Ian gritted his teeth and said, "Everything you bought will be yours!"

Sage took the black card and said, "It's a deal, then."

Then, she looked at the other bank card on the table and asked, "What's this card fo

Despite feeling a little annoyed, Ian said, "It's the one million dollar reward for the investment plan you had previously come up with."

Sage was somewhat perplexed about it. "The investment plans for Mimosa had all been canceled. Are you sure you still want to give me the money?"

Furthermore, Ian also knew that the investment plan wasn't intended for Bolton

Investment.

Ian saw through her thoughts, and he scoffed. "I'm a man of my word, so I'll do what I say. I don't want you to use this as an excuse to say I'm a liar."

As Sage thought about the one million dollars that was up for her to grab, her face lit up

with joy. When she picked up the card, she couldn't help but flatter him. "Thank you, Holcomb! You are indeed a man of your word—so reliable and trustworthy!"

Mr.

Jan looked at Sage with a hint of disdain and said, "You were raised in luxury by the Joyners, so why do you have to be so greedy?"

"What's wrong with liking money?"

Sage corrected him, stating, "Money is the foundation of an adult's life. No one would ever complain about having too much money! Although you're so wealthy, aren't you constantly working your butt off for Holcomb Corporation?"

"Well, you might be working so hard due to the family legacy and responsibility. You're on a whole different level, so it's perfectly understandable that you can't comprehend the thoughts of us ordinary folks."

## Chapter 85

Ian was rendered speechless by Sage's statement.

Terry, who was standing by the kitchen, sighed as he witnessed the scene. Sage was so fortunate to be able to get her hands on so much money.

Although Bolton Investment had set the maximum reward at 100 thousand dollars, Ian unexpectedly gave Sage one million dollars.

However, Ian's money would eventually belong to Sage anyway. Therefore, at that moment, it didn't really matter.

Ian's actions both pleased Sage and kept the money within the family. It was a clever move

on his part.

As expected of Ian Holcomb-he was truly intelligent!

Wanda suddenly asked anxiously, "Mr. Zane, you've been blocking the entrance for a while now. Can I please get through? Mrs. Holcomb hasn't had breakfast yet."

When he saw that Ian and Sage were almost done talking, Terry stepped aside and suggested, "Wanda, you should probably take a few days off."

Wouldn't that allow Ian to eat Sage's home-cooked meals?

Wanda instantly panicked and asked, "Mr. Zane, have I done something wrong? Does Mr. Holcomb want to replace me?"

Terry, who realized that his good intentions were misunderstood, promptly reassured her, "Please don't misunderstand me. You're doing a great job."

After breakfast, Ian and Terry went to the company, while Sage went upstairs to get ready, planning to go shopping to buy things and see if there were any gifts suitable for Linda.

When Sage went downstairs, she saw Wanda waiting for her with a nervous expression.

"What's going on, Wanda?"

"Mrs. Holcomb, Mr. Zane said I should take some time off. Do you think Mr. Holcomb isn't satisfied with my work and wants to replace me?"

Sage reassured her, "There's no such thing. Don't worry about it!"

Wanda was still feeling uneasy as she said, "When I brought Mr. Holcomb the medicine I

had brewed last night, he looked very displeased. He even told me to throw away all the medicine that Mrs. Holcomb Senior had sent."

Sage couldn't help but chuckle at the thought of the medicine. "If he wants it thrown out, just do as he says. If Mrs. Holcomb Senior asks about it, just let her know that he's going to

find a doctor himself."

Sage chose Ian's Bugatti in the garage since her car was still in the repair shop and hadn't been picked up yet.

She had never driven such an outrageously expensive luxury car before. Even if she became wealthy later on, she might not be willing to splurge on one. So, she wanted to experience it before she got divorced.

She got into the car, easily started it up, and hit the road.

Sage had just parked the car in the shopping mall parking lot when she heard someone knocking on her car window.

She rolled down the window. A young face with exquisite makeup and a charming smile appeared before her.

"Hey there, Ian," the woman coquettishly called out.

However, when she saw that it was Sage in the car, she was visibly taken aback, and the

smile on her face froze.

Sage was amused by Layla Joyner's sudden change in expression. "Layla, what a coincidence. Don't you have classes today?"

Layla was visibly disappointed. "Why are you driving Ian's car?"

Sage chuckled and said, "You seem to be quite familiar with Ian's car."

Ian usually drove low-key cars like the Maybach for work. Although the Bugatti wasn't frequently driven, Layla instantly recognized it, which showed how much she paid attention.

to Jan.

"Layla, who is this? Didn't you say this car belonged to some big shot?"

As soon as Sage got out of the car, she heard the man's voice.

She glanced up and realized that there were three other people standing behind Eayla.

The one who had just spoken was a man about five feet nine inches tall. He was dressed in designer clothes, looking like a wealthy young man.

Sage found him somewhat familiar.

## Chapter 86

A few days ago, Sage had seen that man at the mall in Cinderpeak County. At that moment, he was being scolded by Sandra Fraser for wanting to buy a luxury watch.



Based on his appearance and the way he spoke to Sandra, it was highly probable that he was Sandra's son.

She recalled what he had said to Sandra about needing to dress up to impress a woman from a wealthy family. Could that woman be Layla?

That would be quite interesting, then.

Considering Sandra's financial situation, it would be impossible for her to provide her son with so many high-end accessories.

Therefore, it was highly likely that all of these accessories came from Ivy.

Who would have thought that Ivy wouldn't only reach out to the mental hospital but also to the people around her?

"Allow me to introduce my cousin. She married into a wealthy family, and this car belongs to her husband."

Layla boasted, "There are only a few people in the whole country who have a Bugatti, and her husband is one of them! This isn't something that can be bought with just money—you would also need a fitting social status!"

A fleeting glimpse of greed crossed the man's face, which he quickly masked.

"Layla, your cousin-in-law is so amazing! When will you introduce him to us?" Layla's other male friend asked.

Layla probably remembered how indifferent Ian could be, so she didn't dare to brag too much. "He's a very busy man. We'll talk about it later if we get the chance. Aren't we here to pl. billiards and sing karaoke? Let's go!"

The man glanced greedily at the Bugatti and said to Layla, “There are only a few of us here. Why don’t you invite your cousin over to join us?”

Layla immediately rejected his suggestion without any hesitation. “Nah, it’s fine. We don’t

need her here. We can have fun on our own.”

The man persisted. “Hey, your cousin’s young, too. Wouldn’t she want to tag along and have some fun with us?”

Layla had no choice but to look at Sage, who had been silent the whole time, and asked casually, “Do you want to join us?”

In her previous life, Layla was said to end up with a wealthy man.

At that time, Sage wasn’t interested in such matters, so she had never seen what that man looked like.

Later on, during her time in the asylum, Sage overheard the nurses gossiping about the Joyner family.

Layla was reportedly subjected to abuse by her husband—where he would send her to other men for entertainment and even record exploitative videos of it. In order to help Layla break free from that man, Layla’s father even nearly emptied his savings.

As a result, Maven Corporation, which was already in decline, experienced a total and irreversible collapse.

Although Sage and Layla didn’t have a good relationship, they were still family. Sage couldn’t just sit back and watch Layla suffer the same tragic fate she had in her previous life.

So, Sage chuckled and said, “Sure thing!”

Layla clearly didn't expect Sage to agree so readily. Although she was reluctant, she could only bring her along.

"Hey there! I'm Henry York, a friend of Layla's."

Henry said courteously, "These two are Layla's classmates, and they're also my friends." Sage maintained a graceful yet warm smile as she said, "It's a pleasure to meet all of you." They arrived at a lavishly decorated recreational and entertainment establishment.

In a grand gesture, Henry booked a large private room that featured both billiards and karaoke. He then ordered a bunch of drinks and snacks.

"Eat and drink as much as you like. It's all on me!"

"Henry, you're really going all out! There's only a few of us. We don't need such a h "said the woman who was with them.

om,

Henry said in a generous manner, "It's not a big deal. When we're out having fun, the most important thing is to relax and enjoy ourselves!"

Henry, dressed in head-to-toe designer brands and exuding an air of nonchalance, quickly put

the woman at ease.

"Well then, thanks a lot, Henry!"

the grou

Compared to the other woman in Layla didn't show much interest in Henry.

## Chapter 87

Layla was always on her phone, talking to her friends about clothes and handbags. She paid no attention to Henry's attentiveness and only saw him as an ordinary pursuer.

It was obvious that Henry must have done something else later on to make Layla change her mind about him.

"Hey, Layla, check it out! Your cousin's handbag looks exactly like the limited edition one they're selling online."

The woman suddenly exclaimed with envy, "Regular folks can't get their hands on these handbags! They're exclusively reserved for high-profile clients!"

She spoke so loudly that even Henry, who was playing billiards, couldn't help but look over.

Layla said with a hint of jealousy, "It's no surprise that she has so much money to spend. Not only did she marry into a wealthy family, my grandfather even gave her 100 million dollars when she got married!"

Sage didn't deny that she was rich. When the waiter came over, she took out the black card that Ian had given her.

Amidst a chorus of envious gazes, she handed the card to the waiter and said, "Please take this and swipe it. I'll cover all the expenses here today."

When Henry heard this, he walked over and said, "No way! I said I was treating, and I meant it. How can I let you foot the bill?"

"No worries. I'm Layla's family, after all. I can't let you guys pay for it when we're out having

fun.”

Sage said it casually as if it was nothing special. She didn't seem to think it was a big deal to pay for everyone's expenses.

Refusing would make him seem ungrateful, so Henry pretended like it was no big deal and said, “Thanks a lot, then!”

After swiping the card, Sage stood up and said, “I'm so sorry, but I just remembered that I have something to attend to. Please continue your fun!”

Layla wasn't thrilled to see her anyway, so naturally, she didn't try to stop her from leaving.

Sage took her handbag and walked outside. While waiting for the elevator, Henry came after

her.

“Hey, can I have your contact information?”

Although Sage wasn't really surprised by his actions, she still furrowed her brows and glanced.

at Henry.

Henry immediately explained, “I had no other intention. Since you're Layla's cousin, I just thought I could learn more about her through you and become more involved in her social circle.”

Sage asked nonchalantly, “Are you trying to pursue Layla?”

Henry frankly admitted, "That's right. Although I haven't known Layla for long, I really like her and want to pursue her seriously."

Sage adopted a haughty attitude and said, "Our family doesn't accept just anyone, and my uncle really adores Layla since she's her only daughter. He really treasures her, so he wouldn't allow her to date just anyone."

"I'm well aware of that. I wouldn't have had the audacity to pursue Layla unless I was sure I was worthy of her. My father owns a sizable agricultural products company in our hometown.

"While our family's wealth may not rival your husband's, I can guarantee that Layla will never face hardship with me."

Henry added, "I simply don't wish to inherit my father's business so soon. That's why I came to Haldon City to make a name for myself!"

She hit the nail on the head!

Sage recalled that Layla's boyfriend was involved in an agricultural products company in her previous life.

Sage unlocked her phone and said, "Alright, I'll give you my contact information for now since you're being so sincere."

Henry was excited to obtain Sage's contact information. "In the future, I'll need your help with stuff related to Layla then!"

Sage maintained her cold demeanor as she said, "Let me make it clear. I'm not saying. definitely help you. After all, this is a matter that concerns Layla's entire life, so we can't just rush into a decision."

"I completely understand your reservations. I'm confident that I'll meet the expectations of both you and Layla."

When the elevator arrived, Sage didn't say anything more to him and immediately walked into

1. it.

Henry's face revealed a mixture of mockery and smugness as the elevator doors closed.

She put on a façade of aloofness and sophistication in front of him. However, she was nothing but a rich and simple-minded woman.

That woman wouldn't have stood a chance before him!

When Sage arrived at the parking lot, she found that Henry had transferred her a sum of money, which was the exact amount she had paid with her card earlier.

Chapter 88

with a message

Henry immediately followed up "I'm grateful for your kind gesture. However, I feel uncomfortable taking this money from you, although this sum might be nothing to you.

Sage let out a chuckle, surprised at Henry's quick wit.

Despite his obvious greed, he still managed to portray himself as someone above taking small

favours.

Sage accepted the money and replied, "I'll be the one treating next time."

Henry replied, "I'll not be so reserved next time, then!"

Sage put her phone away.

She had casually flaunted her wealth earlier and used a black card to show Henry how rich she was.

Given how greedy Henry was, he would definitely try to curry favor with her.

As a result, he wouldn't be as attentive to Layla.

Besides, Henry was obviously Ivy's lackey, and he might be useful to her in the future.

Sage bought two sets of the latest season's dresses at the mall, as well as some jewelry and several pieces of gold.

In the past, she used to think gold was tacky, but now she found it particularly appealing.

Gold was radiant and visually appealing, and it retained its value. In times of crisis, it could also be exchanged for cash. There was nothing better than that!

She was just having a great time shopping when Ian called.

Sage was taken aback when she saw his number.

As far as she could recall, Ian had rarely answered her calls, let alone took the initiative to call her.



She answered the call and asked, "What do you want? Don't tell me you're going to be mad at me for buying some gold? You said I could buy whatever I wanted this morning."

Ian was rendered speechless for a moment before he finally said, "Grandpa is fond of antique inkwells and ink. I recently bought one for him, but I'm currently swamped with work and can't deliver it myself. Can you come by later to pick it up?"

It was truly admirable that Ian still remembered Donald's preferences.

"Alright," Sage agreed readily.

As she was about to hang up the phone, Ian casually asked, "Are you at the mall?"

"Yeah, I'm almost done shopping."

Ian casually asked again, "What did you buy?"

"Oh, just some clothes, jewelry, and gold."

"Did you also visit these stores when you went to the mall a few days ago?"

"Nope. Tiana needed to get some clothes for Wilson last time, so we went to the men's section too--"

Sage suddenly stopped talking, feeling a bit suspicious. "What's with all the questions? Do you need to buy something?"

Ian's tone sounded a bit more relaxed as he said, "You should figure it out on your own. I need to head for a meeting now."

Sage was rendered speechless.

What was that all about?

In the past, she had bought Ian stuff before, but he never really cared about them. So she wasn't going to waste any more money on him.

Sage carried her spoils and made her way to Holcomb Corporation.

As she entered the lobby, the receptionist and several other staff members greeted her with enthusiasm.

It suddenly occurred to Sage that this marriage might not be beyond saving after all.

Ian was tall, handsome, and wealthy. Besides, he didn't smoke, drink excessively, ga... do shady business. Moreover, he wasn't the kind of person who would leech off others or become abusive

toward women.

In this life, he treated her better, generously gave her a card to spend, and was very thoughtful toward her grandfather.

Aside from having a long-time close female friend, Ian was essentially the ideal man.

It would be possible to make do with this, even if it wasn't perfect.

She was still mulling it over when the elevator reached the president's office.

When Sage knocked and entered, she saw Ivy in the office.

Ivy was holding a bag

Ian. "Ian, I'd like to thank you on my father's behalf."

Ivy was holding a bag with a luxurious gift box inside as she gently expressed her gratitude to Ian. Ian, I'd like to thank you on my father's behalf."

Chapter 89

No wonder Ian had been busy lately. It turned out that he was busy kissing up to the

Shekdotters.

It must have been difficult for him. After all, he needed to do extra work on top of his regular workload at the company.

"Mrs. Holcomb," Ivy politely greeted when she saw Sage.

Being a sensible woman, she said to Ian, "Now that my job here is done, I'm going back to Bolton Investment."

"Okay."

Once Ivy left, Ian glanced at Sage, who had come here—empty—handed. He seemed to be silently questioning her as to why she didn't buy anything for him.

Sage ignored his look as she asked coldly, "Where's the antique inkwell?"

Ian frowned, not understanding why Sage's demeanor had changed even though she had been friendly to him over the phone earlier.

He recalled Ivy's presence in his office just now, so he decided to be patient with Sage for once. "Ivy was here earlier to give me a report on tomorrow's banquet

"Your relationship with her has nothing to do with me," Sage interrupted. "Hurry up and give me the inkwell. I'm quite busy, too, you know."

Ian fell silent at that moment. In the end, he dug out a wooden box with the antique inkwell in

it from his drawer.

"Why don't I cancel my meeting and head over to Grandpa's house with you?"

"No need for that."

After Sage accepted the box, she spun on her heel and left.

This was the reason why she had to get a divorce as soon as possible.

Why should she continue tolerating Ian's infidelity toward her? Was she so pathetic to the point that she couldn't date any other men after divorcing Ian?

At that moment, Calvin happened to bump into Sage outside the elevator. He was torn between greeting her or letting her be when he noticed her brushing past him with an icy look.

Calvin was perplexed, to say the least. Since when was Sage the type to be so arrogant?

The first thing Calvin noticed after entering the president's office was Ian's thunderous look.

“Ian, did Sage piss you off again?”

Ian glanced at Calvin, clearly annoyed. “Why are you calling her by her name? Mind your manners,”

Calvin was rendered speechless by Ian’s sudden outburst. He had always been addressing Sage by her name, and he knew for a fact that Ian had never said anything about it in the past.

Then again, Calvin was pretty experienced when it came to romance and dating. He knew what the trigger was right away.

It was clear that Ian had already developed feelings for Sage, thus his unusual attention to something as miniscule as how Sage was addressed.

Calvin quickly changed his tune. “Mrs. Holcomb came here earlier, right? She didn’t seem happy at all. Did you two fight?”

Ian shot Calvin a pointed look. At first, he didn’t like how much of a gossipmonger Calvin was, but he couldn’t put his finger on Sage’s fluctuating emotions. So, he filled Calvin in on what happened earlier.

“You’re saying that Mrs. Holcomb looked unhappy the moment she saw Ivy, right?” Calvin looked confused. “But Ivy was here to give you a work report, no?”

“I don’t think Mrs. Holcomb is the type to lump business and leisure matters together. Ian, I need you to think harder. Did you leave out any details?”

Ian responded in annoyance, “No. Ivy just said goodbye to her before leaving with the gift box.

“Gift box?” Calvin grasped the keyword immediately. “What gift box?”

“Today’s Uncle Ron’s birthday, so I had my secretary prepare a luxurious gift box for him in advance. I wanted to have it delivered to Shekdotter Manor at first. But since Ivy decided to swing by to give me a work report, I told her to bring it with her.”

Calvin understood the whole situation right away after hearing Ian’s explanation.

“This is why Mrs. Holcomb felt displeased, Ian.”

Ian’s brows were tangled into a frown. “Why would she feel displeased about this?”

Ronald was a family friend who had always been present in Ian’s childhood. Was it wrong of Ian to give him a gift on his birthday?

Calvin explained, “The problem doesn’t lie within the gesture. It’s the fact that Mrs. Holcomb has misunderstood you. She thought you prepared extra gifts for people other than Mr. Joyner

Senior.

“Then again, this is just a small problem. I promise you that she’ll cool down once you’ve explained everything to her later.”

Calvin looked quite proud of himself for understanding Sage’s thought process well. However, Ian just huffed coldly at the sight.

“Why should I explain anything to her? She’s the one who decided to get angry over such a petty matter. How is that my problem?”

Chapter 90

Calvin decided to drop a piece of advice for Ian out of the kindness of his heart.

“Ilan, it’s best if you explain to Mrs. Holcomb as soon as possible. Women usually get angry over just one matter.

“But if you don’t offer them any explanations or comforting words, they’ll definitely lump every little thing that ticked them off in the past together. It’ll be difficult for you to coax them by the time their grudge against you deepens.”

Jan couldn’t care less about how difficult it was to coax Sage. Heck, he couldn’t be bothered to

do that.

He no longer wanted to listen to Calvin’s nonsensical rambling, so he stated coldly, “Are you done with your project proposal? You can head to the meeting room now and explain every single detail to everyone there.”

Calvin instantly shut up at that order, clearly not expecting the sudden change in topic. He plastered a pitiful look on his face as he asked, “Can you spare me this once, Ian?”

Ilan wasn’t fazed in the slightest. “No.”

Calvin cried, “You can’t just vent your frustrations on me just because you got into a fight

with Mrs. Holcomb!”

Ilan responded by shooting Calvin a cold glance. “One more word and I’ll kick you out of this office myself.”

Calvin fell silent immediately.

After reaching Donald’s residence, Sage handed the antique inkwell that Ian had bought to Donald. The latter smiled the moment he laid his eyes on the gift.

“Ian really has good taste in antiquities. Silver inkwells are hard to find in the market. nowadays. I’ve always wanted to include one of these precious artifacts in my collection. Sage,

you want to admire this inkwell with me?”

do

“Nope.” Sage didn’t even want to glance at the inkwell. She wouldn’t even touch it if it weren’t for the fact that Ian needed her to pass the gift to Donald.

“Grandpa, I’m going to the workshop to make some aromatic incense.”

Previously, Sage had bought some prayer beads for Linda and had put together a booklet for her. She originally intended to pick out another gift for Linda, but the latter didn’t need any expensive gifts at all.

When Sage received Ian’s request to pass Donald’s gift to him, she decided to take the opportunity to make some incense with calming and sleep-inducing properties for Linda.

Sage often mixed chemicals together just to produce incense at home. Hence, Donald was already used to her frequent visits.

He continued studying the antique inkwell from every angle while saying, “Go ahead.”

The room hosting the workshop was located at the end of the corridor that led to the courtyard. It was pretty much a quiet space most of the time, not to mention it was quite big.

Sage’s mother, Rosemary Joyner, used to spend most of her time in the workshop before her death.

Like Rosemary, Sage was born with a keen sense of smell. Hence, she learned how to brew chemicals meant for incense and perfume production. 2



In order to become a professional perfumer, one had to undergo harsh training just to hone their sense of smell. Rosemary didn't have the heart to put Sage through the torment, so she never trained her. That was why Sage was just making incense for fun.

No one else knew how talented she truly was, save for Donald.

After working on the incense for a few hours in the workshop, Sage noticed that it was already nighttime. She decided to spend the night in Donald's residence.

There were countless procedures one needed to follow when it came to incense production. Plus, some of the incense needed to rest for a long time as well. Naturally, Donald understood Sage's situation.

"The housing staff cleans your room daily. Rest assured that it's extremely neat and tidy. You can just stay there without worrying about anything. Well, you've spent the whole afternoon in that workshop of yours. Come, have dinner with me."

Soon, Sage and Donald sat at the dining table. The kitchen staff had prepared a lav consisting of Sage's favorite food. Needless to say, she enjoyed dinner a lot.

After dinner, Sage went on a stroll with Donald.

inner

"Sage, I've reprimanded Susan yesterday. She promised me to never seek Ian out for help from

now on," Donald said.

Sage knew very well that Susan's promise was an empty one. She'd still ask Ian for help whenever the circumstances called for it.

However, she flashed Donald a smile just to reassure him. "It's all water under the bridge now. Besides, Ian has already agreed to help her out."

Donald replied, "I've talked to Owen about your suggestion of hiring a professional team to

run the company. It's obvious that he's reluctant to consider it despite saying that he'll think

about it.

"Owen has contributed a lot to the company over the past few years. I can't force him to accept my suggestion."

Sage said with a smile, "I know, Grandpa. I forgot to take that factor into consideration. Uncle Owen has done so much for the company, so it's normal for him to be displeased about the notion of having other people take over the company.

"Well, I've been pondering about another suggestion. What if we hire a skilled vice president and have them help Uncle Owen out instead?"

Donald paused to think about the suggestion. "I have someone in mind who's suited for this position.

Sage suggested, "Grandpa, once you've made your choice, you can arrange for that person to join the company via the regular procedures. That way, Uncle Owen won't have any qualms in arranging work for them."