

A Farewell 91

Chapter 91

“You really are cheeky.” Donald poked Sage in the forehead. “I’d never have thought you’d be that wary of your own uncle.”

Sage could never trust Owen. After all, he had replaced the entire senior management in the company with his own subordinates.

It wasn’t as though Donald was ignorant of Owen’s antics. He was just playing dumb the whole time.

Sage giggled daintily before admitting the truth.

“I’m wary of everyone but you, Grandpa. By the way, Layla seems interested in traveling abroad. Why not suggest to Uncle Owen about letting her study in a university abroad for two years?”

Sage didn’t bring up her meeting with Layla. “She keeps failing her subjects, after all. Maybe she might be able to study well in a new university.”

As long as Layla was abroad, Henry wouldn’t be able to pester her. Perhaps she’d be able to escape from her tragic fate in Sage’s past life.

Donald replied, “I did mention that to Susan last time. Unfortunately, she refused to let Layla study abroad because she was her only daughter. I think she’s scouting out a romantic prospect for Layla right now.”

Susan was extremely protective of Layla. There was no way she’d listen to Donald’s suggestion. That meant Sage had to think of another idea.

Once they were done with the walk, Sage spent some time massaging Donald’s shoulders. Only when Donald retreated to his room for the night did she return to the workshop.

After a few more hours, Sage was finally done with her work for the night. She used various essences, such as rock orchids and blood orange, to create a type of incense based preferences and current condition.

It was meant to calm her nerves and help with her sleep quality.

When Sage recalled Terry saying that the incense had worked on his mother, she spent some time producing more.

She was exhausted by the time she finished her work. After returning to her room, she fell asleep right away the moment her head hit the pillow.

It was already late morning when Sage stirred awake. She stretched lazily, thinking that her childhood bed was the most comfortable thing ever.

It was then she decided that she didn't want to do anything for one full month once her divorce with Ian was official. All she wanted to do was stay at home during that period.

The thought of lazing around at home and spending all of her time with Donald pleased her to

no end.

Once Sage finished washing up, she headed downstairs right away without combing her hair due to laziness. The first thing she heard was Donald's hearty laughter coming from the

courtyard.

She couldn't help but wonder what on earth made Donald so happy.

After reaching the courtyard, Sage found out that Donald had been teaching Ian and Terry some basic exercises suited for elderly and unfit people.

“Now, pay attention to me. You should do this.”

Both Ian and Terry were clad in dress shirts and slacks. They looked serious while attempting to follow Donald’s lead. Anyone would’ve found the scene amusing.

“Pfft!” Sage couldn’t help but giggle.

Ian turned to look at her, his expression freezing momentarily. Then, he shot her a warning glance before standing up straight.

Meanwhile, Terry greeted Sage politely, “Good morning, Mrs. Holcomb.”

“Mr. Zane, I’ve made another batch of incense. I’ll have someone give it to you later.”

“Okay. Thank you, Mrs. Holcomb.”

“Ah, Sage. You’re awake. Ian’s been here for a while now,” Donald said with a smile. “Ian, you should accompany Sage to breakfast. Terry, let’s continue exercising.”

Sage wanted to turn Donald’s offer down, but she didn’t want to appear ungrateful. Hence, she returned to the residence and had a housekeeper deliver the incense to Terry.

Soon, Ian walked into the house.

Sage frowned as she gazed at him, noting the way he towered over her. “Why are you here?”

Ian’s expression was as cool as ever. “I’m attending a governmental meeting later, which is held in a nearby area. That’s why I dropped by to visit Grandpa.”

Sage didn’t think much about Jan’s reason. At least that man cared enough to visit Donald.

For some reason, Ian felt a little relieved when he noticed the pleased look on Sage's face.

At that moment, Sage didn't put on her makeup, nor did she do her hair. In fact, she was still wearing her oversized pajamas. Right now, she looked lazy yet enchanting.

Her doe-like eyes held an animated sparkle. Ian felt like kissing her all of a sudden. He stared at her before asking in a low tone, "Sage, were you angry at me yesterday?"

Chapter 93

Ivy's smiling face appeared on the screen. "What's with the early morning call, Ian?"

Ian forwarded the photo to her. "Explain to me why this photo was taken like this."

Ivy wasn't the only one who was shocked by Ian's question. Even Sage looked slightly surprised. She never expected Ian to question Ivy in the first place.

Meanwhile, Ivy was astonished to see the photo. She soon recalled what happened that day.

"Didn't I delete this photo on my social media feed? I have the tendency to show my cooking off whenever I've whipped up something nice. After posting that photo, I felt that it wasn't nice enough, so I deleted it after a while.

"Why did you save this photo, Ian? Is something wrong with it?"

Ian asked, "Why did you include my shirt in your photo?"

"Huh? Did I?" Ivy seemed to be scrutinizing the photo to verify the details. "You're right. Did Mrs. Holcomb misunderstand our relationship, Ian?"

Ian answered right away, "She thought I took a shower and spent the night in your apartment.

It was then that Ivy noticed Sage, who sat next to Ian. She quickly said apologetically, "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Holcomb. You've misunderstood Ian."

After explaining what happened that night, Ivy continued, "Mrs. Holcomb, if you still don't trust me, I can always ask the property management to show you the security footage of that

night."

Ian turned to look at Sage after hearing Ivy's suggestion. At the same time, Sage picked up on the trace of provocation and mockery shining in Ivy's eyes.

She just smiled before tugging Ian's tie downward. Then, she stood on her tiptoes and kissed him on the lips.

Ian could feel the softness of Sage's lips and her fragrance overwhelming his senses. His breath now hitched in his throat. He dipped down to reciprocate the kiss without thinking about the reason why Sage had kissed him in the first place.

Since Ian was still holding his phone, he tossed it onto the table immediately, thinking that it was distracting him from enjoying the kiss. He held Sage by the waist with the intention of deepening the kiss.

But the moment his hands made contact with Sage's small waist, he felt her pushing him away forcefully.

"Ian, please be gentle with me!" she moaned in the direction of the phone.

The next thing they knew, Ivy ended the video call immediately.

A satisfied smile crept onto Sage's face as she moved to take her seat at the table. She looked so calm as though she wasn't the one seducing Ian just now.

"Are you satisfied now?" Ian asked while suppressing his desire for Sage.

Sage wiped her mouth with a napkin. "Feel free to explain to Ivy what happened if you're worried she might misunderstand you."

Ian didn't respond to that remark. If it weren't for the fact that this was a bad time for him, he'd definitely kiss her without a care in the world till she begged for mercy.

At that moment, Terry entered the dining room and reminded Ian that it was almost time for

them to leave.

Ian picked up his phone from the table while gazing at Sage. "Don't forget to show up at the banquet on time."

Sage took a sip from her glass of milk. "Don't worry. I won't forget about our little date. I've received your payment, after all."

Only then did Ian walk away.

As Sage watched Ian's silhouette leaving her line of sight, she put down her glass and let out a deep sigh. The truth was, she couldn't endure how pretentious and fake Ivy was during the video call. Hence, she decided to irk Ivy by kissing Ian.

But Sage didn't expect Ian to return the kiss eagerly instead of shoving her away angrily.

Was it true that men could easily be intimate with women they didn't have any feelings for as long as they were horny?

After having lunch with Donald, Sage drove back to Solaris Estate. As she grabbed the stuff she had bought yesterday, she walked into the living room only to see an unexpected visitor.

Delilah was there.

She sat with one leg crossed over the other. A cup of coffee sat on the coffee table before her. She happened to be flipping through a fashion magazine leisurely when Sage saw her.

“Mrs. Holcomb, Ms. Stromberg is adamant on waiting for your return,” Wanda said.

“Oh, Sage! You’re finally home! You kept me waiting for a very long time!” Delilah exclaimed while putting down the magazine.

Sage dismissed Wanda before asking Delilah, “What are you doing here?”

Her displeased tone irked Delilah greatly.

“It’s been so many days, Sage! Are you done with this tantrum of yours? You do realize that I taught Ivy a lesson on your behalf, right? I don’t expect you to thank me, but how could you. say such things to me?”

Chapter 94

“Whatever. I heard you’re going to attend the banquet hosted by Holcomb Corporation. You can accompany me to a beauty salon to get my hair and makeup done.

“I’ll have to pick out a gown there, too. After that, we can attend the banquet together,” Delilah ordered.

“I’m not obligated to do all those things with you.”

Sage moved to place her belongings on the couch. "If I'm not mistaken, you told me you'd never meet up with me ever again. The door's that way. You can see yourself out."

Just as Delilah was about to lash out at Sage, she happened to catch sight of the gown the latter had bought. It elicited a surprised gasp from her.

"Oh, my gosh! That gown came from the latest lineup sold by Gorgine Fits! I've always wanted to own one of those! Sage, you can give me that gown! That way, I don't have to pick out a gown for myself anymore!"

Delilah reached out to grab the gown to try on it as she spoke.

Sage quickly snatched the gown out of her hands while retorting coldly, "If you want it, you'll have to buy it with your own money. This is my gown. Why must I give it to you?"

Delilah stared at Sage in puzzlement. "Since when are you this stingy, Sage? In the past, you'd give me the clothes I wanted as long as I got my eye on them!"

There was once a time when Sage cherished her friendship with Delilah. As long as Delilah had her eye on one of her belongings, she'd give it to the former no matter how reluctant she was to part with it.

Now, Sage would rather use the gown as a washcloth than give it to Delilah.

"You know, the ability to feel shame is a wonderful thing. You should learn how to.. ability one of these days."

gain that

After saying that, Sage grabbed her stuff and got ready to head upstairs. But Delilah quickly blocked her while looking pissed off.

“Do you really want to end our friendship, Sage? Don’t you remember what happened in the past? I was the one by your side when no one wanted to be your friend. I was also the one coming up with all sorts of ideas and suggestions just to help you pursue Ian back then.

“You think you can just end our friendship just like this, Sage? What the fuck are you up to, huh?”

Sage couldn’t help but chuckle in amusement after hearing what Delilah had to say.

“Judging from how arrogant you are around me, those who don’t know us might mistake you for a debt collector hounding me for money instead of my former best friend.

“You are indeed my childhood friend, but don’t go around deluding yourself into thinking that you’ve never gotten any benefits out of our friendship. Let’s not talk about the business deals between your family and mine. Instead, let’s use our hangouts as prime examples.

“Whenever we hung out in the past, I was the one footing the bill for everything. Every time you wanted something from me, I’d always give it to you, wouldn’t I?”

“I don’t owe you anything, Delilah. You’re well aware of your Intentions—be it helping me out or setting me up—when it comes to matters concerning Ian.

“I can’t be bothered to settle the score with you regarding what happened in the past. But now, I want you to leave my home immediately. Also, I don’t want to see your face ever again!”

Sage bore an icy expression, the chill in her tone evident as she spoke. She didn’t sound like she was joking at all.

Delilah’s cheeks flushed out of anger. “Fine. So this is how you think of me, Sage Joyner! I can’t believe I wasted my time and energy on a piece of shit like you!”

Then, she stormed out of the estate with her handbag in tow.

Sage huffed in response. She had learned that she couldn't be nice to anyone unconditionally at any given time, be it her friend or her lover. Otherwise, they would definitely take her kindness and sacrifices for granted.

If she were to decrease her contributions or even stop contributing to a relationship entirely, those ingrates would blame her instead.

After stowing the gold bars into the safe and hanging her gown, Sage proceeded to pack the incense's essential oil meant for Linda into a beautiful gift bag. She wanted to give it to Linda. as a present on her birthday.

Sage spent the afternoon chatting with Priscilla on WhatsApp. When she realized it was almost time for her to get ready, she headed over to the walk-in closet to change into her gown. There, she left her phone next to the mirror.

Just as Sage was in the midst of stripping her clothes, she saw a video call coming in. One glance was enough to tell her that it came from Ian.

Seriously, he kept bothering her at the worst time. Sage was about to change into her gown, after all. How could she answer the video call in her state of undress?

Hence, she declined the call without thinking much about it.

Sage continued stripping her clothes afterward. After that, she strode away to grab her gown and placed it before her figure in front of the mirror.

But when she glanced at her phone screen, which was currently lit up, her expression shifted into one of horror.

Chapter 95

It turned out that the video call had gone through.

A pair of lust-filled eyes kept staring at Sage from the other end of the line. The lust in Ian's eyes was so intense that he couldn't tear his gaze from his screen.

Sage's mind went blank for a moment.

What the heck just happened? She remembered declining the call, so how did the call go through?

The moment Sage noticed Ian staring at her breasts, she snapped out of her trance instantly. Heat rushed up her cheeks immediately, coloring them a brilliant shade of scarlet.

"You pervert!" she roared before sweeping her phone off the end table.

It ended up falling onto the carpeted floor.

Poor Sage could only mentally scream, "Ah! This is so embarrassing!"

She covered her face, wishing nothing more than to vanish on the spot.

Why did she hit the wrong button? Why didn't she glance at the screen one more time after hitting the button?

Thanks to her blunder, she was now stuck in such an awkward situation.

Ian, that fucker! How dared he remain silent even though he saw her changing into her gown? That shameless jerk was even peeping on her!

"I need to deal with something at the moment, so I can't go home for now. I'll have the driver come over and pick you up later."

Sage was mentally berating herself when she heard Ian's hoarse voice drifting from phone's loudspeaker.

That bastard still hadn't hung up!

Sage was so furious that she turned off her phone on the spot. She paused to think for a moment before turning it on again. This time, she chose to text Ian..

"I'm bringing a friend along to the banquet," she wrote.

"Who's that friend?"

"I'm not telling you."

Ian replied, "Give me a reason why I should agree to your request."

Sage responded righteously, "You peeped on me just now."

Maybe Ian was rendered speechless by her remark. A minute ticked past before he finally texted, "Don't forget your duty as my plus one."

"Don't worry. I won't forget about it."

Ian never replied to Sage's message after that, which led to her viewing it as a "yes".

The banquet was held in the banquet hall of a five-star hotel.

Terry approached Sage the moment she got out of the car. "Mrs. Holcomb, the board of directors from Holcomb Corp. are here. Mr. Holcomb is currently socializing with them. I'll lead you to the venue."

"It's alright. I still need to wait for one more person."

Terry was slightly curious. "Who are you waiting for, Mrs. Holcomb? If you're talking about your friend, Ms. Stromberg, then she's already here."

"Not her."

Coincidentally, a black car drove over at that moment. Sage gestured at it while saying, "She's here."

Terry turned to see a woman in her 40s getting out of the black car in a fancy dark purple gown. He was stunned when he finally made out the woman's features.

It was Priscilla, also known as the wife of Mimosa's former president. She also acted as the current person in charge of Mimosa.

Terry knew the guest list of the banquet well. He was very sure that none of Mimosa's employees were invited to the banquet.

After all, Mimosa had gotten dragged into so many scandals lately. Benjamin's scandal almost implicated Bolton Investment as well.

Besides, there were many industrial experts attending the banquet tonight. They knew of each and every scandal involving Mimosa very well.

If anyone from Mimosa were to enter the banquet hall right now, they'd definitely become the center of attention.

To think that Priscilla actually showed up to attend the banquet. Not to mention, she was also the friend Sage was waiting for.

“Priscilla!” Sage walked over to Priscilla immediately. “You look amazing tonight! Wow, you look so elegant, refined, and incredibly charming!”

Priscilla laughed heartily. “You’re the real beauty here, Sage. You have such a wonderful figure. Just look at that tiny waist of yours. Not even celebrities can outshine you.”

“Thank you, Priscilla,” Sage replied happily.

She continued in a friendly manner, “Let’s tone down the praising and get a move on. I bet we’ll definitely attract everyone’s attention in our get-up.”

Just as Sage was about to lead Priscilla into the banquet hall, she noticed Terry’s conflicted expression.

“Don’t worry. Ian promised me that I could bring someone into the venue.”

Sage pulled out her phone from her handbag and showed Terry the messages she had sent to Ian. Of course, she had already deleted the text regarding Ian peeping on her.

“This should be enough as proof, right?” she asked.

Terry extended a hand. “Mrs. Holcomb, Ms. Davis, this way, please.”

Sage and Priscilla held hands as they headed toward the elevator.

The banquet hall was brightly lit. Countless guests were milling about in the large hall, clinking glasses with each other as they chatted merrily. The atmosphere was boisterous, to say the least.

While Terry went ahead to search for Ian, Sage and Priscilla walked toward the guest lounge in the banquet hall.

Everyone murmured among themselves when they noticed Priscilla.

“Isn’t that Mrs. Xenith, who’s currently working in Mimosa? Why is she here?”

“Mrs. Xenith? She’s already divorced, you know. She’s now Ms. Davis.”

“She must be here to convince people to invest in Mimosa. I heard that Benjamin has already stolen Mimosa’s core technology as well as a huge sum of money. Perhaps it’s tough for

Mimosa to continue its daily operations right now.”

“That’s a huge possibility. Look, she even brought such a young and beautiful woman with her. That woman must be Mimosa’s PR manager.”

At that moment, Terry approached Sage. He nodded at her politely before saying, “Mrs. Holcomb, Mr. Holcomb will join you soon. Please excuse me for now.”

Sage nodded in response. “Alright.”

The simple interaction between those two was enough to make the guests widen their eyes in shock. They could see Terry’s shining name tag being pinned on his breast pocket, indicating that he was Ian’s personal assistant.

Since he had addressed the young woman as “Mrs. Holcomb”, did that mean she was Ian’s wife?

If Ian truly had such a beautiful wife in the first place, why didn’t he bring her along to public events in the past?

Also, why was she and Priscilla standing together?

Sage continued smiling in the face of the guests' puzzled and intrigued looks. She deliberately invited Priscilla to the banquet just to show everyone that Mimosa wouldn't anytime soon.

its downfall

In a way, it was Sage's way of showing that Mimosa still had a strong force backing it up. She decided to let the guests ponder about whether or not Holcomb Corporation was the backer.

upper

The

echelons always worshiped the strong while trampling all over the weak. Now that all the banquet guests noticed Sage and Priscilla standing together, they wouldn't dare to harm Mimosa without thinking their decisions through.

If anything, they might start paying attention to Mimosa out of curiosity.

This was the goal that Sage wanted to achieve.

Priscilla was no greenhorn either. The moment she noticed the confusion and wariness in the guests' expressions, she said with a smile, "This woman is Mr. Holcomb's wife. It's rare for

her to attend such social events.

"She's only attending the banquet tonight just to celebrate Holcomb Corporation's success."

Everyone started kissing up to Sage right away upon hearing Priscilla's words.

“You really are humble, Mrs. Holcomb. Not only are you beautiful, but you’re also blessed with an amazing figure. If it weren’t for Ms. Davis’ introduction, we wouldn’t have known that you’re Mr. Holcomb’s wife.”

“Precisely. Mrs. Holcomb, you should attend social events more often. That way, we’ll be able to get to know you better, just like how Ms. Davis is affiliated with you.”

Sage made small talk with the guests with a smile on her face.

“Mr. Holcomb is here!” someone exclaimed all of a sudden.

Everyone turned to look in a certain direction. Sage did the same as well, soon noticing Ian walking toward her in a black tuxedo. His gait was well-paced, and he looked dashing as

ever.

Even though everyone present at the banquet was well-dressed, none of them could outshine Ian’s charming looks. It seemed that he would always be the center of attention anytime,

anywhere.

Ian’s handsome visage looked exceptionally dazzling under the illumination of the lights in the banquet hall.

In Sage’s past life, she’d feel proud whenever she saw Ian being admired by countless people. Even though she was no longer obsessed with him now, she still found it difficult to look away from his handsome face.

At the same time, Ian kept staring at Sage.

She was wearing a beautiful pastel pink gown that reached her knees. The ruffled hems hung loosely past her hips, and the fabric was cinched at her waist. Her back was sed, though it

was decorated by a string of tiny diamonds. She looked sweet and pure, yet her presence

beckoned attention from others.

Ian couldn't help but recall the time when he had seen Sage on the video call earlier in the afternoon. She had smooth and flawless skin, and her figure was quite slim. But she was also well-endowed in terms of her bust and hips while retaining a small waist.

"Mr. Holcomb!" A man attempted to greet Ian at that moment..

"Take a hint, will you?" A woman pulled the man aside. "Can't you see that Mr. Holcomb only has eyes for his wife?"

Only when Sage overheard the teasing conversation did she realize that Ian had already stopped in front of her.

"Mr. Holcomb!"

Just as Sage was about to speak with Ian, she heard Ivy's voice drifting from behind her.

Chapter 97

Soon, Ivy showed up before Sage and Ian. She said to Sage in a professional and polite tone, My apologies, Mrs. Holcomb, but I need to speak with Mr. Holcomb for a few minutes."

Then, she turned to Ian. "We need to meet Mr. Tibbs."

Ian glanced at Sage before murmuring, "You should rest here for now. I'll join you later."

Sage continued smiling at him sweetly. "Okay."

"Rest assured, Mr. Holcomb. We'll take good care of Mrs. Holcomb," Priscilla spoke up at that time.

Ian's expression never wavered when he heard Priscilla's voice. It was as though he knew she was there right from the start.

Confusion streaked across Ivy's eyes briefly, but she didn't let her gaze linger on Priscilla. Soon, she followed Ian to somewhere else.

Even though Ian had to take his leave due to work-related matters, the fact that he had ignored Sage still stood.

The guests who were previously envious of her now bore meaningful glints in their eyes.

Then again, Priscilla was the domineering type who could keep things under control.

"Men are always meant to deal with menial tasks. Mrs. Holcomb, you should rest here for now. Ah, right.

"Everyone, my company has just released a brand new flavor. I'll have my people bring some samples over for you to try them out. You can give me a few suggestions on how to improve.

the flavor.

"I've also prepared a few crates for you to bring home. Consider the wine a little gift from me. I hope you don't mind the simplicity of the gift."

The guests couldn't possibly turn Priscilla's gift down after hearing her words.

Truthfully speaking, Priscilla was suited to be a domineering businesswoman. She was the decisive type who could grasp any opportunity handed to her.

Previously, Sage was worried that Priscilla might not be able to endure the weird looks cast her way or the gossip surrounding her and Mimosa. But it turned out that Priscilla couldn't care less about those things.

In fact, she took the opportunity to increase her popularity by promoting the latest vintage vodka.

"Sage, I finally found you!" a voice cut into the conversation between Sage and the guests.

Sage turned around to see Delilah, who had rushed over to her side. She could still remember the heated exchange that had taken place earlier that afternoon. But she didn't expect Delilah to be able to pretend as though nothing had happened between them.

"What is it?" Sage sounded annoyed.

"Come with me!"

After that, Delilah dragged Sage away without waiting for the latter's response. They soon arrived before a few authoritative-looking women whose appearances reflected their headstrong personalities.

"Take a good look at Sage! She's the actual Mrs. Holcomb! Ivy is nothing but a company director! How dare you claim that she'll be the future Mrs. Holcomb! You all are blind as a bat!"

The women eyed Sage up and down for a moment. "So what if she's Mrs. Holcomb? I've never seen Mr. Holcomb bring her to social events in the past. On the contrary, Ms. Shekdotter is always the one attending banquets as his plus one."

"Precisely! Mr. Holcomb treats Ms. Shekdotter well. Not only that, but he also gives her his undying support when it comes to her career. He even bought Bolton Investment and let her run it just so she could hone her skills. No one in this world is as lucky as Ms. Shekdotter, you know!"

“Most importantly, Ms. Shekdotter is a capable woman from the get-go. She’s graduated from a well-known university overseas. Besides, she’s procured stellar results from working at an investment firm abroad. A useless trophy wife like Mrs. Holcomb can’t be compared to her at

all.”

Delilah refused to take the women’s insults lying down. “What do you mean ‘trophy wife’?

ilities Sage obtained her CFA license when she was still a university student! Her surpassed Shekdotter’s a long time ago!”

“Pfft! A CFA license, you say? Typically speaking, only those who’ve obtained their master’s and doctorate degrees can get a license as prestigious as CFA! As if Mrs. Holcomb could obtain the license as a university student! She most likely bought her qualifications for it!”

Delilah snapped righteously, “You think you have the right to look down on Sage? Even though the Joyners are wealthy, Sage isn’t the type who buys her degrees and licenses! She obtained the CFA license with her capabilities!”

“Well then, does Mrs. Holcomb know what the three most important accounting sheets are? Does she understand what capital flow actually means? Can she predict the potential development that will occur in the finance industry?”

“Duh! You think she got the CFA license for nothing?” Delilah exclaimed while pulling Sage to

her side. “Quick, Sage! Humiliate them by answering their questions! Let them know you’re the boss!”

It seemed that Delilah finally remembered Sage’s existence after spending a few lengthy minutes squabbling with the women.

What was her reason for dragging Sage all the way here? Did she intend to use this opportunity to show Sage off to the women? Or did she plan on using the women to drop hints about Ivy's importance to Jan?

Chapter 99

Tan looked at Sage, who was eager to draw a line between them. He thought she was still mad about what happened earlier.

"I'll have Terry investigate their company and force them out of this industry. They won't be able to cause trouble for you anymore."

Sage replied, "Don't. They'll just think that I'm just a useless woman who uses my connections and social status to oppress them."

Ian thought those words seemed familiar. Then, he remembered having made the same remark about Sage in the past. Only then did he realize that Sage was actually mad at him.

He pursed his lips together before switching the topic. "What's your purpose for inviting Ms. Davis to this banquet?"

"Why can't I invite her?" Sage shot back. "She's not the one at fault now, is she? In fact, she's the heroine who stepped up to carry the burden known as Mimosa after enduring her husband's betrayal. Not many people possess her courage. What's wrong with me wanting to help her out?"

Ian just stared at Sage. "Do you really not have other motives for doing that?"

Sage had worn a pair of high heels just to match her gown. Thanks to that, the gap in height between her and Ian was slightly decreased. She could easily meet Ian's eyes just by tilting her head slightly.

"Don't worry. Even if I do, those motives won't harm Holcomb Corporation at all.

Ian didn't say anything after that.

Soon, it was the start of the banquet. The emcee started the banquet by giving a quick speech.

After that, Holcomb Corporation's spokesperson made a speech and then attending the banquet. Even Ian gave a short speech as well.

The banquet now shifted into a dine-and-dance session.

Ian and Sage danced the first dance of the night. Ivy sat on her chair as she quietly watched Ian place a hand on Sage's slender waist..

They looked like a married couple who were madly in love with each other as they swayed according to the beat of the music.

When Ivy recalled how Ian had demanded an explanation from her over the photo that morning, she couldn't help but smile.

She wouldn't let things spiral out of control.

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Ian didn’t say anything after that.

Soon, it was the start of the banquet. The emcee started the banquet by giving a quick speech.

After that, Holcomb Corporation’s spokesperson made a speech and thank attending the banquet. Even Ian gave a short speech as well.

The banquet now shifted into a dine-and-dance session.

for

Ian and Sage danced the first dance of the night. Ivy sat on her chair as she quietly watched Ian place a hand on Sage’s slender waist.

They looked like a married couple who were madly in love with each other as they swayed according to the beat of the music.

When Ivy recalled how Ian had demanded an explanation from her over the photo that morning, she couldn't help but smile.

She wouldn't let things spiral out of control.

After calculating the time quickly, Ivy accepted a man's invitation to dance with him.

The guests swayed and twirled to the rhythm on the dance floor. The atmosphere was lively and boisterous.

At that time, Sage attempted to swat Ian's hand from her waist. Even though ballroom

dancing required intimate physical contact from both parties, she felt that Ian's grip on her waist was too tight.

Currently, Ian had stuck his palm on the small of Sage's back. She had to exert some strength just to maintain a small distance between her and Ian.

But if she were to lose focus, she'd find herself clinging to Ian's body once again.

"Stop wiggling about, Sage," Ian hoarsely muttered before Sage could voice out her complaints. "Even if you plan to seduce me, you should be mindful of our current location."

Ian could feel Sage's soft and smooth skin under his touch. Her unique fragrance, which no other woman possessed, kept wafting up his nostrils from time to time. To top it off, she kept grinding against him as well.

To Ian, this was akin to physical torture.

Sage was confused, to say the least.

“Let go of me. I don’t want to dance anymore.”

She wanted to leave the dance floor as soon as possible. But Ian maintained a firm hold on her.

“We have to finish the dance. This is your duty as Mrs. Holcomb.”

Sage retorted, “Then remove your hand from my waist.

ried couple

Ian did his best not to let his parched throat get to him. He responded lightly, “There’s nothing wrong with our poses. There’s no such thing as distance between a when it comes to dancing.”

Sage snapped, “The other couples don’t need to follow this rule, but do keep in mind that we’re about to get a divorce. It’s best to maintain a friendly distance between us.

‘Also, it’s in your best interests to get rid of your bad habit of peeping on other people. It clashes with your cold and aloof image, you know.”

an knew that Sage was referring to the video call that had taken place when she was changing into her gown, leading to him huffing in response.

‘You were the one who answered the video call in the first place. For all I know, you might have done it on purpose just to show your body to me. It’s not like you’ve never done this before.”

In the third month after their marriage, Sage couldn’t withstand the cold shoulder Ian had been giving her anymore.

She decided to be bold for once. One day, she went to Ian’s study in a sexy nightgown with

spaghetti straps.

Chapter 100

But Ian outright ignored Sage's provocative outfit. Instead, he chased her out of his study.

Sage didn't want to recall the dumb things she had done in the past. At the same time, she had no intention to argue with Ian over them.

There were only a dozen or so days left till Linda's birthday. When that day came, Ian would find out how determined Sage was in divorcing his ass.

As they danced, Sage noticed Ivy dancing with another man.

Ivy was wearing an ankle-length gown, so she looked exceptionally graceful while dancing. She seemed to share a pretty good chemistry with the man as well.

The man said something to her, causing her to flash him a radiant smile.

When Ian noticed Sage staring in a particular direction as though she was spacing out, turned to glance in the same direction, too.

he

"Oh? You must be feeling uncomfortable, right? After all, your best female friend is dancing with another man intimately." Sage pointed out, clearly relishing in Ian's distress.

Ian turned back to look at her. "What does that have to do with me? Why would I feel uncomfortable about them dancing?"

Ian's tone gave Sage a strange feeling that he was actually giving her a valid explanation. He had just told her that he didn't care about Ivy at all.

Sage just harrumphed in response. She was about to retort when she noticed the chandelier above Ivy's head swaying abnormally.

Before she could voice out her confusion, she witnessed the chandelier snapping off the chain.

Ivy's dance partner instinctively felt that something was off. Propelled by his instincts, he took a wide step backward immediately. However, Ivy was left standing w looking surprised.

A loud bang sounded one second later.

she was while

At the same time, Sage could feel Ian's hand leaving her waist instantly. Just the second before, he was still holding her tightly without the intention of letting her go. Now, he was rushing toward Ivy.

Almost immediately, surprised screams mixed with concerned shouts and heated arguments erupted in the banquet hall. Someone could be heard calling 911 in the background.

Countless people rushed toward the dance floor. A few of them even bumped into Sage's arm roughly.

Sage remained rooted to the spot on the dance floor without budging at all. She felt as though everything that had happened in the last moment was nothing but an illusion.

The sight of Ian picking the injured Ivy up was just an illusion. The sympathetic and mocking looks trained on her were one big illusion as well.

"sage?"

Sage had no idea how much time had passed before she heard Priscilla's voice. She turned to look at the latter quietly.

“Are you hurt?” Priscilla asked in concern.

Sage shook her head. “No.”

By then, most of the guests had already left the dance floor. Only a pile of shards was left there.

Thanks to the sudden accident, the guests no longer had the mood to enjoy the banquet. They gradually left the place under the hotel staff’s guidance.

Many of the guests shot judgmental looks in Sage’s way. There were even people who tried to take photos of her from a secluded corner.

“Are you going home now? Why don’t I have my driver send you home?” Priscilla kindly asked while moving to block Sage from the cameras.

But Sage shook her head again. “Priscilla, you must’ve prepared many bottles of vodka, right?”

A look of surprise appeared on Priscilla’s face. “Yeah. You want to drink some?”

“Yeah.” Sage nodded.

Priscilla ordered her subordinates to bring in the vodka.

Mimosa had released the vodka in new designs. The alcohol now came in tiny oval bottles. At first glance, the product seemed more like a bottle of perfume with a simplistic design instead

of vodka.

When Priscilla noticed Sage staring at the vodka bottle, she explained with a chuckle, “I came up with this design before my divorce with Ben. He hated how feminine this design was, so he gave up on it entirely. I just want to be innovative, so I decided to use this design for Mimosa’s latest product launch.”

Sage remarked, "It looks special. At the very least, it makes me want to buy it."

"Try it out."

Priscilla opened a bottle of vodka and tried to pour Sage a glass. However, Sage turned her down immediately.

"There's no need for wine glasses. The bottle's size is very convenient, not to mention it looks great, too. I can just drink straight from the bottle."

There were reporters attending the banquet. Priscilla was worried they might fabricate articles about Sage, so she suggested, "Why don't we drink someplace else?"

Again, Sage shook her head.

"I want to drink here. Why don't we drink together, Priscilla?"