

# **A Farewell After Being Reborn #Chapter 10 - Read A**

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### Chapter 10

The man was handsome. He wore a casual white suit. If the average Joe were to wear something like that, it'd be a disaster. But on the man, the white suit accentuated the natural nobility and laziness in his temperament.

He was devilish.

Sage couldn't help feeling like she'd seen him somewhere before but couldn't remember where.

"Mr. Morrison," the driver said nervously.

The man looked at Sage.

"I'm sorry for delaying you. I'll take full responsibility for this," Sage said earnestly.

The man smiled devilishly. "Aside from the cost of fixing the car, you'll also have to compensate me for the mental distress you've caused me and the cost of delaying my business.

"I have a deal worth ten billion dollars that I need to sign the contract for. Now that you've delayed me, you're gonna have to bear responsibility for all of that."

Sage smiled faintly at his preposterous demands. "You look like a proper gentleman, sir, and an affluent one to boot. I didn't expect you to make a living through extortion."

It was no wonder the driver had been so familiar when taking photos of the damage done.

The man didn't get mad. His expression remained devilish as he said, "It doesn't matter what I do for a living. If you can't afford to compensate me, have your car's owner deal with me."

Sage understood now. The man's target was actually Ian. At the same time,

lightbulb lit up in her mind. She remembered who the man was now- Shane Morrison, Ian's biggest competitor.

In her previous life, she'd never come into direct contact with Shane. But when she'd been in the mental institution, she'd seen him on the news before. At the time, Shane's net worth was almost equivalent to Ian's. The company he'd established had also been second only to Holcomb Corporation.

"Mr. Holcomb, there's a woman here who claims to be your wife. She rammed into my car while driving your car. What do you think we should do about this?" Sage was still taking a trip down memory lane when Shane had already called Ian.

"Here, talk to your husband." He handed the phone to her.

Sage was speechless. Then, she accepted the phone and said, "Hello?"

"Did you drive out alone?" Ian sounded impatient, but his tone wasn't too

nasty.

"Yeah."

"Are you injured?"

"No."

"Stay there." He hung up after that.

"I've long since heard about Mr. Holcomb having a gorgeous wife. Today, I've finally gotten to see you in person. It looks like the rumors are all true!" Shane complimented. But who knew whether he was being sincere?

To hell with him and his rumors. Ian hadn't thrown her a wedding when marrying her. Only those closest to him knew he was married.

Sage put on a perfunctory smile. "Well, I've long since heard about you being good at raking in the dollars, Mr. Morrison. It's admirable and an honor to meet you in person."

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As she spoke, she used Shane's phone to dial her number. He watched her with interest. "I hope that you won't hold out on me if I ever get the chance to learn a thing or two from you in the future."

She returned his phone. He raised an eyebrow. "Let's see how things go."

Soon, the traffic police and Shane's lawyer arrived. Ian was right behind them in his Maybach.

Sage was surprised to see Ian get out of the car. It was good enough if he could send Terry to deal with something like this. What was he doing here in person?

Terry spoke to the police and lawyer while Ian walked over to her and

Shane. He wore a black shirt which accentuated his handsome features. His sharp suit and flawless figure made him exude a natural regality and

dominance. 2

Earlier, Sage had felt that no one could hold a candle to Shane's devilishly handsome looks. Now that Ian was here, she couldn't help thinking that Ian

was a tad bit better than Ian.

"It's been a while, Mr. Holcomb." Shane held out a hand.

Ian ignored him. He glanced at Sage instead. "What happened?"

"It was just a normal accident at first, but he wanted to extort you." Sage pointed at Shane, pushing the blame on him.

"Now, now. There's a little bit of an issue with what you've just said, Mrs. Holcomb. I'm not extorting—I'm robbing." Shane didn't get mad.

On the contrary, he gave Ian a challenging look. "I heard Bolton Investment is thinking of investing in Mimosa, Mr. Holcomb. Just so you know, I'm taking that away from you. Think of it as my first gift to you upon returning to the country."

Ian snorted almost inaudibly. "Can you handle it?"

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+15 BONUS

"How about we make a little bet, Mr. Holcomb? If I bag the deal, you'll have to give me the piece of land for the Green City."

Ian snorted again. "You've got a big appetite."

Shane laughed as well. "I'll take it that you've agreed to the bet, then."

Ian ignored him. He said to Sage, "Get in the car."

Then, he strode toward the Maybach. Sage didn't want to leave with him, but he'd come in person to deal with the accident she'd caused while driving his car. She couldn't be too rude, so she followed him.

As she got ready to open the back seat door, Ian said coldly, "Do you think I'm your driver?"

Sage had nothing to say in return. She got into the front passenger seat.

Ian didn't look too pleased as he drove. In the past, Sage would thank him gratefully and tell him every minute detail of what had happened. Now, she didn't think there was anything for them to talk about. She scrolled on her phone instead.

They made the journey in silence. Suddenly, a car behind them honked and flashed its lights incessantly.

Sage looked at it in the rearview mirror. It was Shane—he was following them in his dented car.

Ian saw him as well. He didn't speed up or slow down, merely continuing to drive at his own pace.

There was a red light ahead. Shane stopped the car in the lane to Sage's right. He waved a hand at her, indicating that he had something to say.