

# A Farewell After Being Reborn

## Chapter 11

Shane said, "I have a question that I forgot to ask you, Mrs. Holcomb."

A question for Sage? "What is it?"

He waved his phone gleefully. "Who do you think will win the bet? Will it be me or Mr. Holcomb?"

From the way he waved his phone around, Sage understood what he meant. The fact that she'd left his number and said that she wanted to learn from him meant that she thought he was better than Ian.

Shane was trying to achieve two things by asking her this—he wanted to put her in a tough spot while also provoking Ian.

Sage smiled faintly and said diplomatically, "Bets don't just depend on a person's capabilities, really. It also depends on luck."

"What do you think of my luck, then?"

"I honestly wouldn't know. But let me wish you good luck, Mr. Morrison."

Shane wanted to say something else, but Ian had already closed the window, cutting their conversation short.

"When have you and him been so friendly with each other?" Ian asked impatiently when Sage turned to look at him.

Sage threw her hair over her shoulder carelessly. "We're not. Not yet, anyway."

It was hard to say what would happen in the future, though. Shane's company, Farsight Investment, was a good place to work. But if she were to go there, that would put her and Ian on opposing sides.

Though she was mad and resentful over Ian neglecting her and getting her, admitted to a mental institution, she knew very well he hadn't had any

feelings for her. She was the one who'd clung to him. That was why she'd yet to decide whether she wanted to make this move. novelbin

Ian caught Sage's underlying meaning. He sneered.

The light soon turned green. Shane put the pedal to the metal and shot forward before cutting into the lane Ian and Sage were in. Then, he drove in front of Ian, slowing down deliberately.

He moved right when Ian did and moved left when Ian did. He didn't give Ian the chance to overtake him. Even if Sage wasn't the one driving, she couldn't help feeling like Shane was taking things too far.

"Sit tight." After enduring this for a while, Ian suddenly spoke up.

Sage turned to look at him. His face was devoid of emotion, but his gaze was cold as he stared straight ahead. She had a bad feeling about this. "You-"

She screamed after only getting one word out. Ian put the pedal to the metal, making the car shoot forward like a wild horse set free. Sage had yet to realize what was going on when the front of the car rammed into the back

of Shane's car with a loud crash.

Tires skidded against the road as Sage's body jolted forward and slammed back against the seat. When she looked up, still feeling terrified, she saw

that Shane hadn't stopped. He drove forward a bit before reversing the car

and ramming into them.

Even if Ian had reacted quickly enough to swerve the car away, Shane's car

had still made it go off track. It rammed into a tree by the roadside. Another

loud crash followed it. Sage was almost thrown out of her seat.

Just then, the window shattered. Sage threw her arms over her head when

she saw the glass about to land all over her.

The pain didn't come as she'd expected, though. Instead, she was pulled against a hard chest. As she listened to Ian's pounding heartbeat, her heart, seemed to beat in unison with it.

In her previous life, she'd once leaned against Ian's chest when he'd been drunk. She'd listened to his heartbeat. It had been far slower than the speed at which it was racing now. Was Ian worried about her?

"Get up if you're okay." Ian's voice was slightly irritated. He'd already released her.

She quickly sat up. At the thought of what had just happened, she shouted, Have you lost your mind? How could you ram—

Ian kicked the door open before she could finish. "Get out of the car. Don't stay inside!"

He even held a hand out to her as he gave the order.

Sage was lost for words. He was the one who'd gone crazy and rammed into someone's car. Why was he making it seem like she was the one in the

wrong?

Sage was furious. The door on her side was flush against the tree, so she couldn't open it.

Clambering out through the driver's side was her only way out.

Her life was more important than anything else. She didn't throw a tantrum with Ian. Instead, she clambered over the gearbox with difficulty. Then, she ignored Ian's hand and got out of the car herself.

But when she stepped out, she accidentally knocked herself against the door, almost falling to her feet. Ian caught her and held her steady.

The warmth of his hand on her waist made her feel uncomfortable. She broke free of his embrace and walked a few steps away from the car.

The front of the Maybach had been trashed. Two of the windows had shattered, and there was a huge dent in the car. There was white smoke coming from the hood.

Many other drivers had pulled over to watch the show. Some of them were even discussing the accident.

"I bet that car's trashed. It's such a waste of a good car!"

"Right? The other car looks worse, though. The airbag's been deployed.

Man, the rich really know how to have fun."

Was Shane's situation that bad? Sage looked in his direction.