

A Farewell After Being Reborn

Chapter 13

“Where are you going? Treat these wounds for me!” Ian said.

“Sorry, but I’m not a doctor, nor am I obligated to do anything for you,” Sage said coldly.

Ian’s irritation grew. Hadn’t she been worried about him earlier? How could she change her mind in the next second? She was so fickle-minded!

“You’re not obligated to do anything for me? Think about who I took these injuries for!”

Sage wanted to say that he wouldn’t have gotten injured if he hadn’t raced Shane like that, but Ian looked like he wanted to settle the score with her. She genuinely wasn’t in the mood to argue with him.

She would just give in and treat his wounds. It wouldn’t take long. Wanda had already brought the first-aid kit over. Sage took out the Q-tips and rubbing alcohol with a frown.

“I’ll go attend to my chores now, Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb. Call me if anything,” said Wanda. She left.

you

need

Sage started tending Ian’s wounds. They weren’t serious, but some of them were flesh-deep. He’d also bled quite a lot. Ian winced silently—the alcohol stung as it was applied to the wounds.

Sage softened her touch. “There we go.”

She started putting away the things when she was done applying the iodine. Ian wasn’t too happy with how perfunctory she’d been, though. He said, “You forgot about my forehead.”

In the past, Sage would freak out over him having a chipped nail. Yet today, she hadn’t even noticed he was injured!

Sage glanced at his forehead. Indeed, there was a wound at his temple, near

his hairline. Perhaps it had been formed when a glass shard had flown at him. It was already starting to scab. She didn't say anything as she tended to

it

Ian sat on the couch while Sage stood beside him so that it was easier for her to tend to his wounds. She was very close to him and bent over slightly. A few strands of her hair brushed over his face; her unique scent wafted into

Ian's nostrils.

Suddenly, he felt a little stuffy. He undid the buttons at his neck.

"Don't move." Sage held his head still. The sensation of her soft hand touching his forehead made his throat go dry.

He looked up, wanting to distract himself with something. But all he saw was Sage's focused face. Her skin was bright and glowing. He could see the thin hairs on her face. Her nose was dainty, and her lips were full and moist.

Suddenly, Ian had the odd urge to bite her. He moved as his heart told him to and reached up to loop an arm over Sage's neck. Caught off guard, Sage stumbled forward. Her lips were inches away from his when she swiveled

her head away.

His lips pressed against her cheek. He could feel the softness and suppleness of her skin. Her unique scent enveloped him. Ian tugged her down more.

"What are you doing?" Sage hurriedly straightened up and glared at him.

Ian returned to his senses. He said coldly, "You're supposed to be tending to my wounds. Stop trying to seduce me."

"You're completely nuts." Sage was so angry that she flung the Q-tip at him and stormed upstairs.

Ian watched her hips sway as she left. For some reason, he couldn't stop himself from recalling how it had felt to hold her slender waist when stopping her from falling earlier.

He rubbed his fingers together, suddenly feeling thirsty. He went to the

kitchen to get a glass of ice water,

Meanwhile, Sage returned to her room and flopped onto the bed. She felt defeated and angry at herself. She'd already decided not to love Ian, yet she'd panicked when

learning he was injured. She bet it only reinforced Ian's belief that she wasn't serious about the divorce.

Ian didn't go to the company the next day. Sage avoided him the whole day.

When she woke up on the third day, she suddenly came to terms with her actions. Yes, she'd decided to keep her distance from Ian in this lifetime, but her feelings weren't going to disappear with a snap of her fingers.

After all, she'd loved him for eight years. It was only normal that she couldn't get out of the habit in such a short time. She would mature and let this go. She would have more in her life.

Since her wounds from jumping off the balcony had pretty much recovered, she wanted to go visit her grandfather today. She changed into a simple T-shirt and jeans.

It had been a while since Sage had dressed so casually—she didn't think it was appropriate, given her identity as Ian's wife.

When she headed downstairs, she found that Ian hadn't gone to the company today, either. And there was an unwelcome guest in the living room—Ivy. She wore a smart business suit, and her makeup was done flawlessly. She and Ian were chatting and laughing while seated on the

couch.

"You're awake, Sage." Ivy greeted her naturally when she heard Sage come downstairs. Her tone was so familiar and natural that it seemed like she was novelin

the lady of the household.

Ian looked at Sage as well. He didn't look as spirited as usual—perhaps due to his injuries. Oddly enough, he didn't give her a cold look like he usually

did, either. On the contrary, his gaze remained on her for a few more

seconds.

Sage ignored him and smiled faintly at Ivy. "What brings you here, Ms. Shekdotter?"

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