

A Farewell After Being Reborn

Chapter 15

Ian, dressed in a dark suit, walked in. What was he doing there? His

expression turned slightly colder when he saw Sage. He seemed to be trying hard to keep his emotions in check.

Why did he look like that? Was he still mad over what had happened that morning?

“Grandpa,” he greeted Donald politely as Sage pondered the matter.

“You’re here, Ian. You must be hungry! Come on, join us for dinner. We were just waiting for you!” Donald said lovingly. “Here, sit beside Sage. You like fish sticks, don’t you? They’re by Sage’s side.”

At that, Sage pushed the dish to the center of the table. “Sit on the opposite side.”

“Sage, what are you doing? That’s rude.” After reprimanding Sage, Donald turned to Ian and said helplessly, “I’ve spoiled her rotten, Ian. She can be willful sometimes. I hope you’ll be more tolerant of her. Don’t bear a grudge against her. Deep down, she has a kind soul.”

Ian didn’t refute Donald. He sat down opposite Sage and said calmly, “Got

it, Grandpa.”

He’d been raised to have the best manners. Even if he didn’t like Sage, he wouldn’t lose his composure with Donald around. Of course, there were always exceptions to the rule.

In Sage’s previous life, Ian had insisted on having her admitted to a mental institution for Ivy’s sake. Donald had tried to help her, but he’d said almost rudely, “Since you failed to raise her well, I’ll do it on your behalf.” o

Sage immediately lost her appetite as she recalled the events of her previous life. She picked at her food as Donald and Ian chatted about the news and

the economy.

“Oh, right, Sage.” Donald seemed to think of something. “Remember the perfume sample that you made last time? Many customers loved it and

asked me when I was gonna mass produce it!”

“I only made that for fun, Grandpa. You know how rare the ingredients needed for that perfume are. How can you possibly mass produce it?”

“Oh, yeah. I forgot about that.” Donald smiled while smacking himself on the head. “That doesn’t change the fact that my darling Sage is a capable woman. Don’t you think so, Ian?”

Ian nodded, but it was more out of his respect for an elder than genuine agreement.

Sage couldn’t help feeling bitter and guilty at the proud look on Donald’s face. He was deliberately praising her to make Ian realize how many strengths she had. Hopefully, it would make him like her more.

It was too bad that Ian would only see her flaws. No amount of praise or compliments would change that.

They had some tea after dinner. Soon, the sky had gone completely dark. Donald said cheerily, “Well, it’s getting late, so I won’t keep you. You guys should head home and get some rest.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Grandpa. I want to stay here for a few days and spend more time with you!” Sage said coquettishly.

It had been so long since she’d seen Donald, so she wanted to accompany him as much as she could: One day was far from enough.

Donald tapped her on the forehead. “Oh, you. Ian came all the way here to pick you up, didn’t he? Why are you sticking around here instead of going home with him?”

He turned to Ian. “I know you’re busy with work, Ian, but do drop by with Sage for a meal when you have the time.”

“Got it, Grandpa.” Ian nodded politely.

Before Sage got into the car, Donald held her hand and said lovingly, “Sage, stop fighting with Ian, okay? It’s always better to talk things out. You

shouldn’t let problems fester overnight.”

After getting into the car, Sage curled up in her seat and turned to face the novelbin window. Donald hadn’t believed that she and Ian hadn’t argued. He’d deliberately invited Ian over so that he could help smooth things out

between them.

Despite his age, he was still concerned about her. Earlier, to stop Donald from worrying, Sage had kept her tears at bay. Now, however, she couldn't hold them back anymore.

"Why did you turn your phone off?" Ian asked coldly. "You either run to your grandfather's or my grandmother's when you make mistakes. When will you stop causing trouble, Sage?"

"Your grandfather even said that you had a kind soul. Look at all the things you've done—how are any of them considered kind?"

He got mad when he saw that she was staring out the window without saying a word. He dragged her over to him. "You

Ian stopped abruptly. Sage's face was wet with tears. It wasn't like she'd never cried before—it usually came with a fight, though. She would rage and scream at him while crying, demanding to know why he'd neglected her, why he didn't love her, why he didn't spend time with her...

She'd been like a child throwing a tantrum. Now, however, she wasn't

making any noise at all. Tears streamed down her face. Her eyes, nose, and lips were all red. There was a sort of fragility to her.

For some reason, Ian suddenly felt sorry for her. He let her go and lowered his voice a little. "Don't think you don't need to bear the consequences of

the things you've done by putting on a pitiful act !!

+15 BONUS

Sage wiped her tears. "I have two things to point out. Firstly, I don't know what I've done to deserve such a shelling. Secondly, I've never been kind. Naturally, I don't have a kind soul. I don't need you to remind me of it, though!"

"Why, you—" Ian found his earlier pity for her laughable when he saw how remorseless she was. "You're unbelievable, Sage. How can you pretend not to know a thing when you did something like that to Ivy?"

"What have I done to her now?" Sage was baffled.

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Chapter 16

“See it for yourself!” Ian threw his phone at Sage.

She picked it up to see some surveillance footage. It looked like it had been taken in a basement parking lot. Two men in masks and caps were sneakily peering around a corner.

Soon, Ivy arrived at the parking lot. She’d just unlocked the car when the two men charged at her. One of them clamped a hand over her mouth and—” subdued her while the other opened the door. They stuffed her into the back seat before speeding off.

“Where was Ms. Shekdotter taken to? Have you found her yet?”

Ian suppressed his rage when he saw how serious Sage looked. He said, The security guards on duty noticed that something was wrong and stopped the two men after they forced her into the car.”

Sage chuckled. “How interesting. Those two men went all the way there to abduct her, yet chose to wait somewhere where the surveillance cameras would catch them. That would only make it all the more easier for people to notice them, right?”

“What’s with that attitude of yours?” Ian was angry now. “When the

security guards saved Ivy from the car, her mouth had been taped shut, and her limbs were bound. If not for the security guards noticing in time, who knows what could’ve happened?”

As he spoke, he pulled out a few photos and flung them at Sage. “The two

men admitted that a woman gave them some money and a photo before telling them what to do.

“On your way to your grandfather’s home, the driver stopped at the gas station while you went into the store. Those two men were there, too. Could things really be that coincidental?”

Sure enough, there were two men in the photos. They both wore caps, and their figures were similar to the men captured in the surveillance footage. They’d appeared at the store at the same time that she was.

Sage had only gone in there to get something to eat because she’d skipped breakfast. She hadn’t paid attention to her surroundings at all. She never would’ve expected Ivy to use this against her and frame her with a so-called abduction.

“It was bad enough that you insulted Ivy this morning. How could you arrange for someone to abduct her later in the day? Don’t you think you should explain yourself?” Ian snarled.

Sage found this laughable. “What do you think I am, a fortune teller? Or do you think I have ESP or something? How would I know that those men would be there so I could hire them to abduct Ivy?”

“They’re unemployed vagrants who would do anything for money, and the idea came to you just like that. I don’t see anything wrong with my logic.”

Sage couldn’t believe his “logic“. She said in exasperation, “Call the cops, then! Have them handle this!”

“You already knew Ivy wasn’t pressing charges and had let the men off the hook. That’s why you’re so calm when talking about getting the cops involved.” Ian looked grim. “I can overlook you being willful and kicking up fusses, but I never would’ve expected you to have the nerve to order an

abduction.

“Even if Ivy doesn’t want to take things further, you have to apologize to her!”

“And what if I don’t?” Sage asked.

“I’ll let your grandfather know about this, then. I’ll have him handle this.” novelbin

“You bastard!”

Ian’s expression darkened. “Are you going to apologize or not?”

Whatever.” Sage gave in. There was no way she would allow Donald to see these things and worry about her. Besides, she also wanted to see what

exactly Ivy was up to.

Under Ian’s instructions, the driver took them to Ivy’s apartment. It was located in a high–end neighborhood. Rumor had it that Holcomb Corporation gave all of its senior executives units there.

Sage said, “Tell me which floor and unit it is. I’ll head upstairs alone.”

At Ian’s doubtful gaze, she sneered and continued, “What? We’re already here. Do you think I’m gonna run? Do you want to keep an eye on me?”

Ian was still suspicious of her. “All you need to do is apologize. Don’t try to pull anything funny.”

Sage snorted. "Since you have so little trust in me, you can call my phone and listen to the conversation from there!"

Ian agreed with her suggestion. Meanwhile, Sage sneered to herself. She'd insisted on heading upstairs alone so she could make Ivy put down her guard. Then, she could take the opportunity to wheedle information out of her. Or better yet, she could aggravate Ivy into exposing herself.

Her original plan had been to record the conversation, but Ian's agreement to listen through the phone made things much easier.

To make it seem like she was being sincere, Sage bought some fruits at the store downstairs. Then, she headed upstairs to Ivy's apartment. There, she

found that the door wasn't shut properly.

"I'm busy, okay? Don't come here if it's not about anything important!" Ivy's voice was much sterner than it usually was.

Sage peeped inside. A somewhat burly woman stood with her back to the door. She held some indiscernible boxes, looking like she wanted to give

them to Ivy.

"I don't need these things. Take them back," Ivy said.

Sage was about to knock on the door and apologize for the interruption when the woman said, "I'm out of ideas, Ivy. Could you just lend me a hand?"

When Sage heard her voice, her heart stopped for a second. Her hand froze in mid-air. Still, Ivy and the woman heard her. They turned to look at her.

When the woman's face came into full view, Sage stiffened. Her breathing sped up, and her scalp tingled. Her blood ran cold.

"Mrs. Holcomb, what are you-" Ivy suddenly screamed. Sage had charged forward and flung the fruits at her head.

Then, while Ivy was still screaming, Sage clamped her hands around her throat. Her eyes were red with rage.

"Sage..." Ivy's face was red from Sage's strangling. She flailed as she tried to break free, but Sage seemed to be possessed. She refused to let Ivy go.

"Have you lost your mind, Sage? What the fuck are you doing?" Ivy's eyes were rolling into the back of her head when a hand grabbed Sage and

dragged her away.

Sage staggered backward, falling to the floor. She didn't get to her feet, nor did she care who the newcomer was. Instead, she trembled and started laughing. She looked possessed.

Chapter 17

Tears started streaming down Sage's face as she laughed. The memories from her past life of being mistreated, insulted, and tormented at the

mental institution flashed before her eyes.

The nurse in charge of her had been burly and strong; she could drag Sage along with her with just one hand grabbing her by the hair. She could also slap her bowl of oatmeal to the floor with one blow.

The nurse could even pinch her mouth hard and forcefully pour the medication down her throat when she refused to take them....

Sage had always thought the mental institution had arranged for the nurse to torment her as a way of sucking up to Ian. She never would've expected the horrible nurse to be Ivy's relative!

This meant that her life in the mental institution had been so horrific

because of Ivy. At the thought of the torment she'd suffered and the pain she'd experienced because of her stomach cancer, Sage wanted nothing more than to strangle Ivy to death.

Why had she been so cruel? She already had Ian's heart. He'd even sent Sage to the mental institution for Ivy's sake. Why had Ivy refused to let her off

the hook?

Ian looked at Sage, who was slumped on the floor. Despite her suggestion to remain connected over the phone, he'd still been worried about her pulling something funny. So, he'd followed her upstairs.

He never would've expected to be greeted by the scene of Sage trying to strangle Ivy when he'd exited the elevator, though..

Now, Sage lay amongst a pile of scattered fruits. Her eyes were unfocused, and she seemed to have lost all her strength. She lay limp on the floor.

She had a smile on her face, but her tears didn't stop..It was almost as if

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she'd been through something horrifying and devastating; her face was filled with sorrow, resentment, and hatred.

Oddly enough, Ian didn't get mad over her insanity. On the contrary, his heart ached a little.

"Ian..." Ian was about to help Sage up when he heard Ivy call his name

feebly. When he saw the blood on her forehead and the redness around her neck from Sage's strangling, he said to the frozen woman, "Go get a first-aid kit!"

The woman hurriedly went to look for one. Ian helped Ivy up and over to the couch. Then, he walked back over to Sage. He dragged her by the arm. "Get up." novelbin

Sage was limp all over. When he dragged her by the arm, he felt like he was pulling a lifeless doll. Suddenly, it made him feel uneasy. He frowned and asked, "Didn't you come up here to apologize? Why did you go mad like that?"

This time, when Sage heard his voice, her eyes started to focus. The

strength seemed to flow back into her body. It inexplicably made Ian relax.

"Are you going to get together with Ivy once we're divorced?" she asked. Her voice was hoarse; her tone was devoid of emotion.

Ian frowned again. He asked in return, "Is that why you wanted to take her

life?"

"I found the first-aid kit!" Just then, the round-faced woman came over.

Ian wanted to help Sage to her feet, but she pushed him away coldly. She got up herself, straightened her clothes, and left without another look back.

Ian was about to chase after her to ask what had happened when Ivy hissed in pain. Since Sage had caused this debacle, he stopped and turned to Ivy. "Do you need to go to the hospital?"

"What do you mean you're fine? If she'd hit you any harder, you'd need stitches!" the woman exclaimed while tending to Ivy's wound. "Who was that? Why did she bully you like that as soon as she stepped in here?"

Ivy forced out a smile. "I think she has the wrong idea about me."

“What sort of wrong idea? You’re just too nice, Ivy! Why are you still speaking up for her when she treated you like that? If you ask me, you should’ve called the cops on her!”

Ivy noticed Ian frown at that. She said to the woman, “You should head home for now. We can talk about this tomorrow.”

The woman was reluctant to leave but could tell this was the wrong time for her to linger. “Get some rest, Ivy. Call me if you need anyone to care for you tonight.”

After the woman left, Ian asked Ivy, “What happened? Why did Sage suddenly try to strangle you?”

He’d been listening on the phone the whole time but hadn’t heard anything out of the ordinary.

Ivy put on a scared look. “Did you reprimand Sage—Mrs. Holcomb- because of what happened earlier today? I already told you it was fine. She was just throwing a tantrum and acting in the heat of the moment. She’d be fine after venting her anger.”

Ivy’s meaning was clear—Sage had been upset because of Ian’s reprimand. That was why she’d tried to kill Ivy.

Ian didn’t say anything. He couldn’t help feeling there was something wrong with Sage but couldn’t pinpoint it.

When Ivy saw how tightly furrowed his brows were, she said, “I’m fine on my own, Ian. You should go check on Sage. It’s so late now; we wouldn’t want anything to happen to her.”

Ian didn’t insist on staying. “I’ll have a doctor drop by to check on you. I’ll make it up to you for what happened today.”

With that, he left. When he was gone, Ivy locked the door. Her expression darkened.

Sage had already tried to kill her, yet Ian hadn’t gotten mad at Sage. All he’d done was try to salvage the situation by compensating her on Sage’s behalf.

Compensation was the last thing she wanted!

Though Sage’s earlier reaction was within Ivy’s expectations, she still couldn’t help feeling that Sage had changed. In the past, Sage would’ve exploded with the slightest provocation.

But that day, after waking up from jumping off the balcony, Sage hadn’t screamed and shouted at her. She’d even calmly told Ian to enjoy his time

with her.

And over the next few days, Sage hadn't caused any trouble for her.

This morning, Sage had even insulted and mocked her. Could someone suddenly become smarter overnight?

Chapter 18

When Ian got downstairs, Sage was already nowhere in sight.

"Mr. Holcomb, Mrs. Holcomb hailed a cab and left on her own," the driver said tentatively.

Ian pursed his lips. He had the driver take him back to Solaris Estate. When he arrived, he saw Sage's shoes strewn haphazardly on the floor. He went upstairs.

Sage's door was shut. There wasn't so much as a sound coming from inside. Ian lingered outside for a while but eventually decided against knocking on

the door.

The following morning, Ian went downstairs after finishing his morning workout. Wanda was serving breakfast. He sat by the dining table and glanced upstairs. "Wake her up for breakfast."

Wanda said politely, "Mrs. Holcomb already left the house, Mr. Holcomb."

Left? He'd deliberately given her some time to calm down last night, only intending to ask her about what had happened in the morning. Yet she'd already left the house?

"Where has she gone?"

Wanda shook her head. "I'm not sure. She didn't say anything. She didn't even have breakfast; it looked like she had something important to do."

Ian frowned. "Got it. You can get back to work."

Wanda went to the kitchen. Ian called Terry. "Find out what happened at

Ivy's apartment last night."

Sage had been too out of the ordinary last night. She'd been reluctant to apologize, but at least she'd agreed to do it. Everything had been fine before she'd headed upstairs. Why did it seem like she'd been overflowing with

hatred for Ivy as soon as they'd met each other?

Ian had no doubt that if he hadn't gotten there when he had, Sage would've killed Ivy. What could've caused her to react so aggressively?

Sage took a cab to the hospital Shane was at. She arrived at his hospital room after finding out which room he was in.

Shane was in a VIP room. Not only was there a bedroom and several people to care for him, but there was also a living room with a huge TV in it. There was even a water dispenser and a leather couch. It was as luxurious as a

hotel's suite.

When Sage knocked on the door, the carer had just finished checking Shane's blood pressure.

"My, my. That was fast, Mrs. Holcomb!" Shane smiled with interest when he saw her. "What made you think of visiting me?"

Sage placed the bouquet of lilies she'd bought on the coffee table. "It's partly because of me that you're injured, and I felt bad. That's why I

dropped by to see how your recovery was going."

Shane clucked his tongue. "You and your husband are an interesting match. Your husband sent you to visit me after getting me into an accident."

The carer left the room after getting Sage a glass of water. Sage sat on the couch beside Shane's. She smiled and said, "No one sent me here. I came

here of my own volition."

Shane raised an eyebrow but didn't seem too surprised. "I doubt you're not here just to visit a patient, Mrs. Holcomb."

It was so easy to talk to smart people. Sage didn't beat around the bush. "I do have something to ask you about."

"Oh? Don't tell

"Something like that." Sage smiled and took a sip of water. "You asked me whether you or Ian would win the bet, right?"

Shane's expression became interested.

Sage continued, "I think you'll win because your lady luck is here."

He narrowed his eyes at her. "My lady luck is here? Could you be talking about yourself?"

"Yeah." Sage smiled. "I can help you score the deal with Mimosa."

Shane let out a devilish laugh but didn't say whether he believed her. "What are your conditions, Mrs. Holcomb?"

As expected of a businessman. She'd only just gotten started, but he was already asking her what she wanted. Sage said, "I want to join Farsight

Investment as your partner.

"Aside from Mimosa, I'll bring with me 100 million dollars in capital. I can also guarantee to bring in at least two revenue-making projects per year."

Shane crossed one leg over the other and asked with interest, "And how are you going to guarantee that?"

It wouldn't be hard for certified investors to bring in two or three projects per year if they were hardworking enough, but even the most experienced and elite investors in the industry couldn't guarantee that their projects

would make money.

How could a trophy wife like Sage be so confident?

Sage knew what Shane was doubtful about, but she had the future on her side. She knew very well which projects would make money. All she was worried about was that her rebirth would affect things; that was why she didn't dare to be greedy and had only guaranteed two projects per year.

"If I can't do it, you can take my 100 million dollars as compensation," she said calmly.

How interesting. Shane appraised her. She wore a loose woolen sweater over a pair of tight-fitting jeans. They made her legs look particularly slender, and long. Her style was casual yet charming.

At that moment, she looked calm and collected. She didn't seem like she was pulling his leg or like someone who'd gone insane.

"You're an interesting one, Mrs. Holcomb. Why would the wife of Holcomb Corporation's president and the lady of an affluent household cough up 100 million dollars to work with me? Has the Holcomb

family run out of places to spend its money?"

Shane still didn't believe her. Sage said seriously, "The money was a wedding gift given by my grandfather; it has nothing to do with the Holcomb family. Wanting to work with you is also a personal matter. I'll bear full responsibility for this, whether or not I make money."

In her previous life, after being admitted to the mental institution, her aunt had taken over the money, claiming that she was "watching over it" on Sage's behalf. In this life, Sage wanted to make full use of it so that others would stop eyeing it.

Shane's expression became a bit more serious at her words. "Your suggestion sounds pretty good, Mrs. Holcomb. But-

Chapter 19

Shane paused to create suspense, then continued, "You won't be able to make me believe you without a logical reason."

No one would be able to place their faith in a woman who claimed to want to work with them when they'd only seen each other once. To make matters worse, said woman was a competitor's wife.

Sage understood this. She chuckled and said, "What if I were to tell you that." we have the same goal?"

"Oh? Is your goal to take Ian down?" Shane was interested again.

"I can't guarantee I can do anything to Ian's other businesses, but I have to raze Bolton Investment to the ground!"

Bolton Investment was managed by Ivy. The torture Sage had gone through at the mental institution in her previous life made it clear that even if she didn't want to fight with Ivy, Ivy wouldn't let her off the hook.

If that were the case, Sage would settle the score with Ivy. She wanted to get even for everything she'd suffered in her previous life!

"I heard that you love Mr. Holcomb with your life, Mrs. Holcomb. You only managed to marry him after chasing him for years. Why are you suddenly trying to take him down? Have you turned on him?" Shane asked.

Sage's smile faded a little. Before this, she'd hesitated over making an enemy out of Ian. But last night, when she'd asked him whether he would get together with Ivy after their divorce, he hadn't denied it. This had immediately wiped her doubts away.

In her previous life, Ian had allowed Ivy to interfere with the mental institution's operations. He'd aided and abetted her!

"I came here with utmost sincerity, Mr. Morrison," Sage said. "100 million.

dollars isn't considered much, but it's still a considerable sum—and it'll all be in your hands. If I can join your company, I'll only be involved in the investment side of things.

"I won't stick my nose into your confidential matters. No matter how you think about it, you're not losing out. Or are you so afraid of Ian setting a trap for you that you don't even have the courage to work with me?"

"Ooh, a challenge. I like it." Shane was thoroughly interested now. "I'm very interested in working with you, Mrs. Holcomb. I'll need to see how you perform, though—let's start with you scoring the deal with Mimosa."

"Sure," Sage agreed readily. "I need to catch up with Bolton Investment, so send me everything you have on this project. I'll give you a workable proposal in return before we decide on the details.

"Alright." Shane held out a hand, looking like he was in a good mood. "Here's to hoping that we work well together, Mrs. Holcomb."

Sage held out a hand as well. "Thanks for giving me a chance, Mr. Morrison. But please, don't call me Mrs. Holcomb from now on. Either my name or Ms. Joyner is fine."

Sage went to another hospital to pick up her medical report after leaving Shane's hospital room. Aside from being a little anemic due to her frequent dieting, she was fine.

Sage sighed in relief. Her health was her most important asset. Even if it was just anemia, she couldn't ignore it. She followed the doctor's instructions and bought some supplements before returning to

Solaris

Estate.

Meanwhile, at Holcomb Corporation's president's office, Terry was

reporting the results of his investigation to Ian. It was pretty much the same as what Ian already knew.

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sage had been completely normal before stepping into the apartment with the fruits she'd bought. She'd been stunned by something after knocking on the door. Then, she'd charged into the apartment.

"I looked into the woman who was in Ms. Shekdotter's apartment last night she's Ms. Shekdotter's distant relative. Her son got into a spot of trouble a couple of days ago; she was probably there to ask Ms. Shekdotter for some money," Terry said.

Jan asked, "Is there any bad blood between Sage and the woman's son?"

"I've looked into that, but no. The woman and her son only came to Haldon City this year. They were living in the countryside before this. Mrs. Holcomb barely leaves the house; she can't possibly have bumped into them anywhere."

So, why had Sage suddenly gone mad? Was it really like Ivy had said? Had Sage been taking out her anger on Ivy because he'd reprimanded her? If that were the case, Sage was a wonderful actress. She'd fooled him when getting

out of the car.

"There's something else about Mrs. Holcomb, sir, but I'm not sure whether I should tell you about it..." Terry piped up.

"What is it?"

Terry pulled out his phone and handed it to Ian. Ian took it and saw some surveillance footage of the company's lobby.

In the video, Sage was stopped by the receptionist and told that she couldn't see Ian without an appointment. Sage had then handed the receptionist an envelope and asked her to pass it to Ian. Yet the receptionist had thrown the envelope into the trash can and mocked Sage.

Sage had been arguing with the receptionist when Ian and Terry showed up.

"A member of the board of directors lost his tie clip when he came to the company a few days ago. I happened to see this when I was checking the

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surveillance footage for him," Terry explained.

Tan didn't say anything. The footage was enough to prove that Sage hadn't been lying that day. The receptionist had framed her. novelbin

Hadn't Sage always been obnoxious and willful? Why would she allow a receptionist to step all over her?

Just then, the video played to the part where Ian said, "You're the one in the wrong, yet you keep trying to shift the blame. You're beyond rescue, Sage!"

The video clearly showed how Sage's face had fallen. Then, she'd laughed self-deprecatingly before pulling out the divorce agreement.

Suddenly, Ian felt vexed. He frowned.

At his silence, Terry said tentatively, "Mr. Holcomb

"Get out.

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Terry didn't budge.

"Didn't you hear me?"

Terry said,

My phone, sir."

Ian threw the phone at him and ordered coldly, "Fire that receptionist and send out word that no one is to hire her. Also, have HR intensify its pre-placement training."

"Yes, sir. I'll make sure to tell everyone that Mrs. Holcomb is to be allowed straight up to your office whenever she drops by," Terry said.

Ian looked up at him. He wanted to say that Terry was being impudent, but a sudden annoyance took over him when the words were on the tip of his tongue. "Get out!"

Terry backed out of the office respectfully.

Shane was efficient. When Sage arrived home, all the information on

Mimosa had already been sent to her e-mail.

Chapter 20

Sage checked her inbox to see some replies from the companies she'd submitted her résumé to earlier. She'd gotten her stockbroking license back in her college days, so most investment companies were more inclined to hire her.

Two of them had sent her invitations for interviews, and two others had outright offered her jobs. It was just that her lack of experience would mean she would get paid less compared to other licensed investors.

Sage sent all of these companies short, simple thank-you messages. Her initial plan had been to go back to what she knew and get a job in investing. But now that she'd decided to work with Shane, she couldn't go anywhere else for the time being.

After replying to all her emails, Sage started going through the information on Mimosa. It was a winery that had expanded relatively rapidly in recent years. Its main selling point was that it had a long history and skilled employees who were equivalent to national treasures. This had helped it gain fame.

Sage remembered that in her previous life, Mimosa's stock price had skyrocketed after becoming a publicly listed company through private equity. It had also helped Bolton Investment earn a huge sum.

Naturally, many companies would want to invest in good businesses. Shane's company wasn't half bad, but it was still no match for Holcomb Corporation. Sage figured that he'd probably tried to win the bid for Mimosa but had lost to Holcomb Corporation.

At the time, Sage had been thoroughly focused on Ian. She hadn't paid attention to anyone else other than him. Now, if she wanted to win the Mimosa project, she had to offer a price that was better than Bolton Investment's but still within Mimosa's value.

In her previous life, every media outlet had fallen over itself to report on Mimosa after it became publicly listed. Sage remembered that there'd been reports on Bolton's investment capital and share ratio.

She had to take those reports with a grain of salt, though—they may not necessarily have been totally accurate. She could only use them as reference points. Ultimately, she still had to analyze the situation and come up with a strategy that matched what she could see.

With that thought in mind, Sage focused her attention on analyzing the information she had.

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That evening, Ian returned to Solaris Estate. Wanda was surprised to see him. "You're back, Mr. Holcomb! Dinner will be ready in just a second."

She couldn't help thinking that Ian was coming back more often these days. In the past, he would only return home two or three days a week. If he had to go on business trips,

he wouldn't even come home. But he'd been home for a few days in a row this week- and he was returning earlier each day.

Ian glanced upstairs. "Is Sage back?"

Wanda nodded. "Mrs. Holcomb came home very early today. She's been cooped up upstairs, though."

Ian went upstairs. Sage's bedroom door was slightly ajar. He could hear her typing away at her computer.

He cleared his throat. The typing stopped abruptly and was followed by the sound of footsteps coming toward the door.

Ian straightened up. He prepared himself for Sage's usual way of welcoming him home she would open the door excitedly and ask him why he was home so early. Yet all Sage did was shut the door in his face. She even locked it!

"Sage Joyner!" Ian couldn't help barking. Sage ignored him, though.

Ian felt his blood pressure rise as he stood there for a few seconds, waiting for her to respond. When she didn't, he turned and flounced off to the study.

He stayed in there for half an hour; Sage didn't come out of her room at all, let alone bring some fruits and tea to him while asking him this and that.

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the study felt smothering. Ian went downstairs instead.

"Are you going out, Mr. Holcomb? Dinner's ready, though," Wanda said.

Ian didn't say anything. He sat down at the dining table, looking murderous. Wanda continued in a small voice, "I'll go get Mrs. Holcomb."

Shortly after, Sage, dressed in loungewear, came downstairs with Wanda by her side. She seemed to be in a good mood as she chatted and laughed with Wanda.

Seeing her like this only made Ian's blood pressure rise again. He thought she was still stuck in her slump from last

night. Now, it seemed like it hadn't affected her in the

least.

"Mrs. Holcomb, I've made you some dishes that are high in iron. Remember to have as much as you can, okay?" Wanda said.

“Alright. Thanks, Wanda. Have a seat and join us,” Sage said.

Wanda shook her head. “That won’t do. I left some food for myself in the kitchen.”
novelbin

Ian frowned. “Is there something wrong?”

Wanda answered, “Mrs. Holcomb’s a little anemic; the doctor told her to take more foods high in iron. Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb, you guys should eat. I’ll be in the kitchen.”

After she left, Ian picked up his cutlery and asked, “Why haven’t I ever heard about you being anemic?”

Sage sipped her broth. “You’re not a doctor. What’s the point of letting you know?”

Ian was upset by her retort. He suppressed his anger before pulling out a black card and sliding it over to her. “Go and buy whatever you want.”

Sage looked up, seemingly confused. Ian continued, “Stop this fuss with the divorce and don’t go harming Ivy just because you’re mad about me not spending that stupid fifth anniversary of our first meeting with you. You even got Grandma and your grandfather worried.”

He tapped the black card. “Take this and go pick out something as a gift. This matter ends here. You don’t need to apologize to Ivy, but don’t ever pull something like that in the future.

Sage didn’t know how to feel about the matter. Indeed, the day she’d been reborn hadn’t just been Ivy’s birthday—it had also been the fifth anniversary of her and Ian’s first meeting.

Ian had been on a business trip on their first wedding anniversary, so they hadn’t gotten to celebrate it together. That was why Sage had viewed the anniversary of their first meeting as particularly important.

She’d happily picked out a gift and prepared scented candles as a surprise for Ian. She’d wanted that day to become a beautiful memory.

Yet all she’d gotten was the news of Ian wanting to spend the day with Ivy to celebrate her birthday...

Sage had always thought that Ian had no idea what day that was. It turned out he was ..