

# A FAREWELL AFTER BEING REBORN

## Chapter 2

“Haven’t you had enough of this, Sage? When will you stop causing trouble?”  
Ian snarled.

Sage laughed silently. She was his wife, yet he treated her worse than he did an outsider.

But before she could say anything, Ivy said, “Don’t be so fierce toward Sage, Ian.”

She turned to Sage and explained, “Ian didn’t drop by just to celebrate my birthday, Sage. It’s just that my father invited him over for a meal because he hadn’t seen Ian in ages.

“I didn’t expect you to get the wrong idea about this and even get hurt. I feel terrible, which is why I came over to explain the situation to you. Please, don’t be mad at Ian anymore. This is all my fault.”

Ivy’s tone was soft and gentle, as was her smile. Her apology also sounded earnest.

Sage could still remember how Ivy had also followed Ian home in her previous life. She’d given her the same explanation. But at the time, they’d been in the bedroom.

Sage had listened to Ivy’s explanation but had been enraged to see them looking so perfect standing side by side. In a fit of rage, she’d screamed at Ivy to get lost and had grabbed a vase from the bedside table and flung it at Ivy.

The vase had hit Ivy in the head, making her bleed and faint. Ian had been furious. He'd immediately lifted Ivy into his arms and taken her to the hospital. Then, he'd stayed there to take care of her for a few days.

From that day onward, they grew closer to each other ...

The words that had enraged Sage in her previous life no longer affected her in this life. She even smiled nonchalantly. "Thanks for explaining everything to me, Ms. Shekdotter. I'm not mad. Your father wanted to have a meal with Ian, right? You guys should get going. Don't keep him waiting!"

Ivy was taken aback, obviously not expecting Sage to react like that.

Even Ian frowned. What was she playing at now? She wasn't kicking up a fuss despite him reprimanding her. She was even telling him and Ivy to go have a meal together. Just two hours earlier, she'd jumped off the balcony because she'd failed to force him to return home.

Did she think she could win his heart by pretending to back down?

Now that Ian understood what Sage was up to, he sneered. Then, he turned to Ivy and said, "Since she's given the green light, let's go."

With that, he turned and left without another look back. Ivy hesitated, told Sage to rest well, and ran after Ian.

Wanda was worried when she saw this. "Mrs. Holcomb, you can't let Mr. Holcomb leave with Ms. Shekdotter no matter how mad you are ..."

"I'm not," Sage said calmly. Now that she was sure she'd traveled three years back in time, she wouldn't make the same mistakes anymore. She wouldn't remain madly in love with Ian, nor would she wait for him to respond to her.

He could do whatever he wanted and be with whoever he wanted. It no longer had anything to do with her. From now on, she only wanted to live for herself and her family!

“I’m starving, Wanda. Could you make me something good to eat?” Sage said.

Throughout her time in the mental institution, she’d only been given a watery bowl of oats daily alongside her medication. It had resulted in her getting stomach cancer. Now, she wanted a delicious meal to compensate herself for everything she’d gone through.

Wanda was surprised. “... Of course. I’ll get on it right now.”

“I’ll go with you!” Sage followed Wanda to the kitchen.

Neither of them noticed Ian standing not too far away. He’d turned back and was watching them with a deep frown. He thought he’d catch Sage throwing a crazed fit upon suddenly turning back. He’d even thought about how he was going to teach her a lesson.

Yet when he returned, he found that Sage wasn’t throwing a tantrum at all. She’d even asked Wanda to cook her something!

Why was she suddenly acting so out of character? This had to be a new scheme of hers!

The thought irritated Ian to no end. He turned and left again.

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After filling her stomach with a scrumptious meal, Sage patted her belly in satisfaction. God, it was the best feeling in the world to be able to have a proper meal!

Even before being starved in the mental institution, Sage hadn’t dared to eat until she was full when she’d lived at the Holcomb residence—she wanted to maintain a perfect figure so that Ian would like her.

“Ian, I’m five feet and five inches, and I weigh 90 pounds. I checked online—everyone says this is the perfect figure that all models have!”

Sage had been proud of this, but Ian had only given her a cold glance. “What does that have to do with me?”

Indeed, what did it have to do with him? The thought of her starving herself for the sake of a man-made her realize how dumb she’d been.

From today onward, she would eat whatever she wanted and as much as she wanted. She wouldn’t mistreat herself anymore!

When Sage returned to her room, she called her grandfather.