

A FAREWELL AFTER BEING REBORN

Chapter 4

Sage turned around. “Who gave you permission to throw that away? Pick it back up!”

The receptionist wasn't afraid of her. “Why waste time on that? Mr. Holcomb's not gonna read it anyway. He's told us to throw everything that you've left here for him!”

In the past, Sage worried that Ian would push himself too hard. She would always drop by and deliver little trinkets and snacks to help him distress. She'd even written him letters to convey her feelings to him.

So, this was how he'd treated her care and concern. Even a mere receptionist dared to do whatever she wanted with the things Sage had left!

Sage glared at the receptionist. “Regardless of whether Ian looks at the things I bring, you still don't have the right to throw them away. Now, pick the envelope up!”

The receptionist curled her lip, saying scornfully, “Fine. What's the point of pretending to be the president's wife when you're just clinging to him like the sorry woman you are?”

“You—”

“What's going on here?”

Sage was about to make the receptionist apologize when a man's stern voice rang out. She turned to see it was Ian's assistant, Terry Zane. And beside him was Ian, who wore a black tailor-made suit.

He was handsome, and his complexion was flawless. Even with an icy expression, he was charismatic. In the past, Sage's heart would always race, and she would blush when she saw him. She would speak to him shyly and tenderly. Now, she didn't even want to say a word to him.

"Mrs. Holcomb," Terry greeted her politely.

Sage didn't respond to him gleefully as she'd done in the past. From beginning to end, Ian had never acknowledged her as his wife. The fact that Terry had addressed her as "Mrs. Holcomb" was only him being polite.

"What's happened here?" Terry didn't know what Sage was thinking. He repeated his question.

The receptionist glanced at Ian and said in grievance, "Mr. Holcomb instructed us not to accept anything that Mrs. Holcomb brought, but she kept forcing me to deliver an envelope to him. I didn't dare to go against her, so ..."

At that, Ian scowled. He turned to Sage and snarled, "Who gave you the right to boss people around like this?"

Sage said truthfully, "I did nothing of the sort, and I didn't force her to do anything. She threw my things away, so I—"

"That's enough!" Ian interrupted her impatiently. "You're the one in the wrong, yet you keep trying to shift the blame. You're beyond rescue, Sage!"

He hadn't even bothered to find out the whole truth before deciding that she was in the wrong. It was no wonder the receptionist had the nerve to frame her. She supposed that in Ian's eyes, she had and always would be a horrendous person.

Sage couldn't be bothered to explain any further. She smiled faintly. "You won't need to bear with me for much longer."

She picked the envelope up from the trash can and continued, "I've drawn up a divorce agreement. Let's go get the divorce settled before City Hall closes for the day."

When Terry heard this, he surreptitiously waved the receptionist away and backed away from them.

"I called and messaged you, but you never answered or replied. That's why I came to the company." Sage handed the envelope to him.

Ian didn't accept it. He sneered. "Is this all that you've come up with after laying low for a few days? Is this some new trick?"

Sage's smile remained in place. "You won't believe me no matter what I say, anyway. The best way to prove my innocence is for us to go to City Hall right now."

Ian's brows furrowed even tighter when he saw her faint smile and emotionless gaze. He'd never seen her like this before.

Sage had shamelessly chased after him for years. She'd pulled all sorts of tricks to marry him. Now, she was demanding a divorce? It was the biggest joke of the century! He bet this was yet another way to attract his attention.

"Since you're in such a rush to head to City Hall, you must have something else lying in wait there for me," Ian said coldly. "Don't you have anything to do other than clinging to me and harassing me?"

To Ian, all of Sage's love and care was nothing more than harassment and trouble. Once again, Sage was glad that she'd woken up from her dream. She pulled the divorce agreement out of the envelope. "Look, you can sign the divorce papers now. At least that'll prove that I'm not harassing you."

Ian's patience ran out as he looked at the divorce agreement. Since Sage wanted to throw a tantrum by demanding a divorce, he would make her wish come true!