

A FAREWELL AFTER BEING REBORN

Chapter 7

Sage found this laughable. When had Ian ever been nice to her? He still didn't believe she was serious and thought she wanted to use the divorce to smear his reputation. It wasn't as if getting divorced after a year of marriage was something to be proud of. Why would she go around announcing it to the world?

"I swear I won't mention a word about this. If you don't trust me, you can add it to the divorce agreement as an additional clause," Sage said with a mocking smile.

For some reason, her smile irked Ian. "Stop dragging things out. Sign the agreement!"

He made it sound like she was the one delaying things on purpose. Sage couldn't be bothered to argue with him. She signed the agreement without hesitation. "Here, your turn."

She threw the pen and agreement at Ian, who sat at the other end of the table. Since he'd already had someone print the agreement, why hadn't he signed it beforehand? He was wasting her time!

Ian could sense Sage rolling her eyes at him. He suppressed his rage. They wouldn't have anything to do with each other soon; he would bear with her for a few more minutes!

Ian picked up the pen. He was about to sign the agreement when his phone rang. He glanced at it to see it was a call from Josephine Hall, the housekeeper who served Linda.

As soon as he answered it, Josephine cried anxiously, “Mr. Holcomb, Mrs. Holcomb Senior suddenly fainted! I’ve already called a doctor. Hurry up and come over here!”

Ian shot to his feet when he heard that. He strode out of the room.

“Wait, where are you going?” Sage cried. “Sign the agreement!”

Something suddenly occurred to Ian. He glared at her coldly. “Are you behind this?”

Sage looked baffled. “What are you talking about? Who was that phone call from?”

She’d deliberately chosen a seat far away from him, so she only knew the person on the other end of the line sounded anxious. She hadn’t heard what had happened.

Seeing that Sage didn’t look like she was putting on an act, Ian didn’t press her further. “You’d better not be pulling any tricks over anything to do with Grandma, Sage!”

With that, he hurried off.

From his reaction and words, Sage could tell this had to do with Linda. She hurriedly called Josephine to find out more. When Josephine told her about Linda fainting, she ran out of the building.

Linda had always treated her well. Not only had she thought of a way for Sage to marry Ian, but she’d also always spoken up for Sage whenever Sage was aggrieved. Linda was the main reason for Sage and Ian remaining married for so long.

However, in Sage’s previous life, she’d let Linda down. Later, after she’d been admitted to the mental institution, she’d heard about Linda’s health deteriorating. It was why Linda hadn’t had time to ask about her.

In this life, though Sage would no longer be Linda's granddaughter-in-law, she still wouldn't forget everything Linda had done for her.

Ian's car was no longer in the parking lot outside. Sage had no choice but to hail a cab. She urged the driver to take her to Holcomb Manor at top speed.

When she ran into the living room, things weren't as she imagined—there weren't any doctors or household staff bustling around urgently. Linda sat in her usual chair; she didn't look the slightest bit unhealthy. On the contrary, she was glaring at Ian.

"You've grown a pair now, haven't you? How dare you get a divorce with Sage behind my back!"

"Grandma, Sage is the one—" Ian was about to retort when Linda smacked him with her walking cane.

"You're still trying to argue with me! How could Sage possibly ask for a divorce when she loves you so? Are you trying to give me an aneurysm?" Linda was so aggravated that she started coughing.

"Grandma!" Sage ran over to her.

Linda was pleased to see her. "Perfect timing, Sage. Tell me whether this brat's the one who forced you into getting a divorce!"

Sage glanced at Ian. The fury in his eyes was apparent. If not for Linda being around, he probably would've sliced her to pieces.

"Why are you glaring at Sage?" Linda smacked Ian again. Then, she said to Sage, "Don't be scared, Sage. Be frank with me. I'll help you out!"

Sage was warmed by this. She held Linda's hand and said gently, "Ian doesn't have anything to do with this, Grandma. I'm the one who wants to get a divorce."

Linda patted her hand consolingly. "You can always let me know if you've suffered any sort of grievance, Sage. I'll make Ian apologize to you, and I'll smack him if necessary! Don't joke around about things like divorce, my dear."

Linda still didn't believe her. Sage felt rather helpless. "I know you dote on me, Grandma, but I'm not joking. I'm not acting rashly, either. I've thought this through. I want a divorce."

Linda's expression turned serious when she saw how resolute Sage looked. "Come to the chapel with me."

...

Half an hour later, Sage helped Linda back to the living room. Her eyes were slightly red.

Linda glared at Ian with exasperation. "Take Sage home! If I hear about you two secretly getting a divorce again, I'll show you some tough love!"

Ian wasn't the least bit surprised by this. He snorted and got up to leave.

"You brat!" Linda snarled. Then, she held Sage's hand, looking like she felt sorry for Sage. "Remember what you promised me, okay?"

"You have to promise me, too, Grandma. You can't stop me and Ian from getting divorced after your birthday next month," Sage said.

"What if Ian is in love with you by then?" Linda asked.