

A FAREWELL AFTER BEING REBORN

Chapter 8

Sage laughed to herself. In her previous life, she'd waited for eight years to receive a divorce certificate and news of him marrying Ivy. How could he fall for her in a month in this life?

"I just want to know whether you'd still want to get a divorce if Ian realizes how great you are and falls for you," Linda said.

Sage met her hopeful gaze and nodded resolutely. "Yes."

No matter how this life turned out, she still didn't want to have anything to do with Ian anymore.

She'd had enough of the bitterness of love. She wanted to stay away from Ian and start a new life!

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After walking out of Holcomb Manor, Sage saw Ian sitting in the car with a dark expression. Despite all the trouble they'd gone to, the divorce had still fallen through. She bet Ian thought she and Linda had schemed to pull this off.

She could already foresee Ian humiliating and interrogating her once she got into the car, so she decided to ignore him and hail a cab herself.

"Get in the car!" Ian ordered coldly when he saw what she was up to.

"Thanks, but no thanks. We're going in different directions," Sage said huffily. She was annoyed that they hadn't managed to go through with the divorce. Why would she be dumb enough to serve herself on a silver platter for Ian to humiliate and insult her?

“Sage Joyner!” Ian’s tone carried a hint of warning.

“Stop fucking calling me! If you’re all that, go get the divorce over with right now!” Sage retorted angrily.

It was her first time speaking to Ian in such a tone. It was also her first time rebuking him like this. Ian’s expression morphed into one of rage. He snorted. “Fine, then!”

Before Sage could process what he meant by that, she saw him get out of the car and storm toward her. When she returned to her senses and turned to run, he’d already grabbed hold of her.

“Let me go!” In her anxiety, she turned and bit him hard on the arm.

Ian winced but didn’t let her go. Instead, he lifted her up like she was a cat and threw her into the car.

“Drive!” he commanded Terry.

The car had already been started; there was no way Sage could escape. She quickly pulled out her phone and aimed the camera at Ian. She warned, “If you dare lay a hand on me, I’ll call the cops and expose you!”

“Call the cops?” Ian looked like he’d just heard a joke. He leaned close to her. As his tall stature closed the distance between them, it made Sage feel oppressed. She couldn’t help retracting her phone a little.

“W-What are you doing?”

“Aren’t you supposed to be better than this? Why are you so nervous?” He scoffed and held his wrist up, revealing the bite mark on it. “Look at how hard you bit me. Even if I were to lay a hand on you, it’d be in self-defense!”

At this, Sage calmed down. In her previous life, no matter how deeply Ian had hated her, he hadn’t laid a hand on her. He probably wasn’t the type to hit women.

With how closely Ian was leaning toward her, she could smell the faint scent of pinewood on him. It made her feel uncomfortable, so she shoved him away.

Ian was caught off guard; he hadn't expected her to get physical with him. He was shoved backward so abruptly that he almost knocked his head on the window. He raged, "Are you addicted to causing trouble, Sage?"

Sage retorted, "It's not my problem that a simple shove is enough to make you fall back like that! You're the weak one!"

Ian was lost for words. Sage had never been this tough with him, nor had she ever said such mocking things. Now, she was as prickly as a porcupine.

He couldn't help barking out a derisive laugh. "You've got guts, Sage. Have you finally grown a brain? You've learned how to distract me because you know you can't explain away everything that's happened today!"

"What would I need to explain?" Sage detested Ian's tone. "I want the divorce more than you do! Grandma's the one who's making me wait until after her birthday!"

Prior to marrying Ian, Sage had promised Linda that she would do her best as his wife and keep their marriage going. She would do her best to make him fall for her. It had only been a year since then, but she was already breaking her promise to Linda.

When Linda had asked Sage to follow her to the chapel earlier, she'd confirmed with Sage how determined the latter was to get divorced.

When she was sure there was no changing Sage's mind, she'd asked Sage to postpone the divorce. She'd told Sage sadly that she didn't want to be without a granddaughter-in-law on her birthday. Sage had no choice but to agree.

"You're a pro at lying through your teeth." Ian sneered. "If you really wanted to get a divorce, why bother letting Grandma know about this?"

“I didn’t! I have no idea how she found out!”

“No one would know better than you what happened. I couldn’t possibly have told Grandma about this!”

When Sage saw the mocking and hateful look on Ian’s face, she suddenly didn’t want to argue with him anymore. She said calmly, “Let’s go to City Hall to get the divorce over with now. We can keep this from Grandma for now and announce it after her birthday.”

“That’s enough. Stop acting!” Ian had run out of patience. “Don’t tell me you have no idea that Grandma already had someone collect our divorce agreement from City Hall! Stop pretending like you want to get things over with now—you just want Grandma to get mad at me again!”

Sage was taken aback. She hadn’t expected Linda to act so quickly. The fact that Linda could have someone retrieve the divorce agreement meant that she probably had people watching their every move. It looked like secretly getting a divorce wouldn’t work.

Sage didn’t insist. “If that’s the case, let’s just bear with each other for another month. I guarantee I’ll go through with the divorce once Grandma’s birthday is over.”

Ian snorted. He wanted to say something else but was interrupted by his phone ringing.