

A FAREWELL AFTER BEING REBORN

Chapter 9

Ian's expression softened when he saw who the caller was. He answered it.

"Ian, it's almost time for the meeting at Bolton Investment. How long will it take to get here?" The car was so silent that Sage heard every word that Ivy said over the phone despite her voice being soft and gentle.

Ian had recently acquired Bolton Investment. Ivy had been appointed as its director.

In Sage's previous life, Ivy had contributed much to Bolton Investment and had produced excellent results. It had won her the nickname of "Queen of the Workplace".

At the time, Sage had been indignant. She'd told Ian that she wanted to get a job at Holcomb Corporation to prove her capabilities.

But all she'd received was Ian's mockery. "You, work at Holcomb Corporation? Do you even know how to survive in the workplace? Ivy put in so much time and effort to gain the board of directors' approval. Do you think you can do the same with just a few words?"

"Ivy may not come from as good a background as you, but she's hardworking, ambitious, and well-mannered. She's the complete opposite of you—all you know how to do is boss people around. You can't do anything else!"

Sage absent-mindedly recalled the events of her previous life.

"Alright, that's it for now." Ian hung up.

Sage was pulled out of her reverie. The Ian from her previous life overlapped with the Ian who sat before her now. Suddenly, she felt like she couldn't breathe. "Could you pull over here, Mr. Zane? I wanna get out."

"It's not easy to hail a cab here, Mrs. Holcomb. How about I drop you off at home after taking Mr. Holcomb to the company?"

"No, that's not necessary. Just let me off here." Sage didn't want to spend another second with Ian.

Terry didn't stop the car. He looked at Ian in the rearview mirror and waited for his command. Ian's blood boiled when he saw how Sage looked like she couldn't stand to be in his presence. "Stop the car so she can get out!"

Terry pulled the car over. Sage got out without hesitation and slammed the door shut.

"If you dare pull Grandma into your schemes again, Sage, I won't let you off the hook!"

Sage ignored Ian's warning and walked ahead without a look back.

Ian was furious. He turned to look at Terry and barked, "Why aren't you driving? Are you waiting for the sun to set?"

Terry was lost for words.

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Sage hired an Uber. She had to pay extra because of the distance, but at least it improved her mood. She went to the hospital to get a full-body checkup with a focus on her stomach.

Having stomach cancer was much too torturous; in this life, she had to take good care of her health and eradicate all possibility of getting cancer.

The results of the checkup would only be out after a few days, so Sage returned to Solaris Estate. Wanda had already put some of the things she'd packed into her suitcase yesterday back where they belonged.

She asked carefully, "Will Mr. Holcomb be home tonight, Mrs. Holcomb? Should we put some things into the suitcase again?"

Sage was speechless. So, Wanda thought she'd been putting on an act when packing her things yesterday? She thought this whole divorce debacle was all just a show because she knew Ian would be back yesterday?

Amidst her speechlessness, Sage crossed Wanda's name off the list of people she suspected had told Linda about the divorce.

Honestly, who was the culprit? She wanted to give that person a good beating. She'd been so close to severing ties with Ian!

Now that Sage had promised Linda she wouldn't move out of Solaris Estate before the divorce, she had no choice but to remain there for the time being.

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When Sage woke up the next morning, she decided to go practice her driving. She'd gotten her driver's license after graduating from high school. It had been a few years since she'd last touched a steering wheel—her skills were rusty.

To make her future life more convenient, she had to pick driving up again. There was a Maserati parked in the corner of the garage. Her grandfather had bought it for her as a wedding gift, but she couldn't bear to drive her own car.

Judging from her current skill level, leaving scratches seemed unavoidable. Her heart ached at the thought of damaging the Maserati in any way.

And so, Sage picked one of Ian's cars. She started it and drove out of the garage based on whatever she remembered of driving. When she finally got

on the road, she didn't drive toward the city center, where there were many cars. Instead, she drove slowly along a relatively deserted road.

When she drove out again that afternoon, she felt that things were picking up quite well. She drove faster than she had that morning.

Sage was approaching a bend in the road. She was about to turn when a dog suddenly shot out of nowhere. It shocked her, making her swerve. With a bang, she rammed right into a car turning in from the main road.

When she saw the other car's flawless paint job and gleaming logo, her eyelids twitched. Damn it, she'd been unlucky enough to ram into an expensive car.

Thank goodness she'd had the foresight not to drive her own car. Otherwise, her Maserati would be the damaged one now.

The driver of the other car had already gotten out. Sage hurriedly did the same. "Sorry, I wasn't paying —"

The other party ignored her apology. He swiftly took photos of the damage done as evidence and called the cops. It seemed like he'd done this a thousand times before.

"Why's it taking so long?" A slightly impatient voice rang out from inside the car.

"Sorry, Mr. Morrison. I'll be done soon," the driver said tremulously. He turned to Sage and said, "Could I take a photo of your ID and have your number, please? I'll have a lawyer follow up with you later."

Were all wealthy people so efficient when it came to dealing with these things nowadays?

Sage collected a driver's license from the car and handed it to the driver.

"The car belongs to Ian Holcomb. So, this isn't your car?"

“It’s my husband’s. This is my phone number.” Sage handed him a note with her phone number written on it.

“This is the lawyer’s business card. He’ll—”

“Hold on.”

Sage was about to accept the business card when the back seat door opened. A tall man got out of the car.