

## A Relentless Pursuit for Love Chapter 8

Yeva, still clutching the mic in her hand, was drenched from her head to her toes.

Looking at the culprit standing in front of her, Yeva's lips trembled and she gritted her teeth before yelling at the top of her lungs, "Sage Norah!"

"Are you awake now? If not, I don't mind getting another bucket of water."

The music, which was still blasting in the background, was loud enough to wake the entire town. Sage threw the bucket in her hand at the music player. With a loud bang, the music player fell off the desk, startling Yeva.

The deafening music finally came to a stop.

"What happened? What's going on?"

Braxton, who had been woken by the loud commotion, came walking into the room. Catching sight of the drenched Yeva, he surmised that his precious daughter was being bullied. "Sage, what are you trying to do?"

"Daddy, she threw a bucket of cold water all over me. I'm freezing!"

Yeva was shivering in the cold as one of the maids hurriedly wrapped her in a blanket. With tears welling up in her eyes, Yeva looked at Braxton pitifully and said, "I couldn't sleep so I wanted to listen to some music, but Sage didn't allow me to do even that."

With that pitiful look on her face, she transformed Sage into the perpetrator.

"There, there." Like a loving father, Braxton comforted her daughter, "Sage has just returned, and you should let her be for now. Don't let her get to you, alright?"

Yeva nodded her head obediently, but she still looked utterly wronged.

Sage was unfazed as she watched the "loving" display enacted by father and daughter. She crossed her arms and asked coldly, "Are you guys done with the act?"

Braxton and Yeva turned their heads at the same time. Both of them looked flustered.

Standing by the door, Sage glanced toward Yeva and said, "If you behave crazily in the middle of the night, I'll assume that you are merely sleepwalking. If there is a next time, I'll be sure to dunk you in a tub of ice water so that you'll return to your senses."

"And," continued Sage as she looked at the father and daughter, "now that you're staying in my house, you will play by my rules. I'm a light sleeper, and I don't want to

hear any sounds or noises at night. If you can't follow my rules, then get the hell out of my house."

After saying her piece, Sage left the guest room, leaving the dumbfounded father and daughter.

"Dad, she—"

Yeva sulked as she pointed at the exiting Sage. Yeva had the urge to grab Sage by the hair and fight it out, but Braxton held her back. "There my sweetheart, let's calm down..."

After having all the maids leave the guest room, Yeva closed the door as she dried her hair and fumed. "Dad, are we supposed to let Sage push us around like a bunch of losers?"

Despite his somber demeanor, Braxton too appeared to be disgruntled. He was still upset over the vase Sage had broken. The vase had been worth almost a hundred thousand dollars! Who did Sage think she was to judge whether the vase was a fake or not?

"Dad, we've been through so much to be able to be where we are right now. Do you really want to go back to the past?"

Yeva kneeled in front of Braxton and continued, "Have you forgotten how we had to tiptoe around Uncle Sawyer and his wife? I even had to butter up Sage Norah. I swear, I'm never going back to those days ever again!"

Braxton squinted and scoffed, "And you think I want that to happen? But Sage's comeback was so sudden and... strange. I'm worried that she's got something planned."

"Her parents are dead, and she's got no support. What are you worried about?"

Yeva continued to persuade her father. "We need to get rid of her once and for all. Didn't you see the way she treated us? I'm sure she must have caught onto something, and now, she's back for revenge. If we don't get rid of her now, I'm afraid that we'll be the ones in danger! Before she gains more support and power, we have to strike! Dad, you shouldn't go easy on her, especially during this critical time!"

The dim yellow light in the guest room reflected the sinister and cruel look on Yeva's face.

Adjusting the gold ring on his thumb, Braxton's eyes too were filled with a menacing light as he reassured his daughter. "Don't worry, she's not powerful enough to take us

on. However, if she wishes to stir trouble with me, I shall grant her wish with open arms.”

Sage was lying peacefully on her bed. The guest room was wiretapped, and she had been listening to the conversation between Braxton and Yeva the entire time.

Her lips were pulled into a smirk as she wondered to herself, “How is it that the father and daughter are so full of themselves when they are nothing but average?”

The next day, Yeva woke up at noon.

She turned over on her side and reached for the intercom. “June, fill my bathtub with water and get some flowers from the garden. I want to have a flower bath.”

On the other end of the phone was a distant yet familiar female voice, “Miss Yeva, I’m sorry to inform you that June was dismissed from her position. As for the flower bath, we have orders from Miss Sage that no one is allowed to touch or harm the roses. Hence, I’m afraid that I can’t grant your gratuitous request.”

Furrowing her brows, Yeva sat up immediately and asked, “Who are you?”

“I’m Zamora, the butler that you had fired. I have now returned to my position as the butler of Rosa Garden. I’m at your service, Miss Yeva.”

Yeva hung up the call, put on a cardigan, and rushed out of the guest room.

As she went down the stairs, Yeva realized that there were a number of maids cleaning the house, but she recognized none of their faces. She then realized that they were all the maids who previously worked at the Norah family’s residence.

Where did all her maids go then?

What got Yeva even more irritated was the fact that all the peonies that she grew in the garden had been removed and were now replaced with a bed of bright red roses.

Clenching her fists and gritting her teeth, Yeva seethed, “Sage Norah!”