

## A Farewell 101

### Chapter 101

Priscilla could guess why Sage was feeling blue. Hence, she nodded without hesitation. Alright, let's drink to our heart's content!"

The girls sat in a corner, sipping their wine. The banquet hall, which had been bustling with activity just a moment ago, only had a few employees cleaning up now. This made them look lonely.

Priscilla couldn't help but feel bad for Sage, who was struggling to keep her tears at bay. "If you want to cry, Sage, just let it out. Don't hold it in."

Sage, who was clutching the wine bottle to her bosom, shed a few tears as soon as she heard.

Priscilla.

Priscilla found Sage's demeanor both beautiful and pitiable. How could Ian leave behind his stunning wife and rush to the hospital with another woman in his arms?

"It's getting late, Sage. Let me drive you home," she offered after finishing her bottle.

Sage obediently accepted, allowing Priscilla to help her into the car.

"Do you want to crash at my place for the night, Sage? I'll have someone get you home tomorrow," Priscilla asked from the driver's seat.

"Thanks, Priscilla, but that won't be necessary." All of a sudden, Sage sat up straight. Even though her eyes were still glassy, she did not appear as sad as she was before.

"Get the company's PR department ready to reach out to several platforms and influencers. We might need them later," she continued.

Realization dawned on Priscilla after she heard that. The pieces started falling into place, and her eyes widened. "Sage, you don't mean... But I'm afraid there will be harmful rumors if word gets out. Wouldn't that be bad?"

Sage scoffed. "I don't mind. All I care about is the moolah."

Priscilla squeezed her slender shoulder. "Alright, I'll go along with your plans."

Meanwhile, Ivy was still out cold, having sustained injuries to her head and arm from the chandelier. Her wounds had been cleaned and stitched up, but the condition of her head would have to be confirmed after she woke up.

Several other guests also sustained minor injuries and were treated at the same hospital.

Ian sat in the corridor while Terry updated him on the situation. "The hotel said that the chandelier was cleaned and replaced yesterday. However, a staff member messed up, causing

the wires to snap. The hotel promised to come forward and apologize and to bear all responsibility. I've also appeased the injured guests and arranged for them to be taken home."

"Alright." Ian massaged his temples.

"Mr. Holcomb, you must be tired from dealing with the board. Why don't you head home and get some rest? I'll have someone notify you when Ms. Shekdotter regains consciousness."

All of a sudden, Ian remembered something. "Has Sage gone home?"

Terry hesitated. "I've been too caught up with the guests. I did not keep track of Mrs. Holcomb's whereabouts. Let me call Wanda and find out." In no time, he learned that Sage had already returned

home and was fast asleep.

Ian heard their conversation and rolled his eyes.

“Seriously? I can’t believe she didn’t even bother to check in with me and just went home to hit the hay after what happened tonight.” He snorted: “Get the driver to pick me up. “Mr. Holcomb! Mrs. Holcomb, she...” Terry gasped just as Ian was about to leave.

## Chapter 102

Ian came to a halt and looked at his assistant. Terry handed his phone to him. “Mrs. Holcomb is trending on Twitter.”

Ian took the device and scanned the screen. Besides the news of the accident at Holcomb Corporation’s party, there were multiple articles about Mrs. Holcomb getting drunk. He clicked on one of them and was greeted with a series of images.

The first photo was of Sage standing alone on the dance floor, dressed in a gown. The second image showed her holding a bottle of wine and chugging it with her head thrown back. In the third photo, she was holding an empty bottle with teary eyes.

The person who shared these photos included the following caption: “There was an accident at Holcomb Corporation’s party. Mr. Holcomb rushed to the hospital with the injured beauty, leaving Mrs. Holcomb alone in tears and inebriated. The couple seems to be in a marital crisis.”

In the first photo, Sage stood alone on the dance floor, her once–radiant face and bright eyes showing only loneliness. This made it seem like her marriage was indeed in trouble.

There were also numerous comments below the post claiming that they had never heard of a “ Mrs. Holcomb”.

In addition, insiders were claiming that Ian and Sage’s marriage was forced on them by their families and that the couple had no feelings for each other.

Rumor had it that the couple had already signed the divorce papers, and it was only a matter of time before they announced it. Besides that, someone also shared a link to a video of Sage drowning her sorrows in the banquet hall.

Ian clicked on the link. Sage was lifting her wine bottle defiantly in the video, screaming, "Men are all scumbags!"

Beside her sat Priscilla, who raised her glass in agreement. Sage then leaned onto Priscilla's shoulder. Under the lights, her nose was bright red.

Ian's forehead creased, and his grip on the phone tightened. He was furious.

for someone to send

Terry apologized profusely, "I'm sorry, Mr. Holcomb. I didn't arrange Mrs. Holcomb home in time. I'll get in touch with PR to remove everything right away.

Ian glanced at the phone again, his expression shifting. "That won't be necessary." He then tossed the phone back to Terry and headed toward the elevator.

Perplexed, Terry took a look at his phone. Surprisingly, there was yet another trending topic concerning Mrs. Holcomb. The headlines were equally as eye-catching.

"It's not a sin for women to drink."

Intrigued, he clicked on it and discovered that netizens were commenting on the bottle Sage was holding. The bottle boasted an elegant design and looked beautiful when held in the hand or placed on the table.

Netizens pointed out that something as miserable as drowning your sorrows in alcohol

became aesthetically pleasing because of Sage and the wine bottle. Netizens also tracked down the bottle's brand and found out that it was a new release from Mimosa.

Mimosa's official account also commented, "It's not a sin for women to drink. Women have the right to indulge as well."

Its comment quickly garnered tens of thousands of likes. Below it were thousands of replies.

"Why is it okay for men to drink, but frowned upon for women to do it?"

"Society's expectations of women are just absurd! We're expected to be perfect housewives and businesswomen, but we're judged for the way we choose to relax!"

"It's not a sin for women to drink! We deserve to unwind too!"

As an act of protest against social inequality and sexist social norms, netizens flocked to Mimosa Winery's official website to place orders for the wine, claiming that they'd drink whenever they felt like it.

Mimosa's popularity skyrocketed as a result of the pictures. Even Priscilla's divorce from her scumbag husband was brought back into the limelight. Netizens praised her decisiveness and zero tolerance for mistreatment, hailing her as a role model for women.

Terry couldn't help but be amazed. No wonder his boss' expression had changed drastically all of a sudden. There were only a few hours between Sage being photographed drowning her sorrows and Mimosa's sudden rise in popularity.

## Chapter 103

The timeline of events, the angle of the photos, the timing of the netizen's discovery of the wine bottle, and Mimosa's feminist statement all seemed to be too perfect to be explained by

coincidence.

Sage was fast asleep on the bed when Ian walked into the bedroom. There was half a glass of water on the nightstand, and her phone lay next to her pillow.

Her face was flushed, and she didn't seem to be sleeping very well. Her brows were knitted together, and she still smelled faintly of alcohol.

His frustration boiled over as he looked at the state of her and recalled her actions earlier that evening. He yanked Sage out of bed and demanded, "Get up! Stop pretending to be asleep!"

Sage opened her eyes grogily, her gaze unfocused and confused. Her lips puckered, and tears streamed down her cheeks as she stared blankly at Ian's stern expression for a moment. "W- Why are you so mean to me even in my dreams? You're such a jerk, Ian! You're a big jerk..."

Then, she buried her head in the pillow and wept, her shoulders heaving with sobs.

Ian was flabbergasted. He pulled her up and gripped her chin with one hand. "Are you pretending to be drunk right now?" There was no way she could be this drunk if she had managed to plan all of that in such a short period!

At that moment, her tears streamed down her cheeks and soaked her hair as she tilted her head back. Her nose wrinkled, and her gaze remained unfocused. Ian couldn't tell if she was drunk or not.

"How much did you drink?" He had a lot of questions, yet this trivial one slipped out of his

mouth.

"Four bottles." Sage blinked and raised her palm weakly. "Wait..." she mumbled as she. one of her fingers down before raising her hand again triumphantly. "This is four!"

It was Ian's first time seeing Sage drunk. She was so silly. She could still count the number of fingers she was holding up, so she probably wasn't drunk. However, her behavior was unbelievably childish for someone sober.

Even though tears were clinging to her lashes, she looked extremely proud of herself, as if she had forgotten how upset she had been just moments ago.

Four bottles was a lot. Even someone who could handle their drink wouldn't be able to finish that much in one sitting. But here she was, risking her well-being for Mimosa.

"Why did you drink that much?" he inquired, arching his brow.

Sage lifted her gaze, her eyes glazing over as if she remembered something unpleasant. The glint in her eyes disappeared, and she shrugged his hand off in annoyance.

"Because I wanted to! I'm free to do whatever I want!" she yelled, sprawling out on the bed.

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His temper flared at her response. "Sage Joyner, did you plan this? I can't believe you would bring Priscilla to the party and get yourself drunk just for the cameras!"

Her eyes misted over, and she curled up into a ball after hearing his accusations. "I'm not upset at all. He can chase after whoever he wants... I didn't lose anything. I wouldn't allow that to happen..."

Her words made him frown. Instinctively, he said, "It was an emergency, I just "

"Ian Holcomb, you big fat jerk!" she suddenly yelled. "Just you wait, I'll use your money to hire a handful of studs to keep me company after I divorce you!"

Ian's expression hardened on hearing her words. "I dare you to!"

However, Sage couldn't comprehend his words at all. Hugging the pillow, she started sobbing. "I forgot... I can't even use his money. He's so stingy... he wouldn't even give me a million dollars..."

Lan couldn't be bothered to talk to Sage anymore. He retrieved a towel from the bathroom and wiped her face roughly. He then sat her up, picked up the half glass of water from the bedside table, and placed it near her mouth.

"Drink up," he ordered.

Sage was much more docile after her previous outbursts. She lowered her head and took a sip. However, she started coughing and spat out the water as soon as she swallowed, wetting Ian's clothes.

"Sage Joyner!" he snapped. "Are you doing this on purpose?"

Tears instantly welled up in her eyes after being scolded by him. "I don't want to drink water. I want hot chocolate..." she sobbed. "I waited in line for over an hour to get it. Why did you throw it away? Give me back my hot chocolate!"

Ian, who was usually calm and collected, was beginning to lose patience with Sage.

"You're not going to give it back to me, huh? Fine, then you can pay me back with your body!" Sage rose to her feet and reached out to tug on his clothes.

He grabbed her hand with a hardened expression. "Look here. Who am I?"

Sage blinked and looked at him intently before flashing him a smile. "Woah... you're handsome! Do you have a girlfriend? If not, can I become your girlfriend?"

"Did you forget that you were married?" he said through gritted teeth.



“Shh... I’ll let you in on a secret,” she whispered into his ear like a mischievous fox. “Don’t let my husband’s looks fool you. The thing is... he can’t get it up! I’m going to divorce him soon.”

Then, she held his face and continued, “So you can be my boyfriend!”

“Sage fucking Joyner!” Ian was furious. “Are you drunk, or are you serious? If it’s the latter, I wouldn’t mind proving you wrong right now!”

He then yanked her over and was about to bite her. However, the sudden movement made it look like she was about to throw up. Hence, he hurriedly lifted her head up.

“I feel awful...” Although Sage did not throw up, she collapsed onto his abdomen. “Sleep with me...”

Ian shook the woman in his arms, but she had already drifted off to sleep. She even pinched his abs dissatisfiedly. “It’s too hard... it hurts...”

“Sage Joyner... you had better not be pretending to be drunk!” he said through gritted teeth.

Sage woke up thirsty. She reached out for her water with her eyes closed, but her hand came into contact with something warm and firm. Instinctively, she began feeling it up.

“What’s your problem this early in the morning?”

Sage sat up abruptly, startled by the husky voice that rang in her ears. She then noticed Ian sleeping next to her. He was lying on his side, facing her. He was topless, exposing his lean body.

As Sage realized she had touched his chest, images from last night suddenly flooded her mind. She remembered seeing Ian, but she assumed that she was dreaming.

Hence, she complained that he was being mean to her. Then, she gleefully held up her hand to show how much she had drunk. She cried, hugged him, called him handsome, and asked him to be her boyfriend....

“Hello? Earth to Sage.” Jan opened his eyes and frowned when she didn’t answer him.

Sage suddenly came to her senses. She found the whole thing funny. He left with Ivy in his arms, but instead of staying with her, he came home and slept in her bed.

## Chapter 105

“Ian Holcomb? Seriously, don’t you ever get tired of this?” Sage asked.

Ian raised his head, his frown deepening. “Are you seriously picking a fight first thing in the morning?”

Sage ignored him and got out of bed. “From now on, don’t sleep in this room. I’m not interested in acting like a normal couple with you.”

“Do you think I wanted to sleep here?” Ian sat up urgently. “Remind me, who was it that messed up my clothes last night? Who was it that insisted on me paying them back with my body?”

“You’re not going to give it back to me, huh? Fine, then let’s settle it with your body!”

Her cheeks burned as she remembered that line from the night before. She must’ve been watching too many corny videos lately to come up with such a cringe-worthy line.

“I was wasted. I don’t remember a thing.” Sage tried to maintain her composure. “None of this would’ve happened if you hadn’t woken me up in the middle of the night!”

“It’s obvious why I woke you up?” he asked coldly.

Sage figured that he had seen the trending topics last night and wanted to confront her about

1. it.

“I’m guessing you’re also the one who leaked the news of our marital crisis, huh? I can’t believe you’re doing all these things just to rake in some cash for Mimosa,” Ian scoffed.

Even though she hadn’t leaked anything, she indirectly confirmed the rumors by playing along. So, his accusations weren’t entirely unjustified.

Sage taunted, “Why does it sound like you’re not too happy about this? Why? Are you having second thoughts about us getting divorced?”

He shot her a cold look. “Do you even hear yourself? I just can’t stand how you’re milking your status as my wife for all it’s worth.” Ian then stormed off to the bathroom.

Even though she was well aware that this would happen, she couldn’t help but feel disappointed. It was just like last night all over again.

He had nonchalantly claimed that Ivy had nothing to do with him, and she had foolishly clung to a sliver of hope because of his words. Yet, he shattered it in the blink of an eye.

Just then, the phone on the bedside table rang. Sage picked it up and noticed it was Priscilla calling. When she answered it, Priscilla’s shrill voice pierced the air.

“Sage, are you okay?”

Sage massaged her temples. “I’m okay. I just have a hangover. Guess I’m not cut out to be an alcoholic.”

Priscilla chuckled. “I called to let you know that Mimosa’s sales are through the roof. We have a huge online presence now, and we’re swamped by businesses eager to collaborate with us. “Seriously?” This was great news.

The internet was filled with nothing but mockery and netizens who were eager to hear about her “drunken escapade” before she went to bed last night.

Sure, she had deliberately drawn attention to the wine bottle in her hand as part of her plan, but plans were just that—no one could guarantee how things would ultimately turn out.

Sage felt elated when she heard that. Eager to see the results, she asked, “Are you at Mimosa? I’ll come find you.

“Sure.”

Sage noticed several unread messages after hanging up the phone. Some were from Tiana, and others were from her Aunt Susan, all asking about last night. She hastily replied to them.

She grabbed her bag and headed downstairs after washing up in the bathroom next door and freshening up the vanity. Ian was already dressed and seated at the dining table when she got downstairs.

“Mrs. Holcomb, you’re up! How... are you feeling?” Wanda asked, looking at her with concern.

Sage assumed she was referring to her drunken state from the night before. “I’m alright now,

don’t worry.”

“That’s good to hear. I’ve made some chicken soup for you and Mr. Holcomb. You should have an extra serving, Mrs. Holcomb. After all, women always get the short end of the stick in these situations,” Wanda said.

Sage was dumbfounded.

What was she on about? Realization dawned on Sage the next moment, Wanda must've misunderstood because she cried and made a scene last night.

"Wanda, we didn't..." Sage started with a slight blush. "I caused a ruckus last night because I was drunk."

The middle aged woman assumed she was just shy, so she said softly, "Mrs. Holcomb, you should've shared a room with Mr. Holcomb a long time ago! It's good for your relationship!"

"Well, what are you waiting for? Get over here and eat," Ian said indifferently, ignoring Sage's awkwardness.

"That's right, Mrs. Holcomb, Hurry up and grab a bite. I'll head to the kitchen first."

Sage glared at Ian after Wanda left. "Why didn't you help me clear things up?"

He glanced at her. "I'm useless, remember? So what's there to say?"

She thought about what a jerk he was, frustrated that he'd used her drunken words against her.

Sage was so embarrassed when she thought about what she whispered in Ian's ear last night that she wanted the ground to swallow her up. It must've been the liquid courage.

"Do you always hit on guys when you're drunk?" he asked lowly.

Sage blushed as she retorted, "I have no idea what you're on about. I told you, don't remember a thing."

Ian sneered and was about to say something when his phone suddenly rang. He answered the phone after checking the caller ID. Nodding, he replied apathically, "Got it. I'll head to the hospital soon."

Sage was well aware of who Ian was going to see at the hospital. She suddenly lost her appetite, so she picked up her bag to leave too.

“Where are you off to? You haven’t even eaten anything yet!” he called after her.

“I’m off to make an appointment for you at the urology department because I’m afraid that you’re suffering from ED!” Without so much as a backward glance, she strode out of the door.

Why was he dragging his feet and refusing to get divorced when he was well aware that Ivy was waiting for him? That worthless two-timer!

Sage received a phone call from Michael when she arrived at Mimosa.

“Hey. Sorry, but I’ve been swamped lately, so I haven’t been able to go to the gym. I promise I’ll hit the gym every day starting tomorrow,” she apologized as soon as she answered the phone.

Michael was caught off guard. He quipped, “I’m not calling about your training, Ms. Joyner. I called to ask if you were free this afternoon.”

“I should be. What’s up?”

“Well... our band is planning to have a barbecue, and we were wondering if you might want to join in on the fun,” he offered hesitantly.

Sage figured that he must have seen the trending news and was probably just worried that she was feeling down. He probably just wanted to invite her out for

some fresh air.

Even though she wasn’t as miserable as others might have thought, she was still touched that someone cared about her.

It wouldn't hurt to join them since she had no plans for the afternoon. Besides, it was also a good opportunity for her to thank Michael's friends who had helped her out in the past.

"Sure. Just text me the address. I'll head over right now."

After hanging up the phone, she walked into the office. As she did so, she noticed a familiar face inside Priscilla's office. It was Shane Morrison.

He was lounging on the leather couch in the reception area dressed in a dark purple suit with a black shirt underneath. It was a little more formal than his usual attire, but he still looked carefree.

Long time no see, Ms. Joyner," he greeted Sage.

It hadn't been that long. He had practically invited her to be his meat shield just a few days ago.

Sage was about to ask him what he was doing here when Priscilla greeted her with a smile. "Sage! You're here! Come sit with us.

Sage walked over and took a seat beside Priscilla. "Mr. Morrison just arrived a little while ago. I wasn't able to notify you because you were already on your way here."

## Chapter 107

She knew that he had a reason for visiting. Sage looked at Shane suspiciously. "What brings you here, Mr. Morrison?"

The man casually crossed his legs and responded with a grin, "Remember our bet, Ms. Joyner? I said I'd invest if you could restore Mimosa's reputation. So

here I am, keeping my word."

“Mr. Morrison’s willing to invest in Mimosa according to the terms you told me about before, Sage,” Priscilla added.

Sage hadn’t expected Shane to act so quickly. She couldn’t believe he was already approaching them for investment when Mimosa had only started gaining traction the night before. Moreover, he wasn’t taking advantage of the situation by demanding a higher shareholding ratio.

“Are you sure about this, Mr. Morrison? Mimosa is doing better now, but no one knows what will happen in the future,” she reminded.

“Oh?” Shane looked Sage in the eye. “Are you doubting yourself or Mimosa, Ms. Joyner?”

“I have faith in both myself and Mimosa!” she responded confidently.

He chuckled. “In that case, what else do I have to consider?”

It was definitely a good thing for Mimosa to be able to secure investment from Farsight Investment this quickly. It would be very beneficial for the winery’s development and listing.

“What’s your take on this, Priscilla?” Sage asked.

On one hand, accepting Shane’s investment would give Mimosa the resources it needed to grow. But on the other, she would be giving up the opportunity to work

with other investment banks.

Priscilla was not one to beat around the bush. “I’ve always thought Farsight Investment was a good company. Now that Mr. Morrison has expressed interest. in investing, of course, I can’t refuse.”

Sage had no reason to object since Priscilla was on board. With that, the three of them spent the rest of the morning hammering out the details of the contract and setting a date for the official signing.



Shane noticed it was already lunchtime and suggested, “Why don’t we grab lunch together? My treat.”

Priscilla still had a lot on her plate and politely declined. “Sage, I’ll be counting on you to join Mr. Morrison for lunch. Once again, thank you for your trust and support in Mimosa, Mr. Morrison.”

Sage had no reason to decline Shane’s invitation. After all, she was a temporary shareholder of Mimosa, and she was interested in doing business with Farsight Investment. Hence, she agreed. “Sure thing.”

Meanwhile, Ivy had regained consciousness in the hospital.

After conducting an MRI, the doctor told her, “You have a mild concussion, so you’ll have to stay in the hospital for a few days. Fortunately, the chandelier missed you by a hair’s breadth. Otherwise, your injury could’ve been much worse. However, your arm has been severely injured, so be sure to keep it dry, take it easy, and rest up.”

“I understand. Thank you, Doctor.”

Ivy turned to look at Ian gratefully after the doctor left. “Ian, I heard from the nurse that you were here until the wee hours of the morning. I’m so sorry for worrying you.”

“You’re one of my employees. It’s only right for me to be here when something happens,” Ian said apathetically.

Ivy caught his drift and smiled weakly. “I guess Sage is upset about last night, huh? I’ll talk to her and clear things up. After all, you were just doing your job when you took me to the hospital...” she coughed before she could finish her

sentence.

Ivy looked like she had been through hell. Her head and arms were wrapped in bandages, her face was as white as a sheet, and her body was shaking.

Ian realized he had been too cold, especially since she had just regained consciousness and had no idea what had happened last night. "It's not your fault. You don't have to explain anything to anyone," he said gently.

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## Chapter 108

Ivy's eyes misted over when she heard his words. "Tan, I know you're still upset about the photo I took last time. I admit I did have an ulterior motive when I took it. You've always said that the noodles I cooked taste better than anyone else's, so I thought I'd take a picture and share it on my Twitter.

"But I noticed you've been keeping your distance from me lately. I thought you didn't like me posting that picture, so I deleted it right away. I didn't expect Sage to stumble upon it and save it. Ian, I know her all too well, and I couldn't care less what she thinks of me. But I don't want you to get the wrong impression... and I definitely do not want to lose our friendship."

Ian couldn't help but feel touched by her words. Hence, he lowered his voice and said, "Don't overthink it. I didn't misunderstand you. Sage brought it up yesterday, and I had no idea what was going on, so I figured it was better to ask you about it."

"Okay." Ivy dabbed her eyes with a tissue and let out a sigh. "I'm sorry you had to see that. I'm not usually this sentimental. I guess I'm just feeling out of sorts right now."

“Mr. Holcomb!” Just then, Terry knocked on the door and walked in. He opened his mouth to say something but stopped mid-sentence when he noticed Ivy close.

to tears.

Ivy regained her composure and smiled gently. “It’s alright. Go ahead.”

Since it was related to Bolton Investment, Terry ignored her and reported to Ian, “I just got word that Bolton Investment plans to invest in Mimosa.”

Ian frowned as soon as he heard that. “When was this?”

“This morning. Shane Morrison went to Mimosa in person. Word has it that they’ve struck a preliminary deal with Ms. Davis.”

Ivy was dumbstruck. Why would Shane suddenly decide to invest in Mimosa? Did something happen?”

She had been out cold all night and had woken up to a whirlwind of tests,

her eyes misted over when she heard his words. “Ian, I know you’re still upset about the photo I took last time, I admit I did have an ulterior motive when I took it. You’ve always said that the noodles I cooked taste better than anyone else’s, so I thought I’d take a picture and share it on my Twitter.

“But I noticed you’ve been keeping your distance from me lately. I thought you didn’t like me posting that picture, so I deleted it right away. I didn’t expect Sage to stumble upon it and save it. Ian, I know her all too well, and I couldn’t care less what she thinks of me. But I don’t want you to get the wrong impression... and I definitely do not want to lose our friendship.”

Ian couldn’t help but feel touched by her words. Hence, he lowered his voice and said, “Don’t overthink it. I didn’t misunderstand you. Sage brought it up yesterday, and I had no idea what was going on, so I figured it was better to ask you about it.”

“Okay.” Ivy dabbed her eyes with a tissue and let out a sigh. “I’m sorry you had to see that. I’m not usually this sentimental. I guess I’m just feeling out of sorts right now.”

“Mr. Holcomb!” Just then, Terry knocked on the door and walked in. He opened his mouth to say something but stopped mid-sentence when he noticed Ivy close

to tears.

Ivy regained her composure and smiled gently. “It’s alright. Go ahead.”

Since it was related to Bolton Investment, Terry ignored her and reported to Ian, “I just got word that Bolton Investment plans to invest in Mimosa.”

Ian frowned as soon as he heard that. “When was this?”

“This morning. Shane Morrison went to Mimosa in person. Word has it that they’ve struck a preliminary deal with Ms. Davis.”

Ivy was dumbstruck. “Why would Shane suddenly decide to invest in Mimosa? Did something happen?”

She had been out cold all night and had woken up to a whirlwind of tests,

injections, and medication. She was clueless as to what had transpired the night before.

Terry briefed her on Mimosa’s sudden spike in popularity overnight. Ivy froze as he explained what was happening. She tried to maintain her composure and reached for her phone, which was on the bedside table,

She nearly screamed when she scrolled through the various trending topics about Mimosa and Sage. Why were people glorifying the pictures of Sage getting drunk? Why weren’t the netizens focusing on her upcoming divorce?

All of a sudden, Ivy remembered seeing Priscilla at the party last night. Priscilla was in charge of Mimosa. Could all of this have been orchestrated by Sage?

Ian pursed his lips and said to Terry, "Let's head back to the office."

"I'll go with you guys," Ivy chimed in.

"No. You need to focus on recovering," Ian said before leaving the ward with

Terry.

Ivy couldn't stop her heart from sinking as her head spun. She felt like throwing up. How did everything turn out so differently from what she imagined?

Shane brought Sage to a members-only restaurant. Even though it was just the two of them, they were placed in a VIP dining room that could accommodate dozens more guests.

"After you, Ms. Joyner." Shane stretched out his hand gallantly.

Sage thanked him and walked in. After they placed their orders, a waiter popped a bottle of Château Lafite Rothschild open and poured it for them.

Shane lazily picked up his wine glass and took a whiff before taking a sip. "You know, Ms. Joyner, I underestimated you. You're actually very capable."

## Chapter 109

Sage figured that he was talking about how she got drunk to help Mimosa gain exposure last night. "It's alright. I'm sure it's normal for people like you from prestigious families to look down on others."

“Why do you sound like you’ve gone through a lot of hardships?” Shane clicked his tongue. “To be honest, it’s because you look too much like a vase,” he added bluntly.

Sage was rendered speechless by his bluntness. “You sure have a very special way of complimenting someone, Mr. Morrison.”

“You deserve to be complimented.” Unfazed by Sage’s response, Shane curled his lips into a smile. “So... regarding last night’s drama, were you about to be abandoned by Ian, or was it just an excuse to call him out?”

Sage wasn’t going to satisfy his curiosity because she knew he was just being nosy. “My apologies, but that’s quite personal. I’d rather not talk about it.”

Shane didn’t seem too bothered. He leaned back in his chair lazily and smirked. It looks like you’re serious about taking down Bolton Investment, Ms. Joyner. I’m looking forward to working with you!”

She wondered if that meant their collaboration was a done deal. Truth be told, she

couldn’t come up with 100 million dollars to join Farsight Investment, and she

told Shane this.

Shane wasn’t the least bit surprised. “Well then, you can owe me. Just deduct it from the projects you negotiated and the dividends you receive.”

“I’ll start next month,” she responded.

Linda’s birthday was just around the corner. Besides celebrating this, Sage also had to deal with her own divorce and follow up on the contract she signed with

Mimosa. Hence, it was perfect timing to start working next month.



“Sure, I’ll be waiting.’

Not long after, their food arrived. Several waiters were present throughout the

meal. They were waited on like royalty. The staff helped them debone their meats, changed their plates, and served them soup.

Shane sure was a hedonist. Wherever he went, extravagance followed.

“Mr. Morrison, have you never considered keeping a low profile?” she asked.

“And why would I do that? What’s wrong with enjoying life to the fullest?” he

retorted.

Surprisingly, she found herself agreeing with Shane’s philosophy of life. Sage made a quick stop back at Mimosa after her meal with Shane.

Priscilla gleefully showed her the significant increase in Mimosa’s orders. “This is all thanks to you, Sage!”

She hadn’t expected Sage to turn a humiliating situation into the perfect marketing campaign in such a short period. She also turned Mimosa around from the brink of bankruptcy overnight.

Sage smiled as she said, “Well, your cooperation played a big part too, Priscilla.”

Things went smoothly because she was decisive and didn’t hesitate or have second thoughts. The girls celebrated their success today with coffee instead of alcohol.

All of a sudden, Priscilla remembered something. “Benjamin took over a winery. recently and has invested heavily in advertising. I bet he’s trying to compete with

us.”

Sage frowned. “Priscilla, you need to watch out for him.”

She wasn’t afraid of competing with him fairly. She was just afraid that Benjamin would resort to underhanded tactics because he was jealous of Mimosa’s sales.

“Don’t worry. I know all of his tricks after all these years of being married to him. I won’t let him have the upper hand.”

Sage’s phone buzzed as she spoke to Priscilla. She pulled out her phone, unlocked it, and read the message. “When’s the appointment?”

## Chapter 110

Sage read the message several times before concluding that the message was from Ien. Did he have a screw loose? Why did he ask her about it when he knew she was mocking him?

Since he asked, she didn’t hold back. “The doctor said your condition is too serious. He suggests that you see a neurologist first.”

Even though she noticed he was typing, she didn’t receive any messages for a while. Just then, Michael sent her the address for the barbecue. Sage then turned off her phone.

After saying goodbye to Priscilla, Sage drove to the address Michael had sent her. When she arrived, she saw Michael and his friends already there.

The group had spread blankets on the field and set up makeshift tables and chairs. A variety of beverages and snacks were on the table, and a barbecue grill was set up not far off. Someone was eagerly tending to the fire.

The lads were all young and full of energy, even when doing such tedious tasks. Everyone was laughing and chatting away.

“Ms. Joyner! Over here!” Michael spotted Sage and waved at her enthusiastically.

He beamed at her when she noticed him.

Her spirits lifted instantly upon noticing them. The youths who were busy preparing the barbeque also looked over at Sage.

“Are you the beautiful and kind Ms. Joyner whom Michael always raves about?”

“You’re stunning, Ms. Joyner! You’re even prettier than most celebrities I’ve seen!”

“Well, duh. That’s a given since Michael couldn’t shut up about her!”

“Don’t mind them!” Michael jumped in, visibly flustered. “Ignore them, Ms. Joyner. They just love to joke around.”

Sage deliberately tousled her hair and said solemnly, “Well, I am a kind-hearted beauty if I don’t say so myself. So they’re not wrong.”

Her narcissistic behavior amused everyone. Michael, on the other hand, scratched his head sheepishly. “I didn’t mean it like that.”

Her light-hearted joke instantly livened up the atmosphere. Michael introduced Sage to the rest of his band.

Sage greeted everyone warmly and thanked the prodigy hacker, Kal Knowles. “Thanks so much for helping me out last time.”

“Don’t mention it! It’s an honor to help you, Ms. Joyner.”

Sage dropped the formalities. “I brought some drinks and snacks for everyone. They’re a little heavy, so I’ll let you guys do the heavy lifting.”

“Woah! Thanks a bunch, Ms. Joyner!”

Michael and Kai eagerly volunteered to carry everything over. The three of them arrived at the parking garage in no time. Kai spotted her car and exclaimed, “Ms. Joyner, the color of your Maserati is so cool!”

Sage chuckled. “You’ve quite the discerning eye!” Kai was definitely better with

words than Ian.

She left the heavy lifting to the boys and went to the restroom. The garden was beautiful. It was like a natural oasis, and even the bathroom was decorated by bamboo groves. It felt like she was in a forest.

After washing her hands, Sage headed out to meet Michael and his friends at the barbecue area. But as she walked out of the restroom, she heard a man’s irritated voice coming from the bamboo grove.

“Henry, why’d you call us over to the botanical garden? There’s nothing to do here!”

“Exactly. Plus, those girls are alright-looking but way out of our league. There’s no way they would give us the time of day!”