

A Farewell 231

Chapter 231

"Help us!" Ian called out to the nurses in the corridor as he helped Ivy up.

The nurses rushed over. "The patient's complexion is too pale! We need to take her back to the ER and have the doctor check on her!" Ian placed Ivy on the bed. She was in so much pain that the color drained from her lips. "I'm fine. Please, check on my father..."

The nurses wheeled her to the emergency room while Ian hastily helped Ronald up.

"Ivy! Ivy, what's wrong? Are you alright?" The middle-aged man staggered as he chased after his daughter. To prevent him from falling again, Ian supported him and guided him forward.

Sage stood frozen in place as pain surged through her body. Her husband, the man Tiana claimed didn't want to get a divorce with her, was now chasing after Ivy. He didn't even spare her a glance, let alone care if she was in pain.

Blood dripped to the ground. Sage pulled out a tissue from her purse and pressed it against the wound. Then, she took the elevator downstairs. Instead of heading toward Terry's car, she hailed a cab and left.

"Where to, Miss? Are you okay?" The driver asked after noticing that Sage had remained silent for a while.

Sage looked at the blood-stained tissue. "I'd like to go to a nearby clinic."

The driver was confused because she had just stepped out of a hospital. He wondered why she needed to go to a clinic.

"The hospital has too many registration procedures," Sage said apathetically. "It'll be more convenient at a clinic."

The driver bought her story. "It's a good thing you ran into a local like me. I know of a 24-hour clinic nearby. Most clinics are closed at this hour."

"Thanks."

Soon, she arrived at the clinic that the driver had mentioned. As a token of appreciation, she gave him an extra 50 dollars. Sage walked straight into the clinic after getting out of the cab.

The doctor on duty noticed her bloodied palm and asked with concern, "Oh, you poor thing. How did this happen?"

Sage remained silent.

The female doctor fetched some disinfectant and tweezers. "Are you here by yourself? Removing the glass shards and disinfecting the wound is going to hurt like a bitch. I'm afraid you won't be able to handle it. Why don't you call your boyfriend to keep you company?" Sage shook her head. "It's alright. Please just take care of it."

The doctor teased, "Please don't tell me a beautiful lady like you still doesn't have a boyfriend?"

Sage smiled. "I have a husband, but he's busy accompanying someone else and couldn't make it."

The doctor noticed her reaction and understood what was going on. "Your husband must be blind to leave his beautiful wife to accompany someone else."

Sage smiled and remained silent. The female doctor stopped probing and began to treat Sage's wound. The process was painful. Most would have carried out in pain, but Sage didn't make a sound. In fact, she didn't even frown.

The doctor was impressed. "You're very brave."

Sage remained silent. This was nothing compared to the pain she had experienced from her stomach cancer in her previous life. Her phone rang after the doctor was almost done treating her wound. Sage glanced at the caller ID and silenced her phone.

The doctor asked knowingly, "Is it your husband?"

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Sage smiled and remained silent yet again.

"He deserves to be left hanging. How could he leave his injured wife and accompany someone else?" The doctor dressed her wounds and bandaged her palm with gauze. "Be sure not to get it wet and apply the ointment on time. Otherwise, it'll scar."

"Thanks, doctor." Her phone rang again when she was paying the bill. This time, Ian had initiated a video call. Sage declined it and blocked his number.

In the past, she would never have had the heart to block Ian. Sage would have found the thought unbearable. But now, she did it without a second thought. It seemed hard, but in reality, it only took her a couple of seconds to do it.

Sage walked out of the clinic and hailed a cab back to Solaris Estate. She didn't want Ian to bother Tiana, so she sent her a message while she was on her way home.

"My shoulder's acting up, and I didn't bring my medications. Enjoy the hot springs with Wilson, Tiana. I'll be heading back first."

Ian called her once again after she sent the message. Annoyed, she turned off her phone. There was less traffic at night, so the drive was faster than it had been during the day. Sage made it back to Solaris Estate in about an hour and a half.

Surprisingly, Wanda was still awake. "Mrs. Holcomb, weren't you and Mr. Holcomb out for a team-building event? Why are you back so soon? Mr. Holcomb just called to ask about you."

Sage didn't want to go into details with Wanda. "I couldn't sleep at the resort, so I decided to come home early. I'm going to bed, Wanda. Please don't disturb me, no matter who calls." Wanda nodded.

Sage returned to her bedroom and tossed the rabbit-shaped crystal night light into the trash can. Then, she locked the door, lay on her side on the bed, and drifted off to sleep.

Sometime later, she vaguely heard someone turning the door lock, followed by Wanda's soft voice. "Mr. Holcomb, Mrs. Holcomb said she's tired and wants to get some rest. She probably locked the door to avoid being disturbed. The sheets and covers in the guest room are clean. You can rest there."

"Was she alright when she got home? Did you notice any injuries on her legs or anywhere else?" Ian asked quietly.

Wanda responded, "I didn't notice anything. Mrs. Holcomb just seemed very tired and didn't want to talk. She was walking fine, and everything else seemed normal too."

The voices outside her bedroom door died down. It seemed as if Ian had stood there for a moment before he walked away.

Sage closed her eyes and fell back asleep. She must've been exhausted from soaking in the hot spring all day yesterday because she slept straight through until morning.

When she checked her phone, all she found were messages from Tiana that had been sent earlier in the morning.

"Sage, did something happen between you and Ian? Why did you suddenly leave?"

"Be honest with me. Are you hiding something from me? There's no way you would leave me behind otherwise."

About half an hour later, she sent another message. "I just heard at breakfast that Ivy was hospitalized for a drug allergy last night. Ian's not at the resort, either. Did you go home because of this?"

"Why did you turn off your phone? I'm worried sick! Call me as soon as you see this message!"

Sage was about to call Tiana when she received a call from Dexter, who was looking after her grandfather. Even though her grandfather was still in good health, she was still worried, so she asked Dexter to call her immediately if her grandfather was feeling unwell.

Sage tensed up as soon as she saw the caller ID. "Did something happen to Grandpa, Dexter?"

"No, nothing of the sort. Everything's fine," Dexter responded. "Mr. Joyner Senior is going to see an old friend today. He might be gone for a few days. I thought I'd let you know, so you wouldn't worry."

"Where's he going? Who is he meeting? Why didn't he tell me beforehand?" Sage questioned.

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Dexter explained, "He decided yesterday. He said he was an old friend who lives in Colville that he hadn't seen in ages. He's sick now, so he's afraid that he won't have a chance to see him again if he doesn't go now."

Then, it hit her. In her previous life, her grandfather had an accident on his way to Colville. He was hit by a speeding car and injured his back and legs. Even though he was sent to the hospital in time, he never fully recovered.

Later on, he had another fall in the yard while he was sunbathing. The doctors said the nerves in his legs were severely damaged, and the fall caused a comminuted fracture. He was permanently confined to a wheelchair after that incident.

Her nose started to tingle, and tears welled up in her eyes as she thought about her grandfather, who was in a wheelchair in her previous life.

"Don't worry, Sage. I'll take good care of Mr. Joyner Senior," Dexter said. "Anyway, I'm hanging up now. I need to pack his luggage." "Dexter, when are you guys leaving?" Sage asked in a hoarse voice. Dexter didn't think much of it. "We're planning to catch the 2:00 pm flight. We'll head to the airport after lunch."

Sage said, "Could you please send me Grandpa's ID? I'll book the plane tickets, and I'll also accompany him to Colville."

Dexter responded, "It's alright. Mr. Joyner Senior said you were busy. He's only going to be away for three or four days. He'll be fine with having me around."

Sage insisted, "I'm not busy at all. I'd like to go with him."

In this life, she would never let her grandfather get into another accident. She had to personally accompany him and watch after him to be at ease.

Besides, she could return a day before Linda's birthday after spending a few days out of town with her grandfather. Then, she would be able to get the divorce certificate after celebrating Linda's birthday. Plus, she wouldn't have to see Ian every day.

Dexter relented. "Alright, I'll go inform Mr. Joyner Senior right now." Tiana's call came through immediately after she hung up on Dexter. Sage answered it and calmly told her about what had happened last night.

Of course, she omitted the fact that she went to the clinic because her hand was injured. After all, Tiana would definitely make a fuss if she learned about it, and Sage wasn't in the mood to listen to her nagging. "Wait, what? That bitch pinned the blame on you? Ian suspects you as well?" As expected, Tiana was furious.

Sage, on the other hand, remained calm. She even stood up for Ian. "He's just being objective. After all, the evidence points to me." "Bullshit! Where does it show that you're the one who switched her medications? I doubt the process of elimination can prove it was you. I'm pretty sure that bitch must've staged the whole thing!"

"Well, she managed to pull it off, then." Sage told Tiana she had actually touched Ivy's medicine bag. "If they check for fingerprints, they'll find mine on it."

Tiana grumbled, "That was just an accident. How could you have known that Ivy would be so ruthless? I can't believe she would risk her life and ingest the wrong medication. Isn't she afraid of death?"

Ivy really did go all out to make Ian despise Sage. She had not only asked Delilah to humiliate her in front of him, but she also staged that incident at the party where she injured herself with the falling

chandelier.

Ivy was even more ruthless this time. She took two kinds of medication she knew would harm her body.

It would take forever to rant about this whole thing, so she decided to change the subject. "Forget about her. I'm busy, and I need to pack my bags and accompany my grandfather to Colville."

"Please don't tell me you're attempting to run away, Sage." Tiana doubted her motives for traveling to Colville.

Sage asked, "Tiana, if you were hurt in a relationship, would you choose to run away?"

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Tiana pondered for a moment before answering with certainty, "I wouldn't. I've done nothing wrong. Why would I run away?"

Sage smiled. "That's right. Hold that thought."

Tiana was puzzled. "How did we end up talking about me? You haven't told me everything yet!"

"What else is there to say? Ivy's goal was to make Ian think poorly of me, and now she's succeeded. That's that. Besides, Ian and I are going to get a divorce, so I don't care what he thinks of me.

"Alright, I have to go now. Catch you later!" Sage hung up before Tiana could respond.

She packed a few sets of clothes, added a set of travel-sized skincare and cosmetics, zipped her suitcase, and went to the bathroom. Fortunately, it was her left hand that was injured, so her daily activities weren't affected. Wanda's voice came from outside as soon as she washed her face. "Mrs. Holcomb, are you awake? Breakfast is ready." Sage opened the door and found Wanda outside.

"Mrs. Holcomb, what happened to your hand?" Wanda noticed the bandage on her left hand.

Sage smiled. "It's nothing. By the way, you can go downstairs first. I'll be down in a minute." Then, she added, "Oh, and don't mention anything about my hand to Ian."

Wanda seemed puzzled. "Is your hand injured, Mrs. Holcomb? Why can't I tell Mr. Holcomb? He returned last night after he found out you were back. He also asked me about your condition."

Sage explained, "It's just a scrape. There's no need to tell him."

After all, she didn't need Ian's concern. Sage freshened up after Wanda went downstairs. It was already 9:30 a.m. when she checked the clock. It would take her an hour to get to her grandfather's place.

Sage draped her coat over her left arm and dragged her mini suitcase down the stairs with her right hand. To her surprise, Ian was still at home when she got downstairs. He was sitting on the couch listening to Terry brief him on something.

When Terry spotted her, he lowered his head and greeted her, "Mrs. Holcomb."

Ian's gaze landed on her suitcase. "Where are you going with all that stuff?"

Sage responded apathetically, "I'm going out of town with my grandfather to visit an old friend of his."

His brows knitted as he asked another question, "Why didn't you answer my calls last night? And why did you block me on WhatsApp?" "I was annoyed," she answered.

Terry felt like he was sitting on pins and needles when he heard that. He almost wished he could vanish into thin air.

He was surprised that she would find his boss annoying enough to block him. After all, she had wanted to get everyone around his boss' contact information in the past.

Ian's expression hardened. He wanted to say something, but he found himself at a loss for words when he noticed her demeanor.

"Is there anything else? I'm kind of in a hurry," Sage said.

"Last night—"

"Believe it or not, what happened last night had nothing to do with me." Sage cut Ian off.

Ian pursed his lips. "I wasn't going to talk about that. I just wanted to know if you were injured last night. I went back to the elevator entrance after I calmed Uncle Ron down, and you were already gone. However, there were a few drops of blood there."

Sage scoffed and dragged her suitcase along. "Save your energy for Ivy. I'm leaving."

All of a sudden, he panicked and called out, "Sage! Are you not going to come home before Grandma's birthday?"

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Come home? As if Solaris Estate were her real home. Sage sneered inwardly in response to Ian's pointless questions and left without saying a word.

Wanda hurried out of the kitchen and called out, "Mrs. Holcomb, where are you going? You haven't had breakfast yet!"

"I'm in a rush, so I'm skipping it," Sage said before walking out the door. Her shoulder wasn't fully healed yet, and her left hand was injured, so driving wasn't an option. Sage pulled out her phone to book a ride instead.

To her surprise, Ian came out and said, "I'll take you to your grandfather's place."

"No"

"I'll pay him a visit and bring him some things as well," Ian interjected with a reason she couldn't refuse.

Just then, Terry brought out several boxes of expensive supplement gift sets, while Wanda brought her two lunch boxes. "Mrs. Holcomb, you can't skip breakfast even if you're in a hurry. Here are some pastries that you can eat in the car."

Then, the driver pulled up in front of them. Sage accepted Wanda's lunch boxes, hopped into the backseat, and let Terry load the gifts and her suitcase into the trunk.

Soon, the group left Solaris Estate. It was pin-drop silent in the car, and the atmosphere was a little eerie. The driver was focused on the road, so he could remain silent. Terry, on the other hand, had nothing to do. He regretted hopping into the car. After all, his boss had only asked him to retrieve some gifts from the locker. He hadn't asked Terry to accompany them to the Joyner residence.

Why didn't he just load the truck and find an excuse to leave? Now, he was stuck in this uncomfortable silence.

Terry could tell from the look of things that Sage never took the initiative to start a conversation. His boss seemed to be lost in thought as well. He had no choice but to break the silence. Hence, he reminded Sage, "Mrs. Holcomb, your breakfast will get cold if you don't eat it soon." Sage responded apathetically, "I'm not hungry right now. I'll eat later when we get to my grandfather's place."

"Why aren't you eating on time when you're anemic?" Ian chided. Terry breathed a sigh of relief, glad that his boss had finally spoken. "That's right, Mrs. Holcomb. Mr. Holcomb specifically asked Wanda to prepare these pastries for you. Please have some," he chimed in. Sage lost her appetite when she heard that. "I just don't feel like eating anything right now," she said before she set the lunch box aside.

Crap. It seemed like he had said the wrong thing. Terry hastily zipped his mouth. He decided to let them handle their own conflicts. After all, he couldn't help them. His boss would glare at him if he said too much. "It's so difficult to be a man. It was even more difficult to be a dependable assistant," he brooded.

Ian could tell Sage was impatient from her tone, so he held himself back and didn't attempt to persuade her any further. Instead, he asked, "Why are you suddenly accompanying your grandfather out of town?" Sage responded apathetically, "Grandpa's getting old. I don't feel comfortable letting him go to another city alone."

"How long will you be away for?"

"I'm not sure."

Ian took a deep breath and said, "Why did you leave on your own last night? Didn't Terry tell you that he'd be waiting for you downstairs?" Sage shrugged. "I wasn't paying attention and went the wrong way. I couldn't be bothered to turn around."

"Why didn't you go back to Greenfield Resort?" he inquired.

Sage wasn't in the mood to answer any more of his questions.

Ian frowned. "Regardless of whether you had anything to do with what happened to Ivy last night, you can't just leave after you kicked Uncle Ron and caused him to injure his back."

Terry's head started buzzing as soon as he heard that. Oh no! Things were just going to get worse after his boss said that. Sure enough, Sage was furious upon hearing Ian's words.

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"I haven't done anything wrong! You called me over to the hospital to grill me, but you still think I shouldn't have left? Do I have to wait for you to pin a crime on me and get on all fours before your Uncle Ron and Ivy to apologize before I can leave?"

Ian was stumped. Terry couldn't take it anymore. He frantically signaled to the driver to lower the partition, or he would be caught in the crossfire. Ian's frustration could no longer be suppressed after the partition was lowered.

"Sage Joyner, are you saying I've wronged you? Can you honestly say that your fingerprints weren't on that bag of medications? Or that you weren't upset because of Ivy's appearance before we went to the drugstore?"

Of course, he had the fingerprints checked.

"Ivy's just an employee at my company who was promoted to director because she was qualified for it. I allowed you to pick any position you wanted at my company's headquarters, but you turned it down. Yet, you still can't stand Ivy. What the hell do you want?" Ian asked.

"I just want to stay far far away from you guys. Haven't I told you that before?" Sage sneered. "It's you who's dragging your feet and refusing to sign the divorce agreement to give Ivy peace of mind. So, she had to resort to such extreme measures because of you!"

"Do you seriously think someone would joke about her own body and safety?"

"Yeah. Ivy just did."

Ian was once again rendered speechless. He felt restless and frustrated as he looked at her cold gaze and wry smile. Just yesterday, she was still lying in his arms shyly. But now, she was treating him as if he were a stranger.

"Can't you be reasonable, Sage?" Ian wanted to pull her into his arms to feel her supple body against his. However, Sage dodged his advances.

Undeterred, he lunged at Sage, who realized she couldn't dodge him anymore. So, she pushed him away with both hands.

But as she did so, Ian managed to grab one of them. Sage hissed in pain and tears welled up in her eyes.

"Why's your hand bandaged?" He noticed something was amiss and looked at the small hand in his palm. "Were you injured? Why didn't you tell me when I asked you about it?"

Sage pulled her hand back, her voice raspy from the pain. "It's none of your business."

She kept her left hand hidden under her coat when she got into the car because she didn't want Ian to find out about her injuries. She had instinctively used both of her hands just now because she was in a pinch.

"Go to the nearest hospital," Ian ordered the driver.

Sage refused. "I want to go to my grandfather's place, not the hospital!" Ian gazed at her. "Do you think your grandfather wouldn't be worried if he saw you like this?"

Ian was a bit rough just a moment ago, causing her wound to reopen. The white bandage was now stained with blood. Her grandfather would be worried if he saw it. Plus, she couldn't leave her wound unattended, either.

There was no reason for her to harm herself just because she was upset. Sage kept quiet after hearing Ian's words.

The car pulled up in front of a hospital after a few minutes. Terry went to register Sage while Ian accompanied her to the doctor's office.

Ian noticed several wounds of varying sizes on her hand after the doctor removed the bandage. The wounds looked like some kind of debris had caused them. Several of them had already formed dark red scabs which were oozing blood. The blood looked particularly jarring against her fair palm.

He felt a pang of guilt, and his tone softened as he asked, "What happened?"

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Sage could tell he was concerned, but she found it extremely ironic. So, she shut her mouth and remained silent.

"What else could have happened? It was either caused by gravel or glass shards," said the doctor.

Ian thought of something. "Is it the glass shards from the trash can?" Sage chose to remain silent yet again. The doctor chided, "How could you be so careless when you knew you were injured? The scab had just formed as well. You're going to have to go through the pain all over again."

"It's my fault. I had no idea she had injured her hand, so I grabbed her hand a bit too forcefully." Ian took the blame upon himself.

The doctor adjusted his glasses and looked up at Ian. "Are you her husband? How were you not aware that your wife was injured?"

Ian, who had always been high and mighty, was embarrassed at that moment. He cleared his throat and said, "It was pretty hectic at the time."

"So you were there, but you have no idea how your wife got injured?" The doctor's eyes widened in surprise. "What could be more important than your wife's well-being?"

Ian was at a loss for words. Sage, on the other hand, was secretly thrilled. In the past, she would've definitely come to his defense. But she thought he deserved it now!

"Please don't tell me your marriage was arranged, young lady. Is that why you have no feelings for each other?" asked the doctor.

Sage smiled wistfully. "Yeah, you could say that." Even though it wasn't the whole truth, he did marry her to please his grandmother. Truth be told, he had no feelings for her.

"Are you here to treat patients or to gossip?" Ian frowned and asked the doctor, "Where are your ethical principles?"

The doctor took another look at Ian, noting his impressive stature and elegant demeanor. He whispered, "Young lady, don't just go for someone good-looking when you're looking for a husband. Find someone who genuinely cares about you."

Even though his voice was soft, Ian wasn't deaf. His expression darkened as he threatened, "Believe it or not, you'll lose your medical license if you don't finish treating her wound within five minutes."

The doctor was at a loss for words. He could tell Ian wasn't someone to be trifled with. Hence, he zipped his mouth and got to work. Five minutes later, the doctor finished re-bandaging Sage's wound.

Sage thanked him and left the doctor's office. Ian trailed behind her silently. Terry was no longer in the passenger seat when the couple got back to the car.

"Mr. Zane said he had to deal with something urgent at the company, so he left," said the driver.

Sage turned to Ian and said, "You can go back as well. I'll let Grandpa know that you brought him something."

Ian glanced at her and instructed the driver to start the car. Sage didn't want to waste her breath on him either. She picked up the pastries Wanda had packed her and started munching on them as she looked out the window.

"Didn't you say you didn't feel like eating anything just now?" he asked. Ian figured she chose not to eat earlier because she didn't want him to see her injured hand. He recalled Calvin's advice and decided to explain himself, "I had no idea you were injured last night. Uncle Ron was in a hurry to see Ivy, so I thought I'd help him first before I—" "Enough. You don't have to explain yourself." Sage cut him off.

"You're not a doctor. Even if you knew, what could you do? It's not like my wound wouldn't have healed on its own."

Ian was rendered speechless again. It felt as if she had an invisible wall around her. He couldn't talk to her about what had happened last night at all. Ian had no choice but to drop the subject.

He then pulled out a card from his wallet. "Here."

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Sage scoffed. "What is this? Compensation?"

Ian would never use that term ever again after she offered him 10 thousand dollars to accompany her for a month. "If I can't accompany you and Grandpa to another state, I'll cover all of your travel expenses instead," he explained.

Sage declined. "That won't be necessary. My family isn't short on money."

Her tone made him feel as if there was no longer any connection between them. He suppressed his discomfort and asked lowly, "Should I tag along then?"

Sage took the card as soon as she heard that. Even though he might not have meant it, her mood would've been ruined if he decided to join them out of spite. Since he was offering, she would be a fool not to take it.

Ian could see right through Sage. He pursed his lips and chose not to say anything. The couple arrived at the Joyner residence several minutes later. Sage draped her coat over her left arm and grabbed her handbag before getting out of the car.

Donald was already waiting in the yard when they arrived. Sage walked over to him with a smile. "Grandpa!"

"Sage, why would you want to accompany me to Colville? In the past, you always said you didn't want to go because the climate there is too dry," Donald inquired.

"That's not a big deal. I packed a lot of hydrating mists and face masks. I just want to spend time with you, Grandpa!" she responded.

Ian and his driver, who was carrying the supplements, walked over as the two chatted. Donald was surprised to see that Ian had also come along. "What brings you here, Ian? Shouldn't you be at work at

this hour?"

Ian gestured for his driver to take the supplements inside and smiled politely. "I learned that you were going to visit an old friend, Grandpa, so I prepared a little something for you."

"That's so kind of you, Ian." Donald smiled. "Since you're already here, why don't you stay for lunch before you head back?"

It was almost 11:00 a.m. Ian glanced at Sage and was about to accept Ronald's invitation when his phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Ronald.

Ian excused himself and walked off to answer it. "Uncle Ron, what's up?"

"Ilan, Ivy hasn't eaten anything since last night. Could you come over and help me talk some sense into her?" Ronald pleaded.

Ilan frowned. "Why won't she eat anything?"

"She said she's not feeling well and doesn't have an appetite, but I know she's just mad at me," Ronald choked out. "She's upset because I questioned your wife last night. Ivy is worried that you'd get the wrong idea and thought she asked me to do that.

"I was just too worried about Ivy last night, Ilan, so I questioned your wife in the heat of the moment. It's my fault. It has nothing to do with Ivy..."

"I haven't found out the truth about last night's incident yet, so I'm not blaming any of you."

"Ivy said there's no need to look into it anymore. After all, this matter involves your wife. She doesn't want to put you in a difficult position." Ronald choked out, "Ilan, you haven't called her since last night. Ivy might not have said anything, but she's hurting. She's my one and only daughter. Please, just for

her sake, come over and talk to her." Instinctively, Ilan wanted to look at Sage's expression when he heard that. However, she and her grandfather were nowhere to be found. "Ilan?" Ronald called out again when he didn't get a response.

Ilan nodded absentmindedly. "I'll go over there in a bit."

After hanging up the phone, the driver walked over to him and said, "Mr. Holcomb, Mrs. Holcomb said she didn't want to hold you up since you're so busy. Mrs. Holcomb and Mr. Joyner Senior still had some things to take care of, so they went inside."

It was obvious that she was attempting to get rid of him. Ilan stood frozen in place for a moment before heading toward the car.

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The driver opened the car door for Ilan, who paused as he was stepping in. After giving it some thought, Ilan turned around and entered the house.

He found Sage and Donald staring at a tablet by the coffee table and discussing the many attractions in Colville. She wore a sweet smile, one Ian had not seen for a while.

"Grandpa," Ian called out to Donald.

Donald turned around. "Ian, aren't you heading back?"

"Yes, I'm about to leave, but I need to apologize to you for something," confessed Ian. "Sage injured her hand due to my negligence."

That was when Donald noticed Sage keeping her other hand hidden in her dress pocket. "What's wrong? Where are you hurt? Let me take a look!"

Sage shot Ian an irritated look and displayed her bandaged palm. She reassured Donald, "I accidentally hurt my hand by pressing it against some rocks. It's almost healed now."

Donald still felt sorry for her. "You can't take pain. You cry at the slightest extraction. They must have disinfected your hand before bandaging. How did you endure the pain?"

Sage was indeed a fussy and spoiled character in the past. She'd cry and wail over every single minor ailment, only calming down after Donald and the maids pacified her and fed her medicine.

The scene reminded Ian of the time Linda forced him to visit the sick Sage at the Joyner residence. He vividly recalled Donald praising Sage for being brave and coaxing her to take the medicine.

She spat out the medicine after a taste and complained that it was too bitter. The maids had to bring her candies and honey to make her take the medicine.

However, this time around, Sage did not frown or respond in any way when the doctor disinfected her wound, applied the medicine, and bandaged it.

Although Ian disliked Sage's previously fussy demeanor, he felt disturbed by her uncharacteristic calmness this time.

"Grandpa, it's all my fault for failing to protect her," Ian apologized again.

"What happened yesterday?" Donald pressed on.

"It's not a big deal." Sage didn't want Donald to worry about her. She turned to Ian and urged, "Since you've delivered your gifts and conveyed your message, it's time for you to leave."

Instead of leaving immediately, he calmly replied, "Let me know your date of return beforehand. I'll send my driver to pick you up."

Sage's patience was wearing thin. "We'll talk about that later. I have more to discuss with Grandpa. Just go about your day. We don't have time to talk to you."

After being told to leave a few times, Ian did not shamelessly hang around. He left the main hall after bidding farewell to Donald.

"Sage, what happened between you and Ian? And how did you get hurt? And why did he apologize to me?" Donald was plagued by questions.

Sage selectively shared the details of yesterday's event with Donald. She told him that she injured her hand when she dodged a passerby and knocked into a trashcan. Ian felt guilty because he was present but failed to save her on time.

Donald knew Sage was hiding the truth. But seeing that she had become more opinionated, he decided not to probe any further. Changing the topic, he asked, "Mrs. Holcomb Senior's birthday is in a few days. Are you still going to proceed with the divorce from Ian?" "Of course." Sage picked up the tablet. "Drop the topic, Grandpa. Let's continue checking out the attractions!"

Ian sat in the car in silence. The driver, sensing his employer's foul mood, cautiously questioned, "Mr. Holcomb, where are we going?"

Ian told the driver the name of a hospital. The driver immediately headed in that direction.

"Is it true that we need to attend to our wives no matter what urgent situation we're in?"

Chapter 240

The driver thought he had misheard, but Ian's deep voice was unmistakable. The driver questioned, "Mr. Holcomb, are you asking me a question?" Ian fell silent.

The driver mustered the courage to reply. "Well, my wife has the final say in my household. She'll take care of any emergency, so I have nothing to worry about."

Knowing that the driver misunderstood his question, Ian did not bother to explain further. The doctor who treated Sage had come to a hasty conclusion without understanding the situation they were in when Sage got hurt.

Besides, this was not the first time Sage had faced off against Ivy. Ian believed that he'd only embolden Sage if he unreasonably sided with her.

Moreover, he had no idea that Sage was hurt. When he attempted to learn about the details, Sage was long gone and uncontactable. Therefore, he didn't think he had mishandled the situation. If Sage insisted on traveling to Colville with Donald out of spite, he had no choice but to let her be.

Although Ian somewhat managed to convince himself, he felt troubled when he recalled the mocking expression on Sage's face.

After lunch, Sage and Donald arrived at the airport with Dexter. Since she couldn't possibly share a room with Donald, and she was clueless about the exact time and place of Donald's accident in the past life, she requested Dexter to tag along just to be safe.

After getting their boarding passes, the trio headed to the business class lounge to rest. Sage's phone rang while Donald and Dexter were chatting with each other.

She checked her phone and was surprised that it was Linda who had called. Why would Linda call her at this time? She answered the call and asked, "Grandma, what's the matter?"

Linda replied, "Sage, Ian's dad is flying home today. Didn't you promise me to join us for dinner at Holcomb Manor?"

Sage smacked herself on the head. She had completely forgotten about the promise. Ian had not brought up the matter earlier in the morning. But even if he had, she wouldn't have altered her travel plans for the dinner anyway.

"Grandma, I'm so sorry. I'm accompanying my grandpa on a trip to visit his old friend at Colville. I won't be around for a few days, so I can't have dinner with you tonight," Sage explained apologetically.

Then, she added, "When is Mr. Holcomb Senior coming home? I'll call him to apologize."

"There's no need to apologize to Leo. I didn't invite you to dinner because of him. It was because I wanted to meet you!"

Hearing that, Sage was further riddled with guilt. Not only did she fail to make the mille crepe cake for Linda, but she also stood Linda up. She felt like a bad granddaughter-in-law.

"Sage, did Ian upset you? Why would you suddenly travel to Colville?" Linda questioned.

Sage quickly de up a white lie. "Grandma, my grandpa is old. I'm too worried to send him on a trip alone, so I decided to go with him. But don't worry! I'll be back before your birthday, and I'll make sure you have a good one!"

Linda instantly sensed Sage's reluctance to bring up Ian. The young couple must have gotten into a fight again.

Yesterday, she received news that Ian had brought Sage to the team- building event. They looked lovey-dovey in front of everyone, and their interactions were captured in photos as well. It did not make sense for Sage to suddenly depart for Colville the next day.

Linda mistakenly thought that the couple's relationship had improved ever since she transferred the housekeeper away, but the improvement didn't last long.

"Sage, you know I want more than for you to celebrate my birthday with me," Linda confessed.

Sage understood Linda's intentions, but she could not fulfill Linda's expectations. She apologized hurriedly. "Grandma, I'm sorry."

"Silly child. I know it's not your fault." Since Linda couldn't possibly stop Sage from boarding the plane, she requested that Sage return from Colville two days earlier than scheduled.

She informed Sage that she wouldn't throw a grand birthday celebration, but she would like Sage to help with the venue decorations because many family and friends would be in attendance.

Feeling guilty, Sage agreed to Linda's request. "Sure. I'll let you know when I'm back."