

A Farewell 241

Chapter 241

Ignoring Calvin's follow-up text, Ian zoomed into the screenshot. It showed the food photos Sage took and her wefie with Donald, all posted five minutes ago. It could only mean that Sage had been ignoring his texts.

At the same time, Ian received the hotel's phone number and Sage's room number from Terry. Without hesitation, he dialed the number. Sage took a bath with waterproof plastic gloves on and sprayed some medication on her shoulder before settling comfortably in bed.

She tapped into her phone's photo gallery to edit some photos for Instagram. She received several of Ian's texts during that time, but she ignored them.

Finally, she published the carefully selected photos on her Instagram. She was about to check out the other photos she had taken when the phone in her room rang.

Thinking it was a call from the front desk, she picked up. "Hello, what's the matter?"

Ian was taken aback by Sage's relaxed voice. Much of his boiling anger seemed to have dissipated at that moment.

"Hello?" she inquired once more.

Ian finally confronted her. "Why didn't you reply to my texts?"

After a slight pause, she finally realized what had happened. Ian had reached her hotel room number.

"Sage Joyner, I'm asking you a question." Ian raised his voice at her. She calmly picked her ear and replied coldly, "What's up?"

The shift in her tone irked him. He snapped, "Didn't you see my texts? Why didn't you reply to me when you had time to make Instagram posts? How could you treat me like I'm invisible even before we get a

divorce?"

Hah. She couldn't hold back a snicker. "Ian Holcomb, don't you think those words sound familiar?"

He held his tongue as he was reminded of the times Sage had confronted him in the same way when he ignored her calls.

He had always been cool and composed, and he never thought he'd get emotional over insignificant matters such as the incident today. But why did he lose his temper just because Sage ignored his texts? "Sage Joyner, is this what you're getting at? Did you deliberately anger me to prove your place in my heart?" he questioned her icily.

She chuckled. "Whatever. I'm busy. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up."

That infuriated Ian again. Sage had been chasing him away when he showed up at Donald's in the morning. Now, she seemed reluctant to speak to him. This was probably his first time being treated in such a callous and dismissive manner.

"Sage, my patience is limited. I don't care if this is a little game you play or an attempt to cut ties with me, and I don't care. You're not that important to me!" With that, he slammed the phone onto the table, ending the call.

He fumed. Sage was the one in the wrong. He had cleaned up her mess and attempted to offer her an explanation. After learning she was injured, he even apologized to her grandpa.

But Sage did not show him any gratitude. Instead, she had been throwing tantrums. Her current behavior was more unbearable than her clingy behavior in the past.

Calvin happened to text Ian again to get some updates on the situation between himself and Sage.

Ian sent him a voice message. "Didn't Sage refuse to add you on Instagram? How did you get to view her posts?"

"Heh heh, she agreed to add me on Instagram after I refused to side with you and dined with her and Tiana at the hot springs section."

Ian grew restless upon learning that. He merely had a professional discussion with Ivy. How could they accuse him of taking sides?

Sage placed the handset back in its place. She wanted to start a video call with Tiana when she received a notification on her phone. She tapped on the notification, and her expression crumbled.

Chapter 242

It was a text from Priscilla. According to her, Benjamin had been released from the police station, and he even went to her home.

She wrote, "For some reason, his winery is under investigation. The girl from the orphanage changed her statement and claimed she didn't have voluntary sexual relations with him. Benjamin's like a crazy beast who'd attack at any time, so I chased him away."

"Sage, I warned him not to try anything funny, but you still need to look out for him because he's got nothing to lose now. Get Mr. Holcomb to accompany you if you're going out."

Priscilla thought that Sage's relationship with Ian had improved, as Ian had previously shown up to scare Benjamin away and sent the latter to the police.

Sage did not correct Priscilla. She merely assured Priscilla that she was not in town and would not run into Benjamin.

Priscilla replied, "I'm relieved to hear that. The police are starting an investigation to collect evidence. If the orphanage girl is telling the truth, Benjamin will be back in detention in the next few days. He'd be thrown behind bars for at least two years."

The next day, Sage went with Donald to visit his old friend at the hospital. She had met Thomas Brent before, as Thomas visited the Joyners a few times. She was quite familiar with the old man.

After not seeing Thomas for a few years, she was shocked and pained to find the healthy and vivacious Thomas lying in the bed in pain. His hair had greyed, and he was as thin as paper.

Thomas' condition reminded her of the bedridden Thomas in her past life, and it broke her heart. Tears flowed down her cheeks.

"You silly child. I know you're glad to see Thomas, but you don't have to cry," teased Donald, who was unaware of the reason behind her emotions.

She embarrassedly wiped away her tears when she realized that Thomas was staring at her. "Thomas, how are you feeling?"

Thomas looked energetic that day. He joined in the teasing. "Well, I feel much better after seeing the two of you."

She said, "Get well soon! We'll visit you often. Grandpa and I will drop by daily to check on you over these few days."

"That's wonderful!" Thomas nodded fervently. Then, he lamented, "How time flies! The last time I met Sage, she was still in college. Now, she's a married woman!"

"Right?" Donald nodded in agreement. He inquired, "How about Zack? Is he in a relationship?"

Thomas seemed troubled at the mention of his grandson. "Oh, Zack went abroad last year. He has been busy running a new company with his friends. He's too occupied with work to think about love and marriage.

"Anyway, he came home for a month after learning I was sick. Two days ago, he handed over some work stuff, and he'll stay in the country to keep me company from now on."

"Zack is such a good kid," praised Donald.

Thomas' son had passed away due to an accident, leaving Thomas with only his grandson, Zachary. Sage had met Zachary a long time ago, and couldn't remember what he looked like now.

Donald and Thomas had a lot to talk about as they hadn't met in a long time. Seeing the two men chatting away, Sage made an excuse and left the ward to offer them some privacy.

After taking a short stroll outdoors, she received a call from Shane. He announced, "Our target has taken the bait. Ivy is discussing the project with my people. I believe we'll sign the deal with her soon."

Smiling gleefully, Sage exclaimed, "That's great! There won't be any issues, will there?"

He replied, "Very likely not."

"Why don't you sound sure?" Sage wondered in confusion.

Shane offered a vague reply. "It all depends on your response."

"What response?" Recalling something suddenly, she warned him, "I won't help you to ward off women anymore."

Chapter 243

"Do you think I'm referring to that?"

"What exactly are you referring to, then?"

"Sneak some classified information out of Ian Holcomb's laptop for me," Shane requested with all seriousness.

"Mr. Morrison, it's illegal to steal. I'm a model citizen, you know." "Anyone else doing so would be committing theft. As his wife, all you're doing is getting some information from your husband." His argument rendered Sage speechless.

She was familiar with Shane's working style after collaborating with him for a while. He could not seriously be asking for any classified information. She deduced that Giselle Rosethorn was the reason he asked her for help.

After a brief moment of silence, she said, "Hasn't Ms. Rosethorn had enough? What do you want me to do?"

"You're smart," he said. "Giselle heard from someone that you're starting work at Farsight Investment next month. She wants to join you."

"So?"

"I think you need an assistant."

"No, I don't!"

"We have a deal!" With that, Shane hung up on Sage. She was dumbstruck by his rash action.

She thought, "Damn it, Shane Morrison! Why are you stirring up more trouble for me?"

He arranged for Giselle to be Sage's assistant, even though he was fully aware of Giselle's hostility toward Sage. Sage thought he was insane.

Feeling frustrated, she kicked the weeds by the flower garden. The weeds, seemingly retaliating against her, sprung back. She angrily stepped on them and snapped, "Try me!"

"Pfft!" She heard a chuckle from behind. She turned around and found a friendly-looking man in his mid-twenties. He donned athleisure wear and wore a pair of glasses. He looked familiar.

"Sage, what a coincidence! I never thought I'd run into you here." He approached her with a smile.

From his voice, she finally recognized him as Thomas' grandson, Zachary Brent. After years of not meeting each other, Zachary had shed his youthful naivete and grown mature. He looked refreshed and warm.

Zachary was four years older than Sage, which was why Donald asked him to see Sage as a younger sister. Such a relationship might have been quite cheesy for others, but he and Sage got along pretty well. Despite years of separation, there was no awkwardness between the two.

She graciously greeted him. "Zack!"

He smiled at her. "Grandpa told me that you and Donald arrived yesterday. I had wanted to pick you up from the airport, but I couldn't make it because I landed at midnight. Sorry about that."

She replied, "Don't worry about Grandpa and I! You're busy enough. We get around just fine."

Beaming warmly at her, he suggested, "Grandpa must be chatting with Donald. If you have time, do you want me to show you around the hospital?"

"Sure."

The area near the hospital was suitable for walks. The last time Sage met Zachary was in her sophomore year. They saved each other's contacts, but they never stayed in touch. However, they seemed totally comfortable when they went for a walk together.

When they returned to Thomas' room, the two old men looked delighted at their close relationship. Since Thomas needed to rest in the afternoon, Sage left the hospital with Thomas.

Over the next two days, Sage would go to the hospital with Donald in the morning. In the afternoon, she'd accompany Donald to travel and have fun in some elderly-friendly areas in Colville.

By now, her hand injury had almost healed. She had taken off the bandage. Ian had not contacted her since the night he called her at the hotel room.

Three days before Linda's birthday, Sage decided to travel home. On her last day at Colville, she went on a stroll with Donald down a historic cobblestone street while enjoying the scenery. She did not let go of his hand for fear that he might lose his balance and twist his ankle.

Chapter 244

"Sage, what are you worried about? I'm still pretty healthy. I don't need you to hold me," Donald chirped.

Sage rested her head on his arm and said, "Well, just think of it as you helping me to walk!"

Donald curiously asked, "Sage, is there something on your mind? Why do I feel like something has changed in you lately?"

She did not deny it. "Is it a good or bad change?"

Feeling sorry, he patted her on the shoulder. "I don't need you to be understanding and obedient all the time. You can live life any way you want as long as it makes you happy."

She felt a lump in her throat upon hearing his remark. Tears brimmed in her eyes. Donald had always doted on her. He'd never blame her no matter what mistakes she had made.

"Why are you crying? What's troubling you?" Donald inquired.

She wiped away her tears and shook her head. "Nothing. I just feel sorry. I only had Ian in my eyes and did not pay much attention to you in the past."

Donald broke into a smile. "You little fool. I'm happy for you because you found someone you love."

She was about to reply to him when they were interrupted by a scream. Right after that, a motorcycle came speeding in their direction.

Sage felt her chest tightening in fear, and she grabbed Donald intending to run to safety. After they moved away, the motorcycle dashed past the spot they had been standing at just moments ago. Right when she was about to let out a sigh of relief, she spotted another motorcycle coming at them.

"Grandpa, look out!" Sage yelled. At the same time, she reflexively snatched a traffic cone from the street and hurled it at the motorcyclist. The motorcyclist was hit in the head and braked immediately. The tires screeched loudly from the friction with the surface of the road.

The man's helmet fell off. At that time, a crowd had formed around the accident scene. The motorcyclist grabbed his helmet and left the scene in a hurry.

"What's wrong with those two people? This is a pedestrian zone! How could they race here?"

"That's right! They're so uncivilized! Thankfully no one was injured." The passersby discussed the accident with lingering shock.

"Sage, are you alright?" Donald approached Sage and asked worriedly. Sage did not immediately reply to him. She stood frozen on the spot, eyes wide in shock.

"Sage, what's wrong? Are you hurt somewhere?" Donald nearly called 911 out of worry.

She quickly stopped him. "Grandpa, I'm fine."

Dexter, who had gone to a nearby store to buy some stuff, hurried over to the duo. Since he did not witness the accident, he stared at Donald and Sage in confusion.

"Dexter, please head back to the hotel with Grandpa," Sage ordered. However, she changed her mind the next second. "Never mind. I'll send the both of you to the hotel first."

When they arrived at their hotel rooms, Donald sensed that something was amiss from Sage's expression. He inquired, "Sage, are you really okay?"

"I'm fine. Grandpa, please rest early today. I have something to discuss with Zack." She did not want Donald to worry, so she made a call to Zack in front of him. She told Zack to meet up with her.

Seeing that, Donald looked relieved. "Get back early tonight."

"Will do." Sage hailed a cab in front of the hotel. Her hands were still trembling.

She had concealed her fear and panic in front of Donald despite secretly losing her mind because she recognized the motorcyclist whose helmet had fallen off.

Chapter 246

The motorcyclist, whose helmet fell off, was one of the two men from Sage's past life who accused her of being the mastermind in the arson targeting Ivy. He and another man framed her in the police station, claiming that she had paid them to carry out the arson.

She recalled getting embroiled in a long argument with the two men, which was why they left quite an impression on her. Never had she imagined that they'd attempt to run over Donald in Colville.

Therefore, she speculated that Donald's injury in the past life was premeditated instead of an accident.

"Ivy, is this how much you hate me?" She clutched her fist until it physically hurt.

Not only did Ivy try to lock Sage up in a mental institution, but she also wanted to put Donald in harm's way!

In Sage's past life, Benjamin would have fallen for Ivy by this time. Back then, Sage remembered checking out Ivy's Instagram and finding out that the two worked together daily, even having dinners and watching movies. They were almost like a couple.

At the same time, Ian disliked Sage to the point that he didn't want to look at her or talk to her. If so, why did Ivy still insist on hurting Donald in her past life?

Henry had to harm Layla because he wanted to ruin the Joyners' family business. But Sage, for the life of her, could not figure out the reason Ivy wanted to harm Donald.

Donald had neither interfered in Sage's relationship nor was involved in company matters. It seemed that Ivy was just adamant about making things difficult for people around Sage!

The thought gave Sage goosebumps. She could have patiently dealt with the problem if it didn't involve Donald, but she could not now sit back and watch if Donald was affected. She had the urge to hurry back to Haldon City and tear Ivy into pieces.

"Young lady, we've arrived," said the driver, which jolted Sage out of her angry thoughts.

She inhaled deeply to regain her composure before getting out of the car. Zachary had been waiting for her on the first floor of the ward. He asked, "Sage, why are you looking for me?"

"I didn't take up too much of your time, did I?" she wondered apologetically.

He replied warmly, "It's fine. Grandpa's asleep. The nurse is looking after him, so you didn't hold me up in any way. Did you run into an emergency?"

She filled him in on the details of the motorcycle incident just now. She opined, "It looked like an accident, but it worried me. Could you get me the surveillance footage of that street? I'd like to take a closer look at the man's face."

Not only did she want to take a good look at the culprit's face, but she also planned to get her hands on the footage so she could investigate the background of the man when she got back to Haldon City in the hope of getting dirt on Ivy.

Zachary was astonished to learn about the accident. "How did you and Donald run into such an unfortunate event? Did you make a police report?"

She shook her head. "I didn't have the time to. Since I had no idea who they were, I decided to quickly get Grandpa back to the hotel in case they came back for us again."

After some thought, he suggested going with her to the police station to lodge a report and get the police to share the surveillance footage for better investigation.

She thought it was a good idea. It'd be great if the police could find out any information on the two culprits. "Sure. Let's do this." She nodded. Zachary accompanied Sage to the street where the incident happened. The police arrived at the same time and obtained the surveillance footage of the area.

In the first footage, the first motorcyclist's face was obscured by the helmet. It captured a blurry side profile of the second motorcyclist. Sage checked out the footage and requested the police to get some surveillance footage from some nearby shops.

Alas, none of the footage was helpful—the culprits were either too distant or the view was obstructed. In the end, she failed to find a clear picture of the culprit's face.

The police looked into the motorcycle's license plate but did not manage to extract any useful information from it. Feeling disappointed, Sage confirmed that the "accident" was an orchestrated event. She saved the relevant surveillance footage.

Chapter 247

After meeting with the police, Zachary sent Sage back to the hotel. He thoughtfully reassured her, "Don't worry. I'll follow up with the police on your behalf and keep you updated on any progress."

She thanked him earnestly. Anyone would have dismissed the event as a mere incident. Zachary was the only one who took her seriously and patiently accompanied her in her investigation.

When Sage was back at the hotel, she knocked on Donald's door, knowing that he must have been waiting for her update.

He answered the door with a concerned look. "Sage, you're back. You don't look well though. Is everything okay?"

She shook her head and smiled. "I'm fine."

"I called Zack to ask about it. He told me you checked the surveillance footage of the incident. Look, what happened tonight was just an accident. You don't have to be worried about it," Donald comforted her. She remarked, "I just wanted to be sure. It was a freaky coincidence for the two motorcyclists to almost run us over."

"Grandpa, what are you discussing?"

Sage heard Ian's voice asking a question from Donald's phone. Donald waved his phone at her, saying, "Sage, come join us. Ian is on a video call with me. You should chat with him too."

Staring at Ian's flat expression on the phone, she was oddly reminded of the awkward memory from the time she accidentally answered Ian's video call when she was changing her clothes.

"It's okay, Donald." She began exiting the room. "I'm a little tired, so I'll rest in my room."

She had nothing more to discuss with Ian at this point. When she was back in her room, she called Shane.

"Oh, my lovely Sage, you've been calling me quite frequently as of late. Why? Missing me?" he teased playfully.

Rolling her eyes, she asked, "You seem to know a lot of people in Haldon City, don't you?"

"Wow, why are you interested in my social life?" Shane gasped dramatically. "Well, I wouldn't say I know a lot of people. Anyway, I can't possibly introduce you to them, given your current status."

She retorted, "Is status important? Mr. Morrison, I thought you didn't care for this frivolous stuff."

Shane choked in surprise. He didn't expect that remark from Sage. She didn't give him a chance to fool around. Going straight to the point, she asked if he could identify the people in some blurry footage.

Feeling annoyed after being roasted, he replied, "No one can beat your husband in terms of social networking. Why would you come to me instead of asking him for help?"

No way Sage would ask Ian for help. She resolved not to be involved with him in any way until she got her divorce. Besides, Ian might alert Ivy and side with her if he realized that she was implicated.

She moved on from the topic and asked Shane, "Have Ivy's people signed the contract?"

He replied nonchalantly, "They've agreed to sign. They have full trust in us. We can get them to sign it in a few days."

Sage suggested, "If a guy called Henry York happens to contact your people, tell them to sweeten the deal for him."

Shane immediately knew what Sage was up to. "Are you trying to start an infighting?"

She confirmed his guess. Before this, she had planned to gain Henry's full trust before making a move on him. However, that was no longer necessary.

As Henry was greedy for money and fame, and all she had to do was entice him. There was no need to take the longer way. To expose Ivy's true nature, Sage was urgently in need of a helper like Henry.

Chapter 248

Shane, perhaps distracted by some fun thoughts, readily agreed to Sage's plan and promised to carry it out smoothly.

After hanging up, Sage laid on the king bed in her hotel room with a lingering fear for what happened earlier that night. She felt thankful that Donald wasn't hurt, otherwise she'd blame herself for it.

After lying around for a bit, she heard a text notification on her phone. Terry had texted her. "Unblock my number."

She could tell from the tone that Ian had composed the text. After hanging up on Ian the other night, she had blocked his contact on her phone.

To hell with his request! His text irked her. If only he agreed to the divorce, Ivy wouldn't have repeatedly stirred trouble for her.

Ian called her hotel room number after she refused to reply to his text. Annoyed, she unplugged the landline in her room for some peace. She later thought through the list of tasks to do next before taking a shower and going to sleep.

In the middle of her sleep, she groggily heard the door unlocking. Following that, she heard Ian softly thanking someone.

Heart sinking, she sat up in her bed. Ian had indeed shown up in front of her, donning the same suit he wore in the video call with Donald. He carried a small briefcase, looking as if he had hastily made his way here.

"W-Why are you here?" she stammered in shock. Why did he show up at Colville at this hour?

He calmly placed his briefcase on the floor and removed his jacket, which he placed in the closet. He moved around naturally, like a husband who had returned home.

"Why would the hotel staff let you in?" Sage confronted him coldly after collecting herself.

He addressed her question calmly, "We're a married couple. All I needed to do was to show the front desk our marriage certificate and register myself as a guest. Then, they opened the door for me."

She snickered. In the past, she was the one in the relationship who showed off their marriage certificate to call dibs on him. Never had she thought that Ian would one day do the same thing.

"So what brings you here?" She sounded impatient.

He did not reply. Walking up to her, he ignored her cold shoulder and took her injured left hand. The scabs were healing well, and the skin over her wound had regenerated. However, it looked a little red and swollen after she forcefully picked up the traffic cone to fend off the motorcyclists earlier.

"Why didn't you tell me about the accident?" he questioned with unreadable emotions. There seemed to be a hint of concern in his low, frosty tone.

She withdrew her hand. "Ian Holcomb, you've always asked me what I'm trying to do, so I'll direct the same question at you today.

"We're about to get a divorce. Besides, don't you see me as a vile woman who hurt Ivy? A few days ago, you even claimed that you'd stay out of my business. If so, why did you rush to Colville in the middle of the night? Was that fun for you?"

He pressed his lips. Then, he said softly, "We're legally a married couple as long as we haven't filed for a divorce. Of course, I had to check on you because you blocked my number and refused to pick up my calls."

He wasn't wrong. As Mrs. Holcomb, she might taint his reputation if the paparazzi wrote up trash tabloid articles about her.

"Now that you've confirmed I'm safe and sound, you may leave." She tried to kick him out.

He refused to leave. Not only that, he sat by her bed. "It's past midnight. I have nowhere to go."

Chapter 249

Sage was nettled by Ian's behavior. Refusing to engage with him, she plugged the landline back and called the hotel front desk.

She asked, "Do you have any more rooms available? I'd like to book a new room."

Since Ian wanted to stay, she'd let him hang out in her room. She could get a new one for herself.

To her dismay, the front desk staff informed her, "Our apologies, Madam. Our rooms are fully booked for the night."

Already miffed from being woken up at midnight, she grew infuriated upon learning there were no empty rooms. She barked, "How could you let a man into my room without my permission? Set aside a new room for me, or I'll complain!"

"Madam, we're sorry. The guest claimed to be your husband, and he didn't want to wake you up at midnight. So, we—"

Refusing to listen to the explanation, she hung up on the front desk. Staring at Ian, who had an unreadable look on his face, she knew she couldn't get rid of him that night.

She relented. "There's an extra blanket in the closet. Sleep on the floor." Then, she turned her back to him and tried to go to sleep.

Ian did not comment on her actions after noticing her disheveled hair and her lonely figure in the bed. He retrieved a medicated cream from the table and applied it on her left hand.

His skin was cold to the touch. Perhaps because it was chilly at night. She felt a slight discomfort when her skin came into contact with his fingers. She wanted to pull back, but he tightened his grip.

He instructed her, "Don't move."

She didn't want to cause a ruckus in the middle of the night. Therefore, she quietly laid down sideways until he was done applying the cream. "How about the injury on your shoulder? Have you applied the spray medication?" he questioned.

Feeling bothered, she snapped, "Ian Holcomb, I told you not to waste your time on such nonsense. Even if you didn't come all the way here, I will not ruin your image as the perfect husband."

He held back his anger. Then, he began, "I heard from Grandpa that you spent the night investigating the accident. Do you have any clues? Send them to me, and I'll get Terry to look into the matter."

She declined, "It's fine. Maybe it was just an accident."

"Sage, are you doing this to spite me, or do you not trust me?" His voice echoed from behind her.

She was surprised that he could read her mind, despite not meeting her eyes. Since he'd read her mind, she kept her silence.

He gritted his teeth. "Sage, I will still hold Grandpa in high regard even if we get a divorce. I will not sit back and do nothing about what happened to him."

She finally turned to face him with an icy expression. "What if Ivy is implicated?"

"How is that possible?"

"See? You immediately rejected the possibility before investigating." She added, "And that's why I don't trust you."

Ian gradually lost control of his emotions. "Sage, I know you're still upset over what happened that night. You need to cooperate with the investigation even if you're innocent in the drug-switching incident. You're not going to solve the problem by being uncommunicative."

She thought, "Pfft, he sounds serious about looking into the truth." Anyway, she did not care about the truth.

"You woke me up in the middle of the night and insisted on staying with me against my will. How can you expect me to communicate with you?" she snapped coldly. "I would have beaten you up and thrown you out if I could!"

Observing the hostility and impatience on her face, Ian could not stand being looked down upon anymore. "You don't have to kick me out."

He picked up his briefcase and walked out of her room.

Seeing that, Sage grabbed the handset and called the front desk. "Hello, is this the front desk? Do not open my door without my permission—not even for my husband!"

Chapter 250

After informing the front desk staff, Sage finally went to sleep in relief. The next morning, Donald knocked on Sage's door for breakfast.

She scrambled up from the bed and replied, "Grandpa, I'll be there right away!" She quickly washed up, put on a jacket, and answered the door with a bare face.

Donald and Dexter were waiting for her. Donald had the habit of waking up early, and he wanted Sage to sleep in while he and Dexter went for breakfast, but she insisted on tagging along.

The buffet restaurant was located on the first floor at the side of the main lobby. Since it was only 7:00 a.m., not many hotel guests were present.

Holding onto Donald's arm, Sage chatted and laughed with him. Suddenly, Donald pointed in front of him. "Is that Ian?"

Her gaze followed. She found Ian sleeping on the long couch for guests in the main lobby. He remained dressed in the shirt and pants from last night.

Slumped on the couch, he did not have anything to keep him warm except for the jacket he was wearing. Despite looking disheveled, he exuded the air of a prince.

Sage did not expect to see him crashing on the main lobby couch. She thought he'd check into another hotel after storming out of her room last night.

She replied to Donald, "Why would Ian be here? You must have mistaken someone else for him. Let's go for breakfast." Then, she attempted to direct Donald to the restaurant, but he tapped her on the forehead.

Donald chided her, "Do you think I'm senile? How could I not recognize Ian?"

She pouted and told Dexter to head to the restaurant first. Then, she went up to Ian with Donald. Donald questioned, "Ian, when did you arrive in Colville, and why did you sleep in the lobby?"

Ian opened his bloodshot eyes upon hearing the question. He obviously had not had a good night's rest.

Sitting up, he replied, "Grandpa, I arrived after midnight. I rested in the lobby because the rooms were fully booked." His voice, usually clear, was hoarse that morning.

"How could you get any rest in the lobby? Why didn't you go to Sage's room?" Donald asked, feeling sorry for the young man.

Ian shot Sage a look. "I didn't want to wake her up because it was late in the night." She silently scoffed. Ian was sensible enough not to rat on her to Donald this time.

Nonetheless, Donald knew something had happened between the two. He remarked, "You shouldn't sleep in the lobby just because you didn't want to disturb her. Sage, bring him to your room to get some rest." She reluctantly handed Ian her room card. "You can go on your own." "You little brat—"

"Grandpa, it's fine. Please excuse me." Ian accepted the card, picked up his briefcase from the front desk, and took the elevator to Sage's room.

Donald knowingly asked his granddaughter, "Sage, you must have kicked him out after he went to you at midnight. Is that right?"

She pouted. Her silence was an admission. "You must know that he's here because he's worried about you," Donald lectured her. "Not only were you not moved by his actions, you even threw him out of your room!"

Sage admitted, "So, Grandpa, do you believe that I'm no longer in love with Ian now? I wanted a divorce for a good reason."

During her time at Colville, not once had she mentioned Ian. She did not call him to update him as well. Instead, it was Ian who took the initiative to video call her.

Donald shook his head. "You must still be resentful toward him." Resentful? She had wanted to deny the claim, but Donald merely said, "Let's have breakfast."

After breakfast, Dexter stayed with Donald in the garden for a morning exercise routine, while Sage returned to her room.

Ian must have been exhausted because he fell asleep on her bed without changing his clothes. She did not wake him up.

She quietly changed into fresh clothes and put on makeup in the bathroom, after which she visited the hospital with Donald again.