

# A FAREWELL AFTER BEING REBORN

## Chapter 1

“Since you’re in such a hurry to die, why don’t you just stab yourself and end it? Why go to the trouble of jumping off a building and causing a scene?” A man’s voice rang out. It was filled with contempt.

“I wanted to stab—” Suddenly, Sage Joyner found that something was wrong with what Ian Holcomb had said. When had she jumped off a building?

“You’re finally awake, Mrs. Holcomb.” The housekeeper, Wanda May, came over with a glass of water and some pills. “Does your head hurt? The doctor said you have minor symptoms of a concussion and prescribed some medication for you. Do you want to take it now?”

Sage didn’t answer. She found that she was lying on a bed in a spacious bedroom. From the furnishings, it seemed to be the master bedroom at the Holcomb residence.

She hadn’t seen the inside of this place since being sent to a mental institution two years ago. Could Ian have suddenly brought her home?

No, something was wrong.

Sage was certain she’d stabbed herself in the heart. Even if she’d made it out alive, there was no way she hadn’t undergone surgery.

She looked down at herself. There weren’t any injuries on her chest! Instead, her head and wrist had been wrapped in gauze.

Ian frowned at her, taking in her expression as it morphed from suffering to shock. His patience ran out. “Find yourself a taller place next time if you still

wanna jump off buildings. Throwing yourself off the second floor isn't gonna kill you!"

With that, he strode out of the room.

Sage couldn't be bothered about him. She continued to check the rest of her body. After spending two years at the mental institution, she'd become gaunt and haggard. But now, her skin was flawless, smooth, and supple.

Her arms and body were also free from the wounds and bruises the carers and patients at the mental institution had inflicted on her.

"Mrs. Holcomb, Mr. Holcomb was only saying that because he was angry." Wanda thought she was saddened by Ian's words and tried to console her. "Couples don't bear grudges against each other. As long as you talk to him properly, Mr. Holcomb—"

"What day is it today, Wanda?" Sage interrupted urgently. She was still reeling from what had happened.

Wanda gave her a confused look. "It's Ms. Shekdotter's birthday. You heard about Mr. Holcomb celebrating her birthday for her, so you called him to come home ..."

Sage didn't have time to explain despite knowing Wanda had misunderstood her. She quickly glanced around and grabbed her phone from the bedside table. The date was three years ago!

Suddenly, she recalled something. She shot out of bed and ran to the conservatory. As expected, it was a mess. There'd been all sorts of expensive flowers inside, but now, all that was left of them were bald stems.

Three years ago, Sage had been enraged upon hearing that Ian wanted to celebrate Ivy Shekdotter's birthday with her. And when she'd heard about him buying flowers for Ivy, she'd trashed the conservatory in a fit of rage.

The shards of ceramic had cut her on the wrist. She'd ignored the pain and jumped from the second- floor balcony. Though the bushes beneath had cushioned her fall and prevented her from breaking any limbs, she'd still knocked her head against the bricks around the bushes and had fainted on the spot.

So ... she'd gone back three years in time?

"Why are you in the conservatory again, Mrs. Holcomb? There are ceramic shards everywhere; please, don't do anything rash again!"

Wanda was afraid of Sage kicking up a fuss again and followed her, wanting to talk some sense into her. "Mr. Holcomb cares about you. That's why he returned after hearing that you were injured ... Mr. Holcomb!"

Sage looked up when Wanda's tone turned nervous. Ian wasn't the only one walking toward them. Ivy, dressed demurely, was with him. They stood shoulder to shoulder before her, looking like a match made in heaven.