

### Chapter 293

Yesterday afternoon he had hung up on her angrily and said that they would get a divorce the second he came back. He even warned her not to regret it.

Logically speaking, there should've been no interaction between them until he came back. So why did he contact her? Sage picked up the phone and greeted him, but there was only silence on the line.

"Ian?" Sage asked hesitantly. He remained silent.

"Is there no signal on your side? I'm going to hang up on you if you don't say anything," Sage said as she prepared to hang up.

The sound of Ian's coughs rang out on the other end. Following that, she heard Ian's hoarse voice. "Sage, I'm hungry."

When she thought of what he had posted on Instagram, Sage was speechless. "Why are you calling me when you're hungry instead of buying food for yourself?"

Ian let out two more coughs before saying hoarsely, "You bragged about your secret porridge recipe."

Bragging? She had just been sharing information with him. "So?"

"Tell me the recipe. I would like to have some."

Initially, Sage wanted to mock Ian. In the past, she painstakingly made porridge and served it to him. Yet, he was so disdainful of her that he wouldn't even have a taste of it. Now, he was begging her for the recipe. How pathetic.

However, she could tell from Ian's voice that he was weak and helpless.



He must have been driven by starvation to call her.

Ian was extremely picky with his food. If he had already decided to cook for himself, it was evident that the food there wasn't to his liking.

Sage couldn't be bothered to argue with him over their past, so she simply gave in. "I'll text you the recipe."

Ian went silent. She assumed it was because he found it too much of a hassle, so she said, "Don't worry, it's really easy. Anyone with a pair of hands would be able to figure it out."

"Sage..." Just as Sage was planning to hang up, Ian said her name once again.

"Anything else?" Although Ian didn't respond, she could hear his heavier-than-normal breathing quite loudly in her ear. She didn't know what he wanted to do. He wasn't saying anything or hanging up.

Sage didn't plan to continue paying attention to him. "I—"

"Ms. Joyner, this house is a great choice. Its location and lighting are great. If you like it, you should consider buying it."

She had been interrupted by the real estate agent walking over toward her.

Sage pointed at her phone and whispered, "Please give me a moment."

"You're looking at property?" Ian, overhearing their conversation, asked lowly.

There was no point in hiding it from him, so Sage responded, "Yes. I can't stay in a hotel forever."



Ian's breathing turned even heavier. He said nothing and hung up. He was absurd. Sage condemned him inwardly. She sent the porridge recipe to Ian and continued surveying properties.

Sage looked at three units in one afternoon but wasn't satisfied by any of them. Seeing that it was still early, Sage headed over to the sports complex.

The two-month membership that she had signed up for was nearing its end. She had to get in a few more trainings before that happened.

Afterward, she probably wouldn't have the time to go once she started getting busy. She would just practice the self-defense tactics that Michael taught her.

Speak of the devil. She hadn't even reached the sports complex when a voice message came in from Michael.

"Ms. Joyner, we've successfully aced the preliminary round and advanced past two qualifying rounds. We're now in the top 50." Hearing Michael's ecstatic voice, Sage was overjoyed for him.

"But it means that we can't leave just yet. We have to continue into the 50 into 30 competition. If everything goes well, the director will allow us to shoot some advertisements."

Michael continued, "Although we make no profit from it, we get a lot of exposure from it. We don't have to worry about not being able to get our next advertisement. When the time comes, I'll be able to pay you back!"

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