

Chapter 297

Ian's innate nobility made people feel inferior easily. The other man didn't say anything else. He simply apologized and walked away bitterly.

Ian reached out and grabbed Sage's slender waist without giving her a chance to escape. Sage tried to struggle out of his grasp, and Ian's darkened eyes glared at her. "Do you still want to be hit on?"

"Ian, can't you just stay in your room and rest? Why did you have to go out with me?" complained Sage.

Ian ignored her. He continued holding onto her arrogantly as they walked to the open-air parking lot.

The atmosphere at the restaurant was decent, and the dishes were authentic. The only drawback was that it took a long time for the dishes to be prepared, served, and eaten.

By the time they finished their meal, a few hours had already passed and the sky outside had darkened.

Sage had taken a long flight and had run around for hours afterward. Once she got into the car back to the hotel, she couldn't help but fall asleep with a full stomach. She blurrily felt something soft brush her skin after a while.

It turned out to be a blanket, which was soft and warm. She was also surrounded by a comfortable source of heat from behind. Sage felt so at ease that she didn't want to open her eyes.

Then, she felt something wet on the back of her neck. Sage instantly felt rather uncomfortable and she tensed her neck unconsciously.

The thing behind her paused, and the uncomfortable sensation

dissipated. However, her body then fell into a comforting embrace and her head was cushioned on a harder surface. She then smelt a woody scent.

A woody scent? A thought raced through Sage's brain and she opened her eyes. She had been sitting in a car previously. But now, she was lying on the bed face-to-face with Ian, her head tucked on top of his arm.

The two of them were extremely close to each other. Ian's face was nearly stuck to hers. His pupils were dark and his breaths were hot. Even after she opened her eyes, Ian didn't let go of her. He kissed her.

Her lips tingled. It made Sage pause for a second and she stopped struggling. However, Ian seemed to take that as an invitation and kissed her harder. He tightened his grip on her back. He would've melded her into him if he could.

As her teeth were pried open, Sage recovered control over her frozen brain. She pushed Ian hard. Although she couldn't escape his strong embrace, she managed to end his unwanted kiss.

"What are you doing?" Sage was frustrated.

Ian's body was burning hot and his voice was hoarse. "Sage, you're my wife. Everything I want to do to you is legal."

"Legal my ass! Even if we were married you can't force me to do anything without my consent, not to mention we're going to get a divorce —"


She hadn't managed to finish her sentence before he shut her up with another kiss.

As though he was punishing her, he aggressively devoured her lips. Her body was gripped tightly by him, and she had no way to defend herself.



"Let... Go..." Sage had almost run out of breath.

After Ian released her lips, he asked her hoarsely, "Now can we have a proper conversation?"

Sage's fury caused her chest to heave. "Ian, you asshole! I—" She hadn't finished speaking before Ian lowered his head to kiss her yet again. 

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