

A FAREWELL AFTER BEING REBORN

Chapter 6

“The Holcomb family isn’t poor enough to make you leave this marriage without a penny to your name,” Ian said in response to Sage’s confusion. “I’ll have Terry draw up another agreement so that you receive appropriate compensation.”

“That’s not necessary,” Sage said firmly. “I didn’t marry you for your money.”

It wasn’t like she was short on cash. Setting aside the fact that her grandfather had left her some shares, she was plenty capable of earning her own money. She’d only been so insistent on marrying Ian because she’d lost her mind and wanted to chase after her so-called love.

“I don’t care what you want to get out of this,” Ian said domineeringly. “I’m still going to draw up the agreement based on my terms so that things don’t look too ugly.”

Oh. So, he was afraid of being humiliated if people were to hear about him allowing his ex-wife to leave without a penny to her name.

Sage gave up on arguing with him. “Whatever. You decide. I’ll see you at City Hall tomorrow morning.”

With that, she backed away and shut the door. She continued packing her things.

Ian stood outside the room with a frown. Had she really stopped him just to talk about the divorce? She’d shut the door without hesitation once they were done talking about the agreement. She hadn’t even bothered to say another word.

In the past, when he returned home, Sage would circle him and chatter away like a sparrow. One minute, she'd ask him to accompany her on a stroll. In the next, she would ask him to enjoy the flowers with her. She also liked using all sorts of excuses to hang around him when he was working.

If only she'd been this quiet and sensible throughout their marriage, he wouldn't despise the thought of coming home so much.

Nevertheless, it didn't matter what she was plotting. As long as she could genuinely agree to a divorce tomorrow, he'd have one less burden off his shoulders.

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"Ian, I only want to go to my grandfather's grave. I'll only be out for a day! I swear with my life that I won't ruin your and Ivy's wedding! If you don't believe me, I can do whatever you want!"

"You'll never change, Sage! Since you have a death wish, you should just go to hell. I won't give you yet another chance to harm Ivy!"

Ian's gaze was cold and filled with hatred as he watched Sage stab herself in the heart. Warm blood gushed out and slowly became cold ...

Sage woke up with a scream. She shot up in bed. As she looked around at the familiar yet strange surroundings, she sighed in relief.

It had been a few days since she'd been reborn, but she still couldn't stop dreaming about the events of her previous life. The torment and despair she'd experienced prior to her death were smothering. No matter what, she swore not to end up like that anymore.

With that thought, Sage got out of bed. She freshened up before leaving the house and heading to City Hall. It wasn't 9:00 am yet, so City Hall had yet to open. Ian had yet to arrive, too.

There were several young couples waiting outside, excited to get married. Sage couldn't help thinking about how she and Ian had been in the past as she took in the happy, blissful looks on the couples' faces.

At the time, she'd been so excited that she'd arrived early in the morning to wait in line. She'd had to wait until noon for Ian to arrive, though.

He'd been cold and distant, but that hadn't affected her happiness. She thought that was the start of a happy marriage, but it had actually turned out to be the start of her descent to hell ...

Meanwhile, Ian sat in the car and stared straight ahead emotionlessly. He still didn't believe Sage would go through with the divorce. After all, he'd seen the various tricks she'd pulled. To avoid being pranked, he'd sent some men to check on the surrounding environment and the inside of the building.

He'd also had someone look into Sage's recent whereabouts. Yet his subordinates merely reported that there wasn't anything out of the ordinary.

Now, as he saw the self-deprecation and vague bitterness that flitted past Sage's face, a trace of unease flickered in his heart. It was only for a split second, though.

The one thing Ian hated the most was someone trying to control and threaten him. Sage had done both. She'd brought this divorce upon herself!

City Hall's doors had opened. Sage looked down at her phone and sent a message before walking into the building.

"I've already arrived. Hurry up and get over here." When Ian saw this message, he took the divorce agreement that Terry had printed and got out of the car.

As soon as Sage took a seat, she heard a City Hall employee say in greeting, "Mr. Holcomb."

She looked up. Sure enough, Ian had arrived. That was fast. To think he was so punctual when it came to their divorce—he'd kept her waiting for the whole morning when they'd gotten married.

Ian wore a dark purple shirt, which accentuated his features and temperament. The lights shone down on him, forming a halo around him. It made him seem like a god who'd descended from the heavens.

Even if Sage had already given up on him, she couldn't help admitting that he had a flawless appearance. It was one of the reasons that she'd been so crazy about him in the past.

"Have you seen enough?" Ian frowned. He thought she'd changed, yet here she was, staring at him so greedily!

Sage didn't blush nor explain herself. "You brought the agreement, right? Give it here so I can sign it."

Ian's frown deepened as he flung the divorce agreement at her. The City Hall employees waited outside as Sage casually flipped through the agreement.

Ian would be giving her ten million dollars in alimony. It was only a tiny portion of his fortune, but it was already pretty generous. After all, he'd been forced into this marriage, and he despised her.

"You'd better watch your tongue after the divorce. If you use this to spread all sorts of rumors, don't blame me for getting nasty," Ian warned coldly.