

A Relentless Pursuit for Love Chapter 11

Leaning back in her chair, Sage's expression was ice cold.

"Karma always finds a way to hit back. Her lies and tricks will be exposed one day. She is a nobody, so why should I lower myself to expose her. She is not worth my time."

Luther raised his brows and smiled devilishly, "But you've loved Jace for such a long time. Are you really sure that you're okay with the fact that he chose that trash over you?"

"I mean, what can I do if he wants to collect trash?"

Sage sounded like she no longer cared. "Luther, I'm tired," she said.

She ended the video call, got up from her chair, and walked toward the window.

Night had fallen in Salem City. Nights here had always been colorful and exciting. However, after three years in Nadeem City, Sage only felt loneliness at night.

She did not feel lonely because of the long stretches of time she had to spend alone in their house. She was lonely because the person she had been in love with had treated her as nothing more than a stranger. She was lonely because he had treated her with coldness and indifference, and that, is what pained her.

Staring at the black screen in front of him, Luther got all worked up at the thought of Sage's dismayed expression.

He powered off his laptop and reached for his phone. Hitting WhatsApp, he sent a message in the group chat 'Protectors of Sage'. [Sage is being bullied. Are you guys on board with getting revenge for her?]

Luther's second brother replied: [Who dares bully our Sage? I'll make sure that he's sorry!]

Luther's third brother texted: [I thought she has already gotten a divorce? Aside from Jace, who else is able to bully our feisty little Sage? Or could it be that after three years of staying sweet and tame, she's finally lost her feistiness?]

Luther's fourth brother added: [Are you sure you'll be okay after Sage reads your message?]

Luther's third brother texted: [Hahaha.]

Luther's eldest brother replied: [Name?]

Luther smirked. He knew that his plan was going to work as his eldest brother was on board with the idea.

He quickly briefed his brothers on the events that had transpired before he outlined his proposal. The brothers went back and forth before they finally gained the approval of their eldest brother.

“Woohoo, all is done,” exclaimed Luther as he snapped his fingers. He then quickly changed the name of the group chat to ‘Battle Against the Mistress’.

The other WhatsApp group chat with Sage, on the other hand, was terrifyingly quiet, and peaceful. It was the calm before the storm.

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After an entire day of work, Sage was exhausted and had nearly fallen asleep in the car.

The living room was clean and tidy by the time she got home. Zamora had the maids clean and tidy the house. Sage was happy to see the house restored to its former state. “Thank you for all your hard work. Please, make sure to collect your pay from Zamora.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

Zamora, the house butler, was forty. She was dressed neatly and professionally, reflecting her meticulousness and professionalism. Zamora walked up to Sage and said, “Ma’am, Yeva is still locked in her room.”

“Okay,” Sage replied and added, “Get me a few slices of bread. I’ll go check on her.”

She had a long day at work, and now, she had to educate a child when she got home. She noted how it was not easy being the elder one.

Zamora unlocked the door with her key. The door had been locked from the outside. Sage took the plate of bread from her hands and said, “You may leave now.”

Looking worried, Zamora uttered, “Ma’am...”

“Don’t worry. She won’t be able to hurt me.”

Sage entered the room. Yeva was still sitting on the carpet. She had lain her head on the bed. Yeva was salivating, and it looked as if she were dreaming about food. As soon as she heard movements, Yeva woke up and stared blankly at Sage.

“Finally awake?”

Sage walked over and said, “You must be hungry. Try some of this bread.”

Staring at the plate of bread on the bedside table, Yeva immediately came back to her senses. She turned her head and glared furiously at Sage and reached out to grab Sage.

“Sage Norah, I will kill you!”

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Bam!

In the study of the old residence, Grandpa Yuriel slammed his hand on the desk, causing the teacup to topple over. “Look at what you’ve done!” he bellowed.

Expressionless, Jace stood in front of his grandfather’s table. “I’ll handle this,” he said.

“Handle?! How are you going to handle this?!”

Fuming with rage, Grandpa Yuriel growled, “Have you forgotten who you are? You are the CEO of Yuriel Group! I’ve reminded you never to let your emotions get in the way of the group. But you’ve let me down again and again!”

“Three years ago, you were determined to have a nurse for a wife, and I allowed you to do as you pleased because I was concerned about your injury. I saw you getting better with every passing day, and you also behaved more maturely. Sage was a well-mannered courteous person, and so, I agreed to the marriage. But now, you have gone and gotten yourself a divorce without discussing the matter with me, and you are telling me that you want to marry the daughter of the Zelda family! Are you out of your mind? Tell me why you divorced Sage?! Give me a reason!”

“There’s no reason,” Jace replied coldly. “I don’t have feelings for her. It’s that simple.”

This further infuriated Grandpa Yuriel. “You have the nerve to tell me that you don’t like her now? Then why were you so determined to marry her then? What were you thinking?”

“Although Sage— that precious child, was from a farming village— she was well-mannered and understanding. She stayed by your side, cared for you without complaint, and you just abandoned her?!”

Jace’s grandfather grabbed a paperweight from his desk and flung it at his grandson as he bellowed, “Give me back my precious granddaughter-in-law!” He threw the weight with his eyes wide open.

With no intention of avoiding the projectile, Jace stood still, allowing the paperweight to hit his shoulder. However, instead of his shoulder, Jace felt a sharp pain in his heart.

In the meantime, the well-behaved granddaughter-in-law that Grandpa Yuriel was so fond of was in the middle of stuffing Yeva's mouth with pieces of bread.

Looking at Yeva with her mouth stuffed with bread caused Sage to chuckle. "You pick a fight the moment I get home. I bet must be hungry, but this really is a waste of the bread that I brought for you."

Yeva spat out the bread in her mouth and yelled, "Who wants your stupid bread!"

Sage's expression darkened as she glanced at the pieces of bread laying on the floor and said, "Yeva, don't you know that it's bad to waste food when there are so many people out there who are starving?"

Taking a seat on the sofa, Sage straightened the creases of her shirt and looked at Yeva in an imposing manner.

"Either you pick up the bread and eat it, or you can choose to stay hungry. You'll only be fed once you admit to your wrongdoings. Your choice."

Yeva scoffed and sneered. "There must be something wrong with your head. Who do you think you are?"

Just as she finished her sentence, Sage slapped her face.

Covering her face, Yeva stared at Sage in disbelief. "Did you just slap me?"

"That was for being rude. Consider this as light punishment."

Sage continued, "I was simply reminding you of who I am, to make sure you remember that I am elder to you and that you should show me some respect."

Yeva slumped onto the floor as she glared at Sage. She looked as if she was about to kill Sage.

"Perfect. It seems like you've made your decision."

Sage glanced at her in disdain and said, "Since you don't want to eat, stay hungry then."

Just when Sage turned around and was about to leave the room, Yeva grabbed the vase on the bedside table, aimed at Sage's head, and was about to throw it at her when—