

A Relentless Pursuit for Love Chapter 22

Chapter 22

Sage was unfazed by Julian's confession. Instead, when he grabbed her hands, she frowned and quickly pulled them back. Trying her best not to be overwhelmed by her disgust for Julian, Sage wiped her face clean of expression and said, "If you knew that Yeva had been up to no good, why had you not reported her to the police?"

Looking flustered, Julian quickly defended himself. "She tricked me with her acting. I had really thought that you had fallen off a cliff. You don't know how devastated I was when I heard of your "death". I had even been diagnosed with depression and had to go for therapy. It was then that Yeva had taken advantage of the situation. She had come to me when I was miserable and lonely. She had even tricked me into sleeping with her,"

Before he could finish his sentence, the timer rang, startling him.

Sage reached for her phone and turned off the alarm before saying, "Time's up, you can go now."

Julian was stupefied.

He did not expect Sage to be unaffected by his explanation and confession that he had spent two nights coming up with. He had thought that Sage would have immediately forgiven him and that she would have gone running into his arms as she cried. She would have been touched. Julian had thought that he would be able to have Sage all to himself.

What was going on? Where had things gone wrong?

"Sage!" cried Julian as he grabbed her hands in panic. "Don't you believe me? I swear I'm telling you the truth!"

Sage cold shook off his hands. His slightest touch was enough to make her skin crawl, and Sage had the urge to run him over with a truck.

She saved the recording on her phone, before turning to him with a look of disdain and disgust.

"You've even slept with her. So, don't show me your face. I don't want an eyesore. But I must say, you and Yeva are a match made in heaven. I hope you two stay sweet and happy together."

Julian was baffled and confused by Sage's response. Even after being dragged out of Sage's office by security, he was still in a daze.

When he finally came back to his senses, he had already been dragged to the main entrance of the building. He struggled and yelled, trying to rid himself of security. "Sage, you have to believe that you're the only one that I love"

As Julain was yelling, Jace had gotten out of his car and was heading for the entrance of the Norah Group building. It was then that he saw the pathetic man being hauled out of the building. He quickly stepped aside to avoid crashing into the man.

"Sage? Sage Norah?" wondered Jace as he frowned.

Sage was scrubbing her hands thoroughly. She scrubbed all the parts where Julian had touched her. She was worried that she might contract some disease from Julian.

After cleaning her hands, she sprayed her office with a bottle of air freshener and had her assistant replace the chair that Julian had sat on earlier. She desperately wanted to remove and replace everything that Julian had touched.

Her office was finally clean.

Sitting in the new chair, Sage started going through the recently submitted proposals.

Her administrative assistant knocked on her door and said, "Miss Sage, there's a gentleman at the front desk who goes by the name of Mister Yuriel that wants to meet you. However, he does not have an appointment. What would you like to do?"

Sage's eyes wavered as the documents in front of her began to blur.

After a short pause, she said, "Tell him that I'm not available to meet him."

Shortly after, the front desk received their directions.

Hanging up, the receptionist donned a professional smile and said, "Our apologies Sir, but Miss Sage is rather busy today, and she is unable to spare any time for visitors. Sir, perhaps you would like to schedule an appointment?"

The receptionist found him to be rather attractive, and so, she took the liberty to offer him an appointment.

"What? Busy?"

Zayne, who had been working for his boss for a long time, had never experienced someone refusing his boss. Hence, he walked up t

o the front desk and said, "Do you even know who Mister Jace is? How dare you send us away like this?"

The receptionist panicked and stammered, "I am aware who Mister Jace is, but you can't expect me to go against Miss Sage's orders. And I'm sure that you witnessed what happened earlier. That was Mister Jefferson of the Jefferson Group, but he too was tossed out of the building. Therefore, if you don't want to receive the same treatment, please schedule an appointment beforehand."

"You..." hissed Zayne who was on the verge of losing it.

Jace, on the other hand, was still calm. Pulling Zayne aside, he then said to the receptionist, "If we scheduled an appointment, when can we meet her?"

Not only was the receptionist captivated by his good looks, but she was also enchanted by his deep, rough voice. She could not help but do him another favor. "Please give me a moment, Sir. I'll check for you."

Sage's administrative assistant came knocking on Sage's door again and asked, "Miss Sage, Mister Yuriel wants to schedule an appointment with you, and would like to know when it would be a convenient time."

Finn Janssen, the vice CEO, was having a discussion with Sage about the proposed business plans. Seeing how Sage was frowning, he turned around and replied, "What is the situation? Why would you bother Miss Sage with such trivial matters?"

"My apologies, Miss Sage," apologized the assistant quickly as she cursed the receptionist under her breath for the trouble she caused her.

With a straight face, Sage replied, "Tell him his meeting will take place in his next life."

They were already divorced; what was the point of such a meeting?

She would rather not see him at all.

Jace who had been waiting patiently at the front desk finally heard back from Sage. She had told him that she would meet him in his next life.

Jace, who was usually short-tempered, found himself slowly becoming angry.

"This is absurd!" yelled Zayne as he slammed the desk.

Jace held him back and said, "Let's go." "Fine. It's not like I must see her. Who cares!" Jace thought to himself.