

A Relentless Pursuit for Love Chapter 17

Perched on the edge of his bed, Jace watched a surveillance video that Yoel had managed to download by hacking through the system.

Jace frowned at the video that was filled with bright, colorful lights and loud dance music. He did not like these types of loud and messy places, but he had to put up with it and continue watching.

He noticed a woman in the video. She was at the center of attention. With a red-lacy dress and a pair of gold-colored high heels, she swayed to the rhythm of the music. Her movements were laid-back yet graceful and seductive. The colorful lights were unable to hide her glowing fair skin, and when she slightly tilted her head, Jace caught a look at her face.

It was Sage Luz.

Taking another careful look at the woman's face, Jace nearly jumped up from the bed as his eyes widened in shock.

It was her, but not exactly her.

His wife was a gentle, soft, and quiet lady. How was it possible that she looked so alluring and seductive in the video?

Jace was transfixed by the video. He watched her movements, and he desperately wanted to deny that the woman in the video had been his wife. However, the heavy make-up had failed to conceal the mole under her right eye.

It was definitely her.

He then saw his friend inch his way toward her and run his hands slowly down her hips.

Jace's gaze darkened as his grip on the phone tightened. Gritting his teeth, Jace cursed under his breath. "That bastard, how dare he touch my woman? Does he have a death wish?!"

Just as the thought flashed through his mind, the woman in the video grabbed Yoel's arm and threw him over her shoulder before ruthlessly slapping him.

Jace's gaze wavered.

At the same time, Yoel said through the phone, "You saw how your ex-wife had attacked me right? I'm not joking when I say that my shoulders are still feeling sore. Tell me it was you who taught her all those moves."

Jace could not sit still anymore. He rose to his feet and walked out of the room. "Send me the address," he said in a firm voice.

On the way to Salem City, Jace replayed the video over and over again. He concluded that this was the true nature of his former wife, and the person that appeared to be loving and gentle was just a facade.

However, Jace could not help but acknowledge that she had done a good job pretending to be someone who she was not. He had not seen through her in their three years of marriage.

"But who is she really?" wondered Jace.

He had heard from Yoel that Luther had called her his sister, but everyone knew that the Bennets did not have any daughters. Could she actually be Luther's lover?

At the thought of this, Jace's already cold expression got even colder.

"Let's see what tricks you still have up your sleeves then, Sage Luz," Jace thought to himself.

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Sage slept through the night, but when she opened her eyes she felt as if her head had been trampled over by an elephant.

"You're awake?"

Luther showed up just in time and passed her a glass of milk and said, "Have some milk to soothe your stomach."

Frowning, Sage took the glass of milk and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why am I here?"

"You're the one to talk. You were a drunk mess last night, and it late"

Luther was having his breakfast at the dining table as he watched his sister chug down the glass of milk. "Ever since you were young you really hated drinking milk. It is almost as if it's poison."

After finishing the glass of milk, Sage quickly rinsed her mouth. She felt better, and then she looked down at her wrinkled dress. Picking up her phone, she texted her assistant before walking into the bathroom.

"I'm going to shower," said Sage.

"Do you remember anything about last night?" Luther asked calmly.

Sage came to a halt. She turned around, trying her best to remember. "I remembered that I danced, was almost taken advantage of... and then I threw him over my shoulder and slapped him... right?"

"Yeah, and..."

Sage could not remember anything that had happened after that.

Taking a sip of his coffee, Luther glanced at Sage and said, "You threw up on someone in the lift."

"Oh," replied Sage, not feeling bad at all. She then added, "Too bad for him."

She proceeded to make her way into the shower and then she stopped. She sensed that something was wrong. "He... is not some important person, right?" she asked.

Luther wiped his mouth with a napkin and said, "Yoel Fulton, the youngest son of the Fulton family from Riverside City."

"The Fultons of Riverside City? The well-known family with a mafia background?" asked Sage with a frown.

"Bingo," replied Luther.

Furrowing her brows, Sage shrugged and continued, "I don't care. He was the one who messed with me first. Worst comes to worst, we'll have our second brother help us out."

In a confrontation between two mafia groups, one could not be too sure which side would end up being the victor.

Staring at his sister who had just entered the shower, Luther felt a surge of hopelessness. Sage had always found a way to get herself into trouble. Luther felt as if he had been transported back to a time when they were children. He had to always clean up her messes then too.

Even so, Luther felt glad.

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After taking a hot shower, Sage felt even better. Her assistants had shown up as well.

Two of her assistants had brought with them bags of clothes, shoes, accessories, and handbags. They laid out everything in front of Sage so that she might select the ones she wanted to wear.

With her legs crossed, Sage was sitting on the sofa with a cup of coffee in her hand. She was getting her hair done by her make-up artist while she pointed at the stuff and said, "This, this, and that."

After getting changed, Sage left the room, but she did not get into the lift. Instead, she walked toward suite 77 and knocked politely on the door.

A man who was clearly half asleep opened the door. The man, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts, was handsome. He had a muscular body with chiseled abs.

Sage looked briefly at him, but her expression did not change. After all, she had seen this type of physique for the past three years of her life.

Yoel was rather annoyed by the interruption, but as soon as he saw the woman who stood in front of his door, he was suddenly wide awake. He looked at her and said, "Look who's here. Aren't you the feisty woman from last night? So what can I possibly help you with this early in the morning?"

"I heard that I threw up on you. Here, take this shirt as compensation."

Sage threw him a brand new suit. "You took advantage of me, and I slapped you for it. I threw up on you, and now, I have compensated you with this suit. We are even now, right?"

Yoel nodded, "Sure."

"That works then. If you still have any grudges, feel free to find me," said Sage before turning around and walking away.

Leaning against the door, Yoel asked, "How can I find you when I don't even know who you are?"

Without even looking back, Sage replied, "Sage Norah of the Norah Group."

With his eyes glued to her back, Yoel had finally knew who she was. Sage Norah, the one who had risen from the dead.

Yoel thought to himself that his friend was in deep waters this time.

He smirked. He reached for his phone, and called Jace. "Have you reached? She just went down."

As it was rather early in the morning, the bar on the first floor of Sky Hotel was quiet. A man was seated at a booth. His gaze was fixed on the lift. He seemed to be waiting for someone.

After five seconds, the door of the lift slowly opened.

Jace saw a woman dressed in a dress with a red suit jacket thrown over her shoulder exit the lift. She looked stunning and charismatic. She had short hair which emphasized her perfectly sculpted face.

She had a confident gait. Her earrings swayed as she walked, accentuating her glamor.

At the same time, Sage had also noticed the man with a cold expression. She too found him to be rather familiar.

Their eyes met.