

### Chapter 295

Ten hours later, Sage arrived at the airport in Morita. Terry must've received the news from Linda. When she walked out of the arrival hall with her bags, he was already waiting for her.

Terry said politely, "Mr. Holcomb is feeling unwell and resting in the hotel. I was worried that there would be a change in your travel plans, so I didn't tell him that you would be coming over."

What changes in her travel plans? He was just worried that she'd change her mind and not come. Sage ignored his remark and asked, "How's Ian? Has he gone to the doctor?"

"He has a bit of a fever and a cough. He's had some medicine, but hasn't been to see a doctor."

Terry explained, "The main issue is that the weather here is cold, and Mr. Holcomb didn't wear enough layers. He caught a cold but refused to rest. Instead, he continued working. In addition, he hasn't had a good meal in ages, which is why it became so serious."

Sage couldn't help but roll her eyes at him internally. What a perfect model of labor. He knew he was sick but still insisted on working.

"Mr. Holcomb wouldn't listen to my advice and was unwilling to see a doctor. I was worried that his body wouldn't be able to take it. I had no choice but to call Linda."

Sage smiled but didn't say a word. Terry knew that she was going to divorce Ian, so he called Linda because it would be inappropriate to tell her directly.

In this way, Linda could get Sage to come out of pity for her grandson. He



wasn't Ian's right-hand man for nothing. He had considered every aspect of the situation.

After the driver pulled up with the car, Terry helped Sage put her small bag into the trunk while he took the passenger seat.

During the journey there, Terry took multiple work calls. It was probably because Ian was sick, so some of his tasks fell onto Terry instead.

In this moment, Sage gained an understanding of his actions. He needed to work while taking care of his fussy boss. Terry needed to take on two roles at once.

After a while, they reached the hotel that Ian was staying at. Terry helped her to carry her bags and they went into the lift together.

When they reached the correct floor, Terry opened Ian's door and gestured for Sage to enter before him. "Mrs. Holcomb, do go in."

Sage walked into the room. It was a business suite. There was a sofa outside to entertain guests, as well as to put work tables and other necessities.

"Perhaps Mr. Holcomb has fallen asleep after taking the medicine."

Despite the difference in time zones, Sage did not feel tired. She had left during the day, and it was still daytime here.

Since Ian was still resting, Sage didn't walk in immediately.

"Mrs. Holcomb, you must be hungry after such a long flight. Do you need me to order some food for you?"

Sage shook her head and said, "You go settle your business. I can take care of myself."

Terry did indeed have many things to do. Thus, he didn't try to change her mind and simply left.

Sage went to freshen up. When she walked back into the living room, Ian happened to walk out of the bedroom at the same time.

Ian was wearing a wrinkled button-down shirt. Whether it was because he hadn't changed out of it since last night or because he had just slept in it was unbeknownst to Sage.

His eyebrows were knitted together and his lips were dry. His handsome face was painted with weariness. He had lost the aloofness of a man in control and seemed more grounded.

Upon seeing her, Ian's eyes brightened. "Why have you come?" When he spoke, his voice was hoarse, and he coughed.

Sage answered him honestly, "Grandma was worried that you were sick in a foreign land without anyone to take care of you, so she asked me to come and see you. We can just sign the divorce papers while I'm here."

Ian's expression turned cold. "Sage Joyner, the latter is the real reason you're here, isn't it?"

Sage's gorgeous eyes bored monotonously into him. "Believe what you will."

Ian choked on his breath and began hacking furiously, leaning against the doorframe for support.