

Chapter 296

Seeing his feeble movements, Sage didn't continue pissing him off and said, "Why are you getting up if you're feeling unwell? Lay back down."

"Come help me over," Ian said.

Sage didn't say refuse. She walked over to help him back into bed. A computer was placed by his bedside table. He probably worked in bed too.

"I'm thirsty," said Ian. Considering that he was sick, Sage went outside to get some water for him.

However, the water here was all refrigerated. There wasn't even room-temperature water, let alone warm water. Sage therefore boiled some water with a kettle.

The suite was equipped with a simple kitchen. However, it was spotless. Clearly, no one had ever touched it. Did that mean that Ian didn't even make the porridge after calling her to ask for the recipe?

After the water boiled, Sage poured Ian a glass of it. When she brought it into the room, she saw Ian typing away on his computer.

Sage complained, "It's not like you can finish your work now. Why don't you rest first?"

Ian glanced at her but didn't respond. Turning back to his laptop, he continued working. Sage couldn't be bothered to continue convincing him. Instead, she started surveying nearby restaurants.

Since she was here, she had to try some of the local delicacies. Ian pursed his lips. She wasn't as picky as he was.

"The food here isn't good at all. Cook some for me." Although she was

set on ignoring him, she suddenly heard Ian request, "I want to have porridge."

Sage raised her head to look at him. He had put his laptop away and held the glass of water in his hands. His face was expressionless.

Sage couldn't help but chuckle mockingly and say, "Mr. Holcomb, I've only followed Linda's orders to check on you. I'm not here to serve you like I'm your maid. If you want to eat anything, cook it yourself. After all, I've sent the recipe to you."

She wasn't going to indulge him and his unwillingness to cook for himself. Ian didn't know what to say after getting mocked by her.

He wasn't asking Sage to serve him. He just wanted to confirm that she still cared about him. Who knew that the woman who used to wait for him at home with a full table of homemade dishes wouldn't even cook a pot of porridge for him now? [T](#)

Ian couldn't describe his feelings. He was frustrated and disappointed but mostly, he felt that he couldn't understand her.

Sage finally found a nearby restaurant with good reviews. After she changed and got ready to leave, Ian put on his coat. Clearly, he wanted to go with her.

Sage stared at him incredulously. "Aren't you sick? And you don't even like the food here. Why do you want to join me?"

Ian looked at Sage. She had changed into a modest and well-fitted dress and was wrapped up in a coat that was cinched at the waist. She looked young and gorgeous.

Holding back the impulsion to grab her waist, Ian said coldly, "It's better

than starving to death." After he finished speaking, he opened the door for her.

Sage followed him and said, "What's the emergency number here? I need to know it so I can call them in case you faint later." Ian was rendered speechless.

As Sage strode out of the hotel lobby, she attracted countless stares. She had a smaller stature than the locals and her features were also more youthful.

It wasn't long before a confident young man came over to get her number and asked her whether she went to school there.

"My apologies, she's my wife. She can't give you her number." Sage hadn't the chance to respond before Ian killed the budding romance in its cradle.

Ian was tall and handsome. Although the man had sharp features, he was just a regular man compared to Ian.