

## Runaway 341

### Chapter 341

As Monepenny turned silent, Henry growled. "Don't you think it's a little too late to say that now?"

Breathing a long sigh then, Henry continued, "I've underestimated him—I was convinced that he would be kind like his father. Andrew never took offense no matter how Greg messed with him, always holding their brotherhood above all else..."

Money Penny, however, was aware that Isaac was not as kind as his father was because they grew up differently. Isaac lost his parents as a child and was almost killed by Quincy as well, and definitely would not have survived until now if he kept behaving like a saint.

Even as their conversation continued, they arrived at the city's chief precinct, and they asked to see Quincy

However, Stan and Isaac were already in the visiting room.

Once he was notified, Stan whispered into Isaac's ear, "Your grandfather is here."

"Yeah," Isaac replied, not actually surprised. He knew that Henry was looking for him, and it was only natural that he would come here.

Stan then added, "He's not allowed in, though."

It was the rule that each prisoner was only allowed two visitors on each occasion—especially for Quincy, a criminal who committed a major crime and caused considerable disturbance to social order.

Her hands were also cuffed to the table and her legs to the floor, keeping her in her chair. However, although she knew that she was not getting out of this, she remained prideful.

"I may have fallen into your trap, and my fate rests in your hands now, but don't even think about humiliating me."

After all, not even Isaac could do anything to her in this room.

Isaac put a photo in front of her just then.

"Do you know this person?"

Quincy looked at the photo, and she certainly recognized the photo.

It was the chauffeur who worked for Isaac's parents—the same one she had bribed into sabotaging their car.

"Hahaha... Did you think you've won?"

Quincy suddenly laughed maniacally and looked up at Isaac—she knew how to hurt him, and would not shy away from it. "No, you haven't... and you've lost from the very start. Everyone else has parents sheltering them as they grow up, but you? Even now, I remember your mom's face, because it was so bloated it was like she ballooned, but somehow your dad ended up worse! An entire foot missing? They

were saying that it was either washed down the river or the fish ate it. It was never recovered even when they buried him! Hahaha..."

Isaac's knuckles cracked as he clenched his fist.

Stan became worried that Isaac would lose his mind and murder Quincy right there and then even though she was already convicted of a felony and was about to face justice. "Sir, don't fall for her bait. She's just trying to provoke you."

Isaac clenched and released his knuckles repeatedly, and eventually calmed down to look at her in return.

"I won't kill you," he growled. "But you'll wish you were dead."

Quincy stared at him warily. "This is a precinct..."

Isaac simply smiled darkly, his bloodlust made him appear like a demon out for blood.

In turn, Stan stepped out to speak with the officer standing guard, who left soon after.

Quincy started to panic. "What are you doing?"

Stan replied, "While the law will punish a heinous bitch like you, you're still going to suffer a little before that."

As he spoke, he took out several objects from his pocket.

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There was a small white bottle, a switchblade, and a lighter.

None of them were particularly deadly, but with a little work, it could still inflict damage to the human body.

Quincy therefore had to act calm. "We're in a police station."

Stan chuckled. "We know that, so we won't do anything stupid. That said, I'm quite close with that officer just now, so he's willing to give us some space."

Quincy's face paled, even as Stan took off his tie and stuffed it into her mouth.

Isaac rose to his feet as well, picking up the switchblade and ejecting the blade-it was not particularly huge, but very sharp.

"I can do it, sir," Stan said, walking up to him.

Isaac, however, stayed silent as he walked around the table toward Quincy and pressed the blade against Quincy's face.

He just needed to apply little pressure, and the blade would cut through Quincy's skin.

Quincy could only whimper, her pupils dilating as her whole body stiffened.

She felt like she was meat on the butcher's table, and it was even more terrifying than the prospect of death.

After all, death was easy-one would not know it after the fact.

On the other hand, spiritual torment certainly left one wishing they were dead.

"You pushed me into that pond during my own parents' funeral." As Isaac spoke, he slid the switchblade from Quincy's face to her neck, and she did not move at all-she was basically frozen.

He gently pressed it, and the blade cut through Quincy's skin.

She did not bleed much since he avoided any arteries-but it hurt.

He could be precise, because he had been sneaking glances while Irene studied her medical books, which described at length about a human's vulnerable spots, where it hurt or had the least blood vessels.

Although the neck was a vulnerable spot especially given the jugular, there was a spot one could reach. there, free from blood vessels but rife with nerves, making it exceedingly sensitive.

In fact, Quincy was already sweating buckets as her face turned pale. Her pupils dilated even as she felt death loomed, but her mind somehow remained clear.

Stan, who had been standing aside, appeared worried that Isaac would get butterfingers and slit her throat. Walking up, he said, "Leave it."

Isaac looked up at him, his expression inscrutable.

Stan kept trying. "She may be heinous, but she's not worth getting your hands dirty over."

However, Isaac suddenly plunged the switchblade into Quincy's shoulder even before he could finish.

As he pulled it out, he gave Stan a look. "Don't disappoint me."

Quincy was whimpering miserably, her facial features contorted from pain.

Stan could not help shuddering and sighing.

Still, despite his disgust and knowledge that Quincy deserved it, he pretended to look sympathetic. Picking up the white bottle, he said, "Oh, poor you. Don't worry-I'll disinfect you."

Quincy certainly knew that he was not that kind-whatever was in that bottle was going to hurt her. She tried to struggle as hard as she could, but her restraints kept her in the chair.

The feeling of being at someone else's mercy was as grilling as it was horrifying.

She shuddered, her pupils darting about.

As Stan opened the bottle, he explained, "This is sulfuric acid. It would help close your wound." "Umph-Umph-

Quincy tried to scream in fear, but her mouth was gag, keeping her voice muffled.

Stan was not feeling merciful, however-she had killed Isaac's parents just to get her hands on the Jeffersons' fortune, and Isaac himself soon after he was bereaved.

She was heinous beyond words, and deserved anything they put her through.

"Just relax. I'll be done soon."

Stan deliberately held the bottle in front of her and allowed a small drop to trickle out of the bottle onto her wound instead of pouring it right away.

Quincy's eyes bulged and widened, turning bloodshot instantly.

As Stan allowed more drops to trickle out of the bottle, there was a scent of something burning in the air.

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Quincy was grunting in pain.

"Mmph!!! Mmph!!!"

She fainted from the pain in minutes, but Stan simply splashed her with the drinking water on the table to wake her and repeated the process.

The same cycle continued for a while until Quincy was half-dead, and Stan finally put away his tools, saying, "No one will care about her in there."

In other words, people would not ask questions about her injuries, let alone tend to it.

Beside them, Isaac was not reacting at all-his heart's anguish could not be placated no matter how much Quincy suffered.

The memories of his parents' deaths was the most terrible memory he had, more so than the memory of almost dying from drowning.

Eventually, he stepped out of the visitor's room and saw Henry.

Once again he was not reacting at all, and there was no warmth to be found in his eyes.

"Shall we talk?" Henry asked.

Isaac stayed silent but did not refuse, while Henry traded glances with Moneypenny and breathed sighs of relief.

If Isaac was willing to talk, there just might be hope for Light Group to turn things around.

Henry was certainly optimistic, holding on to Moneypenny so that he could keep pace with Isaac.

Once they were outside, Henry said, "I can help you with Quincy."

He was trying to sell him a favor, and Isaac naturally knew that. "I might have bought that before," he said coolly, "but now that she is awaiting trial and basically doomed, what can you help me with?"

Henry was instantly silenced—he had kept protecting Greg’s family and still did not understand his mistake.

All he cared about was that he lost a son, and refused to lose another.

That was why he took upon himself to raise Isaac, in hopes that he would give up on his hatred.

And yet...

“She deserved it. Greg has been punished too—he’s now paraplegic and would be wheelchair-bound for the rest of his life. But Ian never knew and was never involved, so can’t you-”

“No.” Isaac’s response was simple and certain.

It was already his final act of sentiment that he did not immediately turn against Henry.

Meanwhile, Stan had finished up and was stepping out of the building as well, and quickly got into the driver’s seat, turning on the ignition as Isaac got in.

Henry had so much to tell Isaac and was eager to appeal to Isaac’s emotion since he raised him as a boy.

However, he could say none of it as Isaac was very clear where he stood.

Overwhelmed by emotion, he fainted and started to fall.

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“Sir?! Please, stay with me!” Moneypenny caught him, and cried out to Isaac, “Master Isaac! Help, please!”

Stan was going to drive off but paused, and turned to look at Isaac. “Mr. Jefferson?”

Isaac was staring straight ahead. There was a brief second when he seemed to twitch, but he composed himself soon enough.

“Drive.”

With that, Stan stayed silent and floored the gas pedal, and they soon returned to Isaac’s mansion.

Although Isaac headed straight to his study, Stan did not dare to follow because he clearly was not feeling calm.

To no surprise, Stan soon heard something breaking from inside!

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Mrs. Watson arrived just then and asked, “What’s going on here?”

Tommy was asleep, and if this went on, the baby would wake up.

Even so, Stan put his finger on his lips and shushed her!

As Mrs. Watson quickly turned silent, he explained softly to her, “Don’t disturb him.”

He knew why Isaac was seething, and that Isaac was just venting at the moment.

After all, Henry had raised him, but tried to use that as leverage against him.

Though Isaac never did anything to Quincy because of Henry, how did his grandfather repay him?

He was probably hurting because the one who hurt him was family.

“Should we ask Mrs. Jefferson to come home?” Mrs. Watsons quietly asked.

Stan agreed that it was a great idea, since Isaac needed company right now.

“Yeah, do it.”

However, no one answered when Mrs. Watson called Irene’s number, and she sighed, shaking her head. “I couldn’t reach her.”

Stan sighed as well.

Meanwhile, Isaac stood with his hands clasped behind his back in his study. What remained of a teacup lay beside his feet, its contents now drenching his toes.

His frame was towering yet lonely—light filled in but was just illuminating just half of him, keeping his expression inscrutable, and his thoughts unfathomable.

Over at Melville Hospital, Irene was following Stephen into surgery.

She had been very busy since she started to work at the hospital as his student, and would assist him in every surgery he performed, in addition to her own clinic duty.

He was basically letting her do all the menial tasks, affording her no free time.

It was only three hours later when they stepped out of the operating room, but before Irene could catch her breath, Stephen sent her to compile a patient’s medical history.

“Put everything in a folder and leave it inside the center drawer of my desk. Make sure no one sees it,” he told her.

“Okay,” Irene replied.

Later, as she carefully put everything together, she glanced at the patient’s photo and found it familiar.

She soon remembered—she saw her face back at Jefferson Manor in another photo. It was kept in a photo frame beside a box, and when she knocked it over, Isaac’s ensuing reaction was so violent the moment was etched clearly in her mind.

That photo was of Isaac’s parents, and the patient’s photo held a strong resemblance to Isaac’s mother!

The resemblance was striking... Could she be a relative of Isaac’s mother?

However, she was aware that Isaac’s mother was an only daughter, and she also learned from Stan that Isaac’s maternal grandparents had also passed away years ago.

That meant Isaac's maternal line was gone, and without any relatives alive in that family tree, this patient was probably not related to them.

And doppelgangers are known to exist in this world anyway...

Nonetheless, Stephen entered the room, and frowned when he saw that Irene had yet to put the folder in

his drawer.

"What are you doing? Aren't you done yet?"

Irene promptly shelved those thoughts and put the folder in the drawer, before walking up to Stephen and asking. "Why aren't you keeping her file with the other patients'?"

"She's my wife's friend," Stephen flatly replied. "Special privilege."

"Oh."

Stephen then told her, "We have a new patient. He has a congenital heart defect—take him to imaging."

"Okay."

As she did, she passed by the ultrasound room and saw the 'journalist' she noticed before.

Chad Ross was lending her an arm, grinning ear-to-ear but being careful nonetheless. "Are you alright, darling?"

The journalist' nodded.

Irene had thought that the 'journalist' resembled Whitney before... And it turned out that she was Chad's wife too? Was that why he married her?

Honestly, Chad was so hopeless...

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While Irene stared blankly at the woman who resembled Whitney Cox, the woman saw her as well.

She initially appeared surprised to see Irene, but soon spite showed in her eyes.

Irene had already noticed that the other woman had been looking at her funny before, and could not help frowning when she clearly saw that this time as well.

Why the hostility? They were not even acquainted.

Chad spotted Irene as well just then, and quickly pulled her away, and whispered once they were out of earshot, "You're pregnant Payback can wait."

"Yeah," she replied, but she clearly was not giving up.

Even so, she was now reliant on Chad and would never dare to go against him excessively.

In fact, she never wanted a child, and always used protection—but she got pregnant anyway.

Since Chad loved the child, she had to keep it, but was also determined to lose it if it became an obstacle to her revenge.

Meanwhile, after Irene helped another patient to get an ultrasound, she looked through the medical history of the journalist.”

It turned out that she was 21-year-old Lindsay Slate.

However, although she was not Whitney or of the same age, Irene found that woman unusual, especially in the way she looked at Irene.

Irene knew must get to the bottom of this, but that means she would have to do her own investigating- she could not ask Isaac since he was still not done with his business.

It was 8 p.m. when she finally left work, and it was early for her. Still, she did not go home immediately, and instead made a copy of the file on Lindsay before heading to Spencer Mansion.

She was going to let Ricky Spencer look into the matter himself, but the instant she entered her old home, she found Lulu Adams applying disinfectant to Ricky’s back.

Ricky was in worse condition than Isaac after that close shave with the bomb, and his hand only regained movement lately.

As Irene walked up to them, she joked, “You’re a lucky boy, Ricky.”

Ricky smiled awkwardly in return, and was actually afraid to look Irene in the eye—Lulu had been

tending to his injuries since she started staying there over the last few days. He found out that Lulu and Irene were friends in medical school, which explains her skill and dexterity since she must be a doctor too.

Irene arched her back so that she whispered directly into Ricky’s ear, and asked, “So? She’s good, isn’t she?”

While Ricky did not hesitate to nod, Irene continued, “Still, I think you’re the only one living she attended

to.”

Ricky suddenly felt the creeps from her words.

What was that supposed to mean? Was he the only one to survive Lulu’s treatment?

“What are you talking about?”

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Irene straightened herself. “She didn’t tell you?”

Ricky blinked. “Tell me what?”

“She’s a forensic doctor who examines dead bodies. You’re her only living patient.”



Ricky stared at Irene for two seconds before leaping off the couch, staring at Lulu and stammering, “Y-You work on dead bodies?”

Lulu nodded, but tried to make her job sound creepy in the knowledge that Irene was messing with Ricky. “You really are the first living patient I had. I’ve never attended to living people, and it is with these Hands that I hold my scalpel, cut into those stiff bodies, slicing through their chest...”

“Stop.” Ricky gulped, and stared at Lulu’s hands—they were pretty and fair, her joints pronounced...

But the thought that she cut dead people left him with goosebumps.

“You girls are terrible.” Ricky pouted like a puppy, while Irene and Lulu giggled.

Then, seeing the folder Irene was holding, Lulu asked, “What’s that?”

Irene took a seat on the couch and was about to answer when a dark blur dropped in front of her, and she turned pale!

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Ricky had dropped right in front of her!

As Irene worriedly went up to check him, Lulu asked, “Did we scare him that badly?”

Irene checked Ricky’s breathing while replying, “He’s an adult. There’s no way he’d get spooked that easy.”

If he were, he would be everyone’s laughing stock once word of it gets out!

And unsurprisingly, Ricky was playing dead—which was a little insulting to Irene and Lulu, considering that they were both doctors.

Knowing that he was fine, Irene said, “What girl would marry you if something like that would leave you passed out? All girls love brave men and having a sense of security—I guess you’re going to be alone forever.”

Ricky opened his eyes right then and leaped off the floor, dusting himself although he was not actually dirty.

“Killjoy.”

Lulu giggled. “Playing dead around doctors doesn’t even make sense.”

Ricky pouted and shot back, “There are no men who would fall for women like you.”

Irene shrugged. “Sorry to disappoint you, then—we’re both taken.”

Ricky was left at a loss of words, and admitted to himself that he could not defeat them right there.

“I’m going to bed.”

“Wait.” Irene stopped him just as she was about to leave. “I need a favor.”

“What is it?” Ricky asked.

Passing her the document folder, she said, "Find a way to investigate this person."

Ricky read through the file, but the details were vague since there was only the patient's name, address, and a brief summary of her medical history.

When he saw that it was a pregnant woman, he asked excitedly, "Is Isaac having an affair?"

Irene glared at him right then. "What are you talking about?!"

"Why else would you ask me to investigate a pregnant woman?" Ricky pointed out. "Anyway, just come back here with Tommy if he really is dumping you. I'll work hard to make a living."

Irene rolled her eyes. How did he jump to that conclusion?

"No way!" Lulu became prying as well, since she had been watching for a while. "He's cheating on you already? To think that I actually had a good opinion on him before..."

"Shut up, both of you," Irene snapped seriously. "This has nothing to do with him. I just find this person weird, and I want to know more."

Ricky and Lulu stopped joking then, with Ricky saying, "Alright, I'll have something soon."

Irene nodded. "I'm going back now."

"It's late. Why don't you just stay the night?" Rick asked.

"It's been a day since I saw Tornmy. I want to check on him," Irene said, rising to her feet.

Ricky had no reason to insist, since she had her own family.

When Irene returned to the mansion, only Mrs. Watson returned to the living room.

As she changed out of her shoes, she told Mrs. Watson, "I'm hungry."

She had not eaten anything until now, after all.

Mrs. Watson had kept some food heated for her so that she could eat anytime, and while Mrs. Watson put everything on the table, she washed her hands and headed to the dining room.

As she took her seat, the scrumptious scent of food left her stomach growling, and she was stopping short of salivating.

While she started eating, however, Mrs. Watson told her, "Mr. Jefferson hasn't eaten yet."

She usually would not meddle, but Isaac did not eat at all and was staying in his room.

Irene looked up and asked, "Is he sick?"

"How should I know? I just work here," Mrs. Watsons complained. "You share a bed with him, and you should be aware if anything is wrong with him."

From her point of view, Irene was so busy she would not care for Isaac or her family.

Still, even as Irene slowly chewed her food now, it did not seem as tasty as a moment before.

In fact, she had been enjoying it, since she would otherwise be too preoccupied that Isaac had another woman in his heart. Breathing a long sigh, she said, "Yeah."

"You're married. You should care more for each other," Mrs. Watson told her.

Irene nodded. "Yeah. I wasn't being considerate."

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After eating a few more mouthfuls, Irene took a shower before returning to their room.

It was pitch-black inside—none of the lights were on, and she had to use the dull glow of the moon to see. Isaac was lying on his side, and she could not tell if he was asleep.

He was not reacting at all when she came in, and as she sat on the bed, she asked softly. "Are you asleep?"

There was no response, so Irene slid underneath the blanket, lying down as she wrapped her hands around his waist from behind. "I know you're awake."

His breathing was even, but she had a feeling that he was not asleep.

"I've been busy—"

Isaac suddenly turned around before she could finish, staring fixedly at her with his hawkish eyes in the darkness.

"Why didn't you answer me if you're awake?" Irene asked.

He still would not answer, but in the next instant, he had moved on top of her.

Irene was too tired and appeared lethargic, so he asked, "No?"

Irene shook her head and explained, "No, I'm just..."

"Just what?" Isaac leaned in before she could answer, putting his lips over hers.

After their last conversation, it was obvious that they were both upset that they had other people in their

lives. Even so, they tried to act as if nothing happened, with Isaac being a total tsundere and refusing to admit that he was jealous of Irene's 'upperclassman'.

He bit her lips a little forcefully, but she did not resist although she was frowning in pain—she simply thought he was venting.

"Bad day at work?" she asked softly.

Isaac did not respond. Instead, his hand simply unbuttoned her blouse, his fingers spread over her beating heart as he growled overbearingly, "From now on, pretend that I'm the only one in here."

Irene pursed her lips, but quietly murmured, "Okay."

She did not tell him to do the same—to act as if she was the only one in his heart, because she did not want to be disappointed.

Nonetheless, he was especially needy tonight, and being exhausted in the first place, she almost passed out while her whole body ached.

Naturally, she overslept the next day.

Isaac had already woken up and left the bed, but she was exhausted and her legs were sore, and she did not want to get out of her bed at all. However, all drowsiness left her when she checked her phone and saw that it was already past nine.

She moved too quickly—or perhaps because last night had really been grilling, she almost fell, and had to hold on to the nightstand to stop herself from falling.

She stood for a while to adjust herself and start moving again when the door suddenly opened.

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“Who is it?!” she snapped, panickedly dropping back onto bed and sliding underneath the blanket, because she was left naked after last night!

“It’s me,” Isaac said, entering and closing the door behind him.

She breathed a sigh of relief, but shot him with an unhappy look as she remembered what he did last night. “I overslept. You could have woken me up.”

Still, he walked up to her and retorted, “I saw that you were exhausted, so I let you sleep in. Am I at fault here?”

Irene knew that she could not win in an argument, so did not bother to fire back. “I’m already late. I need to get dressed.”

With that, she got out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

Her body was covered in hickeys, each of which had not faded overnight.

The sight of the body that left him obsessed—from her stunning figure to her fair skin—made Isaac’s gaze darken.

She had barely set a foot in the bathroom when a firm hand wrapped around her waist!

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Then, she felt herself fall into a firm, warm embrace!

She curled up by instinct, and turned to look at Isaac, asking softly, “What are you doing? You scared me.”

Isaac watched her and growled, “You’re the one who stayed naked to seduce me.”

Irene was speechless. She did not even want to be naked, and he was the one she was for!

She whispered pleadingly, “Look, I’m tired, and I’m really late.”

“Yeah,” he said softly and carried her into the shower... and then did nothing.

She had been losing weight, which made him restrain himself.

Suddenly, Mrs. Watson was knocking on the door. “Mr. Jefferson? Stan Hill is here. He says it’s urgent.”

Irene heard her and shoved him. “Go.”

Isaac kept staring at her. “You don’t want me to leave at all, do you?”

Irene was speechless—she did think so but would never say it. Smiling, she reached out from the bathtub, wrapping her hands around his neck and splashing him with crystalline drops of water. “Stay here, then,” Thud, thud.

Mrs. Watson knocked on the door again, urgently this time.

“Mr. Jefferson...?”

Isaac left the bathroom then, taking a towel as he did to wipe his drenched neck.

Opening the door, he asked, “What is it?”

Stan walked up to him with a grim look. “Something just came in, sir.”

Stan handed him an envelope, and he opened it to find a photo.

His expression changed the instant he saw it.

“Come with me.”

He closed the door and headed to the study with Stan in tow.

They stayed there for little over ten minutes before leaving the mansion, and were gone by the time Irene stepped out.

After a quick breakfast, she gave Tommy a peck on the cheek and said, “Please take care of Tommy, Mrs. Watson.”

“It’s what I should do.” Mrs. Watson smiled.

Irene is earnestly grateful for someone as dutiful as Mrs. Watson, who took good care of Tommy so that she had nothing to worry about while at work.

She was just about to leave when she remembered something. “Has Isaac left?”

“Yes,” Mrs. Watson replied. “It sounded like something urgent.”

Irene nodded.

Along the way to Melville Hospital, she was checking her phone and saw more articles about Quincy. She would be in court today, and a verdict would be made public soon.

Did Stan come to talk about Quincy?

But it should have been a foregone conclusion, with no surprises expected...

Though she was puzzled, her car already arrived at the hospital, so she alighted.

When she arrived at Stephen's office, Stephen was already done with his rounds and was now reading through a patient's medical history.

Looking up at her with a serious face, he growled, "Just arrived, did we?"

Having no excuse, Irene gingerly entered and softly said, "I didn't mean to be late--"

"There is feedback from other doctors that we don't have enough rest areas, so clean up the storeroom so it can be used, and do it by today. Also, sort out every file on every patient we had over the last month."

Irene gaped. "There's so much stuff in the storeroom. I don't think I can--"

"Add in the time you spent sleeping in, and it would be enough," Stephen said mercilessly and left.

He had always been demanding toward Irene, and basically made her do everything.

Naturally, cleaning up the storeroom and sorting the patients' files was her punishment.

She would never finish that in one day, but he told her to do it anyway.

He was crazy!

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However, Irene was all too willing to receive her punishment because she admired Stephen for his exceptional ability.

Still, she only managed to clean up the storeroom around 4 p.m.

She was exhausted and did not have lunch, but she did not stop to catch her breath—she wanted to head home before midnight, and so quickly left to sort the patients' files.

Still, Stephen suddenly showed up at the door. "Come with me. Leave that to someone else."

"Chief." Irene quickly put down everything and followed.

Stephen may be uptight and demanding, but he was really trying to teach her. He would always bring her along during his surgeries, and he had her come along this time as well since the patient had an atypical medical history.

As they entered a patient's ward, Stephen handed Irene an MRI scan. "What do you see?"

Irene started studying it when someone called out to her.

"Irene Spencer?"

She turned to find Harvey Gooding standing by the patient's bed, and asked in surprise, "Why are you here?"

“That’s my mother,” he said.

As Irene turned toward the woman lying in bed, Harvey continued, “I heard that Dr. Spencer is a specialist on heart disease, so I brought her here.”

Irene understood then, and turned back to the MRI scan. “Ventricular fibrillation and aortic stenosis, leading to heart failure. It’s potentially dangerous.”

Stephen nodded in satisfaction—her observation was quick and precise. “I suggest an operation as soon as possible,” he told the patient, “or there would be danger if this is allowed to continue.”

“What are her chances, doctor?” Harvey asked.

“Fifty–fifty.”

Harvey was clearly dissatisfied with that answer. That would be no different from flipping a coin!

“The odds may swing either way, but she won’t survive if she doesn’t take the surgery at all,” Stephen calmly said. “You can think about it, but don’t take too long—there are no other options given your mother’s condition.”

With that, he left with Irene, and suddenly asked as they strode along the walkway, “What do you think about this surgery?”

“It would be ideal if she undergoes it as soon as possible,” Irene answered without hesitation.

“Ventricular fibrillation is potentially dangerous already, but with aortic stenosis as well, that’s a heart failure at any moment.”

Stephen nodded. “Good. Are you acquainted with the patient’s family?”

Irene nodded. “Yes.”

‘Make it very clear to him, if he asks.’

Irene knew that. “I will.”

“Irene?” Harvey called out, suddenly appearing behind them..

Stephen seemed to have expected that and said flatly, “Go on.”

Irene nodded and walked toward Harvey, saying, “Shall we talk somewhere else?”

Harvey was certainly willing since he had questions, and they headed to the small garden behind the hospital, which was a good spot.

Staring at Irene for a while, he then asked, “I need you to be honest... Can we keep the surgery risk–free?” Irene shook her head right then. “No.”

“Look, my father has passed away, and it’s just me and my mom. She’s very important to me, and even though I get annoyed with her sometimes because she’s very stern, I understand that it’s for my own good.

This was the first time Harvey had ever laid bare his soul and spoken about his family, and Irene certainly understood. Even so, she said, "If you want her to stay with you, the surgery is your best option. I'm sure you came because you heard about Stephen, and I think you can definitely trust him."

Harvey stared at her for a while at that and Irene became uncomfortable, so she excused herself, saying, "I still have work to do. I need to go."

Harvey caught her wrist. "Could you stay with me for a while?"

Irene refused and tried to shake him off. "I still have work to do."

Harvey was going to let go, but tightened his hold when he saw a certain man approaching and pulled her into his arms!

### Chapter 350

Irene was left stunned for seconds, before coming to her senses and firmly pushed Harvey away, snapping angrily, "Are you crazy?!"

Why did he suddenly wrap his arms around her? Who did he take her for?

However, because she had her back to him, she could not see the reaction on the other man's face—he could only see Harvey smirking despicably.

"Sorry." Harvey then quietly apologized.

Irene glared at him. "Just agree to your mother's surgery already."

With that, she returned inside Melville Hospital through the back door, never looking back as she did—or she would have noticed Isaac glowering.

Harvey naturally did that on purpose when he saw Isaac there, and hugged Irene to annoy Isaac.

After all, Harvey never managed to get the better of Isaac, and just wanted to annoy him a little just then. Naturally, Isaac's glower left Harvey feeling cathartic, and the latter smiled for the first time since his mother was taken ill. Even then, he pretended to be sympathetic and told Isaac, "Don't misunderstand- I'm here because my mother was just hospitalized, and Irene was just trying to reassure me. You're not going to be that petty that you'd be upset, right?"

Beside them, seeing how Harvey was in need of a beating just then, Stan raised a fist right then.

Nonetheless, Isaac raised a hand to stop him. "You'd just cheapen yourself."

Stan lowered his hand then and snorted. "Audacious, aren't you? You know she's married with a child, but you're still being so clingy. It has to be either because you've never met women, or there are issues with your upbringing... Or maybe that's how your momma has educated you? To mess around with married women?"

"What was that?!" Harvey scolded right then—he would never be this upset if Stan only mocked him...

But not his mother!



Stan, however, was not worried about upsetting him. “What, you couldn’t hear? Are you deaf?”

Harvey promptly charged at him and grabbed his collar, growling furiously, “You asked for this.”

“Oh, yeah? You think you stand a chance?” Stan was not afraid at all, and actually looked as if he had already won—he had training, after all.

Nonetheless, Harvey was not going to take it from him, and promptly launched a jab in his face.

He would be no man if he did not defend his mother’s honor!

Stan was actually surprised that Harvey would do it, but was only left stumped for seconds before retaliation.

As the two grown men wrestled, Isaac wrinkled his brow as he stood watching nearby. “Stan, we have work to do.”

In other words, they should not be wasting time on something as inconsequential as this.

Stan quickly knocked Harvey to the floor right then—being born into privilege and leading a comfortable life, Harvey stood no chance in the first place anyway.

“Stay away from Irene Spencer,” he growled at Harvey. “She’s Mr. Jefferson’s wife.”

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With that, he returned to Isaac, wiping his mouth as he explained, “I shouldn’t have done that, but I just can’t stand him being smug.”

Isaac said nothing, since Stan was standing up for him.

They headed straight through the back door and went looking for Irene.

She was drafting the surgical procedure as Stephen had told her to, and was absorbed in her computer as

she worked.

As such, she did not notice anyone at the door and only saw Isaac when he arrived before her table.\*

“W—Why are you here?” She quickly flashed a smile even as she stood up in surprise. “Picking me up after work?”

“I want you to come with me overseas for a while,” Isaac said directly.

He had actually come to tell her that he would be leaving for a while, and that she should stay with Tommy since it would be inconvenient bringing a baby along.

It was going to be a short trip anyway, but after learning that Harvey’s mother was in this hospital and seeing Harvey hug her, Isaac wanted her to go with him.

However, Irene had not been working as a doctor for over a year, and just resumed her profession for days. Moreover, her department lacked manpower.

“Is this important?” she asked, not keen on taking time off. “I’m busy, and I might not be able to apply for time off anyway. Also, I just got this job, and I don’t want to leave a bad impression-

Isaac suddenly cut her short. “I’ve told you before: I can get you a job at any hospital.”

Irene was irked by that attitude—the attitude as if he could get anything he wanted with his authority.

“I have my own ideals, Isaac, and not everything is about money or authority. Is that all there is in your world?”