

## Runaway 391

### Chapter 391

Mrs. Watson said, "I don't know-it's from a courier, and I didn't open it."

On the other hand, out of curiosity, Irene picked up the invitation and opened it....

Only to find Zachary Slate's name on it.

Her eyes widened. "Zachary is getting married already?"

She then checked the bride's name and saw that it was 'Ember Lindt'.

Was that the woman who got into bed with Zachary?

Irene's face fell at the very thought. How many days had it been since Zachary broke up with Lulu? And he was getting married already?

How terrible would Lulu feel if she were to find out?

She heaved a sigh.

Isaac walked up to her then and read the invitation but did not comment.

He and Zachary were close, but he would not ask about Zachary's private affairs, and would rather Irene. did not either.

"He's an adult. He knows what he's doing-you don't have to worry about him."

Despite understanding that, Irene said, "Yes, it's Zachary's marriage and his choice. No one can interfere... but I just feel bad for Lulu."

"As long as you understand that," Isaac said.

"Still, Zachary moves quickly," Irene continued. "He's been with Lulu for so long, but there was no sign that they might get married... With Ember, on the other hand-"

Before she could finish, Isaac suddenly took her by the wrist and dragged her toward their bedroom.

"What are you doing?" she asked, but he kept quiet.

It was only when they were inside that he closed the door and wrapped an arm around her waist. Pushing her up against the door, he then kissed her with deadly precision, leaving her dumbfounded.

In broad daylight?!

She struggled a little, "Isaac, what are you doing...?"

"Let's have another baby."

In reality, Isaac's feelings were all over the place, as if he was empty inside.

But with Irene, he truly felt alive, and that he was flesh and blood.

On the other hand, Irene felt parched-Isaac had always been able to arouse her easily.

However, she was still rational enough.

“Tommy is still a baby. Let’s wait until he’s older...”

Isaac stopped right then, and lowered his gaze to meet hers. “Is that why you’ve been using contraception?”

Irene gasped in surprise. “What..?”

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Isaac picked up her fake bottle of vitamin pills and waved it at her.

“Look, I mean no harm...” she quickly said.

“And?”

Isaac was actually willing to listen, but Irene was suddenly afraid to tell him-he would certainly get upset. if she told him that she wanted to keep working.

As such, she wrapped her arms around Isaac’s waist and looked up into his eyes. “It’s not like I don’t want more children. I just want to wait until he’s older...”

“Really?”

Isaac, however, had long since seen through her-it was about her work.

As such, he told her simply and solemnly, “I want more children, especially a daughter.”

“I know,” Irene replied, and was reminded of something else just then. “By the way, did you know that Whitney Cox is alive?”

“What?”

“Yeah, she wasn’t dead. She had plastic surgery, changed her name, and married Chad Ross.”

Isaac actually did not know, and narrowed his eyes.

Whitney had actually survived?

So that was why he found Chad’s bride resembling her... so it was her, but after undertaking a plastic surgery.

The thought that she had hurt Irene and made her lose one child left his spite burning.

However, Irene was not about to let Whitney get into Isaac’s head since Layla Gooding took priority.” Whitney’s probably not doing well at the moment, though-she aborted Chad’s kid, and he’s not going to let it go. Layla’s situation is more pressing, and I’m thinking we should arrange for a neurologist to check what that thing in her head is.”

“I’ll arrange for one,” Isaac said.

As Irene nodded, however, he realized that Irene was deliberately changing the subject. He tapped her on the tip of her nose. "Smart."

Irene bit her lip to play cute. "That's because I've always been around you."

Isaac chuckled in amusement. "Are you saying that you're getting smarter because of me?"

"Of course," Irene replied, smiling too.

Isaac had a twinkle in his eye, and suddenly laughed.

Weirded out, Irene asked, "What's so funny?"

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"Come closer, and I'll tell you."

Irene hesitated for a moment, but walked up to Isaac anyway, only for him to reach out and pull her toward himself, firmly holding her in his arms.

Irene's hands pushed against his chest to keep them apart. Blushing, she whispered, "W-What are you doing?"

"Just telling you why I was laughing."

He then leaned down to breathe flirtily into her ear, "My wit passed into you when we did it, don't you think?"

Irene flushed.

How shameless could he be?!

"

She shot him a glare in embarrassment. "You're so... vulgar!"

Isaac chuckled. "Vulgar? Who cares, when I'm with you? We certainly wouldn't have had Tommy if we cared."

Irene was left speechless-where did his usual noble loftiness go? He was just a common scoundrel now! Worried that he would keep going, she said, "Anyway, we should get an expert soon."

"Yeah. I'll go make a call."

Isaac just wanted a moment of respite with her to ease his mind anyway, since flirting with Irene relaxed him.

However, there was no running away from reality.

Irene took the moment to check on Tommy, who, despite his lethargy, kept calling out, "Mah-mah, mah-mah..."

She picked him up and gave him a peck on the cheek, while the baby leaned against her limply, too tired. after his fever to flail around like he usually did.

“Stick to milk for now,” Irene told Mrs. Watson just then—a fever would hamper appetite, so they should stick to milk and water for the time being.

“Yes, the doctor said as much,” Mrs. Watson replied.

Isaac then arrived after finishing his phone call. “We can go now.”

As such, Irene had to leave Tommy with Mrs. Watson, but she said, “Don’t worry—just do what you have to. I’ll take good care of Tommy.”

Irene nodded, then left with Isaac.

They headed to Central Hospital to meet the expert Zachary introduced, and the man himself was already waiting at the entrance when they arrived.

However, seeing Zachary reminded Irene that he was going to get married soon, and she felt just a little uncomfortable.

She was not going to meddle, but as a friend and fellow woman, she was still on Lulu’s side. From their perspective, Zachary marrying so soon after breaking up with Lulu seemed heartless.

On the other hand, Zachary appeared quite calm and asked, “Have you received the invitation?”

“Yeah,” Irene replied flatly.

Zachary stayed silent for a while, before saying, “See you there.”

“Yeah,” Irene said, putting an arm around Isaac’s just then.

Knowing that Irene and Lulu were quite close, Zachary could understand why Irene was a little unfriendly and did not blame her for it. “Let’s go—my colleague is waiting.”

As they entered the hospital, Irene actually felt a little emotional that they were here again.

She had dreamed of working here, and despite the chance she was given before, she had to leave because of various matters—she could only hope that she still had a chance.

Soon, Zachary led them to the office of the Head of Neurology.

Before this, Irene had asked the doctor who performed the CT scan on Layla at Evenal Hospital to send the imaging of Layla’s skull over, since the doctor would not have done so otherwise.

Once they received the imaging, Dr. Trent—the Head of Neurology—began to study the dark spot in Layla’s brain.

“Could you tell what it is? It hampered the patient’s memory,” Irene said.

“It’s almost certainly going to hamper her memory since it’s positioned at the hippocampus,” Dr. Trent replied. “My observation is that it’s an inhibitor chip, but anything of the like is said to still be in development, be it domestic or foreign. Not many patients would have it implanted too... May I meet this patient?”

Such a case was rare, and Dr. Trent was certainly eager to take Layla's case for his research and studies.

"Would a surgery at this stage be risky?" Irene asked instead-she was not well-versed in neurology, and therefore needed to learn the risks involved in a surgery.

"Well, judging from the imaging, it is dropping further down her temporal lobe. That would cause headaches and probably kill her soon if she doesn't undergo any surgery anyway."

That was a specialist for you-getting to the point straightaway.

"What are the chances of success for a surgery?" Irene asked, since Stephen Carr was not a specialist.. There was every chance he could have mispositioned the inhibitor chip, and he had already performed at follow-up surgery on Layla.

A specialist would have placed the chip squarely in the right spot with no chance of it being dislocated later. However, Mick Gooding was so worried that others would find out that he picked Stephen because the latter was a friend, even though he was making a cardiologist perform neurosurgery.

"That would have to wait until I see the patient," Dr. Trent replied, clearly not taking any chances by saying anything definitive.

"Thank you," Irene said, and left the hospital.

It was only after they left Dr. Trent's office when Zachary finally asked, "Who's the patient? Is she someone special?"

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Zachary had been busy for a while-he was bogged down by everything from family issues and relationship troubles to workplace problems.

He had not met Isaac for a while, and so did not know about Layla.

Irene glanced at Isaac, and knowing that he would not offer information on his personal affairs, she spoke in his stead. "She's Isaac's mother."

"What?!" Zachary exclaimed.

He stopped short of mouthing an expletive, but that was just how shocking it was-anyone would be when they find out that someone who was supposed to have died over a decade ago had survived. Irene said, "That's just it. We still don't know how she survived, and what happened after."

It took Zachary a while to digest the information-it was simply unbelievable!

Still, he suddenly asked, "Is this why you've spared Ian Jefferson and Light Group?"

Even though he was not paying attention to Isaac's affairs lately, he was perfectly aware that Isaac was the one who sabotaged Light Group.

After all, he was involved in business now as well, and while it was a hunch before, he was now positive- Ian had fallen squarely into Isaac's trap, and Isaac would have crushed him along with Light Group if he kept going.

However, he suddenly spared them, and Zachary could not understand that all.

So, was this the reason?

On the other hand, Isaac gave Zachary a brief glance before taking Irene's hand and leaving.

Once outside the entrance, however, he released her and said, "Go home. I have something to do."

Irene had a hunch. "You're going to see Mick Gooding."

After all, Layla's condition could not wait, and though Isaac was silent, he was basically admitting to it.

Straightening his collar which was actually quite tidy already, she said, "I'll always be on your side. You have my support."

Isaac gave her hand a squeeze then and she smiled. "Go. I don't have to work, so I'll make dinner tonight." "Yeah," Isaac said softly, and she watched as he left.

She only stopped a taxi after his car disappeared into the distance, when her phone suddenly rang. When she answered it, Stephen quickly told her, "I need you at the hospital, stat."

"Did something happen?"

"Yes. You have to come right now."

"Okay, I will," she replied.

"Get here as fast as you can."

Irene was actually a little anxious since there were no taxis in sight at the moment. It must be serious, too -Stephen could lose composure before.

While she was lucky to catch a taxi soon, it still took her half an hour to reach Melville Hospital.

The instant she arrived, a nurse approached her. "Dr. Carr wants you in the OR, stat."

"The OR?" Irene was puzzled. "An unscheduled surgery?"

"Yes," the nurse replied. "A patient was rushed in unconscious. Things look bad, and Dr. Carr himself is operating on her."

Irene understood then and quickly scrubbed up before heading into the OR, and walked up to Stephen when she saw him. "Dr. Carr."

Stephen looked up and said, "Over here."

On approach, Irene saw that it was a craniotomy instead of the usual thoracic surgery... and as if realizing right then, she glanced at the patient's face.

It really was Layla.

Even as Irene's face turned pale, Stephen told her, "Mick rushed her here when she suddenly fainted. Imaging showed a brain hemorrhage, and it was very urgent so I had to get involved-I want to save her too..."

Irene paid him no attention-all she knew was that she had to save Layla, because Isaac had just found Layla and she could not even remember him!

Nonetheless, the ECG suddenly started beeping, while another nurse cried, "Blood pressure dropping!" "Patient is going into cardiac arrest!"

As everything seemed to go wrong all at once, Stephen actually lost composure at the surgical table." "Shit."

"Cardiopulmonary bypass," Irene said.

Everyone from the nurses to the assistants tried their best to help, while Stephen passed Irene the scalpel. "Here."

Irene's eyes widened-she had never performed a craniotomy before, and it was risky.

That was when the ECG flatlined.

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Irene forced herself to stay calm. "I'll resuscitate the patient."

"It won't work." Stephen said-he knew from the start that the surgery itself was almost hopeless.

In fact, he called in Irene because he had his own agenda.

"You never know until you try!" Irene snapped, ignoring him and pressing her full weight on Layla's ribs, pumping as hard as she could.

It was taxing, and she was soon sweating buckets.

Even though beads of sweat as large as peas trickled off her hair and rained over Layla's face, she did not give up.

"I'll save her! I won't let her die!"

As there was still no response on the ECG, she tried the defibrillators next.

Although Layla's body rose inches into the air from the jolt, it landed heavily soon after, and there was still no response.

"Vitals lost," someone said.

Irene flipped out right then. "Who was that?!"

She would save Layla whatever it took-that was the only thought on Irene's mind, because Layla was Isaac's only family and she mattered to him.

However, even as Irene continued with defibrillation, Layla's body only moved in response to the jolt, but her vitals were not recovering at all.

Eventually, Stephen stopped her futile efforts. "It's been half an hour. It's the same even if you keep going..."

Irene's eyes were red. "How did this happen? How?!"

Stephen actually averted his eyes, and turned toward everyone else, gesturing for them to leave.

Irene was not aware, but everyone there was loyal to him.

After all, he had instructed many interns, and it was no issue finding a handful whom he could trust..

"Irene," he said after picking his words. "We need to talk."

Irene was standing stiffly by the surgical table, however, watching Layla's lifeless body as if she could not hear him.

It was as if she had fallen into an icy abyss, enveloped by coldness and darkness, with nothing able to reach her.

Her mind was empty... until Stephen barked at her, "She's dead, even if you don't want to admit it!"

Irene turned stiffly toward Stephen then. "You knew-you knew that she couldn't be saved from the start."

"Yes." Stephen did not deny it.

Irene's eyes were very red. "Why didn't you send her to another hospital? There might have been a chance.

"There was none. It happened out of the blue, and she was already in a coma when she was brought here."

Stephen closed his eyes-this was neither what he wanted nor what he wanted to see. However, he also knew that he called Irene here for this very moment, even though it would completely be against her will.

"There's something I want to ask of you-I want you to announce that you're the one who performed the surgery on her."

What?!

At that very moment, she realized that she had worshiped the wrong person.

"I know that you'll no longer respect me after I ask this," Stephen sighed. "But if you don't do it, neither Mick nor myself will survive this."

Irene's lips curled up in a cold smile, and she rasped, "Did you think Isaac will spare Mick just because I announced that I killed her? You don't know the man."



“Actually, I do,” Stephen replied quietly. “As a citizen of Cloud City, it’s inevitable that I’d hear a thing or two—that’s exactly why I’m asking for your help.”

Irene was left at a loss of words. “So, you knew there’s no saving her, and you called me here to become your scapegoat?”

“Yes,” Stephen admitted, looking her in the eye as he said so. “I know it’s out of line and absolutely terrible. For you, but there’s no other choice. This is the only way I can save Mick—he’s genuinely in love with Yvaine, and he was the one who carried her to me. She was barely alive, and he begged me to save her. Her injury was so extensive even needed a kidney transplant, and he did not hesitate to give his kidney to

her.”

“Miraculously, they were a match. Mick is the reason Yvaine survived this long, and I don’t want him to suffer Isaac Jefferson’s wrath because of this. Yes, there might’ve been hope to turn things around if Yvaine survived, but she’s dead, and there’s no doubt that Isaac will blame Mick after he made her lose her memories. It’s not to mention that the inhibitor chip was exactly why she died anyway.”

“But you’re different. You’re Isaac’s wife, and if you claimed that it was a mishap in the surgical process and not the chip, he wouldn’t be that eager for reprisals.”

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Irene simply thought it hilarious. “Yvaine died because of Mick’s selfishness. Yes, he saved her at first, but he also killed her, didn’t he? He wanted that inhibitor chip planted because he wanted her to forget the past, and if it was never implanted, it would never have caused her coma. Are you saying that he’s not a murderer for that? Don’t you think that Isaac should get revenge as Yvaine’s son?”

“Mick genuinely loved Yvaine,” Stephen replied.

He did not shy from asking Irene to sacrifice herself because he wanted to save Mick. After being friends for years with the man, he knew how Mick felt toward Yvaine.

“Sure he is, but does Yvaine really love him back? If she did, why would she have married Andrew Jefferson? Moreover, did he have Yvaine’s permission to implant that chip?”

Irene was convinced that Mick was selfish—he had stolen Yvaine’s memories, and used love to disguise his crime of stealing another man’s wife and a boy’s mother.

“I won’t agree to this—no way. I won’t allow this to drive a wedge between my husband and myself, and you keep saying that Mick loves Yvaine, but that’s coercion more than anything.”

“It’s love,” Stephen insisted.

“I won’t agree to this.” Irene was resolute.

“Can’t you do me this favor, seeing that I defended you before?”

“No. I’m grateful that you were on my side against Whitney Cox, and I’ll always remember that. However, this isn’t something I can help with-Isaac has a right to know the truth, and none of us can take that away from him.”

Stephen understood that he had no choice then. “Alright.”

Heaving a deep sigh, he stepped outside and called Mick.

When Mick entered, Stephen said, “I’ve done all I could.”

It was obvious what Stephen meant, and Mick was left staring at him with beady eyes. “Would she have lived, if I’d agreed to the surgery sooner...?”

Stephen hung his head but said nothing-that was exactly the case.

Yvaine’s headache had happened for a while, but it was Mick’s inability to find the resolve to remove the inhibitor chip that led to this tragedy.

Irene was right about one thing: he had saved Yvaine, but he had also killed her.

Mick sighed and walked to the surgical table, and shuddered at the sight of Yvaine’s lifeless body.

He dropped to his knees with a loud thud, grasping her hand as he sobbed, his shoulders shaking as he did so. “Layla... It’s my fault. It’s all my fault... If only I’d agreed to the surgery sooner, this wouldn’t have happened... It’s all my fault...”

Mick started to bang his head against the floor, but Stephen kept his eyes closed and did not stop him.

Soon, Mick’s tears and snot were covering his face. It was as if he had been pulled into another world of sorrow beyond measure, and amid the overwhelming grief, he seemingly forgot that there were still people there with him, or the impression he was leaving.

“What am I going to do without you...” He was choking back his tears, and even as he kissed her hand, his tears pooled on the ground. “Piease, don’t leave me...”

Even Irene turned away then, realizing that she could feel that Mick genuinely loved Yvaine. Perhaps his selfishness and misguidedness was because he was so lost in love with her.

Taking off her surgical mask, she stepped out of the operating room and into the walkway, where she stood, staring blankly into the air.

“Dr. Spencer?” a nurse asked as she approached her.

Coming to her senses, Irene turned toward the nurse. “Yes?”

“There’s a courier waiting for you at the front desk, saying that you have a parcel waiting.”

“Okay.” Irene nodded.

She headed to the front desk where the courier was waiting, and asked when she saw her, “Excuse me, are you Irene Spencer?”

“Yes,” Irene replied.

“Here’s your parcel. Sign here please.”

Irene borrowed a pen from the front desk since she was still in her scrubs and she signed for the parcel.

However, her heart skipped a beat when she saw that the sender was Layla Gooding!

What could this be?!

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What could Layla have sent her?

Irene was unusually nervous, and curious to find out as soon as possible, she took the parcel to her office, sat down, and opened it.

There was a letter and a red velvet box within, and Irene’s hand paused for a moment instead of taking everything out immediately.

The thought that Layla was gone, and that these were her relics left her tearing up-not because of Layla herself, but because of Isaac.

He had just found her, but she was taken away soon after.

Tragedy and blessing happened with such quick succession that the gods must be mocking him.

In fact, no one could prepare for something like this!

Irene inhaled deeply several times to calm herself before opening the red velvet box, and saw that it contained a simple ring, but the yellow diamond embedded on it was dazzling.

She did not know much about jewelry, but could tell that it is worth a lot given the size and color.

She closed the box and returned it inside the parcel box, and eventually picked up the letter, tearing it open after a brief hesitation. She then read the letter which was penned with lines of beautiful handwriting

And then her face fell, with a look of bewilderment and helplessness.

[Lastly, I wish that you can keep this secret for me. Don’t tell anyone-least of all Isaac.]

[Yvaine Lynd]

Back at the operating room, Stephen had a hand on Mick’s shoulder. “Calm down. She’s gone now-you can’t bring her back.”

Mick was sitting limply on the floor, looking up at Stephen as he rasped, “I don’t want to live.”

“Get a hold of yourself,” Stephen reasoned, but he shook his head.

“No. What’s the point in living without her?”

Stephen pursed his lips and heaved a long sigh.

No matter how hard he tried, he could never save a person who had given up.

“Do you love her that much, that you’re going to kill yourself for it?” Stephen asked, despite knowing full well that Mick definitely could.

Still, Stephen could not give up on his friend, and hoped that Mick could accept Yvaine’s death and pick himself up-he still had a long life ahead of him.

“I would trade her life for mine,” Mick said earnestly.

“I know you would, but you’re probably not going to survive even if you want to,” Stephen said. “There’s no hiding Yvaine’s death, and if Isaac learns that you’re the cause, he’d-”

“He can do whatever he wants. I won’t hide-he’s her son, and I’d die willingly if he demands it. I won’t hurt him in return.”

“Do you really have to go that far?” Stephen sighed again-he was trying to help Mick, but the latter had clearly given up, so he gave up as well and started to leave. “Fine. I have no choice since you don’t want to live, but her body must be sent to the morgue.”

“No, stop!” Mick threw himself on top of Yvaine’s body as if possessed. “Maybe she’ll live again... Just like the last time!”

Looking Stephen in the eye then, he said, “Transplant my heart into her. You’re a cardiologist-you can save her, right?”

Stephen almost shouted at him if he had lost his mind-she was dead, and there was nothing that could be done!

“Please, try again.” Mick groveled, tugging at Stephen’s sleeve. “You’re my best friend. Please, help me again.”

Stephen was speechless, but he had done everything he could. “Mick, you really have to stop-she would be sad if you died. Live, so that she can rest in peace.”

That was when he noticed Irene standing at the doorway, and he almost jumped. “When did you get here?”

Irene’s eyes were red and swelling, seemingly because she had been crying. “A while ago. I heard everything.”

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Stephen heaved a soft sigh and glanced at Mick, who clearly did not care about appearances now. “You heard? Honestly, he really is embarrassing himself in front of youngsters now...”

Irene gave no comment-she would not be here at all if not for Yvaine’s letter.

She said, “I’ll take the fall.”

Stephen did a double take-she changed her mind already?

He could barely keep up!

“W-What was that?” he asked in slight disbelief.

"I said, I'll take the fall-"

"You don't have to. My selfishness killed her, and I don't want to live now that she's gone. You don't have to sacrifice yourself to protect me..."

Mick wobbled even as he rose to his feet and tried to carry Yvaine, but Irene said, "She remembered."

Mick froze, and turned around after a while. "W-What did you say?"

Stephen was looking at Irene in shock too. "How did you find out?"

"She wrote me a letter, addressing it here since she doesn't know where I live. I just read it-"

"What did she say?" Mick cried as he suddenly jumped toward Irene and grabbed her by the shoulders. "Tell me tell me right now! What did she say?!"

"She wants me to keep it a secret. I can't tell you."

"Where is it?" Mick was not about to give up. "You don't want to tell me? Fine, just give it to me right now!"

"I can't give it to you either."

Irene's tone and expression was aloof, and she brushed Mick's hand off and left in silence.

Mick was about to keep bugging her, but Stephen stopped him.

"I know Irene. She's not going to give you anything since she refused to, and there's even less of a chance since Yvaine has asked her to keep it a secret. Don't make things hard for her-didn't Irene just say that Yvaine would be sad if you died? I'm sure that was Yvaine, so you have to pull yourself together, or she won't rest in peace. Live-for her."

Mick turned toward Stephen. "She would be sad if I died?"

"Yes," Stephen assured him. "You've been living together for more than a decade. Even if she remembers, she would still have feelings for you after spending so much time with you."

Mick repeated as if possessed. "She would be sad if I died..."

"Yes, that's why you have to live," Stephen said.

After leaving the operating room, Irene sat on a bench in the garden outside of the hospital until sunset, and the streetlights lit up.

Suddenly, a huge shadow shrouded her, and she slowly looked up to find a familiar face.

"I'm sorry, Isaac..." she rasped.

Isaac remained serene. "It wasn't you, right?"

Irene's throat was parched even as her lips parted. "I-I..."

"Come on. We're going home."

However, Irene had been sitting for so long that her legs turned numb, and dropped on the bench again. when she tried to stand.

Isaac scooped her up in his arms, and she buried her face against his chest as crystalline tears trickled from the corner of her eyes.

Neither of them spoke as they headed home, but Irene could not stop herself from shedding tears. Even so, she did not dare to make a sound, and curled her lower lip, biting down on it even as Isaac kept his hands around her.

Her voice was hoarse from crying, with her nostrils stuffy and her eyes swelling. She was so exhausted that she dozed off, but was awake enough to hear the faint sound of a door closing, and was jolted awake.

She opened her eyes and saw that Isaac just left their bedroom, and she got out of bed.

She was still in her day clothes, which were now wrinkled unseemly. Tiptoeing to the door barefooted, she opened it to find James Cross and Stan Hill outside, following Isaac into his study.

She headed over, where the door was left ajar with a narrow slit, and she gingerly moved closer when she heard James speak.

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“We’ve consulted specialists, but it’s true. The doctor operating on Yvaine Lynd inadvertently snipped a vital nerve. Brain surgery always has its risks, and accidents tend to happen if it’s not the best of specialists. I’ve also made queries, and there were six doctors and interns operating on her, including Stephen Carr and Irene. They are all saying that...”

James’s voice trailed off without mentioning any names, but everyone understood.

“Maybe she was trying to save your mother,” Stan explained. “But craniotomy isn’t her specialty, and there was a mishap...”

Meanwhile, Isaac was standing before the curtain wall, keeping his back to the both of them in silence.

Naturally, neither of them dared to speak further after that, and simply stood there in silence.

After a long while, Isaac said quietly, “Both of you can go.”

James and Stan traded glances, and almost spoke at the same time, “Accidents can happen during surgery...”

“I said, you can go. Understand?” Isaac said, cutting them short.

“Yes, sir.” Both Stan and James left.

Irene quickly hid, and returned to the study after Stan and James left.

She then found Isaac resting a palm on the curtain wall, his head lowered and his back arched.

She had never seen him like that before—he was the proud and indomitable Isaac Jefferson.

He would never cringe like that, and yet he did.

He must be miserable-he had just found his mother, but she was gone again before they could acknowledge each other.

Losing her twice must be exceedingly horrific for him, and yet, she could not go to his side to comfort him now.

After all, she was the one who killed his mother-it would hurt him more to see her, would he not?

She gently closed the door to the study and returned to her bedroom, still barefooted.

It clearly was not cold, but she felt that way anyway.

She sat on the bed for the entire night, and Isaac never returned even as dawn breaks.

After taking a shower and getting changed, Irene put on some makeup to hide her pale, exhausted face and swollen eyes.

When she headed out of the room, Isaac had already left the house.

Mrs. Watson told her that he left before daylight arrived, and Irene had the feeling that he had gone to Melville Hospital.

Unsurprisingly, she found him when she arrived, arguing with Mick.

Mick wanted to bury Yvaine himself so that when he died, he could be buried at her side.

Naturally, there was no way Isaac would allow that.

Irene walked up to them, and seeing that Mick was not giving in at all, said, "She wants to be buried as  
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Yvaine Lynd, not as Layla Gooding."

"She told you that?" Mick asked, referring to the letter.

"Yes," Irene replied.

Mick appeared deflated right then, stumbling backward and leaning against the wall. "S-She's going back. to Andrew..."

With that settled, Isaac himself went into the morgue to wheel Yvaine's body out.

Irene was about to go to him when he looked up and asked, "She told you?"

His tone was unfathomable, and Irene flinched on reflex when she met his eyes.

Even so, she rasped, "Yes. She told me that before the surgery."

She was indirectly telling him that she was the one who operated on his mother, and Isaac stared at her for seconds before brushing past her without a word.

James approached her just then. "You should take the day off. Mr. Jefferson needs--"

"I have work to do," Irene retorted.

James was left frowning, suddenly finding her cold and indifferent.

"If you still care about Mr. Jefferson and your relationship with him, you should talk to him," he said, his tone turning cold.

Irene held his gaze, her hands clenching at her sides but remaining stoic. "Would that change anything?"

Chapter 399

James became a little upset then. In his opinion, Irene had simply made a mistake and did not mean to do harm-she just had to talk things through with Isaac to mend their relationship.

But given the way she was behaving, their relationship could fall apart at any moment.

After all, Isaac's mother was the one who died.

"Do whatever you want," James said and jogged off to catch up to Isaac.

Irene then turned toward Mick. "You should return to Minerva."

Mick looked up at her. "Yvaine said that too?"

In reality, Yvaine never said it-she just believed that it would be better if he was gone. "Don't you have a daughter? You should return to her side."

Mick blinked. Irene knew about their daughter too?

Did Yvaine tell her?

That has to be it.

"If that's what she wants," Mick said.

For Irene, she just wished that things would be over soon-it was really grilling to her heart, and she was basically suffocating whenever she looked into Isaac's eyes.

It was devoid of warmth, but he pretended to be calm anyway.

After that, Irene had changed into her lab coat and was getting ready to work when Stephen called her to his office.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Where else would I be?" she countered.

Stephen was actually stumped-Isaac was convinced that she had killed Yvaine in a surgical mishap, and had to harbor some ill-will toward her at the moment.

"Thank you for this. Mick would be dead if not for you-"



“You don’t have to thank me. I would never have agreed to this if not for the letter Yvaine left for me. Actually, I regret reading it now at all.”

She was not noble enough to sacrifice herself for others, and the only reason she did it was because Yvaine was Isaac’s mother.

“I’ll go back to work if there’s nothing else.”

“Wait,” Stephen stopped her, and took a notebook from his drawer and handed it to her. “Here’s all the notes I’ve made of all my preclinical experience and various mysterious conditions I encountered. It should help you.”

Irene never mixed business with personal matters anyway, and she took it. “Thank you.”

“Also, there’s a spot open for a seminar at Mead Clinic. It’s the top research center for cardiovascular diseases globally, and I can arrange for you to take the slot any time. You’re talented enough to become the best cardiologist if you go, even making your mark in history.”

However, Mead Clinic was overseas, and she never thought about going abroad-least of all right now.

“Just think about it. I can save the slot for you, and you can come ask me anytime you want.”

“Thank you. Can I go back to work now?” Irene asked.

“Yeah,” Stephen just wanted to make it up to her.

After that Irene kept herself busy and basically took any task she could, as if she would never tire.

She said, “I can perform another surgery, Dr. Carr.”

Stephen stared at her incredulously. “You’ve already done two. It’s time to take a break.”

“Let me do it.”

She did not want to stop-she wanted more work!

Stephen stayed quiet for a while before saying, “Alright.”

That was when Harvey Gooding suddenly barged in, yelping, “Irene Spencer!”

Irene remained impassive. “What is it?”

“Isaac is a sicko, isn’t he?” Harvey cried, almost losing his mind just then.

“Stop bothering him,” Irene said flatly, and turned to leave.

Harvey had not even had his say, and so, he rushed toward her and grabbed her wrist. “Hold on, what was that supposed to mean, ‘stop bothering him’? I only sent him the photos of me hugging you, but he’s trying to destroy me!”

Irene shook his hand off. “What did he do?”

Chapter 400

Harvey was left a little stunned when Irene shook him off so violently, not to mention that she was frighteningly cold.

He could not help asking gingerly, "A-Are you alright?"

Irene glanced at the time. "You have two minutes."

Harvey was left at a loss for words for a while, but quickly said, "I don't know what Isaac did, but construction on a tower I invested in was halted, citing non-compliance. I had to return to Sunny City because of that, and they told me that it's because of Isaac. How could he be so petty?"

Irene understood right then. "You deserved it."

Harvey huffed, "Do you even have a conscience?!"

"Your mother can be discharged now. I can help you with the arrangements any time," Irene said flatly. Harvey was left at a loss for words again. She was killing him!

"I guess both of you are reptiles-you're made for each other. Even if I wasn't doing everything you tell me, I've at least worked hard to get in your good graces because you saved my mother-how could you hurt

me so?"

Irene did not even look at him. "That's your two minutes. I'm going back to work."

Speechless once more, Harvey eventually growled between his teeth, "You're a horrible woman. I was blind to actually have feelings for you... Only someone like Isaac Jefferson would fall for you."

Irene paused for a moment just then before hurrying off.

The way she left as if she was trying to escape left Harvey stumped. "I don't need your help to get my mother discharged!"

Irene did not respond at all, as if she never heard him, leaving him huffing. "Hey!"

She still ignored him, leaving him even more speechless.

Yvaine's body was buried three days later with utmost secrecy.

Isaac never invited everyone to the funeral. To him, the Jeffersons had no right, and he did not tell Irene either.

Mick had been staying in the country just to wait to attend the funeral, only to find out that it was already over, and he did not even know where Yvaine was buried.

When Mick went looking for Irene, she asked in return, "Right now, I'm his mother's killer. Do you think he would tell me? If he wanted me to know, do you think I would still be here working?"

Mick was left speechless even as she continued, "Just return to Minerva already."

-Mick was not giving up. "Can't you ask-"

“No,” Irene said, cutting him short.

Mick said quietly, “I just want to see her again, pay my respects...”

Irene promptly turned to leave.

Mick did not quickly give up after that, and went looking around for a long while.

Eventually, he decided to give up for the time being. Although Isaac was keeping things tightly under wraps right now, he could try again later and have an easier time when Isaac let down his guard.

He booked a ticket on a flight back to Minerva, and took a taxi to the airport when a semi nearby spun out of control, crashing into the taxi he was in.

The taxi was barely recognizable and the driver died on the spot, but Mick survived and was rushed to the hospital.

Irene had been busy lately and spent most of her time at the hospital.

Isaac was busy too, but she did not know what he was busy with—he was not around whenever she got home, though he would be on the other edge of their bed occasionally when she woke up in the mornings. Today, she headed home early since Mrs. Watson called her, saying that Tommy had been crying a lot for a few days now.

They had no idea what was wrong—Tommy would keep crying even with Irene carrying him, and he only stopped when she took him out of the house.

Soon, he fell asleep over her shoulder, and she carried him back inside when she saw Isaac’s car at the garage.

He is home?

However, he was not in the living room when she returned inside, so she asked Mrs. Watson, “Is he home?”

“Yes, he’s in the study,” Mrs. Watson replied.

Irene headed to the study, but soon scowled and did not try to impose.

Meanwhile, James Cross was standing in front of Isaac’s desk in his study, hanging his head as if he did something terrible.

“I’m sorry, sir, I’ve failed.”