

## Runaway 461

Chapter 461

Harvey was left speechless from shock.

Irene nodded.

"Those are the people backing Mead Clinic."

"I know," Harvey groaned.

"The Raideen dynasty is a famous dynasty of magnates whose legacy began from the 19th century, and one of their members became the world's first billionaire.

They've now built a monopoly over Minerva's oil industry, while branching out to every other industry."

Looking up at Irene, he asked, "Why are you showing this to me?"

"I'm not going back to Zidonia," Irene told him.

"There's a lot to learn in Mead Clinic, and I like the working environment here.

Actually, I know the man you warned me about —he's Mark Wickers, an entrepreneur in the pharmaceutical industry.He's actually conscientious and an idealist, and he's here because he doesn't want to see Mead Clinic creating a monopoly over the research."

Clenching her fingers a little, she said, "I know that this is difficult, but could you come up with a way to claim a share of this project so that it does not become a monopoly?"

"I don't think I can,"

Harvey admitted, but quickly added, "but I'm sure Isaac Jefferson could.You may not be aware of his current influence, but he has been throwing himself into work since you were gone.Give it a year or two, and he'll become popular across the world."

To Irene, however, each mention of Isaac felt like a needle pricking her heart.

Still, the way Harvey put it actually made her want to laugh.

Popular across the world? He was not some celebrity...

Harvey continued, "I know you don't want to meet him.Just leave it to me."

"Sorry for the trouble," Irene said.

Harvey chuckled.

"It's fine.I'm happy to help."

He had no idea why Irene wanted everyone to believe that she was dead, but she must have her own reasons since she was not telling him.

Moreover, the fact that she left Isaac meant he stood a chance and he must seize this opportunity.

There must be a rift between her and Isaac for her to leave him while pregnant, and he must not miss this chance again.

Women are vulnerable when they are pregnant, and he would warm her heart if he took care of her.

When that happened, Isaac's woman was his... and even his child would call Harvey daddy! The very thought was exciting! Naturally, the dream was so beautiful that he was grinning broadly.

Irene raised a brow.

"What, did something good happen? What's with that dirty smile?"

Harvey quickly composed himself.

"Who are you calling dirty?"

That was so harsh! Still, he must put on a good show around Irene.

"Anyway, eat. You can have mine too."

Harvey pushed his plate toward her.

Irene was speechless—did he take her for a pig? "By the way, I could get you a plastic surgeon,"

Harvey suddenly said.

Irene leveled an incredulous look at him.

"I know more doctors than you do."

Harvey did a double take.

That was true—how did he forget that Irene was a doctor herself? If she wanted reconstructive surgery, she would be able to get the best.

Nonetheless, he asked, "What, are you going to wear that scar for the rest of your life?"

It was not as if he hated it, but it was just so gruesome that it really left the heart skipping a beat to see it, not to mention that she was a woman.

"It can wait," Irene said flatly.

"I can't have surgeries while pregnant."

There was no issue aside from slight inconveniences in her daily life, although she also remembered Harvey called her ugly repeatedly...

"Look, I know I look ugly right now, but I won't force you to be my friend..."

"Who called you ugly? Point me to him, and I'll break his jaw."

"You did," Irene said—she was never going to forget it.

Harvey pursed his lips, racking his brains just then on how to defend himself. He did not know the truth at the time.

If he had known it was her, he would never have said that even if it killed him! Naturally, he was left feeling flustered and was even less able to find an excuse.

Irene giggled.

"You should see your face—to be fair, I am ugly, and you're just speaking the truth. It's no slander, and you weren't the one to tell me that either."

She clearly did not mind.

Harvey made a serious face just then.

"You'll always be in my heart. Irene saw the look in his eyes and could not help averting hers— she was not used to Harvey being so serious.

"I should go."

"I'll walk you home."

As she rose, Harvey got up too and paid for dinner.

Although he wanted a look inside her house, she promptly shut the door in his face when they reached home.

"I need to get some rest."

Harvey was left at a loss for words, but he was not giving up yet.

In her house, Irene stared at her own face for a moment before she took a shower, but her gaze was calm. She was woken up early the next day by an urgent knock on the door.

"Who is it?" she asked, rubbing her eyes as she headed over to open the door...and saw the man standing outside!

## **Chapter 462**

Irene was frowning. What was Harvey doing here first thing in the morning?

She was not sure how to react to him.

'What are you doing here?'

'I bought you breakfast-I'm making this a routine everyday from now on.' Harvey was not being shy either and quickly squeezed his way in.

Irene was wearing white baggy lace pajamas that covered up to her ankles and wrists, and naturally her belly.

She stroked her belly a little before walking up to Harvey, staring at him as she said, "If you have the time to bring me breakfast, you should instead head back to talk to Isaac already."

Harvey was speechless. Why did she have to mention that killjoy of a man?

'I'll be gone after this.'

Irene sat down at the table then. 'Can't you be less childish, Harvey? You're not exactly young.'

'How am I being childish?' Harvey was actually upset-he was sincere about bringing breakfast.

He did read online that women loved men who cared and paid attention to details, so he was doing his best!

You're being childish right now,' Irene told him.

Harvey blinked and even played cute. "Okay, I get it. You don't like what I brought, so I'll bring something else next time..."

'Harvey-'

'That's enough,' Harvey said, cutting her short. "Come on, eat-I still have a plane to catch."

As Irene sighed, Harvey urged her, "Sighing is bad for the baby. Come on, eat already."

"I need to wash up first," Irene retorted.

As Harvey returned to Zidonia, Mark happened to be on the same flight, and he arrived at Twinrise just as Harvey did.

He managed to get a meeting with Isaac before Harvey, having put together a viable proposal and learned much about the details and general concept of the fully artificial heart.

Though he was more confident now, his proposal did not hold water because he failed to poach the doctor in question.

He appeared withered like a dried leaf, and even though Isaac read his proposal, he could tell from his reaction that he stood no chance.

To no surprise, Isaac put away the proposal and said, "You can go now."

Mark sighed. "It's as if no one ever sees the big picture these days... I thought she'd be more agreeable since she's Zidonian, and yet...!"

She refused to meet him, let alone sit down for a discussion.

Naturally, Mark was hanging his head as he stepped out of office, and Harvey could not help smiling when he saw him.

After all, Isaac did not manage to poach the talent he wanted, and had no idea that the doctor they were all gunning for was Irene herself!

He honestly felt that he and Irene were destined together.

She was with him when she had her first child, and they had basically spent every day together until the child was born.

And now that she was pregnant again, she split up with Isaac again while Harvey managed to recognize her.

Such fate was something to marvel about!

And this time, he would definitely not let Isaac catch on.

'Mr. Gooding? Mr. Jefferson will see you now,' Debbie the secretary told him just then.

Harvey straightened his collar although it was actually just fine, reared his chin, and puffed his chest as he entered Isaac's office.

'I have a proposal,' he said, pulling out a chair for himself as if he belonged there.

Isaac slowly looked up and said flatly, "I'm busy."

Harvey, however, had an entire speech prepared.

'So, I have been to Mead Clinic myself and did my research on their fully artificial heart project. They've already conducted multiple trials, and the success rate is high. I know you're a businessman and won't care about the big picture, let alone care about some dying peasant. You only have feelings for money now, but you know how massive a market there would be once this thing hits a breakthrough.'

'When that happens, every country including ours would be wagging our tails to Minerva, begging for scraps. Our own patients would either have to do without it or have to pay a huge price for it, and some might have no choice but to wait and die. Poaching has never been a good idea anyway- so, I'm proposing something else: I found out that Mead Clinic is under the direct financing of the Raideen family, and we just need an investment to secure partial shares for the project. Once the product hits the market, we can ask for a markdown just for our own country.'

'How about acting like a conscientious businessman for once, Isaac?'

### **Chapter 463**

When Harvey was finished, Isaac growled, "Are you done?"

Harvey nodded. "More or less-"

"Get out!" Isaac snarled with a hint of rage.

Harvey was speechless-did he have to be so upset? And did he say anything wrong?

"Don't think the whole world revolves around you, Isaac! I'll do it if you won't -so stay in your goddamned perch and earn all the money while feeling none of the happiness! Keep all that money to yourself now that she's gone! M

With that, he promptly ran out of Isaac's office, denying him the chance to harass him further.

After he had to deal with the man so many times, he knew Isaac's temper- he would be eaten alive and spat out if he stayed.

And he certainly was no idiot. Why would he stay and wait for Isaac's abuse?

Back in his office, Isaac flung his pen aside and rubbed between his brows.

He was feeling frustrated for some reason, and it could well be because of what Harvey said.

He told Debbie, "Tell James to see me."

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson."

Soon, James arrived. "Is there anything you need, Mr. Jefferson/"

"Look into the Raideen family. Comb through everything and gather every little detail available on them," Isaac said.

James blinked. "We've never had any partnerships with them, though..."

He knew all the projects and businesses that the company had, after all.

"Just do what I tell you! Why so many questions?!" Isaac snapped impatiently.

He was suffering headaches, but it could either be because of his mood swings or because he was taking too many sleeping pills.

He was working hard to restrain himself, but the light spilling in from the window clearly reflected off the crystalline sheen of sweat on his forehead.

James knew that Isaac was prone to rage since Irene's death, but his fuse seemed to get ever shorter.

He did not want to imagine what would happen if this continued—he must forget about Irene soon.

As James stepped out of Isaac's office with a worried look, Debbie went up to him, asking, "Is he furious?"

"Yeah." James sighed.

"He needs help," Debbie said, and James was only too aware of that.

Still, Debbie suddenly said gingerly, "Well, it's not like we're out of options..."

James's eyes lit up. "You have an idea?"

"Mr. Jefferson doesn't actually have to feel so hung up over Irene Spencer's death. We just need to get him involved in another relationship, and he'll forget all about her."

Debbie straightened herself as she spoke, as if so that James would see her better—it was her gesture to tell him that she was the right woman.

Nonetheless, James did not even look her way.

Her suggestion had his interest, however—a rebound relationship had always been the best way to get over another.

"Good idea, Debbie. I should start looking," James said, and left.

After all, he was busy and had a lot on his plate.

Debbie frowned. "Hold on..."

"I know, I know. Your idea is perfect, and I'll keep that in mind. Lunch is on me." James waved her off as he left, not bothering to look back.

Debbie was naturally disappointed, but had to hold it because she could not afford to show it!

Harvey was supposed to check on his mother since he returned to Zidonia, so he did not return to Minerva right away.

However, he also wanted to tell Irene about how Isaac reacted to his proposal, so he called her, complaining the instant she answered, "I'm telling you, Isaac is heartless. He only cares about money- the lives of others or even the big picture doesn't matter to him. He's a paragon of a ruthless businessman! Honestly, why would you keep having children with him? Does he deserve you?"

Irene quietly listened without responding, while Harvey was still feeling frustrated and was bent on destroying Isaac verbally, and slandered him as much as he could.

"You have no idea how ridiculous he was. He actually said that the country's problems have nothing to do with him! You've been with him for so long, but it's like your love couldn't reach him. Among all the men I've met, he's the most callous, heinous, tempestuous, petty, vindictive... He has nothing going for him at all!" "Harvey Gooding! What did you just say?!" a man barked from behind just then.

#### **Chapter 464**

The man's voice was a little familiar, and Harvey turned around stiffly to see James standing nearby.

He was going to leave to do what Isaac told him to, only to find Harvey standing at the entrance and ranting on Isaac. "From where I'm standing, you're the petty one, slandering people behind their backs!

Mr. Jefferson may have a poor temper, but he's more of a man than you are! I mean, aren't you a man? If you are, why ramble on like some fishwife? Do you even understand why you always lose out to him in business?"

"Why?" Harvey asked in reflex, but he regretted it immediately-he just admitted to being less than Isaac!

And before he could argue, James said, "That's because you're despicable, ignorant, pig-headed, and foolish."

Harvey was left heaving from frustration, but unable to find a good retort, he simply yelled, "Eat shit, James Cross."

"I could say the same to you," James said with a snort. "No one should ever waste their time with you.'

With that, he strode off, leaving Harvey standing there, speechless.

Hold on...

He did not remember hanging up!

Did Irene hear everything? What should he do?!

Harvey really wanted to hit his head on a brick wall just then.

He slowly lifted his phone, and the screen still read 'in-call'.

He had ruined his own image! It was so disgraceful!

He genuinely wanted to slap himself across the face-why did he have to call Irene right outside Isaac's office building and be overheard by Isaac's lapdog James?!

The sheer misfortune!

Composing himself, he held the phone to his ear again, "Uh, Irene... Did you hear me talking just now?"

Irene certainly heard everything, and giggled. "Every word, though James did a better job at destroying you."

Harvey was left speechless again.

"You could have lied. That was so humiliating," he said as he stopped a taxi.

Irene played along. "Fine, I heard nothing."

"Oh, forget it. You're just making it worse," Harvey grumbled. Changing the subject, he said, "Anyway, back to business. It doesn't look like Isaac has any plans to get involved, but don't worry, I will come up with something. I'm going back to Sunny City now to check on my mom before flying back to Minerva--"

Irene was quick to set boundaries. "You don't have to tell me everything. I'm going to bed-I'm hanging up now."

Harvey finally remembered about the time difference. "Alright, I won't keep you."

Over at Minerva, Irene could not sleep after putting down her phone. She walked up to the glass wall, draping a scarf over herself since it was a little cold. She felt a kick in her belly and looked down as she stroked it with a faint smile. "You little imp."

Her baby was quite lively... Was it a boy, or a girl? She hoped for the latter-he said he wanted a daughter.

Bzzt—

Her phone suddenly vibrated and she turned around to pick it up.

Her eyes flashed when she saw the text and she quickly headed to her laptop.

After hesitating for a moment, she clicked on her email and forwarded what she just received to James's email address!



She was convinced that James would not catch on since she kept her address anonymous, but she underestimated James's ability!

James had always been a serious person, and he naturally would be concerned after receiving something like that out of the blue.

It had not been a moment after Irene sent him the file when he sent a reply.

[Who are you?!]

## **Chapter 465**

Irene did a double take, feeling a little panicked just then. She kept her email address anonymous, but James could email her back already?

She then remembered that James was always helping Isaac investigate various matters, including his rivals. Something like an anonymous email was probably too easy for him.

But she could not afford to have James find out about her real identity. What should she do?

[Who are you? How did you know that I am looking into the Raideens?!]

James clearly sounded wary, and he probably would not easily believe the data Irene sent him.

Still, she remembered Harvey amid her panic, and replied: [Harvey Gooding. If she stayed silent, she would be dead if James tracked her IP address. On the other end, James actually paused in thought, surprised to find out that it was Harvey.

Remembering that Harvey met with Isaac earlier, Irene added: [Look, I met your boss today because I wanted to talk to him about the link between the Raideens and Mead Clinic.]

When James read it, he understood why Isaac asked him to investigate the Raideens and his suspicions eased.

He asked: [Why aren't you using this leverage for yourself?]

[I don't have what it takes.]

It was not as if Irene doubted Harvey, but when it came to getting things done, she had a rather pessimistic opinion of him.

On the other hand, James almost laughed out loud when he saw Irene's reply.

At least he was self-aware.

Still, it was actually helpful, so James replied: [Thanks.]

Irene was patting her chest in relief when she saw the reply.

Thank goodness she survived.

Her baby had not been moving earlier, seemingly sensing her anxiety.

Now that she was relieved, it was happily kicking, and Irene could not sleep because of all the ruckus

in her belly. She had to lay on her side, keeping her scarred cheek buried in her pillow.

The other half of her face was mesmerizingly tender as she smiled and stroked her belly. "Such a mischievous brat, tormenting me so much. I wonder who you take after...?"

James compiled the materials he personally gathered with the file 'Harvey' sent him before giving it to Isaac.

His efficiency and effectiveness actually surprised Isaac. How long has it been since he had accomplished a task so well?

As Isaac scanned through it, he actually frowned when he reached the part of the Raideen family scandal!

Although the Raideen family managed to hide it from the public, it still held weight against them because it would make them the laughing stock of everyone.

Looking up, Isaac asked, "How did you manage to uncover this so quickly?"

James knew how useful the scandal was for them, but did not hog the accomplishment. "Harvey Gooding gave it to me-a broken clock is right twice a day, I guess."

Isaac's gaze darkened as he kept staring at the papers. He was actually doubtful that Harvey would give him something like this.

Still, James had no reason to lie, so Isaac shut the file and said, "Let's head to Minerva."

"I'll make the arrangements," James said.

Isaac had a private jet used expressly for trips to and from Franconia, and he basically did not take airliners these days. He had also acquired Globe Airways through Remy just to make things more convenient.

However, he had stopped taking his medication, and there were bags under his eyes due to poor sleep.

James came up to him, "Why don't you resume your medication for some rest?"

Isaac waved him off, and James thought that he probably should get started with Debbie's suggestion already.

He texted Stan Hill: [Need a refined, good-looking woman.]

Stan replied: [Are you in heat?]

James really wanted to tell him to fuck off right then, but restrained himself.

[Mr. Jefferson had not been sleeping well for a while. We need to get him a woman, or his mind would eventually suffer.]

Stan became serious right then. [Alright. I'll look around.]

[Good.]

With that text sent, James dozed off.

He had no idea how long he was sleeping, but when he awoke with a muddled head, he saw Isaac clenching on a scaffolding, the veins on the back of his hand bulging.

He also saw the red eyes and sweat streaming down his cheek, as if he was going through terrible agony.

Flabbergasted, James cried, "What's wrong, sir?!"

## **Chapter 466**

Isaac's headaches had worsened due to prolonged insomnia and overdosing on sleeping pills.

James rushed him to the hospital the instant they disembarked.

After examination, the doctor told James that Isaac's condition was due to overdosing on sleeping pills, and there might be more side effects if he continued taking it.

The doctor then administered a sedative to help him sleep, while James left and called Stan on the walkway.

"He's admitted now, and the doctor told him to stop taking sleeping pills and try to sleep naturally instead. But we know his temper..."

James was alone in Minerva with Isaac. Having no ideas, he had to call Stan to discuss.

While he stood by the window, Irene arrived. She was wearing a lab coat, a cap, and a face mask, and spoke in fluent

Minerverse, 'I'll be checking on the patient now."

James quickly told Stan, "Got to go. I'll call you again later."

Walking over and noticing that she was a woman, he asked, "Wasn't he checked already?"

'I'll be observing how deep his sleep is," she replied. "Please don't disturb.'

James nodded, and Irene entered without further questions thanks to her profession.

This was actually another hospital affiliated to the Mead Clinic. Irene spotted Isaac when he was brought in, but with another doctor seeing him, she could only take up his aftercare.

Naturally, she was not here to watch his sleep condition-the sedative that the previous doctor gave Isaac was enough to ensure that he would be sleeping for over 24 hours.

She just wanted to see him.

She quietly sat beside his bed.It had been seven months.

Time somehow moved as slow as it was quick.

She lowered her gaze, her curled eyelashes twitching and soon dampened by her tears.She leaned her face against his chest.

'I missed you," she said, as if to herself. "I know you're not heartless."

Harvey had told her that Isaac refused to get involved with the fully artificial heart project, but she knew that Harvey was slandering him.

He was a man who could accept a woman he did not love, even playing the role of a husband for the sake of his son-his sense of responsibility was there for all to see.

"I don't know how you got chronic insomnia, but I'll do my best to treat you, ' she said, rising to her feet and pulling his blanket upto his shoulders.

She then left reluctantly-even if she was a doctor, staying too long and drawing James's suspicion would be problematic.

As she left Isaac's ward, James promptly approached her. "How is he?"

'Sound asleep. Expect him to wake up in 24 hours."

James nodded. "Thank you."

'It's fine-just doing my job," Irene replied and returned to her post.

She left work early that day, since she had an appointment.

Since there was still time, she visited a hairdresser...

Jeff Cartman was surprised. "Jane? Your hair..."

Irene had dyed her hair blonde and had it permed. It was a far cry from her straight, smooth hairstyle from before.

But she had to do it since she might run into Isaac again.

"Just wanted a change of pace," she told Jeff as she handed him the menu. "Order anything you want-I'm buying to return your favor."

'We're Zidonians-we should be doing this much," Jeff smiled, and leaned in to whisper, "Actually, I wouldn't have found out if my girlfriend wasn't a Raideen."

"Wouldn't she get upset that you told someone else?" Irene asked.

'She won't find out," Jeff shrugged, and stared at Irene's hair again. "You look like a local now... though I suggest contacts and more makeup to match your hair."

"Good idea." Irene had trouble disguising herself, and his suggestion was useful.

"That said, your old hairstyle fits you better since you're introverted," Jeff added. "It looked better, too. Even with your scars, it doesn't affect your overall appearance.

'Are you flattering me?" Irene smiled.

Jeff did not shy away. "Of course. And... sorry for misunderstanding you before."

'It's fine."

24 hours later, Irene returned to Isaac's ward to check on him.

James was nodding off on the couch and woke up when he heard the door open.

"Dr. Tanner."

Irene nodded and asked, "He didn't wake up?"

"No."

Irene then leaned in, opening one of Isaac's eyelids to see if he was showing signs of waking up.

Sleeping too much was bad, and they only allowed him to sleep for 24 hours because of his insomnia.

That was when Irene saw Isaac's pupils dilate, and just as she flinched, Isaac suddenly sat up, his eyes sharp, wary-even hostile, showing no drowsiness at all.

"Who are you?"

### **Chapter 467**

James quickly explained, 'This is Dr. Jane Tanner. She's a doctor here.

Even so, Isaac was staring at Irene with sharp eyes that could well pierce her face mask to see underneath...She was a doctor.

So, why did she flinch?

And what was that disguise for?

A face mask and a scarf?

Nonetheless, Irene feigned composure while thickening her Minerverse accent to further disguise that she was no Zidonian. "I'm Dr. Jane Tanner- you can call me anything you want, but the issue here is your insomnia. It is already affecting your overall health, so you must cooperate with treatment."

Isaac, however, pushed off his blanket and started toward her, his presence more menacing the closer he got.

Irene's hands clenched her side as she braced herself. "Please, you have to lie down... Oof!"

Before she could finish, Isaac had pulled off her face mask.

She quickly clasped her hands over her cheeks while panic showed in her eyes, but Isaac was already left stunned.

All he could think about was how ugly she was-speckled cheeks, cobalt- blue eyes, lipstick smudged beyond her lips, fake eyelashes as thick as fur, and a large mole over her nose, with a hair growing out of it!

He noticed the tattoos on her body, too...He actually took a step back just then-he did just see the ugliest woman in his life!He finally understood why she was covering herself in layers!

James, who had been standing nearby, almost threw up when he saw Irene unmasked.

Wow-how could there be such a disgusting woman?!

Irene could clearly see the disdain in Isaac's eyes, and naturally took it to the next level by making herself unforgettable.

She took off her cap, revealing her dry blonde perms which lacked luster and looked just like a bird's nest, flapping against the wind...

Turning toward James, Isaac growled, "Get me another doctor."

James certainly could see why. "Right away-"

"Sir, you're judging a book by its cover," Irene said as she put her cap and mask back on. "My ability has never been called into question, and since I'm also pregnant, the hospital will side with me. They are not going to budge."

James finally stared at her belly just then, and wondered which brave soul could have tapped that, even allowing her to keep the baby.

The horror... What if their child was just like her? Their life would be ruined!

Irene simply ignored their looks of repulsion.

Her disguise was effective-she was certainly satisfied.

"There are two treatments that I will recommend. The first is hydrotherapy -basically medicinal baths and massages. The second is shock therapy, but this one is applied by pumping low voltage currents through your head to adjust your cerebral cortex activity. It helps to curb insomnia, depression, and even paranoia..."

"Save it. The first sounds much safer," James said.

The second was almost horrific. Would Isaac's head really be fine if they keep putting it through the grinder?

James had no idea, and it was better to be safe than sorry.

"I think the safer option is better, sir." James tried his best to reason. "We would be making return trips with the second option-it's going to be very inconvenient."

Irene turned toward Isaac. "So? Which is it going to be?"

"The first option," James answered impatiently.

Isaac gave him a look but did not say no.

Irene wrote it down and said, "Alright. Maintain this routine everyday, and adjust it accordingly depending on the results. You may be discharged now -just finish the paperwork and you will be free to go."

With that, she left.

James then walked up to Isaac and whispered, "What if her skill is as bad as her face?"

"Don't judge a book by its cover," Isaac told him. "Now get me discharged."

James did so, and after he was done and they headed for the entrance, someone got in their way!

## **Chapter 468**

The sight of the cocksure woman before them left James furrowing his brow.

There was no escaping her!

"Stalker," he growled impatiently.

"Lapdog," Erin Gooding shot back right away.

James was left speechless—he remembered that she had been raised here in Minerva, but she would actually know the

Zidonian word for lapdog'?

She was surprisingly fluent...

Nonetheless, Erin seemed to have read James's mind and she said, "I may be raised here, but my mom and dad are Zidonian. Is it that weird that I know the language?"

She was watching Isaac's face as she mentioned 'mom', but there was only impatience in his cold visage.

Erin's lips twitched. "Hey, I'm your half-sister. Why the long face? Does someone owe you money? I know you don't want me around, and I don't mind not showing up... All you have to do is tell me where our mother is buried-'

Isaac strode off before she could finish, and James stopped her when she tried to follow. "You're a lady. You can afford to act a little more reserved."

It was as if James had touched a nerve and Erin flipped out right away.

"You stay reserved all you want, virgin!"

James was speechless.

"You're crazy."

He had never met a woman who could be as tactless as her, especially in public!

"Look who's talking," Erin growled, grabbing James by the arm, bent on making him stay.

It naturally left James irked, and he snapped, "Let go, or I would have to resort to violence!"

Erin doubted that and simply said, "Nope!"

"You little—"

"Little what?!" Erin reared her head to meet his gaze, looking pompous just like a spoiled, tempestuous princess.

Unable to stand her, James started to pry her hands off and shoved her aside.

"Don't ever show up around Mr. Jefferson again," he warned as he strode toward the car.

Almost stumbling and falling because of his shoving, Erin grumpily darted forward, threw her arms around his waist, and bit him.

"Hey!" James turned, but did not try to hit her when he saw that it was Erin, and had to resort to words instead. "Biting, really? Are you a dog?"

In the car, Isaac looked outside once and told the driver, "Let's go."

As the car drove off, James panicked. "Uh, Mr. Jefferson? I'm still here..."

Isaac, however, had lost all patience.

Seeing that Erin had latched herself to James, he simply left James behind.

Erin released James then. "Hehe. Guess someone was dumped."

James was left speechless again.

He pulled his shirt out of his pants and saw beneath that she left rather deep bite marks on his hip.

His lips twitching, he growled, "Bitch."

"Who are you calling bitch?" Erin snapped-no lady called that would be pleased.

However, James lost all grace for the first time as he snapped, "You, Erin Gooding! You're a bitch!"

It was the first time he had been harassed by a woman in such fashion... even getting bitten!

However, Erin's eyes quickly went red and tears welled in her eyes.

One would presume that James was bullying her if they did not know better, even if the truth was the exact opposite.

"H-Hey! Don't cry!" James actually became flustered-it was unbecoming of any man to make a woman cry.

Erin sniffled. "Tell me where my mother was buried and I won't cry."

James was left speechless again and he turned to leave.

When Erin tried to chase him, he growled, "I'm calling the cops if you keep following me!"

Erin stopped in her tracks but kept staring after James.

Isaac was as cold as he was difficult, and it was next to impossible to make him talk.

On the other hand, James appeared much easier.



In that case, she could work on him instead.

Soon, she had a good idea!

## **Chapter 469**

Having hatched a plan in her head, Erin was feeling buoyed and refrained from bugging James.

Clasping her hands behind her back, she was grinning even as she left. She found a potential means of breakthrough, so it was not as if the day was wasted.

On the other hand, James was feeling less than happy.

Even as he kept walking, he was looking behind to check that he was not being followed, worried that Erin would latch on to him again.

If she did, it would be a catastrophe!

Later in the evening, James got a call from Irene.

"It's Dr. Tanner. Is the patient free at the moment? I can help him with the treatment now."

"Of course," James replied. "We're at Olston Hotel, Room 909."

"Okay," Irene said and put away her phone.

She stood in front of her mirror, checking her disguise and ensuring that it was flawless before heading over.

At the same time, James headed to Isaac's room to inform him, "Sir, Dr. Tanner will soon arrive for your treatment."

Isaac was sitting on the couch with his laptop on his lap. He just happened to read the last email and casually threw it aside, leaning back and rubbing the bridge of his nose, appearing quite tired.

Since he left James behind because Erin was latching herself to him, James had no idea how negotiations with the Raideens went.

"Did the talks go well?" he asked.

"More or less," Isaac replied flatly.

Even if they had leverage against the Raideens, they should not threaten them on the outset.

A hard sell would lead to resistance and the outcome might not be ideal for both sides.

They were all businessmen, and they were all in it for the money.

It was therefore just a question of balancing the carrot and the stick mastering that, and one would earn leverage against anything.

Handshakes and armistices brought greater profits, not burning bridges.

"That's better than I thought." James was naturally surprised.

Isaac gave him a look, and said, 'TH be working with Wes, and the Raideens ' representative agreed that they would join us as a partner."

"Oh?" James gasped in surprise, though he soon understood.

The Raideens made their fortune with oil, and having Wes of Duran joining them was a jackpot.

It would even be reason enough for them to offer a cut of Mead Clinic shares.

Tit for tat had always been a common gimmick in business.

Ding dong.

The doorbell rang just then, and James went to open the door.

Since he had seen Jane Tanner's true face too, the image appeared in his mind once more when he saw her again.

Still, he stood aside to make way. "Come in."

Irene's leather shoes had flat heels, and she also had white socks matched with an old-fashioned floral print skirt on, along with a clean shawl.

It was a ridiculous getup, but there was no helping it-she wanted to treat Isaac without being recognized.

That was why she did her best to mess up, to the point where not even her mother would recognize her.

James clearly noticed that she was 'dressed up' for the occasion, and wondered if she had fallen for Isaac already.

Still, it did amuse him that someone so ugly was after Isaac, though he could not laugh out loud.

It almost hurt to keep it in.

"I'll get things started now." Irene headed to the bathroom and filled the tub with hot water, before taking out a pack of herbal medicine and pouring it into the tub as well.

She had concocted the medicine beforehand, and it took minutes before the tub was full.

She put a palm into the bath, and seeing that it was just the right temperature, she kept watch as the medicine spread in the water, dyeing the tub dark brown. It also filled the bathtub with a faint herbal scent, though it was easy on the nose.

Outside the bathroom, James slid up to Isaac's side. "Mr. Jefferson, I think Dr. Tanner deliberately put on extra makeup. I mean, she's put on so much makeup that it looks like she's scrubbed it like a wall... it's so white it's scary. Moreover, she won't cheat on you, don't you think?"

Isaac shot him an icy glare. "Do you need to get your head checked?"

"Hehe... I'm just worried. I mean, you're quite the ladykiller..."

"I've been too lenient on you lately, I see." Isaac wrinkled his brow.

"Of course not. Anyway, I'll be going now-take a nice little break, sir." James hurried off, worried about getting caught and forced to stay.

"Mr. Jefferson?" Irene stepped out of the bathroom and said, "You can come in now."

James paused at the doorway just then and heard, "Please take off your clothes."

James felt the creeps right then.

Take off his clothes? Did she mean get naked?!

## **Chapter 470**

The thought that Isaac was going to get buck naked in front of a woman so hideous she almost made him throw up left James's lips twitching.

What an image it was!

He stepped out of the room right then, patting his chest and counting his blessing that he was not the one suffering from insomnia.

With a woman like that, his insomnia would probably get worse... No, he would probably get nightmares instead!

How fortunate he was to be blessed with good health!

Meanwhile, Isaac was staring at the woman of marvelous ugliness as she stood at the bathroom door. 'Are you going to watch me undress?'

"Gender is no issue for doctors," Irene replied calmly. Isaac raised a brow.

Whether he had given up or something else, he actually began to unbutton his shirt!

Soon, his beautiful collarbone came to view, followed by his chiseled chest.

Irene was the first to blink and she was complaining inwardly if he was a little insane, being able to stay calm even with a woman as ugly as her...

On the other hand, Isaac smirked with contempt. "Is that all it takes to make you blink?"

Casually throwing his shirt aside and unbuckling his belt, he started toward the bathroom.

Irene actually kept her back to him, afraid to even peek in his direction." Now get in the bathtub and soak in there for half an hour."

The bath was hot and steamy, and Isaac slowly closed his eyes as he lay inside.

'Now, relax. Don't think,' Irene said while standing by the door.

Isaac certainly could not-the reason he suffered insomnia at all was because he would remember Irene each instant he closed his eyes.

It felt like her very face was stuck in his mind like a splinter, eating away at his thoughts and heart.

After half an hour, Isaac had cleaned himself up and stepped out in a white bathrobe.

Getting up from the couch, Irene told him, "Please lie down in bed."

Isaac did so, but even as he kept his back to her, he growled, "If I don't feel better, consider yourself fired."

Irene was at a loss for words-he was still so despicable, constantly throwing his weight around others!

Still, she smiled. "Please have faith in my abilities."

As Isaac lay down and pulled a blanket over himself, Irene walked up and said, "Please lie as close to the edge of the bed as possible."

She even picked up a pillow and placed it over the edge of the bed.

Isaac frowned. "...You could have told me earlier."

Irene shrugged. "Guess it slipped my mind."

"I refuse." Isaac stayed still instead, even closing his eyes-giving her a look that said what-are-you-gonna-do-about-it?

"If you don't shift over here, I would have to get on top of you, straddling you as I give you a massage..."

Isaac's eyes abruptly widened and then narrowed at her. "What was that?"

Irene smiled, baring her mouth full of yellowed teeth.

Isaac was left speechless.

"Please move over here," she repeated.

Isaac clenched his fists to restrain himself from chasing her out.

As he reluctantly moved over to her, she said, "Close your eyes."

Isaac did so, but only because he really did not want to see her face.

Irene reached out and gently placed her hands over his temples, gradually pressing on it and shifting upward over his scalp and through his hair. She found his vein nodes with pinpoint precision, and massaged them with deft and dexterity.

She might be ugly, but her fingers were thin, soft and warm to the touch.

Her pressure was just perfect, and it was indeed comfortable.

As Isaac slowly began to relax, Irene shifted from node to node, and had soon done it for forty minutes.

She was sweating, and it was seeping into her collar.

Massage was a strenuous activity, especially for the arms and wrists.

Still, Irene did not slow down-she was actually doubling her exertion.

Nonetheless, Isaac fell asleep after an hour, and Irene slowly pulled away.

Her hands were stiff and shaking as her fingers left his scalp.

She flexed her wrist to ease her soreness, taking a short break before getting up.

Then, turning around and staring at his face, she murmured, "I've worked so hard... you should be giving me a reward anyway."

She walked up to him again, arching her back in hesitation briefly before kissing his lips.

It was soft and a little cold-and the taste was just so familiar.She missed it.

Even if he did not love her, she did love him.

She thought to herself that she should not be greedy, but just as she pulled away, he suddenly caught her and pressed his lips firmly against hers.

Her eyes widened in shock, her pupils dilating!