

Runaway 481

Chapter 481

Irene was left paralyzed in fear, unsure of how she should react.

Did he notice something? The very thought left her gulping without knowing it.

Nonetheless, Isaac paused just a pace away.

"What are you afraid of? Did you think I'd force myself on someone as ugly as you?"

With that, he turned and walked toward the bed, leaving Irene frowning and wondering if there was something wrong with him.

Wait, there was—and it was quite serious too.

By the time Irene brought a chair to sit at the edge of the bed, Isaac had already laid down, and she began to massage him.

Her technique was precise and she applied the right amount of pressure, and there was no question that it was comforting.

Isaac slowly closed his eyes—he somehow enjoyed the feeling that could make him sleep.

Irene, however, was doing it while almost dozing off.

While it was fortunate that Isaac slept early, he caught her by the wrist when she tried to leave.

Was he dreaming again? As she lowered her gaze at him, she tried to pull her hand out of his grasp, but he held on tightly. She sat at the edge of the bed in turn, intending to leave when he released her.

However, as she waited, she dozed off on top of him.

There was no telling how long had passed as she woke up.

Her head was muddled, and she flexed her numbed arm as she got up.

It was not until she was going to leave when she realized that there was no one in bed, and looked up to find the man standing nearby.

He was still wearing last night's bathrobe, but it was not in a mess—he clearly straightened it.

"Get out," he growled coldly.

Irene blinked.

"Did I do something wrong?"

"Who let you sleep in my room?"

He looked like he was going to flip out. It was only natural—he was at once embarrassed and furious to see her lying on top of him when he woke up.

"You were holding my hand..."

"Get out!"

Isaac did not want explanations, let alone find out if it was his mistake.

He did not want her in the same room! He would never allow anyone aside from Irene to be so close to him, let alone hold his hand.

However, her hideousness had nothing to do with his wrath—he just felt guilty, like he had cheated on Irene.

On the other hand, Irene was not that clingy, and she had only fallen asleep because she was too tired.

When she lowered her head and headed outside, she noticed that his hand had turned red, as if he had scrubbed it fervently.

Was he a clean freak? She had never noticed that about him before.

Rearing his chin loftily, he said, "You don't have to come anymore, nor help me with my condition."

Irene was puzzled.

"Was my treatment subpar?"

Isaac turned his back on her. Her treatment had certainly been excellent, curing even his insomnia.

Nonetheless, he lied.

"It is."

Irene was more or less disappointed to have her abilities denied.

"I see. Well, I hope you find a better doctor and recover soon."

With that, she left, and Isaac called in James once she was gone.

"We're going back."

"Now?"

James appeared uncertain.

"You're just getting better—"

"Do you understand the words coming out of my mouth?"

Isaac cut him short impatiently, and he was glowering.

James was puzzled—Isaac was just fine before.

Why was Isaac getting upset out of the blue again? It had not even been two days...

Bracing himself, he said, "I saw Harvey Gooding buying dinner for Dr. Tanner, and they were eating

together at her home. I'm sure they are more than just doctor and patient, but they pretend as if they did not know each other outside our rooms. There's something fishy about it..."

Isaac narrowed his eyes.

Jane knew Harvey? It was certainly unusual.

"Go. Look into it."

Chapter 482

Harvey appeared with bags under his eyes.

"No, you don't have to."

He had been worried because Irene never left Isaac's room the whole night, so he had been eavesdropping as he stayed outside.

James frowned.

"You've learned to eavesdrop now, Harvey? Picking up more unnecessary skills, are we?"

"You're the one who left the door open. I just came in," Harvey retorted, then turned toward Isaac "You don't have to look into anything — I paid off Jane Tanner to seduce you. She's ugly, but she somehow doesn't disgust you, right? That's because she put on a fragrance that confounds you. It's exactly because she's hideous that I hired her just to mess with you."

"You're despicable!" James exclaimed—but Harvey's scheme did explain everything.

He had just been curious as to why Isaac did not feel disgust toward that ugly woman! "I'm no match for him when it comes to business. Why can't I harass him in some other way?"

Harvey tried to make his lie sound as true as possible.

There was no helping it—he had to slander Irene to avoid her meeting Isaac too much. If Isaac believed that Irene was Harvey's honeytrap, he would naturally stay away.

"You're heinous, Harvey," James said, belittling Harvey for having resorted to underhanded behavior.

However, Harvey could not care less as long as he got what he wanted.

Naturally, Isaac was fuming—Harvey had bought out that woman? Amazing.

To think that an ugly woman would mess with him!

"Your gift is gracefully accepted, Harvey Gooding."

Harvey sharply felt a foreboding sensation.

"What are you doing?"

"I just accepted your gift. Don't I have to give you something in return? Tit for tat—Isaac was not someone who would take any insult lying down. They were harassing him? Fine. Harvey was panicking, but he did not regret what he did.

Isaac's revenge was much better than letting him find out that Jane Tanner was actually Irene Spencer! An anonymous email attached with a video started making rounds at Mead Clinic, showing two of their doctors who were touted to be the next attending physician.

No one knew beforehand that they were in a relationship, and couples were not supposed to work in the same department.

That was necessary to prevent conspiracies and the upsetting of the hierarchy of command.

Moreover, the video clearly recorded their conversation where they were using underhanded means to oust a rival.

They were instantly the hottest topic, and caused considerable unrest among the hospital staff.

Both were soon called in to the hospital chief's office—unable to accommodate such disgrace, they were summarily dismissed.

However, Irene felt neither joy nor dismay. She remained neutral.

A doctor's job was to help patients and that was all they had to do.

Resorting to unsavory means to oust a rival already made obvious their character was wanting.

Such individuals did not deserve sympathy.

Meanwhile, Irene was on duty when a patient was rushed to the emergency room with a rebar piercing his heart, having taken a fall at a construction site.

"Dr. Tanner? The surgery is too risky and you're heavily pregnant. You should let someone else take the scalpel..."

"I can do it," Irene insisted, and after six hours of work and the occasional close shaves, the surgery proved a success.

The patient was kept at ICU, as it would take him a while to recover.

"You're a miracle worker, Dr. Tanner."

The patient was certainly almost on the brink, but Irene proved herself to everyone again.

Still, she was exhausted, and remained seated on a chair in the operating room for a long time, feeling slight discomfort in her belly.

There was no helping it—she was heavily pregnant, and standing for too long would leave her exhausted.

After she left work, she called Harvey's number.

Although she wanted to ask to meet him, he was not answering.

She frowned—she thought of a way to help Lulu and Ricky, and needed his help.

Having no other choice, she went looking for him at Olston Hotel, where she found a crowd gathered outside Harvey's room.

Curious, she walked over and peeked inside...

Chapter 483

It was hell on earth. She saw a woman with dreadlocks whose skin was as dark as coal. She looked just like a hippopotamus, but she was only dressed in a pink tank top that was as thin as a feather.

For some reason or another, Harvey was lying still as she straddled him, looking like he would rather be dead.

It was too stimulating a scene for Irene, so she quickly turned around, and found James had appeared behind her without her notice.

"Dr. Tanner. Were you looking for Harvey?"

"Yes," she calmly replied.

"He's a patient, so I was just checking on him..."

"How dutiful of you," James growled with contempt.

Not sure why she deserved that, Irene pointed out, "I had been dutiful when I treated Mr. Jefferson as well. Is there anything that you find unsatisfactory, Mr. Cross?"

"You know very well what you've done, so drop the pretenses. We're only targeting Harvey and sparing you because you're so ugly, and there won't be a place for you anywhere if you're fired. Count your blessings."

Irene was speechless and even more confused now! Meanwhile, James continued with a look of schadenfreude.

"Anyway, Harvey's exploits would soon be known in Zidonia. Let's see if he can hold his head high when he returns!"

Irene thought she knew what was happening but not really.

Still, she started to leave, since there was no way she could discuss anything with Harvey now.

As she got in the elevator and pressed the button to go downstairs, James put a hand between the elevator doors just as they were about to close.

Irene stood aside for him, and he kept his eyes forward.

"How much did Harvey pay you?"

While Irene was left confused, he continued.

"Don't pretend. Harvey himself came clean that he paid you to harass Mr. Jefferson, and we're just repaying a favor. That woman we found is certainly uglier than you, and she's pinning him in bed all by herself while everyone watches..."

Irene flinched—so Harvey did not lose his mind, and was not having a sudden impulse for exhibitionism...It was Isaac's payback. He did not have to lie to Isaac, like that, however...He knew Isaac was no angel, too, and played with fire anyway...

Whatever.

There was nothing to say now that things had come to this.

There was a jingle just before the elevator stopped, and Irene got out first.

James followed, but turned toward the front desk to check out.

Irene heard him and stopped.

"You're leaving, Mr. Cross?"

James ignored her—he felt earnestly repulsed since learning that Harvey had hired her.

Still, Irene did not say anything as she turned to leave.

That was when a woman wobbled her way through the entrance, and Irene saw that it was Erin Gooding.

Irene also smelled a heavy scent of alcohol as Erin walked past her, and it was obvious that Erin was very drunk.

Arriving at the front desk, Erin slammed her purse on the counter and snapped, "Give me a room."

James frowned when he saw her.

"What are you doing here?"

Isaac had already spoken to Mick Gooding, did he not? She should not be showing up around them after that...

"James Cross."

Erin narrowed her eyes as she hiccuped.

"Happy now?"

"As long as you're not bugging me," James said shortly.

Erin suddenly sprawled herself over the marble counter, blinking and then started to bawl in the next instant!

"Wargh!!!"

James cowered.

"What are you doing?"

"It's all because of you! You did this to me! Urgh..."

Her cries were loud and drew a lot of attention, leaving James flustered, "Stop it—people will misunderstand. What did I do to you anyway?"

"You asked Isaac to talk with my father! I didn't want to know the truth...Urgh..."

"What truth?" James pressed.

Was there something he did not know?

Chapter 484

Erin continued to cry, and miserably at that.

"Wargh..." James shook her arm.

"Just tell me—what truth were you talking about?"

"It's all because of you! And you're still asking?!"

Erin grabbed his hand and suddenly bit him.

It was the second time he did so, and James was left clenching his teeth in pain.

"Are you a dog? Why did she have to keep biting him?! "You're the dog! Your whole family are dogs! Urgh..."

James's cheek twitched.

"Say that again and I won't be so kind."

It was fine if she cursed him, but not his family.

"Hit me if you dare."

Erin suddenly dropped to the floor, her hair a mess. She was certainly in a sorry state especially with her stink of alcohol.

Still, James merely rolled up his sleeve to check the teeth marks she left on his hand.

"Unbelievable."

After checking out from the front desk, he was about to leave when Erin wrapped herself around his legs.

"It's all your fault. Don't even think about getting away."

James looked down at her, wondering if there was something wrong with her.

Why else would she be so incoherent? Nothing she said made sense at all! He firmly pried her hands off and hurried to the entrance. He paused for a moment as he reached the door and saw that Erin was still sitting on the floor, crying. He hesitated for a while if he should do something, even as the people walking past the lobby all pointed and gestured at her.

Then, a man approached her, seemingly finding her good looking and trying to chat her up.

Worried that she would be taken advantage of, he returned to chase the man off before asking the front desk receptionist, "Is her room ready?"

"Yes, sir" the receptionist replied and handed him the room card.

James took it and scooped Erin up in his arms.

"I'm just doing this because you're Mr. Jefferson's sister."

Erin bawled even harder at that, leaving James speechless.

"Boo hoo..."

"Quit it!"

Anyone who did not know would think that he was bullying her.

"But I'm not Isaac Jefferson's sister...I'm not even my parents' daughter! I was adopted!"

She had eavesdropped on Isaac and Mick's conversation. She was hoping that her father could find out where her mother was buried, only to find out that she was adopted. She was not Layla or Mick's daughter, let alone Isaac's half-sister. She was nothing but an abandoned orphan, who was lucky enough to be adopted by Mick and Layla! It was such a bombshell she could not accept at all! "Do you understand how I feel?"

Her eyes were red as her tears gushed.

James was actually surprised—but now that he looked closer at her, she did not resemble Yvaine Lynd or Mick at all. She believed herself a rich daughter, and yet...

Still, James said, "I know how you feel."

"No, you don't."

She sobbed.

James opened the door and put her on the bed.

"You may be adopted, but Mick has been great to you. There's no need to get so upset—"

"My family isn't my family. Do you know how that feels?!"

Erin glared at James with beady eyes.

James sighed and put her to bed.

"Just sleep. You'll feel better when you wake up."

Being connected by blood did not matter anyway— it was the heart that counted.

"Don't go."

Erin suddenly caught him by the wrist just as he tried to leave, pouting.

"I don't want to be alone."

"No, I have to go back to Zidonia,"

James protested.

"I don't have the time—"

Before he could finish, Erin suddenly threw her hands around his neck and pressed her lips against his! James froze, the kiss having caught him completely by surprise.

Her lips were soft, but she was clearly inexperienced—she was basically biting.

"y-You're drunk,"

James snapped and pushed her away.

"You're not getting away,"

Erin retorted as she grabbed him by the collar and lunged at him again. She could not care less just then—all she wanted was someone to stay by her side. She had a nice figure and her skin was very fair.

As she threw herself against James, her ample bosom pressed against him, leaving him antsy.

"If you keep doing this, I won't be able to stop myself. Don't blame me for what follows..."

Despite what he said, she had already wrapped her legs around his waist.

How could he even resist?

Chapter 485

Perhaps Erin was really drunk—or just trying to vent the grief from learning of her true roots—but she was not backing down at all.

James was panting as she clung on to him, but he was still rational, and thus hesitant to take things to the next level.

His eyes a little red, he growled, "Do you consent?"

He had already torn open her blouse.

Even so, Erin was still latched to him.

There was no telling if she heard him or if she was just sick from all the alcohol, but she pressed her face against his chest and moaned, "Uh-hmm..."

Her response was no different from throwing oil to fire.

Unable to stop himself, James pinned her beneath himself...

An hour later, James got dressed and strode outside—there was just ten minutes until his flight, and he was late although he drove at top speed to the airport.

Isaac was already waiting when he hurried into the plane and almost lost his patience.

"I was held up..."

James tried to explain.

Still, as Isaac looked up, he saw that James's collar was wrinkled and wide open, and the hickey on his neck was as clear as it was fresh.

Anyone experienced enough would know how that happened, and Isaac calmly turned away.

"When did it start?"

"Eh?"

James blinked.

When did what start? He then seemed to understand and straightened his collar.

"...It's not like that."

He himself was surprised. He would not be messing around if she really was Isaac's half-sister.

Now that it was no concern...

If anything, it just amounted to a fling anyway.

As a fellow man who could understand, Isaac said nothing in response and directed the pilots to take off.

When Isaac reached home, he found Tommy playing in the living room.

All the furniture there had been covered in soft latex so that the baby would not hurt himself if he knocked into it.

He was standing barefooted on the carpet, playing with a toy dog and mumbling, "Pah-pah...Pah-pah..."

Isaac was at the doorway when he heard his son.

His eyes darkened as he walked toward Tommy, and he called out softly, "Tommy."

Tommy turned around, the toy still in his hand, but quickly threw it away when he saw that it was Isaac, and ran toward him.

"Pah- pah..."

Tommy was walking steadily now and did not need assistance, and his vocabulary had increased as well, to include words like eat, sleep, and the like.

As Isaac scooped him up in his arms, he grinned, baring a row of little white teeth before rubbing his head against Isaac's chest.

"welcome home,"

Sheryl Harris arrived in the living room, having heard him return.

"I'll get a bath ready —dinner will be ready soon.

"Okay," Isaac said.

"Has Tommy been good?"

Sheryl lowered her gaze.

"Very."

However, the baby had been calling 'Mah-mah', be it when he was asleep or in Sheryl's arms.

She avoided telling Isaac, however, so that no one would feel miserable.

Still, Isaac seemed to pick up on it.

Changing the subject, he said, "I've bought a place in Franconia. We can move there once it's finished."

"We're moving abroad?"

Sheryl exclaimed in surprise—she did not know the language and would definitely not get used to life over there.

"I'll arrange for other servants. You just have to take care of Tommy over there."

Isaac had found that there was no one as diligent in caring for Tommy as Tommy's own grandmother, and he could have ease of mind as he left Tommy at home.

Since Remy headquarters was in Franconia, he would not have to keep flying over there too.

"If that's what you think is best," Sheryl said—she did not want to go abroad, but she would work hard to overcome the language barrier for the sake of her only grandson.

After that, Isaac returned to his room to take a bath, the warm water washing off his weariness. He stepped out, his bathrobe loosely draped over his body—there were still droplets on his bare skin.

He walked toward his bed as he dried his hair, having put the clothes he was going to wear there.

Bzzt...

His phone suddenly vibrated, and he picked it up to find a text from an unidentified number. He tapped on it.

[Irene Spencer is alive. I know where she is.]' .

Chapter 486

Isaac's first reaction to the text was to wonder who was playing a prank on him this time.

Harvey had pulled the same stunt just days ago but he was still abroad, so there was no chance of him doing it again.

So who was doing this, and why? Still, despite knowing that it was a trick, Isaac replied anyway.

[In that case, tell me where she is.] He put down his phone after doing so, but his eyes were locked on it.

At the depths of his heart, he somehow held hope that it was no trick, but a miracle instead.

It soon rang, and Isaac picked it up.

{#123}I can tell you, but I want something in exchange.] Isaac remained calm as he read it, as if he had expected that.

[Name it.]

[Release Ian Jefferson.]

[Sure.] After replying to the text, Isaac quickly called James, who soon answered his call.

"Find out who has been in touch with Ian recently," he growled.

"Okay," James replied.

Isaac hung up soon after, just as another text arrived.

[We will make the exchange at the Seventh Port.] Isaac's lips curled up in disdain—did they think they could get away from the port? It was obvious they would try to escape by boat.

Nonetheless, he replied: [Sure.]

He was actually interested in seeing who wanted to save Ian.

Could it really be Greg Jefferson? Ian was his son, and it made sense if he did something.

Over at Blue Hill Asylum, Ian had basically given up.

On the other hand, Robin Lynd had spent months just to finally find him here.

She then took on a vacancy to start work as an employee in the asylum, and when she discovered that Ian had been confined in a solitary cell, she used her performance and bribes to become the person who fed him.

Ian had been refusing to eat in order to kill himself, but the asylum director had arranged for nutrient injections just to stop him from dying.

Robin kept bringing him food every day, but he never touched it.

"You have to live. I promise I'll get you out of here," she whispered.

Ian slowly looked up at the door.

There was a small vent beneath where food was delivered through, but it was just more evidence that he was living less than a dog —after all, dogs had freedom, but he did not.

He also failed to recognize who was calling for him.

Robin kept trying nonetheless.

"Ian, Ian..."

Finally, he opened his eyes, and exclaimed in surprise when he realized it was Robin, "H-How did you get here?"

"To save you."

It sounded like a joke to Ian.

"You? Do you think you can beat Isaac Jefferson?"

He had lost everything to Isaac, while she was a woman who had trouble protecting herself.

"Trust me. I have a way,"

Robin promised confidently.

"What?"

"I texted him, saying that Irene survived and I know where she is..."

"She's dead. He'd never believe you."

Ian immediately found her idea stupid.

On the other hand, Robin was convinced it would work—especially when it was running so smoothly.

"No, he bought it.

If there's one person who wishes she were alive, it's him—he even agreed to trade for your freedom, just to find out where she is.

Ian laughed.

"You're an idiot. He's not that stupid even if he wishes for Irene Spencer to be alive—I heard that he never cremated or buried her, and instead preserved her body. One DNA test, and he'll find out that she's well and truly dead. Your plan is just going to collapse on itself."

Robin did not know about that and her confidence was at once deflated.

"What should I do, then?"

"Quit it already, Robin. You can't save me."

"No, I have to—and I'll do it."

Robin was watching him through the vent, even though she had to drop on all fours.

Ian suddenly felt that she was the greatest treasure he found in this life. She never gave up on him, even if she had already fallen to such a wretched state.

"Thank you," he said, swearing to himself to do right by her if he got out.

"You were saying that Isaac would only be sure that it's Irene's corpse if he does a DNA test." Robin stared at him expectantly.

"We still have a chance if he doesn't. Don't give up. Eat."

Ian looked at Robin in return.

If she had not given up, would it not be premature if he gave up already? "Alright, I'll eat."

Meanwhile, Isaac was spacing out on the couch, with Tommy playing with his toy dog on his lap.

He never doubted Irene's death.

His own people told him that Irene had been disfigured when they pulled her out of the water, and he himself saw the body afterward.

But what if the body was not hers? Maybe? Just maybe...? He picked up his phone again to make another call...

Chapter 487

Soon, Isaac's call was answered, and he said, "I need a favor. Find someone reliable—we need a DNA test."

"Yes, sir," the person on the other end said, and Isaac hung up.

Sheryl was a living specimen, and he had all the DNA samples he would need.

An excuse, such as a medical examination, would do.

After that, all they had to do was to wait.

Over at Minerva, all of Irene's colleagues were congratulating her for being appointed as the youngest attending physician in Mead Clinic.

Jeff Cartman said, "Dinner's on you,"

Irene smiled, but she was feeling generous.

"Alright. That's a deal."

Still, a nurse arrived and interrupted the merry atmosphere.

"Dr. Tanner? Dr. Pitt is asking to see you in her office."

"I'll be right there," Irene said.

"Maybe she wants you to buy her dinner too?" someone joked.

"Desperate, aren't you?" Jeff chuckled.

Still, he was one of the few who genuinely wished Irene the best, especially given her meteoric rise.

Before this, anyone who wanted to become an attending physician would have to work for years, while Irene just arrived a little over six months ago.

No matter how skilled or virtuous she was, jealousy was human nature.

Meanwhile, Irene followed the nurse to Dr.Pitt's office.

"Were you asking for me?"

Dr.Pitt, Irene's department head, was in her sixties, and the signs of age were already showing on her face while her hair was graying.

Still, her eyes were spirited as she said, "I'll be attending a forum in Zidonia and I have permission to bring you with me."

Irene happened to be worried about Lulu Adams, and the idea suited her just fine.

"Really?"

"Is that a yes I hear?"

Dr.Pitt was actually surprised—she thought Irene would be reluctant.

"Of course.I'm Zidonian, and I could take the chance to visit home ..but aren't forums usually held on this side of the world? Why Zidonia?" Irene asked.

"Our new shareholder suggested it to improve Zidonian healthcare standards. He's certainly a patriot," Dr.Pitt said.

Irene lowered her gaze, smiling unwittingly —the love of her life was certainly as wise as he was virtuous.

"You should pack your things when you get home. We will be leaving the day after tomorrow." Dr.Pitt said.

"There's still work to do in the meantime."

"Okay,"

Irene nodded, and left—she had a surgery scheduled.The instant she left the operating room, Harvey arrived and started to pull her aside.

Irene could not keep up.

Keeping a hand on her belly, she snapped, "If you have something to say, just say it. Don't pull me."

She was too heavily pregnant to run, and her legs had been showing signs of swelling.

Harvey quickly released her.

"Sorry, I was in too much of a hurry and forgot that you were pregnant."

"So? What is it?" Irene asked.

"Let's talk somewhere quiet."

Harvey seemed really paranoid about being overheard, so Irene had to take him somewhere isolated.

"Honestly, Isaac is crazy! He drugged me and tied me up—"

"So, it was against your consent?"

Irene interrupted.

She knew what he was going to say, but was still curious nonetheless.

Harvey was speechless for a while, and eventually asked apprehensively, "How'd you know?"

"I saw it," Irene replied flatly.

Harvey was left petrified right then! How could he bear to face Irene from now on? Would she even give a thought about a man who had been defiled by the ugliest woman there was?! Argh!!! Irene

watched as all color drained from his face and said gingerly, "So, you really were..."

"No! Isaac was so heinous! He drugged me and—"

"That's enough—I'm not interested, but I'm also confused; Why did you tell them that you hired me?"

"James Cross told Isaac that we know each other, and you know how smart Isaac is. He was going to investigate you since you seemed suspicious, but I overheard them—that's why I told them that I hired you to mess with him, and he wanted payback. The rest is history..."

Irene was left speechless for a while, until she burst into laughter.

"You're laughing?! I was violated because of you!"

Harvey shot her a grave look.

"You really hate me now, don't you?"

"No, I don't," Irene replied, shaking her head—it was true, too.

He was not that important to her to take notice anyway.

"Oh, I have something else to tell you," she suddenly said.

Chapter 489

Stephen was so nervous he barely managed a sentence.

"W-What are you...doing in my house?"

"Give me your phone."

Isaac held out his hand, but Stephen promptly held on tighter to it, even as fear showed in his eyes.

Isaac gave one of his goons a look then.

"Take it."

The man walked up and quickly wrestled the phone out from Stephen's grasp, then handed it to Isaac.

"Sir."

The instant Isaac took it, he called out, "Irene."

He had no idea who it was on the other end, but he determined that it might be Irene because of Stephen's words and his panicked reaction.

However, Irene had heard Isaac coming and quickly passed her phone to Jeff Cartman, who sharply answered, "What? Who's Irene?"

Isaac's brow creased when he heard that it was a man.

Did he get it wrong? If that was the case, why was Stephen panicking so much when he saw him?

Hanging up, he kept his eyes on Stephen and asked sharply, "Tell me. Where's Irene now?"

Stephen feigned composure as he answered, "She's dead."

"It wasn't her—you were the one who operated on her, and you know very well how you managed to pull the switch and send her away. Admit it, and I can be understanding...you can't blame me for anything that happens if you refuse to talk."

Isaac was giving Stephen a chance to talk.

Even if he sent Irene away, he did save her, and Isaac would still deny that.

On the other hand, Stephen was sweating bullets.

Irene had just made a breakthrough in her career and it would be a shame if it ended because of Isaac.

Stephen himself wished that Irene could go further and help the nation's medical field grow as a whole.

As such, he lied.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Isaac's gaze darkened as his rage flared.

Stephen was still being stubborn after everything became so clear?! "Take him away,"

Isaac growled icily.

"Who are you people? Where are you taking him?!"

Stephen's wife rushed up to stop them.

"You're breaking and entering! This is a lawful society!"

Isaac's goons were certainly efficient, and simply shoved her aside.

Stephen got to his feet right then.

"I'll come with you. Don't hurt her," he said as he helped his wife up, before assuring her, "Don't worry—I'll be fine. Just stay home for now."

With that, he turned toward Isaac while saying.

"I don't believe he can't do anything to me." Isaac simply turned away and strode outside.

"Take him."

"You're not going to kill me,"

Stephen said staunchly, seemingly convinced that Isaac was just abducting him to intimidate him.

Isaac did not respond, however, and simply took him to Blue Hill Asylum, showing him what had happened to Ian.

"You're breaking the law," Stephen said, but he was clearly a lot less staunch just then.

"Be honest, and I'll set you free. Refuse, and this will be your cruelty."

His words were utterly heinous, but Isaac spoke them with such calmness.

Anyone who was kept at an asylum and forced to face the loonies every day would eventually become crazy even if they were sane, would they not? "Mr. Jefferson."

James arrived with every personnel who were involved in Irene's surgery, and leaned in to whisper into Isaac's ear, "Robin Lynd was the one who texted you.

She's Ian Jefferson's girlfriend, and she also blended in among the asylum staff to contact Ian."

And Irene was alive...

Did Robin really know her whereabouts? Why would she send him that text if he did not? While Isaac pondered, someone ran toward him!

Chapter 490

Isaac's thoughts were interrupted by the sudden commotion.

"Stop! "

It was one of the asylum patients, but the doctors and staff managed to subdue him soon enough.

After that, Isaac left to interrogate the personnel who assisted Stephen when he operated on Irene.

Although Stephen himself was being obstinate, it might not be the case for his collaborators.

Moreover, profit was everything, and Isaac doubted that they would sacrifice that to hide Stephen's secret.

James soon led him to the room where all the doctors who assisted in Irene's surgery were gathered.

Isaac did not threaten them immediately, but instead threw them a tempting bait.

"I heard that the highest ranked among you is an attending physician at Melville Hospital. However, if anyone tells me where Irene Spencer is, you'll be an attending physician at Central Hospital."

The status of attending physicians varied between hospitals, and being an attending physician at Central Hospital was no different from department chief at any other hospital.

Naturally, the bait was absolutely tempting and everyone was already thinking about it.

They certainly did not want to give up such a golden opportunity to anyone else.

While they were all raring to go, a young man stepped forward and said, "I'll talk."

Although he was Stephen's student, he was still an intern and therefore the lowest ranked.

The instant he spoke, everyone turned toward him, throwing insults such as betraying Stephen's trust...but in truth, they were all just jealous he beat them to it.

Isaac was not surprised— if there was one thing he did not expect, it was how easily they agreed to talk, as if they had no resistance at all.

It went without saying that all promises were pointless when they had something to gain.

"Then, tell me."

Isaac took a seat at a chair nearby, crossing his legs nonchalantly as he leveled the young doctor a neutral glance.

Even though he knew his offer would encourage someone to come forward, people who betray their old master like this man were...unlikeable.

The young doctor kept his head lowered, afraid to look at the people around who were staring daggers at him.

"She's not dead...Dr.Carr switched out her body with that of another woman who was killed in a fire."

"Where is she now?"Isaac asked.

The young doctor shook his head.

"I don't know.Dr.Carr made everyone leave the OR, and we never saw her since.We don't even know how or where she was transported away."

Isaac had thought that he would know something, and yet...He scowled and swept his eyes across the other gathered doctors."None of you know a thing, do you?"

Everyone kept their heads down —all they knew was that Irene survived, but none of them knew anything else since Stephen handled everything else afterward by himself.

Isaac was naturally unhappy with the outcome, and he also knew that Stephen is going to be obstinate.

It would be very difficult to make him talk..

Still, just as things came to a standstill, Isaac's phone rang.

[I'll be waiting at the Seventh Port.] It was Robin's text, but Isaac could never calm down when it came to Irene—he so badly wanted to know what had happened to her.

"Bring Ian with us."

"Excuse me..." the young doctor called out, eager to remind Isaac of his promise.

Isaac shot him a cool look, and the doctor quickly lowered his head.

"They can go now. And make the arrangements for him."

"Yes, sir," James said, and turned to the crowd, "You heard him. You may go now."

Then, turning to the young doctor, he said, "I'll help you get into Central Hospital, but whether you keep your job is entirely up to you."

If he did not have what it took, he would not stay for long even if he went.

After that, James took Ian out of his cell, gagging him and throwing a black sackcloth over his head before throwing him into the car and driving to the Seventh Port.

Robin was already there when they arrived, and she was sweating bullets in nervousness.

Isaac came.

Does that mean he believed she knew what happened to Irene? Working hard to keep her tone even, she said, "Give me Ian and I'll tell you where Irene is."

However, Isaac sharply sensed the nerves and unease in her voice!