

Runaway 541

Chapter 541

The man who answered the door was taller than Isaac.

His skin was fair but rough, his hair was combed backward, and his eyes were a shocking blue, sharp and pronounced like his other facial features.

Naturally, he was not the type people fall in love with at first sight, but one would never get bored ogling him.

Standing aside, he said, "I've been waiting."

Isaac entered.

His clothes were thoroughly wrinkled after flying in and out of the country, his collar slightly open and stubbles visible on his chin.

But it still did not affect his good looks-it added a sense of rugged maturity to him, in fact.

He flexed his neck, which had gotten stiff from sitting, as he settled down on the couch.

Sammy sat opposite him and asked, "Where is it?"

the papers on

Sammy was a Raideen. was almost eighty now, and was barely surviving after suffering a heart earlier than scheduled, and his partnership with Isaac was to claim the papers, Issac pressed his fingers over it with a dark look. "You know of my word. After all, you agreed to a partnership because you had your eyes on my background, don't was powerful on its own, with his maternal grandfather being a standing member in Minerva's cabinet to what Irene did, it was not difficult to get

Sammy's grandfather needed money to keep it happens, the Raideens were dirty rich-the man was only too keen to have Sammy could sustain each other's as far as they wanted- which was why Sammy's grandfather had agreed and as you know, our country has rivaling factions just like any other. It just happens that the people who have her are my grandfather's rivals-word has it that they're not getting naturally understood that Sammy's grandfather was only motivated by

check it," Isaac told Sammy, and panicking because of what Sammy said,

He did not need much imagination to know that coercion was putting it lightly.

They might have resorted to a more direct approach for all he knew.

"I can help you to the throne, but I want to see her by tomorrow," Isaac growled, making his staunchness very clear.

Sammy kept his eyes on the papers, however-he would be taking on a partnership with Auric Wes once he signed it, and Auric would be delivering 2.5 million gallons of oil each year.

Their resources have been dwindling constantly, and a successful partnership was undoubtedly a timely intervention, and proof of his ability to be heir.

'I'll need to make a call," Sammy said.

Isaac raised his hand invitingly, so Sammy put down the papers, left the room, and made the call on his cellphone.

He soon returned.

'It's a yes."

Irene was losing focus, unaccustomed to the sudden flash of light after being kept in the dark for so long.

As she raised her hand to block the light, she heard a voice say, "Admit that you were told to do this, and we can release you right now."

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Irene's throat was so dry she could not speak, and she did not dare to lower her hand stopping the blinding light burning her eyes.

That was when she smelled food. Though she lowered her hand to look for it, she still had to keep her eyes closed because of the glaring light.

Even if they were trying to force her to talk, they did not dare to go too far because it would escalate matters, and their opposition were already questioning their actions in this matter.

With pressure bearing down on them from every corner, they could only resort to mental duress.

"Want a drink? Or food?" They lay out everything in front of Irene. "Admit that you're a spy, and you can have it all."

Irene's eyes narrowed. Her lips were cracked and bleeding, but she firmly shook her head.

Her fortitude was certainly shocking.

'Quit being so stubborn!"

I don't think she would last. Let's see how much longer she that Irene would stay apathetic with the temptation for food-she could resist it now, but than usual, and the scent of foot gnawed at her stared at

the food, and one of the men held the food just beside her lips. "Why push yourself up-she was having double vision lips curled from hunger in first time was because of Isaac, who denied her but into herself, feeling as if something was dropping inside her

Her fingers clenched.

Me.. Go..." Her voice was hoarse, and the tugging at her

She was fine with whatever happened to her, but not her child.

"You're not letting your baby die, are you? We will keep him alive, and certainly not torment him and make him cry..."

Irene seemed to hear the baby's cries that they kept replying. She cringed in shock and sobbed in anguish.

'N-No... It hurts..."

Her belly hurt even more now and the painful spasms were intermittent.

A warm dampness was flowing out from beneath her, but right now, she did not even have the strength to deliver her baby.

She was gasping for air and the light before her seemed to wobble.

"I... I..."

"Say it!"

That was when the door opened, and a group of people rushed in!

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Just an Insignificant Person

But now, she no longer was that petty and low Deirdre who couldn't survive without Brendan.

She now had Kyran and a new home.

And the past should be left behind.

When Brendan gradually fell asleep, Deirdre still didn't feel sleepy. Claspng her phone, she got up and found a convenient place to make a call.

Carefully, she dialed Kyran's phone number and put the phone near her ear. But nobody picked up the call. She called twice before putting it back into her pocket with surprise.

Kyran barely did this. Usually, he would answer her call almost immediately. Hence, he gave Deirdre the wrong feeling that he would be there for her whenever she needed him.

When she thought further, Kyran might have already gone to rest since it was now midnight in Germia.

Following the same path, Deirdre returned to her seat and saw a blurred figure standing there. When she was nearer, the flight attendant greeted her. "Hello, miss. Someone might be looking for him because his phone had been ringing."

"Really?" Deirdre was startled.

She was surprised that someone called Brendan while she was calling Kyran.

Soon, she stopped dwelling on it.

"Thank you. I'll let him know when he wakes up."

"You're welcome."

The flight attendant left, and Deirdre was in a daze while sitting.

When the airplane seemed to be landing, Brendan woke up. "What's the time now?"

Deirdre had heard the time report about 10 minutes ago, so she answered, "It's about eleven o'clock."

"Thanks," replied Brendan in a husky voice. Following that, he requested a glass of warm water.

"Someone called you a few hours ago," said Deirdre.

Brendan took out the phone, and his eyes turned gloomy when he saw the notifications.

"Is it from Mr. King?" asked Deirdre casually.

"No," replied Brendan instantaneously. Then, he put away the phone and said, "Just an insignificant person."

It seemed the person was insignificant because Brendan didn't call back at all.

After the plane landed, they got off the plane in an orderly manner. Brendan took a glance at the watch and said, "There's dinner tonight. Let's go to the hotel first."

"Okay."

The two boarded a car to a hotel and stayed in the presidential suite.

Deirdre sat on the sofa alone with the phone grabbed in her hand all the time.

Although she knew Kyran was still resting, she was worried she couldn't answer the call instantly when he called back.

When Brendan ended the call with Declan and saw her focusing on the phone, he frowned as he demanded, "Put down your phone."

Deirdre paused and said, "The presence of my phone doesn't seem to be affecting you, does it?"

"Yes, it won't affect me. But regardless of how much you focus on your phone, he won't call you."

Deirdre's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. She abruptly raised her head and asked, "How do you know that I'm waiting for his call?"

Had she mentioned anything about him before?

Brendan sneered. "It's easy to guess. Who else would make you so focused other than his call? Moreover, whatever thought you have is clearly written on your face."

Deirdre felt awkward and put the phone back into her pocket.

Not long later, there was a knock on the door.

Deirdre was the closest to the door, so she subconsciously rose to her feet to open it. She seemed to have seen a group of people gathered at the door. Because she couldn't see clearly, she squinted subconsciously.

Fortunately, the leader spoke first. "Are you Ms. McKinnon? Hello, I'm Fionn Fox, Mr. King's assistant."

When Declan's name was mentioned, Deirdre relaxed and gave way.

However, at least five people came in, and they seemed to bring a lot of things.

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Isaac felt like he must do something just then to quell his suffocating unease.

At the same time, Sammy tried to assure him, "She's probably going to be fine."

Isaac raised a hand to ask for his silence.

Right now, he needed peace and quiet, not pompous assurances.

Eventually, he looked up at Sammy and said, "She's my wife."

Sammy pursed his lips. "I'm sorry. We should have gotten her out earlier-"

"Is the patient's family here?"

Anurse had stepped out of the room.

"I am," Isaac said, striding forward.

He then hesitated, fearing the worst. "Is she-"

"She's lost too much blood-it's either the baby or the patient..."

"The patient."

Isaac made up his mind even before the nurse finished-his choice was undoubtedly Irene between the two.

"Then I'm going to need you to sign this," the nurse said, handing him a consent form.

Isaac put pen to paper. His signature would be a blade he wielded with his own hand, denying his own child life.

But there was no other choice-he had to do it!

His fingers flinched a little even as he signed it, but he forced himself to finish it.

Nothing in his life was more difficult than this.

He stumbled and almost lost his balance, which he would have if he had not quickly raised a hand to lean against the wall.

His heart felt so heavy it was bending his spine.

Still, he soon mustered his spirit.

Right now, Irene was suffering more than he was.

At the backdoors of Flanley Hospital, a nurse handed over a newborn to a man.

She looked around, and once she ensured that no one was around, said, ' You need to be careful-at eight months, this child could die easily.'

The man was wearing a surgical mask, while his black cap covered his brows. Only his eyes were visible as he took the child and told the nurse, ' Tell your boss that I've wired the money.'

The nurse nodded before returning inside, while the man left with the baby without anyone knowing.

Sammy entered the ward where Irene was admitted and told Isaac, "You can call me anytime if you need help."

"Thanks. May I have some time alone?" Isaac said, eager for him to leave, and Sammy did so tactfully.

With that, Isaac sat down beside Irene's bed, watching her.

Her eyes were sunken and there were dark circles under her eyes, while her lips were dried and cracked.

Isaac wetted a cotton bud to moisturize them.

Then, he brought in a pail of warm water, rubbing her face, hands and neck ... but it was not until noon the next day that she finally woke up.

Her vision seemed to blur slightly before she focused on the person before her.

Working hard to keep himself calm, Isaac smiled at her. "Sorry it took me so long."

Irene quickly touched her belly and found it flabby.

She had gone into labor?

Her lips trembled as she rasped, "Where's our child? Was it a boy or a girl?"

Isaac almost lost his composure right then and his fingers clenched over his lap.

His heart was pounding, and he felt like he was suffocating as if crushed under a boulder.

He did not even know where to start.

Eventually he spoke quietly. "...Irene. Our child is-"

Irene said, ' You weren't there when Tommy was born... Did you miss out again?'

Isaac crumbled right then!

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Isaac leaned in and gathered Irene tightly in his arms. "Let's go home when you're better, Irene. Tommy is waiting."

Irene was taken aback even as an ominous feeling seized her.

'Why are you being evasive?' she rasped.

“Isaac simply could not bring himself to tell her that their child was lost, and he was perfectly aware that she would feel even more miserable than he did.

After all, it grew inside her body...

‘L-Look, I know things looked bad, but I'm already eight months in. The child could have survived even if it came prematurely!’

Her voice was choking with tears even as she tried to keep it together. ‘You can’t tell me that we lost our child... I won't believe you!’

I don't believe it either...” Isaac whispered even as he brushed his cheek against hers.

There was wetness over their skin, but there was no telling whose tears it was.

Nonetheless, Isaac had said enough-their child was gone, and Irene's body trembled with agitation while her face turned pale.

"You said you wanted a daughter, and I hoped so too... She came while I was focused on my career, and we had Tommy already. Even so, I accepted her, and loved her..."

Her lips trembled as her voice broke.

"Urgh..." She suddenly felt a warmth over her groin.

"What's wrong?" Isaac could tell that something was off, but he could not see the blood beneath her blanket. in the basement..."

Isaac's eyes were red as he squeezed her hand. "I remember. I was furious, thinking that you tried to run away from me."

Irene pursed her lips. "After surviving that, I was able to survive this... Our child has to be as strong as me. So I won't believe anything else-I know that she's fine. Do you get it?"

Isaac held her hand and kissed it firmly. "Yes."

The doctor entered just then and asked, "Is there a problem?"

Isaac rose to his feet right then. Releasing Irene's hand, he lifted the blanket and immediately saw the blood!

As he slowly lifted the rest, he saw that there was a pool of red beneath her, drenching the sheets!

“Postpartum hemorrhage. Prep the patient for surgery, stat.”

The hospital staff promptly wheeled Irene to the operating room, leaving Isaac standing.

The bloody sight seemed to stick before his eyes, and Irene lay frailly within that pool of crimson, barely breathing...

As if she would leave him at any moment!

No way! She would be fine!

Or he would fall apart!

"Irene!" he cried as he dashed out of the ward, lunging to her side to hold her again. "Stay with me, please?"

Irene smiled despite much difficulty. "I will. I'm fine..."

"Calm down-please don't get in the way. Any minute of delay is putting her at risk."

The medical staff quickly pried Isaac away from Irene, and he could only watch as she was wheeled into the operating room again.

There was no telling the outcome.

He could stop breathing just then.

She kept toeing the line between life and death, while he could not do anything!

He punched the wall in impotent rage!

He had always been high and mighty, and he would never hang his head because that was the look of a loser.

But he was doing just that.

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Isaac hung his head. His hand, bleeding from his joints, dangled limply at his side. He suddenly looked up.

Their child.

Their child was the reason Irene was bleeding now.

She was a doctor, and she claimed that their child was fine. Could there be a mistake?

He had been too preoccupied with Irene's safety to notice, but at eight months, their child would be fully developed.

But the doctors never showed him a thing.

And he would see it-dead or alive!

He whipped out his phone and called Sammy. "I need a favor..."

Back at Zidonia, Ember found herself naked on a large bed within a hotel room, with her body covered with hickies.

She rubbed her temples firmly to figure out what was wrong. She then remembered receiving a text from Zachary, asking her out on a date at a bar.

It was rare for him to ask her out, so she dressed up especially for the occasion.

However, Zachary was not around when she arrived, though a man came up to her, asking, "Are you waiting for Zachary?"

"Yes... And you are?" Ember asked, never having seen that man before.

The man grinned. "I'm a friend of his."

Ember nodded in understanding. "I see."

"Shall we wait for him together?" the man proposed, and she agreed to it.

The man then poured her a glass of wine, and she drank it without thinking.

The rest was a blur.

Was Zachary the one who left these hickeys on her?

The thought that they did it left her blushing, and that was when she noticed the splashing sounds from the bathroom.

She looked up, and could vaguely see a figure behind the matte glass.

While Ember shyly lowered her gaze, the front door suddenly swung open with a loud bang!

Startled, she looked up and found herself gaping.

Zachary was standing at the front door!

Then who was the one in the bathroom?!

Finally realizing what had gone wrong, she panickedly got off the bed, wrapping the bed sheet around herself since she had no clothes on." Listen, I wasn't cheating on you-'

Zachary never loved her, but definitely felt sick at the sight. "I never knew that you were this terrible, Ember."

"No, I'm not-"

"Ember?" The man in the bathroom stepped out just then and grinned at Ember. "Are you satisfied? Honestly, you're quite the moaner-"

"Shut the fuck up! Get out of here!" Ember screamed hysterically.

The man simply picked up his clothes, muttering to himself, "Dumped, just like that-to think that you were clinging on to me so hard last night..."

Ember was on the verge of tears. "You have to listen to me, Zachary-I never did anything he said..."

"Still going to argue? After all that?" Zachary's eyes were cold.

Having to prove her innocence, Ember quickly reached for her phone. "But it was you who asked me out last night..."

Be that as it may, she searched repeatedly but never found Zachary's message.

Did someone delete it? Could it be that man just now?

"Do you have anything else to say?" Zachary asked.

Ember finally realized that she had fallen for someone's trap. But whose?!

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Ember was certainly quick-witted.

But although she managed to guess that someone had set her up in such a short time, she could not think of anyone who would do this to her.

'Just put on your clothes and leave!" Zachary snapped right then and turned to leave.

Ember quickly caught him. "Listen to me, Zachary. I was set up--"

'Do I look like I give a damn?" Zachary's eyes were cold even as he watched her-he simply could not get a read on her.

There were times when she was nice enough, but she was otherwise horrific!

'Are you going to divorce me?" Ember asked-no man could stand being a cuckold after all.

Zachary held her gaze for a moment and said, "Tell me where Lulu is and I won't."

Realization dawned on Ember right then and she released Zachary, stumbling backward.

"You were being nice to me... because of her?"

Yes."

Zachary did not deny it, and Ember was left shaking with rage.

So it was all feigned sincerity-she was just dumb enough to believe that he would fall for her!

Her eyes were red. "And you set me up?"

'I would never stoop this low," Zachary replied coolly. "Not going to admit what you did now, are you?"

'You're still trying to argue? I came because I received your text! This entire mess was by your design, so that you can accuse me of adultery and divorce me while finding out where Lulu is! It's a master plan that kills two birds with one stone, right? But I'm no pushover, Zachary Slate! Don't think you can get rid of me so easily!'

Zachary frowned, feeling that Ember had really lost herself to her own hysterics. "What are you talking about? Look, just calm down for a moment and think--'

"I won't tell you even if I know where she is!"

Since Zachary was burning bridges, Ember gave up on all pretenses right then.

"So it really was you," Zachary growled, glaring at her with crimson eyes. ' Tell me-is she alive?"

'She's fucking dead!'

Ember could not care less-right now, she just wanted to make Zachary suffer.

After all, if she had to suffer, no one could get off scot-free!

He wants to mess with her? Fine!

"Why don't you ask your mom where she is?" Ember told him, and then laughed maniacally. "Let's see if you would let kinship get in the way of justice, haha!"

That was a bolt from the blue for Zachary.

Was Lulu really dead?

And his own mother was involved?

'Don't give me that crap.'

Zachary could not believe it-be it Lulu's death, or that his own mother was involved.

He left immediately, as if he could avoid confronting the truth.

Debbie the secretary had hidden herself in a corner and watched as everything happened, smiling coolly when she saw Ember fall to shambles.

She was going to kill Ember, but the mysterious person disagreed, suggesting this instead.

She was the one who texted Ember and got the man who slept with him.

Once Ember was unconscious, they wiped her inbox.

The mysterious person texted her just then.

[She's now too busy fighting Zachary to care about you.]

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That was certainly the case, but Debbie still had other concerns.

[James Cross may be a vegetable now, but there's still a chance that he will recover.]

[The answer is still no. If you so much as lay a finger on him, Isaac Jefferson will know everything.]

Debbie was certainly unhappy with that arrangement, but she could not find out anything about the mysterious person, and their ID was untrackable.

As such, she was subject to their whims.

[Understood.]

Although Minerva was not Isaac's domain, he managed to gather all security footage from Flanley Hospital through Sammy's influence, along with information of all the doctors and medical staff involved in Irene's surgery.

However, there was nothing suspicious on video, and the records detailed that the child was taken out by C-section but was not breathing even after resuscitation.

After that, the body was placed at the morgue, and the hospital administration said that they were allowed access any time.

Everything seemed cut and dry.

"Is there something you still suspect?" Sammy asked. "Perhaps I should also point out that our mutual friends are busy throwing everything they have at my maternal grandfather. They won't have the time to

mess with us. Look, I know it's hard to believe it, and you're asking me to check because you don't want to accept reality. But that doesn't mean it's not reality."

Isaac looked up just then-his gaze was as dark as an abyss.

"So? What else can I do for you?" Sammy quickly switched gears right then -he was sharp enough to tell that Isaac is refusing to hear a word of it.

"I want everything you can get on her," he growled, placing the dossier on the surgeon in charge of Irene's surgery. "That includes every text received over the last month, the people she was in touch with, and everywhere she's been-the more information, the better."

In reality, he knew that Sammy spoke reason-he and Irene were in denial.

However, he has an obligation as a father to find out the truth, just as he must give Irene an answer.

"I'll have something soon," Sammy said. "See you."

"Yeah," Isaac muttered, and took a moment to straighten his face before returning to Irene's ward.

Her postpartum hemorrhage had since been stopped, and it turned out that her emotional distress was the cause, coupled with her frailness after going into labor.

He entered to find Irene's eyes wide open. Hurrying to her side, he leaned forward with a tender gaze in his eyes. "You're awake."

Irene ignored that and rasped, I heard everything outside."

Her eyes were sunken, and she lost so much weight she was utterly haggard.

Isaac was hoping that she could not overhear his conversation with Sammy -that was why he kept it outside, but she woke up earlier than he expected.

Wrapping his arms around her and kissing her gently on the forehead, he said, "It's going to be fine. Don't think about it, okay?"

"How could I not?! She was inside me for eight months! It's all your fault-I would have prepared everything to deliver her, and not while I'm half dead! Tell me-how could you be so calm?!"

"Sorry..."

Isaac could not offer a retort, because it was all this fault! He never anticipated anything, be it during or after it all happened!

'I want to see her.'

Isaac tightened his hold around her frail frame. "You're tired. Just sleep."

Seeing would only cause her further sadness and right now, her body could not take anymore stress.

"Tommy still needs you. If you miss him, I can take you home to see him right now-"

"I'm fine. Don't change the subject." Irene was determined. "I'll see her, or I can't rest."

Isaac had no choice but to agree to her demand, only to run into another issue that aroused his suspicion!

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"I'll check if the remains have been cremated."

The head nurse picked up a phone to call the morgue staff.

The Flanley Hospital administration had told them that they could see the remains of the baby whenever they wanted.

Now, however, they failed to show anything-claiming that it was a rule for the hospital to cremate every unclaimed body within regular intervals.

'Oh, I see.'

Told as much, the head nurse hung up and turned toward Isaac and Irene. "I'm sorry, but your child's remains have been cremated."

Isaac frowned-they were almost eager to show them before, and should at least inform them before something like this.

Why did they not do so?

Is it possible that they had nothing?

'This was your responsibility.'

"Yes. I'm sorry for the terrible miscommunication."

"Do you think I'd accept that apology?!" Irene screamed.

She clearly had yet to calm down, but no one probably could in her shoes.

How could she accept it? She was not even afforded the chance to see the child she carried.

Isaac had to keep his arms around her, but words failed him.

After all, nothing could appease the anguish of losing a child.

Bzzt-

Isaac's phone suddenly rang-it was Sammy.

'I have something, but I think we should meet. Is this a good time?'

"Yeah."

Isaac then hung up and turned toward the head nurse with a sharp glare. "There had better be a formal apology. It is unacceptable that we weren't informed, and we will talk to the hospital chief if you lack the authority!"

With that, he left, putting a hand around Irene's shoulder as they left together.

Sammy arrived at Irene's ward half an hour later, but seeing that she was up but in a bad state, he asked Isaac, "Should we talk outside?"

"No," Isaac growled. "We can do it here!"

Right now, this might offer Irene enough hope to pull herself together.

Sammy handed him a ledger.

"Here's what I got-the bank records of Kim Sherwood, the doctor who operated on your wife. There was a huge sum suddenly wired into her account on the day of the surgery, and the account was closed soon after the funds were wired. I personally checked with the bank-you can see it here."

"I'm sure it's too much of a coincidence for anyone. A doctor being paid off on the day your wife had the surgery? The account that wired the money was closed after the transaction too-someone wants to cover their tracks. Something is wrong here."

"So there's a chance that my child is alive?" A ray of hope sparkled in Irene's eyes after she heard Sammy's story.

'There is the possibility,' Sammy replied.

Irene then turned toward Isaac. "Who could it be?"

Isaac was reading the ledger.

The account that wired the money to Dr. Sherwood's account only had a single transaction, as if it was opened expressly for that purpose.

Was it a conspiracy?

Isaac frowned as an idea took hold. "Sammy, find out if she left Minerva.' "Right away.'

Sammy understood what Isaac was getting at-if something shady really went down in that operating room, Kim Sherwood would definitely bolt.

Finding her took priority, just as unveiling the truth started with her.

"She's running?" Irene became flustered.

They had no clues at the moment, let alone any idea who the mastermind was.

The trail would grow cold if Kim managed to escape.

Meanwhile, Isaac had calmed down and he took Irene's hand. "Maybe this is actually good news for US."

Irene blinked and rasped, "What are you talking about?"

"If that doctor really bolted, it proves that she was in league with someone -our child might be alive, and that's good."

Irene thought about it and agreed, but soon began to panic again. "Who could it be? Are they your enemy or mine?"

But she never offended anyone...

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Irene murmured, 'It might be them...' "No," Isaac assured her. "Sammy checked-it wasn't the people who confined you."

As for him...

Well, he had no shortage of rivals as enemies.

He was a businessman, after all—his profits occasionally meant taking from others.

While Irene had been away, he went on a frenzy as he expanded his business, destroying a long list of rivals in the process.

It would take a lot of time if they had to screen said list, and there would be nothing conclusive anytime soon.

Just having hope right now was more than ideal for them right now.

Sammy soon returned with news that Kim Sherwood had fled.

"I asked the admin, and they told me that she is on a break, but she definitely ran away. I'm sure she was prepared for this."

"Then start looking!" Irene urged Isaac.

He simply gave her hand a squeeze, and told Sammy, "I'm going back to Zidonia.ru return later."

Sammy understood that he had other arrangements to make. "I'll be waiting."

He still needed Isaac's help, and it was why he was doing his best to support him however he could.

Still, just as Sammy closed the door behind him, Irene demanded, "Why are we going back to Zidonia?"

Why aren't you looking for that doctor? I'm not going anywhere if you don't find her and demand an answer!"

Isaac held her gaze calmly despite her agitation. He understood her agitation, and calmly explained, "She's already gone for two days, and she could be anywhere-especially since she's prepared for this."

We won't find her soon, but I'll hire a couple of private detectives to help us. I know it hurts, Irene, and I'm hurting too."

Irene was taken aback—indeed, Kim would not be so easily found if she planned this ahead of time.

She was getting ahead of herself.

Isaac caressed her cheek and explained, "I've made the arrangements for us to return to Zidonia today. There's too much we don't know here, and Tommy is still there. He needs his parents."

"But..."

"Trust me, and give me time. I'll definitely get something," Isaac continued to assure her, understanding her worries.

Eventually, Irene nodded and rasped, "...Okay."

Once everything was arranged, Stephen Carr joined them on their returning flight to Zidonia.

He was pleased that she had returned in one piece, but also apologetic about his mistake.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know things would turn out like this..."

"It's in the past now." Irene was simply too out to press the issue.

Naturally, Stephen quickly held his tongue because she did not look so good.

Over the long, arduous flight to Zidonia, Irene was leaning against Isaac's shoulder, her eyes closed but not sleeping.

Isaac's hand gently patting her shoulder. "Tommy definitely misses you," he said, trying to divert her attention.

"Yeah," she murmured.

His words had its effect—she was one thinking about Tommy.

Debbie and a group of people were at the airport, waiting as their flight landed.

With James now reduced to a vegetable and unable to work, Debbie was in charge of the company's affairs in the country.

Irene was enveloped in a thin blanket as Isaac carried her out.

Debbie's eyes flashed when she saw that, but quickly looked downward. "The car is ready, sir."

Her voice was familiar to Irene, and she turned and saw Debbie. What was she doing here? Was she not transferred abroad?