

Runaway 641

Chapter 641

"Someone rescued Ian Jefferson and his girlfriend," James said.

Isaac's face fell. "What?" 'I rushed over as soon as the director called me. It seems that someone drilled a hole into their room."

Isaac closed his eyes. "Got it. Just find out who rescued them as soon as possible."

"Yeah."

As Isaac put away his phone, Irene asked, "What happened?"

"Someone rescued Ian and his girlfriend from Blue Hill Asylum," Isaac said, putting away his spoon just then-he had lost appetite from the news.

"No matter what it is, you have to eat," Irene said, putting the spoon back into his hand. "Don't waste my cooking."

Isaac looked at her then and smiled. "Fine, I won't."

Moreover, Irene was not worried about security here-it was basically airtight.

"Who could it be?" she asked.

"It must be my grandfather," Isaac did not hesitate to answer. "But I don't get it-why now? He could have done it much earlier."

Irene agreed, but she had no idea either.

"You don't have to worry. James will get to the bottom of this," Isaac said, not wanting her to get depressed. "Just go to bed."

"I'll wait until you're finished." Irene smiled. "I'll watch, or you're going to waste it."

"I'll eat every grain." Isaac scooped a spoonful and held it beside her lips. ' Have a bite too."

They tussled briefly, but Irene eventually gave in.

Isaac left early the next day without breakfast.

Irene understood that he must be furious after Ian was rescued, and that he would be busy for the day.

As for her, she woke at a regular hour and decided not to leave the mansion for the day-she wanted to dote on her children while she had the time.

Nonetheless, her phone rang around ten-it was a call from Dennis Turner, director of Hotmesh Research, who was asking for a meeting.He had helped considerably when they developed an antidote for Tommy, and she naturally had to see him.

"How about Omen's Ridge at noon?"

"Sure." Irene agreed to it right away.

"Are you going out?" Sheryl asked as soon as she hung up.

"Yeah, I have to," Irene replied.

"Get some cotton cloth when you come back. Diapers are bad and not airy no matter how good they get, and your baby always ends up with a reddened rump. We don't have enough-we have to keep changing new ones every time he wets them, so they're all over the drying rack right now."

"Yeah," Irene replied. "Anything else you want? I'll get everything back right away."

"I want toys," Tommy exclaimed as he ran up and hugged her leg. "Also, cakes and pudding."

Irene pinched his little cheek. "Okay."

Irene left at eleven, and Dennis was there when she arrived. She hurried to him, saying, "Sorry for being late."

"It's fine-I just arrived myself." Dennis gestured for her to sit.

As Irene did, she asked, "Is there a reason you asked for me?"

There certainly was, but Dennis asked, "Shall we discuss while we eat?"

"Okay."

"The food here is good-especially their ribs. You really should try it."

"Okay," Irene smiled.

Dennis ordered the house specialty, and the food soon arrived.

"Try it," Dennis said, gesturing for her to try it, and it certainly tasted good.

The strudel afterward suited Irene's tastes too.

It was not until they were almost finished that Dennis asked, "Was this meeting too sudden for you?"

"Of course not. What is it you wanted to discuss? You can just tell me." Even so, Dennis mused to himself for a while before doing so!

Chapter 642

"To be frank, the antidote development you led was an eye-opener for me. I'm honestly impressed by everyone's professionalism and determination."

Pausing for a moment, Dennis then added, "You worked at Mead Clinic and brought US their latest research data, so your contribution is immense even if you aren't working for US officially... That's why I asked to meet: I was wondering if you're interested in taking the post of director."

Irene was left gaping. Never had she expected the director of Hotmesh Research would ask her to take over! She did not know what to say just then.

"I don't think I can-"

"You don't have to give an answer right now. Take your time to think about it," Dennis said, pouring her some tea. "I mean, Tobey Kitsch was supposed to succeed me before, and then..."

Trailing off, Dennis then smiled. "Well, thank goodness that happened and allowed US to understand the true extent of his abilities. It would've been a disaster if he really took over."

Irene took a sip of her tea and did not comment-it was in the past, and bygones should be bygones.

Still, Dennis was sincere about his offer. "You can call me anytime when you make up your mind."

"Thank you for thinking so highly of me. I will give it awesome serious thought," Irene said.

"Oh, you don't have to be too humble. You may be young, but I recognize your ability. That's why I'm asking for you to take my place, for the sake of this nation's advancement in the medical field."

Dennis certainly could find no better candidate from Hotmesh Research.

And yet, Irene had all the qualifications despite her youth.

After leaving Omen's Ridge, Irene bought some fruit and took it to the hospital.

Ricky Spencer was recovering well and he was happy to see her, though he grumbled a little. "I thought you forgot about me."

Irene peeled an apple for him and said, "I knew I shouldn't have saved you since you'd just complain."

Ricky grinned. "Just kidding. Don't be so serious."

Moving a chair to sit beside his bed, she asked, ' Have the doctors said when you can be discharged?"

"In around a week."

"Good." Irene then mused about something, and asked, "Did you know who's your heart donor?"

"Somebody the hospital found?"

Ricky was not actually curious-they were dead, whoever it was.

Nonetheless, Irene said, "It's actually Whitney Cox's."

"Whitney Cox?! Why her?" Ricky was shocked, though his tone changed sharply. "I mean, I've been suspecting her for murdering my mom but never had evidence... Her being dead suits me fine."

Irene stared at him just then, hesitating if she should tell him. "She confessed-"

"Confess what?" Ricky asked anxiously.

Irene kept patient. "Don't interrupt me, now."

Ricky promptly turned quiet!

"Well, she confessed that she murdered your mother, and agreeing to donate her heart to you was her way of atoning," Irene told him.

"Just forget about it already."

Ricky appeared caught in disbelief.

The heart he has now belonged to the one who murdered his mother?

It was ridiculous!

"Are you kidding me?!" Ricky was suddenly in denial.

'I mean, it's not much since she was going to die, but you would have died too if she did not give you her heart," Irene reasoned.

"Do you think your mom would want that? Of course not-she would want you to live well."

"So, it's a life for a life?" Ricky snorted self-deprecatingly.

"And her redemption."

Whitney had done a lot of wrong but she came around in the end.

Like her mother, she perhaps wanted to do something good, so that her child would be blessed by that virtuous act later in life.

"Yeah, she's gone. I guess that counts as payback for my mom, and she could rest easy now," Ricky said.

Irene chatted a while longer with Ricky before telling her to get some rest and left.

Instead of going home, she left to get cloth and then cake. She had to wait since cakes were freshly made these days, and a woman came to sit opposite her while she did.

'What are you getting?"

Irene looked up at the other woman, perplexed!

Chapter 643

Erin Gooding smiled.

"Cake?"

She was not distant at all.

As Irene nodded, she continued, "James is too busy to accompany me, so it's boring being alone... May I visit you sometime?"

Irene did not want to reject Erin, but she did not have the time-she wanted to stay home and take care of her children while she did not have to work.

"How about work? Something you prefer, preferably... Just to kill time?"

'I wanted to, but James told me that he would pay for everything."

Erin had a look of bliss on her face as she said that, and Irene smiled unwittingly as she looked on.

Happy people tend to radiate a certain glow, and people who watch them could feel their warmth too.

"What is it?" Erin asked. "Did I misspoke?"

"Nope," Irene replied, taking a sip from her glass. "Congratulations. James is a good man."

"Yeah, but he's just so busy," Erin said, resting her chin on her hand. "Sometimes it's two days before I get to see him once, and he's never at home at night."

"He's busy with work, I guess," Irene said. "Oh!"

Erin seemed to have more to say, but Irene had stood up since her cake was ready. "I'll get going now."

Erin nodded. "Okay. I'm going shopping later myself."

Irene was ready to leave with her cake, but stopped at the door, turning around to ask, "Would you like to visit my home?"

"Of course!" Erin exclaimed excitedly, but soon hesitated as she asked, 'Would Isaac Jefferson be upset if he sees me?"

After all, they were not related, though she was his mother's adopted daughter.

"No," Irene said, and Erin became relieved enough to go with her.

She was quite clingy too and she linked arms with Irene intimately.

"What should I call you?"

"Just Irene," Irene replied.

"That won't do," Erin said. "How about sis?"

While Irene was left speechless, she explained, "Although I'm adopted and not related to Isaac by blood, we did address the same woman as our mother... That makes me a tenth his sister!"

Irene smiled in amusement.

"You're really nice, aren't you?"

Just as they were about to reach the hilltop mansion, Irene said, "There's children at the mansion, if that's okay with you..."

"It's fine," Erin smiled. "I love children."

Erin helped Irene unload everything from the car once the car stopped before Mrs. Watson took everything off their hands in turn.

As Irene went to get Erin a drink, she told the latter, "Sit anywhere you like."

Erin looked around and commented, "The decor here is really well done."

As Irene brought Erin her drink, Tommy came running toward Irene. "Mama, cake?"

"Over here!" Mrs. Watson called out.

Tommy turned and saw it, and he quickly left Irene hanging as he ran toward Mrs. Watson.

"I want cake, Mrs. Watson," he asked with his adorable little voice.

"Okay, here you go," Mrs. Watson cut a small slice from the modest cake, and brought two more to Irene and Erin.

Tommy started eating on the couch too, crossing his legs like a bigwig and looking very nonchalant.

Amused, Erin sat beside him and said, "I'll give you my cake if you answer my question, okay?"

"Okay!" Tommy agreed to it right away.

"What's your name?"

"Ike Jefferson, but everyone calls me Tommy," Tommy replied, blinking his large eyes. "Who are you? What are you doing at my house?"

Erin grinned.

"You can call me Aunt Erin," she said, and turned to Irene. "Right?"

Irene nodded-the only family she had was Sheryl and Ricky.

Since Isaac had lost his own parents, having more family was good.

That was when Sheryl suddenly hurried toward them, saying, "Irene, you have to check out the news."

Chapter 644

Seeing that her mother was beside herself with worry, Irene decided that it must be serious and she hurried to her mother's side.

"What is it?"

"Look," Sheryl handed Irene her phone, and Irene frowned when she saw it.

There were blurry pictures of Isaac and Henry, but there was no question that it was them.

And the news was saying that Isaac had given his grandfather a stroke.

"Look at all those terrible comments-it's so terrible! It's frustrating to look at!"

Sheryl would have been fighting those keyboard warriors if she was good with technology.

Still, Irene told her to calm down.

"I'll go take a look."

She knew that things were not as simple as they look.

Isaac no doubt had the influence to enforce a media blackout, but the fact that it still made the news meant there was a conspiracy at hand.

"What can you do?" Sheryl asked.

"Henry Jefferson was rushed to a hospital, wasn't he?" Irene said. "I'll find out the extent of his condition, so that they wouldn't keep smearing Isaac."

Sheryl thought about it.

"Yeah... You're a doctor, and you could tell if he's faking it. Go on, then," Sheryl said, and reminded Irene, "Be careful, though."

"Yeah," Irene was going to leave when she remembered Erin, and she pulled Sheryl aside. "Mom, that's Erin Gooding-Isaac's mother adopted her and raised her. Even if they're not related, there's a connection between them, and it's good since Isaac turned his back against his family and never had parents since a young age. Make her feel home if I'm not back by the evening."

Sheryl gave her hand a squeeze. "You're doing the right thing-don't worry, I know what I should do."

Before she left, Irene told Erin, "I have something to attend to, so please make yourself at home."

"Okay." Erin replied.

Getting in the car, Irene called Isaac. "Where are you?"

"At the hospital."

"Which one?"

Isaac was quiet for a while before telling that it was Central Hospital, and Irene arrived after half an hour.

He did not appear surprised that she showed up, and simply asked, "You saw?"

He was naturally referring to the news.

"Yeah," Irene replied. "What on earth went down?"

Isaac's expression turned cool.

It turned out that Henry and Harvey Gooding had joined forces to get Ian and his girlfriend out of Blue Hill Asylum, and they were trying to get him out of the country.

When Isaac intercepted them at the airport, however, Henry tried to reason with him.

However, Isaac was not about to let free a clear and present threat-who knew when Ian would return and wreak havoc?

But amid the confrontation, Henry fainted.

Isaac actually thought he was faking it, but it turned out that it was real.

They quickly got an ambulance since they were not supposed to go that far anyway. However, as if the whole thing had been

planned in advance, the incident made the news, with Isaac being labeled everything from ingrate to conceited.

Still, Irene believed that even if Henry's health was poor, he should not have fainted so easily.

"I think there's something up," she said.

Isaac, however, said nothing.

In fact, he looked as if he did not care. He was long since disenchanted by the old man's behavior.

Money Penny arrived just then. He told Irene, "Master Jefferson is up. He's asking to see you."

Chapter 645

Before Irene could answer, Isaac promptly said, "No. She's busy—he can talk to me if he wants."

"Master Jefferson says he wants to meet her regardless," Money Penny insisted.

Isaac had more to say, but Irene stopped him.

"I'll go."

She wondered what the old man had to say, too.

Isaac regarded her in silence for heartbeats and nodded.

"Go."

Irene hence followed Money Penny into Henry's ward, where the old man was leaning against the headboard, looking withered and weary.

His eyes were lifeless and yellow, and undoubtedly sickly.

"You're here. It's been a while. How have you been?" he asked amicably.

"Good." Irene replied politely.

"I'm sure you're smart enough to tell why I asked for you, right?" Henry quickly cut to the chase.

Irene, however, decided to play dumb.

"Forgive my ignorance, but I don't."

Henry held her gaze for a while.

"It seems that after spending so much time with him, Isaac's glib nature has rubbed off on you. You used to be tamer."

Sighing, he said. "I was right—you are the one who could shackle his heart. Well, one wrong move from me led to this whole mess, but since you want to play dumb, I will be frank: Ian is family, and Isaac's cousin. Is he really going to lock Ian up until Ian dies?"

Irene was puzzled.

Why would Henry want to save Ian? Why now?

There was so much time and opportunities he could have done so before this.

'I didn't want to meddle, but I was told recently that I have brain cancer and I won't have long to live. I don't want to die with regrets, which is why I asked for you-please talk to Isaac. He locked up Ian in that asylum for so long his mind has crumbled. He's not going to cause trouble anytime soon.'

Irene, however, did not forget what Ian did, just as she could not decide for Isaac.

"You know Isaac's temper, sir. Do you really think anyone can make him budge?"

'That's not the case for you now,' Henry replied, seemingly not expecting her to be this tough. "He cares about you and he listens to you."

"You overestimate me." Irene continued to reject him.

"Can't you humor a dying man's request?" Henry said, his voice much colder.

That did not deter Irene, however-she remained adamant.

"You're just asking me because you know you would never persuade Isaac, sir. Do you really think I can do something you can't?"

The retort left Henry speechless, but he scowled harder, and his head began to hurt from the aggravation.

Moneypenny quickly walked up to rub his back.

"Calm down, sir. Your body can't take it."

"I can check." Irene walked up.

Moneypenny gave her a look.

"Mr. Jefferson might feel better if you say yes."

Irene simply pretended not to hear him, and gave him a simple checkup.

Henry was not lying-the headache seemed to be caused by intracranial pressure.

Soon, Henry began convulsing, and Moneypenny quickly called for a doctor.

Irene kept watching for a while before leaving the ward quietly.

"Let's go," Isaac said when he saw her leave without asking a word about Henry's condition.

Irene followed him in silence.

In the car heading home, she hesitated for a long while before saying, "He's sick and it's serious."

Isaac was lounging in his seat and brushing his fingers through her hair as if he never heard her.

Irene, however, knew that he heard her, and so, she continued. "It's brain cancer."

Chapter 646

Isaac remained unaffected-even as calm as a pond.

His angular fingers curled up, hooking Irene's hair, and twirled repeatedly. ' What do you think we should name our youngest?'

Irene turned to look at him, not sure what he was thinking just then and unable to even guess it.

He grinned. "What's that look for? Well, I do look good."

Irene did not continue about Henry just then, since it appeared that Isaac really did not want to talk about him.

Making a straight face, she said, "No, you don't. In fact, you're hideous."

Isaac pulled her into his arms right then, holding her chin in place to make her look at him. "Speak from your conscience."

"I am," Irene replied with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Isaac leaned closer then. "Fine. Tell me, what makes me ugly?"

She held Isaac's gaze just then, her pupils darting everywhere and glinting luminously.

Everything from his chiseled face, to his dark eyes and sharp nose, all made him attractive.

"Your face, your eyes..." She tried to lie regardless, but even she could not stop herself from laughing out of embarrassment soon enough.

Isaac kept his arms around her. "You don't have to be involved in this one. I'll handle it."

Irene studied him then. "I'm just worried about you-I mean, we're the victims, and we wouldn't have to retaliate if Ian didn't do what he did. Also, you can enforce a press gag, right?"

Isaac, however, appeared nonchalant about that. "They can say anything they like."

Irene straightened herself right then and studied him seriously. "Why would you want to be misunderstood? It's not your fault."

Seeing him being flamed upset her, and she did not want to see that.

Even so, Isaac simply smiled. "What are you getting agitated about?"

"I mean, my heart aches for you-"

Realizing that she was being too direct, she pouted in embarrassment. "If you don't keep things in check, things will escalate until the point of no return. I mean, you're not worried since you're in the right, but words hurt."

Isaac's heart sang and his grin broadened.

He liked her like that.

"I'll have someone see to it," he said dotingly.

"Other successful businessmen care a lot about their reputation," Irene said. "That's why they involve themselves in charity for brownie points- you, on the other hand, allow yourself to be slandered."

"I get it." Isaac gathered her in his arms.

Even so, he did not enjoy doing pointless stuff.

Irene was right. Many who involved themselves in charity would gain a good reputation, but they paid their workers peanuts and readily sacrificed others for their selfish motives.

The system for charity was not as simple as it looks either, as donations meant tax rebates.

That is why Isaac believed that a good enterprise should be able to rake in billions while taking care of their employees' profits and benefits.

'Why would you, a doctor, know about that?'"

"I'm just concerned."

Isaac gazed at her with his dark eyes, and he said with his quiet, deep voice, "I know."

That she cared about him, and it made him happy.

Irene's phone started to ring, and she whipped it out to answer. It was Ricky.

'Hey, I'm getting discharged."

"Oh. Do you have a place to stay? Do you need me to arrange one for you?'"

'It's fine. I have something arranged-I just wanted to ask you your stuff. I mean, I've kept some of your belongings before I sold Spencer Mansion. Do you still want it, or can I throw it away?'"

Irene had actually thought that he sold everything in Spencer Mansion, and she was surprised that Ricky kept anything. She remembered some of her favorite books before attending school, and she said, "I'll come to get it."

'What is it?'" Isaac asked.

"Ricky kept some of my old belongings and he just got discharged. I'll get it back and see if there's anything useful."

Isaac said, "James can get it for you."

They had already returned to the hilltop mansion, so Irene nodded. "Fine."

With that, James was sent to get Irene's old belongings, while they returned to the mansion.

However, someone bumped into Isaac the instant he set foot inside, and he glowered when he saw the unexpected visitor!

Chapter 647

Erin was playing hide-and-seek with Tommy, and she inadvertently bumped into Isaac.

The sight of his scowl left her heart skipping up to her throat. "I-I'm sorry. That was an accident."

Irene quickly put a hand on his arm and smiled. "I brought her here as a guest."

Isaac wheeled on her just then, confused by why she did it.

Irene simply told Erin to keep playing with Tommy while she dragged Isaac further into their room.

"Why the long face?"

Isaac simply planted himself on bed and glanced at her sideways. "What, am I supposed to be smiling?"

Irene sat beside him, wrapping an arm around his, and cajoled, "Calm down. I know you dislike outsiders, but I had considerations when I brought her here. Just think about it: she's with James now, and they might get married later-the man is your right-hand man, while she's raised by your mom. There is a connection."

Putting her head on his shoulder, she added, "I don't want you to go without a family."

Isaac simply looked at her. "You're my family, aren't you?"

While he would yearn for that before, he had a family now with Irene and their two sons.

Nothing else mattered.

Even so, Irene protested. "That's different. Having an aunt would do some good for Tommy. I mean, look-he already has another person to play with. What's wrong with having another person dote on your son?"

Isaac held her gaze for a couple heartbeats. "You and your silver tongue." Irene giggled. "Yeah, yeah. Now let's go-it's impolite to stay in our room while there's a guest around."

As she pulled Isaac out, they found Erin sitting tamely on the couch-she had stopped playing with Tommy because she was too wary about Isaac, even though Tommy was tugging at her and complaining, "Let's play..."

Irene walked up and scooped him up in her arms. "Can I play too?"

"Okay!" Tommy clapped his hands and laughed happily, even drooling just then.

"Oh, you."

As Irene wiped his little lips, Erin suddenly got to her feet. "I think I should go..."

"Sit," Irene said. "You're having dinner here."

"But I..."

"James is coming too."

The doorbell rang as soon as Irene spoke, and Isaac got the door since he was close.

James stood outside, holding a giant paper box, with everything inside stacked so high it would fall over in a split second!

Isaac opened his study's door. "Put it in there for now."

James did so, but the box tipped over slightly when he put it down, and something dropped off the top.

Isaac saw that it was a white notebook with a red umbrella sticker on it— the type that girls used.

He picked it up and opened it right then, and saw that the handwriting was Irene's.

It must be the diary she kept during her student years, but just as he was about to put it away, he inadvertently noticed something that gave him pause.

It was a note of how she felt at the time, and the contents left his brow furrowed and his expression darkening.

"Time for dinner," Irene called out to him from the door just then, and Isaac shut the diary, throwing it with the rest of the pile.

As he turned, he glanced briefly at her face, but he strode out without pause.

Irene suddenly found the air around him cooling, but did not think much about it.

In fact, he was still scowling during breakfast, saying nothing.

It left Erin shaking in her boots, thinking that it was her fault for upsetting her, and she made a hasty retreat with James once they finished dinner.

Irene saw them out, smiling at Erin at the door. "It's just him being him. He never liked talking much."

"Really?" Erin appeared skeptical.

"Ask James if you want," Irene said. "He's been with Isaac longer, and knows him best."

"Really?" Erin turned to James.

"Yeah," James replied. "He's better now, though. He used to be a lot less understanding."

In fact, Isaac had changed drastically after having Irene.

After sending them off, Irene headed to the study, intending to tidy her belongings.

She just dropped to a crouch when Isaac suddenly arrived at the door, watching her as he asked, "Are those important to you?"

Chapter 648

Irene did not even turn around as she arranged the books in the box. "Some are important, especially the notes. Those might still be useful for me."

Then, pointing at the stuff she sorted out, she said, "I have to keep these. Can I keep it in your room?"

Isaac watched as Irene put that diary among the stack, whereas Irene did not see the terrible look on his face just then, even as she continued without knowing, "TH take your silence for a yes-don't worry, though, I won't take up much space. Maybe four tiles, since I'm dumping the rest."

Isaac said nothing and turned to leave.

After Irene sorted the books she wanted, she found some of Sheryl's belongings and took them to her too.

Once they bathed Tommy and changed diapers for the baby, Sheryl reminded her, "It's time you named junior."

"I'll get Isaac to actually think of something. I don't want it to be half-baked like we did with Tommy," Irene said.

"Tommy is a nice name, though?" Sheryl said.

"Yeah." Irene grinned.

After heading upstairs and taking a shower, she slipped underneath the blanket as she told Isaac, "It's time you named your baby."

Isaac did not answer, almost as if he did not hear her.

Even so, Irene knew that he was not asleep-usually, he would be clinging to her like a labrador.

But he was not doing that... In fact, he had his back to her.

This was unprecedented.

Was he... angry?

She snuggled up to him from behind, hugging him and coaxing, "Are you still upset about Erin?"

"I'm sleepy," he growled and pushed her away.

This was the first time he did it, and it left Irene taken aback.

"Are you tired...?" she asked tentatively.

Isaac simply kept his eyes closed to feign sleep.

Irene lay there, her eyes wide open and unable to fall asleep, glancing at the back of his head from time to time.

She was not that dense-she could tell that he was in a bad mood.

However, she had no idea why.

Rubbing her temples, she told herself that he might just be tired, and she was just being paranoid. She closed her eyes, eventually dozing off and falling asleep, her breathing turning faint and rhythmic soon enough.

Isaac sat up right then, and stared at her in disbelief.

She fell asleep? Just like that?! Without trying to appease him or even asking what upset him?!

For some reason, he was getting more frustrated the more he thought about it, especially what she had written in her diary!

He grumpily pulled the blanket to himself and away from her.

Irene was sleeping soundly and simply curled into herself a little from the cold.

Isaac saw that, and could not help returning the blanket, even pulling it over her shoulders as he was worried that she would catch a cold.

He really lacked the spine the more he thought about it.

Why was he getting upset over her when she did not even care?

With that, he kept tossing and turning in bed, unable to sleep the whole night while Irene slept like a log.

When she found him still laying there in the morning, she thought that he must be tired since he always woke earlier than she did.

She gingerly got out of bed to not wake him, scrunching up her hair nonchalantly and went to brush her teeth.

Suddenly, she noticed Isaac standing by the door, staring straight at her.

Irene turned and saw the dark circles under his eyes, seemingly due to not sleeping the entire night.

"Couldn't sleep?" she mumbled, bubbles foaming out of her mouth.

Isaac was left thinking who else in the world could sleep so soundly and heartlessly like her.

Still, he suddenly snorted coldly and turned to leave.

Irene was actually stunned.

Did he just snort at her?

Chapter 649

Irene asked, 'Did I upset you, Isaac?'

She was certainly mystified. What was he getting upset about out of the blue?

Meanwhile, Isaac had returned to bed and pulled his blanket over himself.

Irene raised a brow when she saw that after she was done washing up.

Did he get up on the wrong side of the bed, or develop some sort of mental disorder?

"Aren't you going to have breakfast?"

Isaac pulled the blanket over himself, ignoring her!

His childlike behavior amused her, but she said, "I have to go-I'm meeting someone today, and I'm leaving soon after breakfast."

Isaac sat up right then, glaring straight at her. "Who are you meeting?"

'A plastic surgeon for my scars," Irene replied.

'Fine. Go," Isaac said, clearly heaving a sigh in relief before lying down again.

He did not sleep last night at all, and certainly needed the sleep now.

Irene walked up to the bed and pulled his blanket over his shoulders. ' Sweet dreams."

As she turned and headed downstairs, however, Isaac suddenly could not sleep again.

He washed up and went downstairs too, and Irene was left staring at him, puzzled. "Not going to sleep in?"

Sheryl was putting breakfast on the table when she saw the dark circles under his eyes. "Had a long night?"

Isaac eyed Irene. "There's a tough nut that needs cracking."

'Work is important, but your health is too," Sheryl said in concern. "Why don't you come home earlier tonight? I'll make you something good-get your body replenished."

'Thank you." Isaac smiled.

Sheryl grinned broadly.

Irene and Isaac left in the same car after breakfast, with Irene saying, "You didn't have to. Our chauffeur can take me."

"I'll drive you," Isaac said with an enigmatic look, and Irene left it at that.

She did not dare to upset him since he had been behaving weirdly since last night, and she sat quietly in the car without a word. Soon, the car arrived at the hospital and Irene alighted.

"See you."

Isaac then remembered the diary and he felt a stuffy sensation over his chest.

He drove out without a word, leaving the stinking fumes in his wake.

Irene did a double take, and creased her brow.

"What's gotten into you, Isaac Jefferson?"

Why was he being so volatile?

As Isaac arrived at his office, James Cross followed him and briefed him about the latest developments.

Once he was done with work, he asked, "What do we do with Ian Jefferson now?"

They could not keep holding him at Blue Hill Asylum now that the location was compromised.

"I thought he's already gone nuts?" Isaac asked in amusement.

'That's what your grandfather said, and he looks that way to me as well," James replied. "I've even asked the asylum director, and he's saying that being exposed for nutjobs over such a long time left him the same."

Isaac, however, did not think it would happen that soon.

"Let's pay him a visit."

James had yet to find a place to keep Ian after recapturing him at the airport, and he had simply locked Ian in a storeroom at the basement of Twinrise's office building.

They took an elevator downstairs, opening the door to the windowless room, stacked with old, unusable office furniture and out-of-fashion equipment.

The only light was a little white light bulb dangling from the room.

Ian had become skinny and his cheeks sunken. His hair was unusually tidy since Henry had someone trim it along with his beard after he got him out of the asylum.

In fact, he looked homeless when the old man got him out, and he only looked less haggard after they cleaned him up.

However, he was behaving like he had really lost his marbles, tugging at a rope as he sat on the floor, biting it from time to time and giggling crazily.

Isaac had James bring a chair to sit before Irene, crossing his legs elegantly as he did.

'Did you think I'd release you if you kept feigning insanity, Ian Jefferson? No. I won't give you your freedom even if you're really crazy.'

Ian simply laughed stupidly as he kept chewing at the rope, though there was a brief flash in his eyes as he lowered his head!

Chapter 650

At the same time, Isaac continued, "You will only ever lose to me, Ian Jefferson! Don't think pretending to be insane will get you past me."

Pausing, he then added with dripping contempt, "Do you know why you've lost? Because you're a fucking idiot!"

Ian's eyes welled with tears then, his crazed laughter turning shriller in turn from obvious restraint.

Isaac simply leaned forward and kept trampling over his dignity. "Look at you, can't even protect your own woman and have her suffer with you.

Could you even call yourself a man? Even tramps can beat you now."

"Hehe, you want a bite too?" Ian held the rope at Isaac's face, true to the fashion of a nutcase.

Isaac narrowed his eyes. "I don't think you're crazy."

Ian guffawed. "You're crazy. You're crazy."

"This isn't going to work in the long run," James told Isaac quietly then. "We need a better place to keep him."

Isaac inhaled deeply then, and thought that Ian really had a high tolerance that he would not flip out even after all that.

It seemed that being locked up did him some good, as he honed his patience!

'It's fine. The old man wants me to free him, doesn't he? He can have his wish.'

James's eyes darted between them in uncertainty, but quickly caught Isaac's intention and said, "Of course, sir. Locking him up will be a waste of human resource and money, so we should just cripple his limbs and cut off his tongue instead. He can't do a thing if he can't speak or write, and we won't have to worry about our backs leaving what's left of him with your grandfather.'

"Well put." Isaac grinned. "Let's go with that."

Ian was willing to endure for the sake of survival and freedom-but not as a cripple!

Was there even a point living like that?!

"Isaac Jefferson! I'll kill you!"

His eyes bulged so widely in an angry glare they could pop out right then, and he lunged forward, intent on bringing Isaac down with him!

Isaac, however, knew that he was faking it all along, and was just saying all that just so that Ian would blow his own cover.

Naturally, it also meant he was prepared since he entered the room.

The instant Ian darted forward, he kicked at Ian in return, sending him flying through the air and slamming into the foot of a table so violently the chairs on top tipped over, crashing down on him.

Floored right then, he curled into a ball from agony!

"Weren't you supposed to be crazy?" Isaac laughed coolly. "Revealed your true colors, haven't you?"

Ian glared at him with bloodshot eyes and inconsolable hatred. "Isaac...!!!"

Isaac simply looked down upon him in disdain as if he were an ant.

James actually sighed in relief, and quietly said, "I almost bought it... He really can put up an act. Once our guard slipped and we allowed him to flee, who knows what sinister things he would get up to.'

Meanwhile, Irene was meeting the doctor Jeff Cartman-her colleague at Mead Clinic-introduced her to.

The doctor was actually quite famous and known for his exceptional ability, and Irene actually had to make an appointment.

Arriving outside the doctor's office, she knocked on the door.

'Come in," a deep voice called out.

Irene did so and the doctor looked up from his monitor to look at her. "Jeff introduced you, right?"

As Irene nodded, the doctor did a double take when he saw her face.

Familiarity appeared in his usual calmness, which he usually kept for patients.

Pulling off his mask, he asked, "Jane Tanner?"