

Runaway 721

Chapter 721

Even from behind the door, Irene could hear Dennis's frustration and fury.

"How could you be so stupid?!"

"It's all her fault, or Mr.Kitsch would have been—"

"No, that's Tobey's own damn fault, and he almost got Irene killed for it! She was only saved because her husband is Isaac Jefferson— if she ended up dead, things would be even worse for Tobey!"

Dennis was utterly disappointed.

"I know you owe Tobey, but you should also read the situation first! Trying to get even for Tobey when he's the one who messed up? Are you fucking crazy?!"

Even though Dennis was losing it to the point of cursing, Finn Cook stayed obstinately silent, refusing to accept his mistake! Dennis glared at him, and he would have slapped Finn if he were his kid.

Restraining himself, he said, "Irene Spencer will arrive for work soon.

Apologize sincerely, and ask for her forgiveness—"

"No," Finn refused.

"She did Mr.Kitsch dirty."

Dennis almost slapped him right then.

Still, he restrained himself again and lowered his voice, trying to be as reasonable as possible.

"Haven't I been clear?"

"Loud too," Finn replied.

"Even if Mr.Kitsch made a mistake, she had to destroy his career, and—"

"Shut up," Dennis said, too tired to argue.

Fine, do whatever you want.

Persistent bastard.

"What can she do to me? She would need evidence first."

Dennis leveled a look of disdain at him, and asked, "She even came to tell me that it's you without a doubt, and you're saying she doesn't have evidence?"

Finn was left speechless for a while, but he continued to argue.

"I don't care.She can do whatever she wants with me anyway.I mean, she has such strong backing she could succeed you in her twenties, and what other reason is there other than her husband? Do you

think people would respect a woman who slept her way to the job? There's so many others with more experience and competence than her. Why else is she allowed to be promoted while she's so young?"

Dennis actually turned calm just then. He knew Finn, and that the kid was not actually a horrible person.

However, he was also quite isolated in Hotmesh research since he was bad at socializing.

And yet, he was suddenly radicalized...

"Be honest. Who told you that? Did someone put you up to this?" Dennis asked.

Finn did not even lie.

"Mrs. Kitsch was crying about it, and she was saying that Mr. Kitsch—"

"Save it."

Dennis understood then—this idiot was used like a tool! He had to tell Irene about that, and even as he thought about it, he said, "Forget it. Irene should have arrived by now."

There was a knock on the door right after he spoke, and he went to answer it.

Seeing that it was Irene, he said, "You're late."

Irene certainly was not —she actually had been listening to the entire conversation outside, and she just decided not to go in. As she turned toward Finn, he reared his chin at her, not eager to apologize at all.

"He doesn't mean it." Dennis defended him anyway.

"He's not a bad kid."

Irene pursed her lips and stayed silent for a while before saying, "

Can I have a word in private, Director?"

"Sure," Dennis nodded, and sent Finn away.

"Actually, it's—"

Irene did not need more explanation, and she asked straightaway, "I just want to know who this Mr. Kitsch is?"

Chapter 722

Irene actually had an idea, but she just wanted Dennis to prove it.

"Tobey Kitsch, the former deputy director," Dennis said.

Irene glowered—she was not surprised, but she was unhappy about it too.

As she took a seat on the couch, Dennis asked, "Have you decided what to do about this?"

"You've been here for a while and you know the people here," Irene countered.

"What do you think?"

Dennis took the single-seat couch then, musing his words before saying, "It's not Finn Cook's fault. The boy is naive, and he's only sharp when it comes to academics. He made it here because he was the top of his class, and his score was much higher than the second-placer. Tobey instructed him after he arrived, though Tobey was still a head of department at the time, not deputy director."

"He's from the sticks, but he got a state scholarship, so he's the type who's studious but not good with people. He's only being terrible partly because he was used, and because Tobey used to take good care of him. You can tell that he's not well-liked around here, and his own family was poor. Since Tobey was nice to him, he thinks that what he's doing is repayment for owing Tobey."

Then, after hesitating for a while, Dennis asked, "Could you be lenient? He has genuine talent and I think it would be a waste to dismiss him. Not that what he did was easily forgiven, of course..."

Irene had listened quietly to all that without deciding what to do immediately, and actually hesitated when Dennis asked.

She did not have a change of heart—she would not easily forgive someone who tried to hurt her, but did not want Hotmesh Research to lose a valuable employee like Finn.

"How about I visit Tobey's home, and talk to everyone there to not try anything against you—"

"No."

Irene refused right then.

Decisions made in the heat of the moment were anything but rational, and she did not want to make the wrong choice. She had been out for blood when she found out that someone tried to hurt her yesterday, but Dennis's words changed her mind a little.

"Give me a day to think about it," she said, rising to her feet.

"I'm going back to work now."

"Okay."

Dennis was hoping that she would go about it calmly as well, although Finn would have to be punished either way.

Meanwhile, James had found the person who called Irene.

"It's not Harvey Gooding. He fled to Franconia, but there's no telling where he's hiding for now."

Pausing, he then added, "Stan Hill could take over the search since he's there." It was certainly more convenient, and with their network, a search would be easy.

"Good," Isaac said.

"As for the unknown caller, it's Finn Cook from Hotmesh Research," James said.

"I haven't found out why he called Irene, but it must be about work since they work in the same building."

Isaac did not think so—if it was about work, Finn would not have hung up when he heard his voice.

"Should I keep looking into it?" James asked.

"Just do a background check," Isaac replied.

"Alright. I've already got someone on it."

In fact, the man he sent had not returned yet.

Still, just as James was about to turn to leave, his phone rang in his pocket. He answered it, and it happened to be the man he sent to investigate Finn Cook.

James frowned after hearing the man's report.

"Got it."

"Do I need to find out more?"

"No, you can come back now."

"Okay," the other man said, and James hung up.

Turning back and walking up to Isaac's desk again, James said, "We've got something."

Isaac put away the document he was holding and reclined in his chair.

"So? Who is he?"

Chapter 723

James said, "When Finn Cook first started to work at Hotmesh Research, it's Tobey Kitsch who mentored him."

Isaac understood right then.

Since things ended badly for Tobey, he must be aiming for revenge against Irene.

So that was the reason for that phone call? Isaac sprang to his feet at the thought—Irene was in danger at Hotmesh.

"Get my car..."

Isaac began as he put on his jacket, but changed his mind.

"Forget it. I'm driving there myself."

James wanted to say something, but Isaac already left his office.

He simply shrugged and smiled, and mused to himself that people do change. He used to think that Isaac would never get worried.

But these days Meanwhile, Irene ran into yet another disgruntled colleague who wanted to mess with her soon after leaving Dennis's office.

Yolanda King was in her forties, and also unhappy that Irene was airdropped as the next director. Still, she was pompous, and always pulled rank and threw her weight around just because she had seniority, and she certainly loved to be the center of the attention! Irene was still pondering what to do with Finn and accidentally stepped on Yolanda's toes, so she began to hound Irene relentlessly, not stopping even after she apologized.

"Are you blind? I'm right here, and you're saying you didn't see me? You obviously did it on purpose!" Irene listened quietly as Yolanda rambled on. She had already apologized, but there was nothing she could do since Yolanda was not accepting her apology.

Since they were not far from Dennis's office, he found out immediately and tried to reason as well. But Irene has already apologized..."

"She obviously doesn't mean it, and I just put on these coveralls. How am I going to enter the lab now?"

"Just get changed!"

Dennis snapped, pulling her aside.

"I'm retiring soon—why are you trying to upset the next director? What good would it do you? Aren't you afraid that she would make life hard for you because of this?"

Yolanda thought about it, but she said, "Director, shouldn't you at least tell me who's her backer? She looked like a fresh graduate, and her competence aside, do you think people would be satisfied when she becomes director, given her age and resume? I've worked here for more than ten years and I started in my twenties. I'm forty-one now, but I'm supposed to work for her...Like, what the hell?!"

She certainly could not accept this, but she would not have said a word if it was someone superior.

However, the entire hospital knew that Irene had a bigwig backer— that was how she got the job.

Irene lowered her gaze at Yolanda's words.

She always knew that everyone believed that she was succeeding Dennis by backdoor means and was inevitably frustrated to have to hear it twice in one day.

Even so, Dennis tried to reason.

"She has what it takes. She used to work at Mead Clinic, and she was the one who got the research data we published earlier—"

"That's not her work. It was just theft in the end."

Yolanda certainly did not consider the research data a contribution, and she found Irene simply unsavory. She was also convinced that everyone in Hotmesh could have done it too! "You really don't know what's good for you...stay on that high horse all you want,"

Dennis snorted and turned toward Irene. You can go now. Just ignore her, or fire her if she keeps this up when you take my place."

Yolanda became flustered right then and grabbed Irene as she blurted, "You only slept your way to the top! You're not making me leave, whoever your backer is! Not everyone can work here, and if you dare fire me, I'll make it so that you won't get to stay either! Test me if you dare!"

"And how do we test you?"

An utterly intimidating deep voice boomed from the walkway.

Chapter 724

Irene looked up when she heard the voice and saw him.

His towering figure, and the presence he carried—honed after weathering trials and tribulations, seemed to strike like a powerful gust as he made his way towards her.

But although Irene felt a moment of security from Isaac's arrival, she soon felt a headache —rumors that she slept her way to the top were all but proven now.

She took a deep breath and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Isaac remained silent, but he was leveling a sharp look at Yolanda.

On the other hand, Dennis might be upset with Yolanda, but he did not want her fired.

In fact, most of the employees there were quite competent.

Knowing very well that Isaac was far less tender than Irene, he was really worried Isaac would want Yolanda fired! Smiling apologetically, he said, "Oh, it's just a little misunderstanding—"

"Really?"

Isaac's lips curled up as he turned sharply toward Yolanda.

"Was that a misunderstanding?"

Utterly dwarfed in presence alone, Yolanda tried to hide behind Dennis, but she put on a brave face although she was obviously cowed.

"She stepped on my foot. I was just talking things out..."

At the same time, Dennis turned toward Irene with a pleading look, hoping she would help Yolanda out—it would just get worse if this escalated, not to mention that Irene's work would be affected.

Noting the cue from Dennis, Irene locked arms with Isaac and pulled him along.

"Come on, let me show you around." Isaac lowered his gaze at her.

"Don't you need my help?"

Irene shook her head.

"Nope."

He still did not budge.

"Are you sure you can handle this yourself?"

"I'm going to work here. Why would I stay if I can't? Time to go," she said, pulling him along nonetheless.

Isaac understood that if she could not straighten things out with her colleagues, work would just be more troublesome later. He once again became reluctant to let her work.

What was wrong with staying home? Why did she have to toil herself out here? Meanwhile, Irene did not actually take him on a tour, but instead headed to a quiet place and released his arm.

"Why did you come here?"

There was no way he would come here out of the blue.

Isaac stared at his arm after she took hers off, a brief flash of disappointment showing in his eyes.

"Can't I come here if there's nothing in particular?" he asked.

"You can come here anytime," Irene replied.

"Fine. I just came to tell you to be careful about this man called Finn Cook. He works here, doesn't he?"

As Isaac told her why he came, [Irene was actually surprised.

"You know him?"

Was he omniscient? "He was the one who called you that one time."

"That was him?"

Irene frowned, and soon understood.

"He must be out to get me, but got scared when you answered it instead. That's why he decided to just do it here..."

"He did something to you?" Isaac asked worriedly and began to check her body then.

"You're hurt?!"

"I caught on. He failed!" Irene exclaimed.

"Where is he?!" Isaac growled.

He was already furious, only for things to turn out to be worse— there was more than one person out to get her! If he could not even handle one, he did not deserve to be her man! Irene naturally knew that he was upset, and she quietly assured him, "It's my problem. Let me handle it."

"You handle it? How?!"

Isaac growled, his attitude overbearing.

"Do you even know who he is? Why is he out to get you? Letting him work here is asking for trouble. Deal with him if you want to keep working here, and mercilessly —or it's never going to end."

"I know all of that, and that he was being used. I was just thinking about how to handle this."

It was Isaac's turn to be surprised. He's being used? By who?"

Chapter 725

"Tobey Kitsch's wife,"

Irene answered flatly with a wane smile. She was the victim when it came to the research data leaks and was somehow targeted for relation.

People were certainly as complicated as they were sinister.

"So? Have you thought about what you'd do?" Isaac asked, glowering.

It was clear that he was very unhappy about this, especially after Irene suffered so much because of those leaks.

And yet, they plotted revenge instead of being repentant, and the sheer inane attitude from that alone deserved no mercy.

Seeing that Irene was silent, he quickly said, "I'll handle it."

Irene looked up at him then, her dark eyelashes fluttering.

After more silence, she said, "You can handle anything that happens outside this building. I'll handle what's within."

Isaac became quiet, because he wanted to handle both for her.

And judging from her look of hesitation, she was not going to be tough on them.

"Irene..."

"I never tell you what to do at work, so I would like you to not meddle too much with mine as well."

It was not as if Irene could not be merciless.

However, Dennis insisted that Finn was a good kid, and it was Mrs. Kitsch who goaded Finn into this anyway.

If Finn was actually sharp or scheming, he would not have allowed himself to be used.

She was going to be the next director, and Finn would have enough foresight to tell that no good would come of upsetting her.

Even if he managed to hurt her—or kill her—he would end up in prison, let alone be able to keep his job.

Judging from that alone, he was no schemer...not when he could not even see that far ahead.

It just proved what Dennis said about him being naive.

And since Irene was going to work here, she needed at least a couple confidants— people who were trustworthy.

She decided that she could afford to hold back and study him, while giving him a chance to change.

Meanwhile, Isaac was holding her gaze for a while, but eventually strode off, pouting in silence.

Irene did not chase after him—she would not compromise where her career was concerned just because Isaac was her husband.

Likewise, she never asked what new recruits or new projects Remy had recently, because she did not understand any of it, let alone be able to offer the right suggestion.

Likewise, Isaac did not know the nature of her job, and what he believed was good for her might not actually be.

Different fields meant different styles.

Moreover, it was still working hours, and she still had not spoken to Dennis about Finn.

That was why he did not chase after Isaac, though she planned to talk things out with him at night.

Having composed herself, she headed to the director's office, but got no response when she knocked on the door.

Someone told her that he went to the back garden, so Irene went there, where she found him speaking with Yolanda.

She was near enough to hear what they were saying too.

"Look, just talk to Irene, and be nice if you want to keep your job," Dennis suggested.

"I did nothing wrong." Yolanda refused, since she would rather have her pride.

"You really don't want to keep your job, do you?"

Dennis asked, and broke it down for her before she could answer, "Irene can be agreeable, but do you think that's the same for Isaac Jefferson?"

"Why didn't you tell me he's her backer?" Yolanda pursed her lips.

"I thought you knew. Wasn't everyone constantly gossiping about her backer? So why would you behave like an idiot?"

"It's all just talk and rumors. It's not like we'd know who it is."

And they certainly did not.

"Well, now you do," Dennis said, clapping her on the shoulder.

"Just decide for yourself which is more important: your pride or your job. I can't help you now, and you saw for yourself how protective Isaac Jefferson was. Unless Irene pleads in your favor, well...I'm sure you know the man's style."

Yolanda was naturally frustrated.

"Well, what am I supposed to do? Just ask?"

Dennis certainly could not help her out there. Still, he saw Irene standing nearby just as he turned to leave!

Chapter 726

Henry was leaning on his seat, his body covered under a blanket. He was skinny and withered.

The wrinkles on his neck were distinct and his eyes were sunken and dull, while his face was covered in irregular patches of liver spots.

Aman like him should be surrounded by his children and grandchildren, reveling in familial joy, but Henry appeared desolate and miserable.

Even so, Irene still felt no sympathy because it was all Henry's own fault, and he could not blame anyone else.

"I know you want me to talk to Isaac. After all, you're old and need family now more than ever, don't you?"

"Would you help me?"

Henry would certainly admit that he was old and needed company.

"Don't you have Ian Jefferson already?"

Irene pointed out icily.

"You're still blaming me for that?"

Henry rasped feebly— even his voice seemed old.

"The past is the past. I won't pursue it any further," she said, holding his gaze.

"You had me marry Isaac as my father requested, because you had your agenda. You wanted me to soften him, so that he gives up on hate, thinking that you're doing it for him—"

"Is that not the case?" Henry asked impatiently in return before Irene finished.

Even now, he believed that his choice back then was for Isaac's sake "No,"

Irene said in no uncertain terms.

That wasn't for his sake, but to satisfy your selfish favoritism toward Greg Jefferson's family.

If you ever were on his side, you would've at least thrown one of them in jail to atone for Isaac's parents' death, instead of trying to appeal to Isaac's emotion and make him give up on revenge."

"You were wrong from the start, and even if you have every right to protect your son and grandson, what about Quincy Moore? Have you really thought from Isaac's perspective when you protected Greg's family? The only one you ever sacrificed was Isaac alone, and he would not be this cold if you

had punished even one member of Greg's family. It's selfish of you to keep them whole while denying Isaac everything!"

After the rant, Irene took a moment to calm herself.

"What you did later was even worse. How is he supposed to forgive you?"

"I'm selfish?" Henry disagreed.

"I gave him the entire family estate and "Does that buy him a parent's love? He lost both parents when he's ten. How much happiness do you think he even remembers? Don't you know the environment he grew up in?"

Irene was becoming agitated the more he spoke.

"He had more than one attempt on his life, and you know who did it. Have you ever punished them? No, you even threw him under the bus!"

Henry frowned.

"How?"

"Don't you think giving him the entire family estate painted a crosshair on his head? You would never have done that if you actually cared. You insist everything was for his sake, but I really don't see it." Henry was stumped.

He had no comeback at all—he had never thought of it from Irene's perspective. He was convinced that he did Isaac a favor by giving him the family fortune, but Irene somehow made it sound terrible.

"Ian Jefferson is enough company for you,"

Irene finished and alighted, leaving without hesitation.

Money Penny got in after that.

"Sir..."

Henry waved him off—he needed peace and quiet.

"Let me think..."

With that, Money Penny said nothing and gestured for the chauffeur to drive back to the hospital.

Irene did not go home right away, and instead hovered near a flowerbed to calm down. She started to leave after a while, only to find a furious figure striding toward her!

Chapter 727

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Chapter 728

Irene did a double take.

"W-What are you doing here?"

Ricky was glaring at her.

"Did you know that Lulu left?"

"I was just looking for you—"

"Did you know?!"

Ricky was planning to have dinner with Lulu and went to her house to look for her, only to find that she was gone, along with all her belongings.

She did not leave any message either, and Ricky remembered that she had been behaving strangely because she regained her memory.

In that case, she most definitely would go to Irene!

"Calm down first," Irene told him.

"Calm down? How?! I'm losing my mind looking for her!"

Ricky had looked everywhere he could, and only came to Irene after he ran out of places to look.

"Why can't you? Lulu's not going to fall for you when you're bristling like a kid. Come to me again when you calmed down enough and can talk normally!"

With that, Irene started to stride off, and Ricky panickily caught her sleeve.

"Irene..."

Irene held his gaze.

"I'm serious. If you can't calm down and listen, I won't tell you a thing."

Ricky took a moment to calm down.

"Just...Don't go. Let me have the same time."

"This isn't the place to talk. Let's get to a restaurant—we can talk over dinner."

Irene was a little hungry, and she had abdominal pain just a couple days ago, so she was worried it would hit again if she did not eat punctually.

On the other hand, Ricky had no appetite, but he had no choice seeing that Irene clearly knew about Lulu.

"Fine."

There were many restaurants nearby, so they picked a random one, which offered a menu of local cuisine that fit Irene's tastes. She ordered some of the plain dishes, and while they waited, Ricky calmed down a little.

"Irene, could you tell me now...?"

"After we're finished eating," Irene said, and put food on his plate.

Ricky was speechless.

"I'm really not in the mood to eat. Don't you get it?"

"Eat with me," Irene told him.

"I could have gone home and eaten with my whole family, but I'm not home because of you. Shouldn't you keep me company instead?"

Ricky was left speechless again, but he feebly picked up his fork and spoon.

No matter how delicious the dishes were, it was bland in his mouth like he was forced to eat paper! He ate intermittently, while keeping a close eye on Irene, hoping she would have her fill soon.

Even so, Irene was taking her time, and restrained his impatience as he said, "Irene...My dear Irene, don't leave me hanging. Just tell me already, or it's going to kill me."

Still, Irene waited until she finished her soup, and put her soup spoon aside before looking up at him.

"Tell me, do you really like Lulu?"

"I love her."

"She's older than you—"

"What year is it? How is age a problem? She's just a few years older too!"

Realizing something then, he pressed, "Is she leaving me because of our age gap?"

"No."

Irene gave him a serious look.

"You're still young, Ricky, and I think you should focus on your career—"

"What the hell did she tell you?"

Ricky narrowed his eyes.

"Wait, did she choose Zachary?"

"No," Irene replied.

Ricky breathed a sigh in relief.

"In that case, anything's acceptable.

"Really?"

Irene was just having trouble speaking up.

"Anyway, Lulu left. To where, I have no idea."

Ricky sprang to his feet right then! "Are you kidding me?! She's your best friend! What won't she tell you? Or you're still intending to fix her up with Zachary?!"

Irene tried to grab his wrist and calm him down, only for him to shake her off violently.

She tripped over the table and started to fall backward! Just as she was about to fall, she landed in a pair of warm arms. She turned, then glowered when she saw who it was!

Chapter 729

Irene quickly pulled herself out of Seth Hedge's arms and pulled Ricky along.

"Let's go."

Ricky was still too upset to listen, but Irene warned him before he could refuse, "You'd better behave if you want to know more about Lulu."

Ricky immediately did.

As for Seth, he just happened to come to the same restaurant, and he did not expect to run into Irene here. He did not dare to approach her, but could not stop himself from helping when he saw that she was about to fall.

"I saved you there, Irene, and you're leaving without so much as thanking me? Do you think that's right?"

The clear voice from behind only left Irene annoyed, while Ricky whispered, "Wasn't he our neighbor? Seth Hedge, right? I thought he went abroad...When did he come back? Have you met him earlier?"

"No," Irene said coolly.

Ricky was skeptical—why would she hate him so much? There had to be a reason, but he was not in the mood to probe into Irene's affairs at the moment.

"Just be honest. Where's Lulu? I'll go to her right now."

Irene stopped just then and took the check from her bag, leaving Ricky puzzled.

"Why are you giving me money?"

"It's not from me—it's from Lulu. That left Ricky even more puzzled.

"What?"

"Lulu won't forgive Zachary, but she's not choosing you. She left to start over, and I support her decision even though I don't want to see her go. She's just going to end up tied down by the past if she stays, and she won't ever have peace. It's just better for her to leave, and this money will make up for the trouble she caused you. She wants peace of mind, so just take it!"

"No, I won't!"

Ricky shook his head, refusing to accept it.

"I don't want compensation...How could she just up and leave?!"

Suddenly, he looked up at Irene with scarlet eyes.

"You have to know. You know where she is, don't you?!"

Irene shook her head.

"She never told me, saying that I won't be able to keep it a secret. She's serious about this."

Ricky was left at a loss and despondent.

"She's actually gone...Did she decide that because she remembers now?"

Irene nodded.

"Yeah."

And Ricky blamed himself for that.

"I knew it. She was acting strange, and I shouldn't have left her, or she couldn't have left..."

Irene tried to encourage him regardless.

"Calm down, Ricky. You're not going to keep her anyway once she decides to leave. Don't give up on yourself either—Lulu prefers mature, composed men, so work hard and become successful. That way, she would fall for you when she sees you again!"

"Will she fall for me if I'm successful?" Ricky asked.

"Yeah," Irene said.

"If I'm successful... I have to become successful..."

Ricky mused to himself repeatedly, as if possessed.

Worried about his safety, Irene said, 'Why don't you come home with me...?'

"No, I need to be alone," he said, pushing Irene's hand and quickly running outside, probably still unable to accept that Lulu was gone.

Irene breathed a deep sigh—Ricky was going to need time to let Lulu's departure sink in, and anything anyone else would say was pointless. She returned to her car and her chauffeur drove. She reclined against her seat as the car drove steadily on, rubbing her temples and trying to rest her weary spirit.

Screech! The chauffeur, who had always been a great driver, suddenly jammed his foot on the brakes.

Caught off guard, Irene fell forward, her head knocking into the seat up front.

Clutching her forehead, she asked him what had happened.

"Madam, you should take a look at this..."

Irene looked where the chauffeur was pointing. Her eyes then widened and she quickly alighted!

Chapter 730

Ricky was lying on the road and bleeding profusely from his forehead.

The driver stood nearby, repeating in panic, "I didn't run into him, I didn't... He hit my car..."

"Just help me already!"

Irene snapped—she could not move Ricky by herself.

Moreover, he was at risk after having recently undergone a heart transplant, leaving his body weaker than most. She must get Ricky checked, and had no time for the blame game.

The driver quickly went up and carried Ricky to Irene's car, but although the chauffeur floored the gas pedal, it was not until half an hour later that they reached a hospital.

Although Irene did not work there, she had a medical license and was given permission to stay while a doctor examined Ricky.

Fortunately, he was fine—just unconscious from a concussion.

They cleaned the cut on his head and kept him for observation, and he would be allowed to leave if he did not feel unwell over the next 24 hours.

As Irene stepped outside, she saw that the driver had come as well.

He was worried about getting into trouble, but he came regardless and was worriedly pacing around the walkway uneasily.

"You can go now," Irene told him.

He began, "I've called my insurance company—"

"It's fine. We won't pursue further responsibility, so you can go now!"

Irene did not want trouble either, and Ricky was fine anyway.

"Oh...So, I'll be going now?" the driver asked tentatively.

He appeared surprised that she was so agreeable, and he was actually a little skeptical.

"Yeah," Irene replied, and he finally left.

Since there was no one around, Irene told his chauffeur to stay.

"Wait here until Ricky wakes up. Then you can go."

"Yes, ma'am," the chauffeur replied, and Irene left, taking a taxi home.

Dinner was over by then, and she washed her hands before checking on the children.

Tommy really loved his baby brother and treated him like a toy, and would always be staring at the baby or pinching his little face. He was in his pajamas now, but insisted on hugging his baby brother to sleep.

Sheryl Harris had no choice but to let Tommy play with the little one a little. She would not let him near the bed when it was bedtime, or he would keep the baby awake!

"Mama."

Seeing Irene, he happily threw himself into her arms.

Irene patted his head.

"Were you a good boy?"

"Yes," Tommy said after thinking about it, and then chirped, "I helped Grandma take care of Baby."

"Oh, all grown up I see," Irene said lovingly.

Bzzt...

Her phone suddenly vibrated, and she whipped it out and answered. It was James.

"Mr. Jefferson is drunk."

"Where is he?" Irene asked.

James gave her the address and she hung up.

Putting away her phone, she hugged Tommy and said, "Go to bed soon. Mommy is going to bring Daddy home."

Tommy nodded tamely.

"Come home soon."

"Yeah."

Irene smiled, and stepped outside.

Seeing that she was leaving again, Sheryl said, "Have you eaten? We saved something for you."

"I did. I'll be right back."

Sheryl did not say anything since she understood the nature of her work, but told her not to be late anyway.

Irene nodded and drove out on her own since the chauffeur was in the hospital.

She arrived at the designated address: a nightclub, where things were starting to get lively. She headed within and found the room James mentioned. She opened the door then, and found...