

Runaway 751

Chapter 751

The lanky man was knocked to the ground and he exclaimed when he saw the one who kicked him. "Who the hell are you?!"

It was Irene's chauffeur, who doubled as her bodyguard, protecting her aside from driving her to and from work.

He shielded Irene while telling her, "You need to run, ma'am." 'You have to save Erin,' Irene exclaimed anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am."

On the other hand, the lanky man was infuriated that he was the first one to get hit although they were here to abduct a woman!

"Go! Hit him!" he barked at his goons indignantly.

Two of the goons stayed to restrain Erin, while the others charged at the chauffeur.

There were too many of them, keeping the chauffeur bogged down despite his advanced combat training.

Irene called James while they were busy, giving him the address as soon as he answered, urging, "You need to hurry!" 'Okay!"

Irene called the cops as well after that, while the chauffeur managed to floor two of the goons, maiming them within minutes.

Seeing that they were at a disadvantage, the lanky man opened the back of the MPV and took out a stack of machetes, distributing them among the goons.

Irene was naturally worried, but since she could not help, she could only pray that James and the cops would make it here soon, or someone would end up dead.

Nearby, onlookers were only watching from afar, afraid to get too close.

While the chauffeur was fending off the goons, the lanky man sneaked up on him, machete in hand.

"Watch out!" Irene yelled to warn him.

However, it was too late.

When the chauffeur managed to kick off the goons in front of him and turn, the lanky man's machete was already descending upon him.

All the chauffeur could do was step to the side, but it hit him on the shoulder, and blood splattered out of the cut.

It was a scene of gore, but the chauffeur still managed to fend them off.

Seeing that it was a stalemate, the lanky man barked, "Let's go!"

They were here to kidnap someone, not to fight.

Moreover, they had already wasted too much time, and they would not be getting away once Irene's help arrived.

They could still get away while the chauffeur was still hurt.

"Come! Get in!"

James had yet to arrive as the goons all returned to the MPV.

What could they do?!

Erin was still pregnant, and if anything happened to her, Irene would not be able to face James!

Throwing caution to the wind, she grabbed one of them and cried, "I'm Irene! Take me if you want, let her go!" "Ma'am..." The chauffeur made his way toward them, and the goon immediately pried Irene's hand off to get in the MPV the instant he saw the chauffeur.

"You have the wrong person!"

Irene kept trying to run at them, but the chauffeur stopped her. "It's too dangerous, ma'am! You can't!"

Erin was struggling in the MPV. "Let me go! Let me go!"

Chapter 752

Not seeing Erin anywhere, James asked urgently, "Where is she?!"

Irene was helping the chauffeur and her face was pale despite taking a moment to compose herself. "They took her. You have to find them! Quick!"

James whipped out his phone, asking, "What car was it? Do you remember the plate number?" "It's a black MPV, but it doesn't have plates, and there are cameras."

She pointed nearby at one.

That being said, the car looked brand-new. They must have planned to use it for the crime from the start.

"I've called the cops. They might be able to help by tapping in the cameras to locate the MPV. It'd make things faster."

Veins were bulging over the back of James's hand as he clenched on his phone. "Yeah."

"I'm sorry," Irene said.

"She was taken because of me." "No. You didn't ask for this," James replied.

His call got through then, and while he spoke into it, Irene helped her chauffeur to Hotmesh Research, since he was bleeding from several lacerations and Hotmesh was the closest.

Finn Crowe was leaving work when he saw Irene.

He was about to greet her when he saw her help a bleeding man out of the car.

"What..." "He needs help," Irene said. "Get the tools ready."

Finn nodded, and quickly left to do as he was told.

Irene helped her chauffeur to a chair, while Finn soon returned to them with a first aid kit and opened it on the table nearby.

Irene took out the scissors and cut off the part of the chauffeur's clothes from which he was bleeding.

Her movement was quick and decisive, smooth as silk and without a moment's pause.

With alcohol swabs and antiseptic, she soon wiped the blood off the lacerations, presenting its gruesome form.

The worst one was a deep, long gash over the chauffeur's back. It was a bloody sight, with the flesh within peeling out.

"You can let him do this," the chauffeur said then.

Irene shot him a look. "It doesn't matter-you're a patient and I'm a doctor."

After all, gender was no concern when it came to medical care. Why worry about something so trivial at this point?

Even as she spoke, she never paused until she said, "Help me out there."

Finn did a double take before coming to his senses, and quickly pulled out a swab to clean his hands.

"Stop the bleeding," Irene then told him.

Finn pressed his hands on the deep gash over the chauffeur's back, while Irene stitched the laceration on the chauffeur's shoulder.

As the bleeding lessened, she mixed up an anesthetic and injected it over the laceration. "Sorry, we only have local anesthetics here instead of general anesthetics." "It's fine," the chauffeur, pausing for a moment before apologizing, "Sorry I couldn't save the girl."

Still, Irene knew that he had done his best-he was one against many in a brawl, and it was already impressive that he lasted so long alone.

"Don't talk. Save your strength," Irene said as she cut off the stitching and moved on to the deep gash.

The entire process, down to every move, was smooth, quick and precise, with no excessive moves at all.

It was the first time Finn saw her composure as a doctor and her breathtakingly masterful technique.

He could not help staring-Dennis Turner was certainly a man with vision, picking her as his successor.

Soon, everything was done, and Irene gave Finn an address for some medicine. "Deliver these today."

"Alright. I'll get them right now," Finn replied.

With everything sorted out, Irene drove her chauffeur home to the hilltop mansion and told him, "Get some rest." "Those men were after you, ma'am. You can't leave."

"I won't. I'm just checking in with James, to see if he found anything."

However, he was too worried, and staying home would just leave her even more flustered.

She called James to find out where he was, and drove there.

James had already positioned the MPV through security footage when she arrived, and he and his men were about to leave.

"I'm coming with you."

James wanted to refuse, but he let her get in as well to not waste time.

Chapter 753

As they drove, the location tracker was bringing in more information via the security cameras and giving them instructions where to go.

The further they went the more remote the environment was.

It was now almost three hours since Erin had been taken and there were no cameras around.

The tracker was soon cut off.

Just as everyone thought that they had nothing to go on and wondered how to track the thugs, Irene spotted the MPV in the bushes.

"There!" she pointed.

James turned toward it and saw the MPV too.

The grass was too tall for them to see the entire vehicle, but the tire marks leading into the bushes were fresh.

Everyone alighted, stepping through the thick growth of branches, leaves and thorns that constantly tripped them.

They followed the tire marks and arrived at the MPV, which was parked with no one around it.

James opened the door with a loud whirl, but it was empty!

Did they abandon the MPV as a diversion?!

"Look around!" James barked. "See if there's any clues!"

Over at Franconia, Stan Hill had led Isaac to a white detached villa, with yards front and back.

It was where Harvey Gooding was hiding.

They did not bring a lot of people, and were keeping things quiet-they had to be prudent since they were away from Zidonia.

One of their men knocked out the gardener, while they moved to pick the lock to the front door.

Harvey had been recovering here after making his escape, and did not even turn around when he heard footsteps.

"Water," he said, thinking that it was the servant who was caring for him.

Harvey held out a hand as Isaac walked up behind him, and he turned in dissatisfaction from not getting his water.

"What are you doing? Where is my... water...?"

He scrambled to his feet when he saw Isaac standing beside him.

However, he forgot that his legs had yet to recover, and almost fell on his coffee table.

Gaping, he cried in confusion, "H-How did you find me here?"

Isaac certainly would not have found him so quickly anywhere else, but he had enough resources and influence here to establish Remy, allowing Stan to locate Harvey in no time at all.

"Did you really think you could get away?" Isaac glared at him coolly, with a smirk of disdain that sends chills in the spine.

Harvey certainly did not expect him to reach here so soon.

If he had known that Isaac had influence here as well, he would have stayed well away!

However, it was too late to regret now and he tried to get to his feet. "Are you really that upset, chasing me all the way here? Let me tell you a secret, and let bygones be bygones-"

Isaac cut him short icily. "Dream on!"

He was not about to cut a deal now!

"You're just going to leave yourself with an incurable trauma if you kill me now," Harvey told him. "But I can give you the cure right now-do you know why the footage was cut off?"

Knowing that Isaac would just ignore him again, he continued, "Because I didn't do anything. To tell the truth, nothing would have been easier, but I just couldn't do it."

He was certainly indignant at the time. He had already gone that far and everything else was ready, only for himself to fail to perform. He wanted to leave Isaac with a bad taste in the mouth, but he failed!

Still, he was too proud to admit defeat, though his time away allowed him to come around.

When he realized that he had been obsessing over something that never happened, and made Isaac so furious, dying suddenly was not worth it.

He always had a chance to rebuild his business, but dying meant losing everything.

"Fuck you, Harvey!"

Aman suddenly charged out from further within the villa and kicked Harvey straight in the balls!

Chapter 754

It actually hurt to watch that kick, and Stan thought to himself that Harvey's balls were definitely gone for good.

Seth Hedge, however, was still cursing at snapping-it was the first time he lost composure to such an extent!

Irene had been furious at him, but that was because Harvey did something so terrible!

He managed to make it here to Harvey in Franconia because he wanted to find out what Harvey did to Irene. He cajoled Rosa,

Harvey's mother, until she relented, but it had been two days since he arrived here, but Harvey was not telling him a thing.

Even so, Harvey's conversation with Isaac answered the question!

"You used me for that?! Fuck you! Do you even have a conscience?!" Seth growled as he choked Harvey. "Fucking die!" "L-Let me go, Seth... Are you crazy..." "That's because of you!"

Harvey naturally was not about to let Seth clobber him for nothing and they were soon wrestling.

Stan stood nearby and watched, commenting, "That's a dog-eat-dog world for you. Neither of them are anything good!"

Bzzt-Isaac's phone suddenly started ringing, and he whipped it out to answer it.

There was only silence, so he checked the screen and saw that it was Irene's number.

He pressed his phone firmly against his ear, worried that Irene would hear the commotion over here. She rarely called him, so he was quite pleased to get her call.

His lips curling up, he asked, "Why are you being quiet? Did you miss me?"

Over at a hospital back in Zidonia, Irene had dropped to a couch as she leaned against the wall of an operating room, her dainty figure curling into a ball as she shuddered.

She collapsed a hand over her mouth, unable to stop herself from sobbing.

Her tears streaked uncontrollably, because he did not know how to face James!

Sensing that something was wrong, Isaac called out to her softly, "What's wrong, Irene?"

Irene still could not compose herself, but she asked hoarsely, "When are you coming back?" "Were you crying?" Isaac panicked right then.

Irene had always stayed strong when she was around him, rarely revealing her vulnerable side.

And yet, she called him-something must have pushed her off the brink, to the point that she would call him.

Isaac took a moment to compose himself. "I'm coming back right now." "You have to hurry," Irene sobbed. "I'm scared..."

Those words left Isaac's heart breaking and he hung up.

"Stan," he growled.

Stan quickly rushed to his side. "They are still fighting in there—" "Just keep a pair of eyes on him at all times. I'm going back to Zidonia."

"When?"

"Right now!" Isaac barked.

"Okay! I'll make the arrangements right now!"

Irene was still standing outside the operating room hours later.

James walked up and asked, "How is she?" "You should leave," Irene replied. "She said she doesn't want to see you."

James frowned. "What? Why not?"

Irene averted her eyes from his. "She doesn't want to see you."

James was sharp enough to understand right then. "Did she suffer a miscarriage? It's alright, I can take it. She must be sad too, so I have to comfort her."

He forced himself to look calm even though he was hurting too.

"No. You should go," Irene said — Erin would not refuse to see James if it was just that.

Staring into her eyes, James asked, "Be honest. What happened?"

Chapter 755

Irene turned away. "Please don't ask..."

James grabbed her arm as an ominous feeling seized him, but he kept his expression calm nonetheless.

"Tell me," he said, keeping his voice quiet.

Irene closed her sore eyes. "You have a hunch, don't you?"

James released her then.

Erin's clothes were in pieces when they found her, laying in the bushes near the car.

"That's why you shouldn't ask," Irene continued softly, hardly able to stay calm from the travesty. "I'll stay with her at all times, but she doesn't want to see you, so don't try to barge in. You'd only upset her more."

James's mouth hung opened, but no words came out

He was devastated, and Irene felt her chest tighten seeing his reaction! "I will take care of her. There will be someone with her at all times."

With that, she returned inside the operating room. She was the one who operated on Erin, and therefore knew very well.

Worried that she would upset Erin, she tried to keep her voice as mild as she could. "Let's get you to your ward."

Erin was staring blankly at the ceiling in silence, as Irene quietly wheeled her to her ward and then locked the wheels in place, before taking a chair to sit beside her.

Erin lay on her side with her back to Irene.

Irene wanted to say something, but she ended up swallowing her words.

Any words of comfort were as pointless as it was unconvincing, and there was no comforting Erin's wounded spirit.

The room was silent in the dimly lit ward, until Erin's repressed sobs were heard ever so distinctly.

"Cry if you want. There's no else here," Irene rasped.

Erin's cries turned loud in a split second and she pulled her blanket over her face, her shoulder shaking as she wailed. The air in the ward was rife with pain and melancholy!

The only thing Irene could do right now was quietly keep Erin company and stop her from doing anything stupid!

Erin cried for a long while, and it was not until it was almost daybreak that she fell asleep from exhaustion.

Irene was afraid to move, since she might wake Erin when Erin needed rest.

If she kept being distraught, her body and spirit might crumble.

The door to the ward opened around 7 AM.

Irene turned, expecting James, only to see that it was Isaac who came in.

She stared blankly at him for a moment before rising to her feet the next instant.

Realizing that she might have moved too abruptly, she quickly turned around to check on Erin—who was fortunately sound asleep.

Gingerly walking up to Isaac, she mouthed, "Outside."

Isaac headed out, and Irene gently closed the door behind her, before throwing herself into Isaac's arms right away. "You're back."

Isaac patted her on the back. "Yeah. I was so worried when I heard you cry." "It's terrible," she murmured, her voice choking with tears. "It's all because of me..."

Isaac saw James on the way in, and he was sitting on the floor, appearing haggard and exhausted as he did not sleep the entire night!

"They wanted to take me, and Erin told them she was me to protect me..."

Understanding that she was distraught, Isaac held her in his warm embrace, offering comfort.

It took a while for her to finally calm down, and she sniffled.

When she looked up, there were still tears on his lashes. "What should I do?"

Isaac raised his hands to wipe her tears. "How bad is it?"

Irene's lips were cracked and dry-she had not had a drink since the incident.

'She was raped... They took turns with her, and she lost her baby.'

Chapter 756

Isaac already had a feeling that things would be terrible, but hearing Irene say it left his eyebrow twitching and his expression darkened.

He was furious because those men had been after Irene, and how thoroughly depraved it was!

'Can you resign?'

Irene did a double take-she did not expect that from him at all, and was left a little confused. "W-Why?"
"If you didn't take the job, I could have moved to Franconia with you. I've already arranged everything, and this would never have happened. I can give you everything I have-"

"You think this was my fault?!" Irene was flustered, glaring at him just then. * I admit that I was the cause for Erin's suffering, but... you're blaming me too?!"

Isaac was silent for a while. "Calm down..." "Calm down? How am I supposed to calm down?!"

She raised her voice for a moment, and realizing her agitation and that this was not the place for it, lowered her voice again. "I'm hurting, and you're telling me it's because of me? Do you understand how much it hurts?" 'Then would you know how I'd feel if it happened to you? You didn't actually escape-someone took the bullet for you, and you're still being stubborn about this?'

Isaac still felt fear even after finding out the truth.

It was already a close shave with Harvey, and now this?!

Irene stared blankly at him.

She turned quiet.

Isaac spoke reason, but he was not completely right.

She certainly knew that she was inextricably responsible for this, even unforgivable!

She thought she knew him. But she really did not!

"Is that how you see it? That I'm working because I'm stubborn?" "Even if it wasn't, you're married now. Having a dream and trying to realize it is good, just like everyone else who wants a successful career, but shouldn't you think about your family too?"

Irene pursed her lips. "So I should give up on my career because I'm married? So being with you just means that I would be shackled? Then what is the point of marriage?!"

"Please, stop."

That was when the door to Erin's ward suddenly swung open and she appeared at the doorway.

Her face and eyes were red and swollen from too much crying.

Irene realized then that she should not have argued with Isaac outside her ward-they woke her now.

"Sorry." She felt guilty and annoyed.

Right now, Erin should be comforted and protected, and yet here she was, arguing over her own family affairs with Isaac.

Not only was their timing horrible, but they should not have done it at all!

"I'll help you back inside," Irene said, walking up to her.

However, Erin held her gaze and refused to budge. "You were arguing because of me, right? If that's so, I really hope you'd stop."

"No, it's not you." Irene explained. "It's our personal issues."

She helped Erin return to bed, closing the door behind her and asking softly, "Are you hungry? I can get you something to eat."

Erin shook her head.

After crying to vent her feelings for an entire night, she calmed down slightly now. She held Irene's gaze. "Do you think... James would still marry me?"

Chapter 757

Irene did not know what to tell Erin, because she had no idea what James thought.

Erin pursed her parched lips then. "I can't bear to face him even if he's willing."

Irene understood how Erin felt and she wrapped her arms around Erin. "It's all my fault..." "No, maybe it's destined and you can't be blamed. Someone up there was upset that I had too much of a good life, and that's why things ended up like this."

She was an orphan, but she was adopted by kind people and led a sheltered life as if she had real parents. How many orphans could say the same?

Maybe her luck was used up by now.

Unable to stop her tears again, she rasped, "Do me a favor!"

Irene felt her body shaking in her arms, and her eyes felt painfully sore too. 'Shoot.' "I want to leave."

"Where to?" Irene asked, flustered. "You shouldn't be alone during times like these-your mind will play tricks on you..."

Anxious, she put an arm around Erin's shoulder. "I'll stay with you."

Her phone started ringing right after she spoke, and she frowned at the bad timing, but she quickly picked it up.

Her phone started ringing right after she spoke, and she frowned at the bad timing, but she quickly picked it up.

"It's already working hours. Why aren't you here yet?" Finn asked from the other end.

"Just go about your business. I won't be coming in today, not to mention that everyone has their tasks.

They could also start trials on everything proposed yesterday." "Okay, but... Are you alright?" Finn asked in concern.

"Yeah. I'm hanging up now." "Okay."

With that, Irene hung up and slipped her phone back in her pocket, when Erin said, "You couldn't go to work because of me..."

Irene shook her head. "It's nothing." "Look, I won't be alone," Erin said. "My father is old, and my mother is gone. He's lonely, so I want to keep him company."

Irene held her gaze. "I can ask James about what he thinks..." "No." Erin refused. "Remember the favor I asked for? I don't want to see him."

As Irene turned silent, Erin stared blankly outside the window, muttering, ' Life is taxing and painful, but I can't die now, not when my father is around. I don't want him to be sad."

Turning back to Irene, she said, "So, don't worry. I won't end myself. Please get me a plane ticket out of here."

Irene tried to get her to stay regardless. "You need time to recover after a miscarriage. I can take care of you..." "No." Erin refused. "I don't want to stay in this city."

Irene hung her head. "If leaving makes you feel better, I'll help." "Thank you," she said.

"There's no need to be so polite," Irene said, keeping her head down guiltily. "It's all my fault, and Isaac is right. If I wasn't stubborn and insist on working, I wouldn't run into those people, and you'd be-" "I don't want to talk about it."

Erin did not want to hear a word about what happened yesterday at all, because the mere mention made her remember those men taking their turns with her.

She flinched at the very thought, her face turning pale!

Those men had made a clean escape, and James had nothing to go on.

Moreover, he could not calm himself long enough to think.

Isaac tried to get him to pull himself together regardless. "Right now, the priority is to find the perps!" "I don't think they're even from Cloud City... There's nothing on them at all," James muttered, and then realized, "Could it be Harvey Gooding?" "No," Isaac said confidently, since he just met the man.

Harvey even confessed everything, clearly terrified and wanted his mercy.

Moreover, he had been maimed and recovering at Franconia, and with Enrique injured as well, no one would help him do this.

James clenched his fists. "Then who is it?"

If he ever gets his hands on them, he would personally cut them into pieces!

At a rundown house, a masked man dressed in a black coat and a cap had his back to the goons as he spoke, "Stay here if you want to stay alive and avoid capture. I've prepared enough food for you to wait until it blows over, after which I'll arrange for your departure. You'll have enough money to live however you want."

Chapter 758

The masked man found his goons from way out of town, and no one in Cloud City knew a thing about them because they had no criminal record there.

That being said, they had done more than their fair share elsewhere and were good enough to not get captured despite all that.

'Oh, what could possibly happen?' The goons' leader—the lanky man with a scarred face—thought nothing of it. "No one would shout it to the world, and that woman's not going to call the cops—" 'What would you know?!' The masked man became furious.

"It's a fluke that you actually managed to escape. Your opponent is as ruthless, and you'll all die horribly if you're careless! Watch yourself if you don't want to be that caught, because I'm not kidding here!"

The lanky man asked worriedly, "Is it really that serious?"

The masked man wheeled on him with an icy glare. "There's seven of you against one of theirs, but each of you ended up bruised and battered. Are you really still going to make light of them?"

The lanky man had no comeback against that—they certainly must admit that even the chauffeur alone was formidable.

'He's a professional bodyguard. His ability is expected.' "Since you understand that, you'd better not underestimate them," the man warned. "Don't leave this place. There's TV and Wi-Fi, so pass the time however you want. I'll come to get you when it's safe."

"Yes, but how long do we have to wait?" the lanky man asked.

"I can't give you anything specific. What's wrong with staying here? You have everything you need here, and your safety takes priority." "Fair enough."

They must listen to the masked man to be safe.

After all, they were already paid, but their employer had enough sense of responsibility and consideration for their sake, so they should accept his kindness.

For the masked man's part, he just did not want anything that could lead back to him.

He knew Isaac's methods, and that he would make these goons talk.

Even if he left no clues, hiding was the best thing to do, just to be safe—at least until this blows over.

Erin was dispirited—Irene's words inadvertently left her emotionally distressed.

As she spaced out, a worried Irene gave her a sedative!

Once she slept, Irene left the room and called James, who quickly answered.

"You should come over." "Okay."

Soon, James was striding toward her and he asked immediately about Erin.

'She's not feeling well. I gave her a sedative so that she can rest,' Irene admitted.

James nodded, while Irene hesitated for a moment before saying, "She says she wants to go back to Minerva."

James said nothing, but sat down on a bench at the walkway, grabbing his own hair.

He must be feeling no better than Erin since they were just discussing marriage.

And now...

'What she went through might be worse than you think. Even so, can you accept her?' Irene asked.

James looked up right then with a piercing gaze at her.

Irene did not hide from his gaze, but held his gaze. "If you can't, you should let her leave for a change of pace as she wishes."

James's eyes turned red.

Irene leaned against the wall then. "I'm sorry, James. I won't ask for your forgiveness—I'll bear this guilt for the rest of my life. You must hate me a lot, right?" "I hate the men who hurt her more," James growled bitterly. "We're not that in love, and it's just because we did it that one time. I don't think we'd be together if she hadn't selflessly ran to her to care for me while I'm in a coma. Hell, I think she liked me more only because we spent time together, and I was only staying with her because I was grateful for what she did. But it turns out that I'm happy being with her, and what happened to her... broke me."

Chapter 759

James groaned, "Did you know? Even a six foot tall man like me wants to cry."

Having experienced something similar, Irene naturally understood how James felt.

'Do you think I really love her?' he rasped, asking her as much as himself. If only I was nicer to her."

He had always been busy at work when Erin was with him, and they only had dinner together on a handful of occasions. He refused to let her visit him at the office, believing that it would set a bad precedent.

She wanted a wedding, but he used work as an excuse again even though she was pregnant, wanting her to just stick with him quietly.

He regretted everything now that he thought about it—he was selfish and outrageous!

How could he even make up for this? How could he make up for her wounded spirit?

James looked up then. "I really want to apologize, but I know she would be distressed if she saw me... So I think I'll let her go, to have time to cool down while I find those dogs and personally avenge her. After that, I'll go to her. She's not waking up for the moment, right? I want to look at her while she's asleep."

Irene turned away to wipe the tears welling out of her eyes. "Go in. She won't be waking up for a few hours."

James got up, and paused as he put his hand on the doorknob. "I know you didn't want this, and it already happened anyway. Let's just keep an open mind."

"Thank you," Irene replied, lowering her head.

With that, James said nothing and entered Erin's ward, while Irene waited on the bench, spacing out. Irene."

A mild voice brought her to her senses.

Turning to see Sheryl Harris making her way towards Irene, she quickly composed herself and flashed a stiff smile. "Mom, what are you doing here?" "Isaac asked me to bring you food," Sheryl replied, putting the lunchboxes aside. "You look terrible. What happened?"

Irene shook her head. "Nothing." "You haven't eaten, have you?" Sheryl opened the lunchbox and gave her the food she brought.

"Did you two get in a fight?"

Sheryl had a hunch judging from Irene's terrible look and Isaac's bad mood.

Irene took the lunchbox and kept her head down. "Nope."

It would be bizarre if Sheryl did not see through her right then, and she tenderly said, "Whatever Isaac said or did, he still cares about you. See? He even asked me to bring you food, worried that you're not eating."

Irene felt her chest tighten, and restrained her tears as she asked, "Am I in the wrong?" "What?" Sheryl asked.

Irene bit her lip. "Should I just stay home and take care of our children instead of going to work? Isaac's too busy to take care of them, so I should be a housewife to support him, and keep things together at home. You should be taking it easy, but you have to take care of my children now... I'm selfish, only bringing them to this world but not caring for them." "Is that why you fought?"

Sheryl asked. "I'm still young and I'm overjoyed to see my grandsons every day. I won't get tired with Mrs. Watson helping out as well... You know I support you having a career. Is Isaac upset that you go to work, instead of staying home?"

Irene was quiet, her silence an admittance.

Despite the notion that genders were equal, why should women stay home while men work?

She can admit that she would never make as much money as Isaac, but her work was not pointless.

Moreover, they had people who would babysit their children. Should they not support each other?

'From one point of view, you should stay home...'

Irene looked up right then.

Was Sheryl switching sides?!

Still, Sheryl patted her hand and said, "Calm down, let me finish."

Chapter 760

Sheryl said, "Look, Isaac is not your average business owner. He needs a wife at home to keep an eye on things while he works.

I know that he wants the best for the family, even suggesting that we go to Franconia with Tommy, since he already had a house and arranged for servants there. We'd be able to settle down quickly while his work would become more convenient... he never mentioned that again because of you, you know."

Irene had never heard Isaac mention that before.

She only found out he wanted to move to Franconia today-when they were arguing.

Lowering her eyes, she murmured, "So that's why..." 'But the richer and more powerful he is, the less reason you have to deny your own self," Sheryl told her.

She still supported Irene's work, and she would take care of Irene's children.

As Irene looked up at her, Sheryl continued. "He may love you and care for you now, but you already had two children with him.

There's all the pretty young women one would need out there, so I don't want you to have nothing to fall back on like me. Get it?"

Sheryl was being earnestly considerate for her daughter after her husband betrayed her—it was better to be safe than sorry.

Patting Irene on the shoulder, Sheryl said, 'I will talk to him for you.' "What about?" Irene became nervous right then-she did not want Sheryl to meddle in her argument with Isaac, which would complicate things.

"Don't worry. I know what to say," Sheryl replied. "Now, eat. If you're sick, you'd have to stay home for real."

Irene pursed her lips. "Thanks, Mom." "Don't thank me-I'm your mom. I'm always on your side whenever, wherever," Sheryl said, breathing a long sigh. "I won't go that far if it were an average Joe you married, but that's not who your husband is. That's why we have to be careful, and of course I hope you'll always be happy, and not suffer like I did." "Mom..." Irene did not want her to mention the past.

Sheryl simply smiled. "I stick by what I said."

Overwhelmed, Irene decided to send her off. "You should go home, Mom." "Of course. Now eat, there's soup underneath too," Sheryl said.

"I will," Irene replied.

"And do come home earlier." "Okay."

Sheryl was worried that Mrs. Watson alone would not be able to care for both children.

Sheryl could not find Tommy when she reached home.

The boy liked to play in the living room.

The other possibility was his baby brother's room.

Mrs. Watson was caring for the baby, so Sheryl asked her.

"He's at the study," Mrs. Watson replied.

Sheryl nodded, but did not go there.

Tommy would not go to the study alone-it probably meant that Isaac was home.

In the study, Isaac was standing in front of the glass wall.

Thick curtains dangled at each of this side, while the glass that was wiped squeaky clean was clear and transparent.

"Find out if anyone came into this city over the last two months, see if the people in the photos I sent are among them, and whether they have been active here." "Of course, but this will take time since it's a lot of work." "It's fine. Contact me as soon as you have something." "Of course."

Isaac hung up after a few more words.

The photos were screenshots from the security footage, the imaging being so advanced it recorded over 90% of the goons' likeness.

However, they had no criminal record in Cloud City, which meant they were from elsewhere.

Even so, that was a lot of ground to cover and it would take a lot of time, but a clue was a clue!

"Papa."

A soft voice called out then, and Isaac turned around.