

## Runaway 791

### Chapter 791

James was at the airport, waiting to receive Irene and Isaac as their flight landed.

As they left the airport, Isaac asked, "Are you done with that issue?"

"Yeah," James replied very softly, subtly sneaking a glance at Irene and refraining from going into detail.

Irene, who was holding Isaac's arm, was aware why James was being vague.

He did not want to talk about it in front of her since she was personally involved.

Even so, she had a right to know when they would apprehend the mastermind.

"Just give it to us straight, James," she told him then.

James lowered his gaze. "It's not like I want to keep it from you—I just did not want to upset you."

"I'm fine. Just tell us," Irene said, her words sharp and clear.

Still, James remained silent for a long while before saying, "The gang had a long criminal record in Braston. They bailed from the city the instant that the police started a search for them, and they had been to other cities before they came here. It's the same story in each city, too—they commit crimes, get arrest orders issued on them, and bail."

Isaac raised a brow. "Are you saying that they are just serial criminals with arrest warrants on them from multiple cities? That what they do here was on their own accord without anyone's orders?"

"Impossible!" Irene snapped right then, appearing slightly agitated. "They were clearly asking me if I was Irene Spencer when they tried to abduct me. It was very obvious that they did not recognize me,

but someone had sent them after me. That's why they asked if I was me to ascertain my identity."

Isaac took her hand and gave it a squeeze. "Calm down. I'm just asking."

Irene realized that she was being overagitated as well, and she paused for a moment to let herself calm down.

James then admitted, "That may be, but I don't have any evidence that they're under someone's payroll. While that does not necessarily mean that they're not working under someone's orders, I'm still

very worried—they are very experienced with escaping, and they managed to get away without leaving much clues multiple times. Right now, we can't even be sure that they are still in this city, or already made their escape."

Irene could not help feeling dejected at the notion of not catching those scumbags.

And judging from James's description, the gang seemed to be career criminals and were always on their toes, which made things even harder.

Still, Isaac patted her on the back of her hand assuringly. "We'll get them eventually."

"Yeah," Irene murmured somberly.

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They drove home to the hilltop mansion, though Irene's phone rang before she alighted and picked it up.

Isaac could not hear what the caller was saying, but he could see her brows knitting into a frown.

"Got it," she replied, but her frown did not ease up even after she hung up.

"What's wrong?" Isaac asked.

Irene took a deep breath. "It's work. I need to go to the research center."

"I'll take you there—"

"It's fine," Irene replied, cutting him short. "You have work to do. Eagle can get me there."

With those words, she aligned and got into another car.

As Isaac walked up to it, Irene lowered the window, looking up at him as she said, "I'll be right back—once I'm done with this."

Isaac lowered his gaze to meet hers. "I just wanted to tell you that you shouldn't force yourself to handle it if it's too much for you. Just tell me whenever you need my help."

"Okay," Irene replied and raised the window before turning to Eagle. "Let's go."

The car lurched forward, and it was obvious that Irene was in a hurry as she would check the time constantly along the way.

However, it was not until half an hour later that the car finally stopped outside Hotmesh Research, and she alighted.

Finn Crowe quickly ran up to her, saying, "You're finally here, Director..."

"What on earth happened?" Irene asked even as she stormed into the building.