

Runaway 792

Chapter 792

Finn followed Irene into the building as he said, "I'm not too sure myself, but he's refusing to put his signature on the agreement, even though he agreed to sign it earlier!"

Before Irene left for Franconia, she had made the acquaintance of Professor Lowe thanks to Professor Novsky's introduction.

Since Professor Lowe had the technical ability to cut the foil down to 0.03 mm, Irene was going to commission him for his work.

While it would even be more ideal if he joined them, Irene had made the offer, and Professor Lowe agreed earlier that he would take the job.

And now, he seemed to be renegeing on that agreement, which left Irene frowning.

"Is he here right now?" she asked.

"Yeah, he actually just arrived to see you. I've asked him to wait at the conference room."

Irene started striding in that direction, and opened the door instantly the instant she reached it.

The vast room was empty save for one person in a chair—seeing that Irene was standing at the door, Professor Lowe rose to his feet.

Still, Irene remained calm and composed.

"Finn? Get us something to drink, please," she said, and entered the conference room with a smile. "Sorry to keep you waiting—I was held up. Please, sit."

Professor Lowe was not at all old.

Sporting a pair of black-rimmed glasses, he did not appear to be a day older than forty and had the air of someone cultured and slightly conservative.

He was quite candid as well. "Director Spencer, I've come personally to meet you to apologize... but I have to turn down your commission."

Irene sat down and asked, "Why? Do I not pay you enough? I can add more money if that's what you need."

Professor Lowe shook his head. "I'm sorry."

Irene held his gaze for several heartbeats and said, "I don't think you're the type of person to break promises, and it may be very likely that you're in trouble and were forced to turn me down. Why don't you take your time and tell me about it? I'll see if I can help."

Professor Lowe was actually surprised by Irene's sudden offer and was actually drawn to it for a moment.

However, it was not something he could easily talk about, and it left him in a dilemma just then.

Irene was in no hurry and quietly waited while Finn returned, bringing them their drinks.

Irene gestured for him to put the glass in front of Professor Lowe, who simply sat there.

It was not until an hour later that he made up his mind. "I can tell you, but only you alone."

Irene promptly told Finn to leave the room and to shut the door behind him.

After Finn was gone, she said, "What is it? You can just tell me."

Professor Lowe still had trouble speaking up, and it took a while for him to finally say, "Look, someone set me up, and I was forced to sign an agreement with them, commissioning my work to them."

"They? Who's they?" Irene pressed.

"They're working on an artificial heart too, and I know for a fact that they're in it for the money," Professor Lowe replied. "That's why I refused to work with them, but the truth is that they were already trying to recruit me before you came to me. They must have found out about our planned agreement, so they set me up so that I was forced to comply."

Irene was quiet for a moment. "Forced you to comply? How?"

Professor Lowe hung his head. "With a honey-trap."

With that, he turned towards Irene with a pleading look. "Please, you have to help me—I don't want to work with them, but I don't want to lose my family either. What if my wife sees the photos I have? What would she think of me? And how am I going to face my children? My life would be over if that happens..."

Irene did not say anything immediately, since they needed a solution that would cover all corners.

“You can’t help me either, huh?” The light in Professor Lowe’s eyes started to fade just then.

“Let me think about it,” Irene said and got to her feet. “Calm down for the time being. I’ll make a call—we might turn things around just yet.”

“Really? Okay, I’ll wait!” Professor Lowe exclaimed, his fingers clenching on his glass as he felt hopeful again.

Irene left the conference room and stood in front of a window, whipping out her phone after a brief hesitation.

However, before she could call Isaac, there was a news notification that left her pausing!