

Runaway 793

Chapter 793

The news was supposed to be something worth celebrating, but Irene found it implausible when she thought about it.

After all, James had yet to catch on to the trail of that gang—how would they apprehend them so quickly?

She called Isaac's number then, and he answered soon enough.

"Did you get the gang who hurt Erin?" she asked immediately.

"You saw the news?"

"Yeah. Did you really get them? That was fast..."

So fast that she found it unbelievable.

"That's because it's fake," Isaac explained patiently. "We're not going to get them when they're in hiding, which is why we're putting up the fake news that we got them. Once they see it, they'd think—"

"Got it." Irene was quick enough to catch on. "They'd think that we got the wrong perps and be less wary since there are people to take the fall for them. They would come out of their holes, and we can get them when they do."

"Exactly," Isaac said, then asked, "Did you call me just for that?"

Irene wanted to ask him to help with Professor Lowe's honey-trap issue, but she did not want him to get distracted now that he was busy with apprehending that gang.

"Yeah. I saw the news, so I thought I should ask you what's going on. I won't bother you now since it's just your trap," she said, and hung up.

She remained still before the window, phone in hand.

It seems that she could only depend on herself from here on out.

Finn made his way toward her then. "Director? Did Professor Lowe say no?"

Irene turned to look at him. "No."

“Well, why the sour face?” Finn asked.

“Just get back to work,” Irene said, since she did not have the time to explain, heading straight into the conference room.

“Do you have a solution?” Professor Lowe asked right then.

“Yeah,” Irene said as she sat down, taking out pen and notebook. “Right now, you must tell me everything you know about those people, and the details about the woman they used as bait.”

Professor Lowe shook his head. “I don’t even know her. I only had a cup of coffee, not even a drop of alcohol, but I somehow passed out. When I woke up after that, I was naked with a woman in bed beside me in a hotel room.”

“Then tell me anything you know,” Irene said.

Professor Lowe was naturally very cooperative, since his future was in the balance.

After getting the general idea, Irene asked, “Have you agreed on a date for the agreement?”

“They wanted it done as soon as possible, but I managed to buy three days,” Professor Lowe said. “After that, I’ll be signing the agreement at their offices.”

Irene nodded. “Understood.”

“So...”

“I’ll come up with something,” Irene told him. “Head home and wait for my news.”

“Okay.” Professor Lowe stood up then, watching Irene as he said, “Please don’t upset them even if you can’t do anything. They have leverage against me—if those photos ever get out, I won’t be able to show my face anywhere.”

“I know,” Irene said.

Once Professor Lowe left, Irene called Mark Wickers, whose company was involved in pharmaceuticals.

That company was a pharmaceutical company as well, but probably because of the huge returns from the artificial heart business.

Mark would definitely know who they were, and what Irene must do was find out if they had been doing

anything irregular.

At the same time, she should also try to steal the leverage against Professor Lowe.

Mark soon answered, and Irene immediately said, "I need a favor. New Sun Pharma—find out everything you can about that company, especially if they violate regulations."

Mark agreed to it without asking why, probably because Irene's tone sounded very urgent.

Hanging up, Irene got to her feet—it was time to head home.

Returning to her car, she asked Eagle on the way back, "Aside from combat training, do you have other specialties, Eagle?"