

Runaway 794

Chapter 794

Eagle paused for a moment. "I'd say counter-espionage and marksmanship..."

"That's enough." Irene cut him short. "I get the picture."

"Are you dissatisfied with my performance, ma'am?" Eagle asked calmly.

"No, I was just asking," Irene quickly explained.

"Oh." Eagle clearly sighed in relief.

Irene mused to herself for a moment and eventually asked, "Do you know any hackers? Or do you have colleagues who are proficient in hacking?"

"Do you require their services?" Eagle asked.

"Yes," Irene replied.

"Then I would be able to help. My division does have some experts," Eagle replied.

Irene was delighted, "Really? Thanks!"

"That's not necessary, ma'am. Just ask me anytime you need help," Eagle said respectfully.

Irene, however, did not enjoy ordering people around from a lofty position, or speaking as if she was above the rest.

Everyone was equal in her eyes.

Irene told Eagle about the situation with New Sun Pharman then. "I don't need details about their business. I want to acquire certain private data—photos, to be specific. I'm sure they won't encrypt the

photos since those aren't a corporate secret, so finding them would be easy enough."

"Understood," Eagle replied. "Give me a day, and I'll have my people get it for you."

"Good," Irene replied.

They had returned to the hilltop mansion as they spoke, and Irene alighted.

As soon as she stepped through the front door, Tommy came running to her and wrapped himself around her legs.

Looking up to her, he blinked his twinkling eyes as he greeted her. "Mama."

His adorable voice left Irene's heart turning into mush, and she arched her back to scoop him up in her arms and gave him a peck on his cheeks. "Did you miss me?"

"Yeah," Tommy said a little sadly.

Irene carried him to the room of her second son, asking as she went, "Did you help Grandma take care of your baby brother?"

"Yeah," Tommy pouted in complaint. "But he's always crying. He's a crybaby."

Sheryl Harris heard him. "You were always crying when you're a baby too."

Tommy denied it. "No, I'm not. He is."

Sheryl smiled helplessly. "Alright, he is."

Irene patted Tommy's head. "My son is a grown man now."

Tommy reared his chin proudly from the flattery.

Irene put him down once they were inside the nursery, and she saw that the baby was sleeping soundly.

Tommy poked the baby's cheek with one finger and said, "If only he's a baby sister."

Irene looked at him, puzzled. "What's wrong with a baby brother?"

"I want a sister," Tommy said, tilting his head.

Irene, however, found her second son special because he was a gift from the heavens to make up for the lost twin.

With him, Irene felt like she had Tommy's twin back.

"A baby brother is just as cute. You must protect him," Irene told Tommy mildly.

"I protect baby?" Tommy asked, feeling important just then.

“Of course,” Irene replied assuringly. “Your younger brother is a baby, and he can’t speak or walk. You’re his big brother, so you have to protect him.”

Tommy smiled, baring his tiny white teeth.

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The gang led by the lanky man with a scarred face became restless after seeing the news.

“They already caught someone. Doesn’t that mean we’re safe?”

“They’re so dumb! They caught the wrong people!”

“What’s wrong with them being dumb? It’s the reason we’re safe.”

“Does that mean we can go out?”

As the gang started to argue endlessly, the lanky man said, “The masked man who hired us told us to wait for his message. What if something happens to us if we left without his approval?”

“When did you become so cautious, boss? We’re safe, they got someone—and we’ve been here so long we’re losing our minds!”

“Yeah!” Someone agreed that they were safe and did not have to hide.

The lanky man thought about it. “We should be careful. Let’s just go out for a while and return soon.”

“Yeah!”

The whole gang was thrilled to hear that they could go out. “Let’s get to the nearest bar and let loose!”