

## Runaway 821

### Chapter 821

Irene lifted a brow and wondered to herself if Isaac was a frequent guest here.

Why else would the man greet him so warmly?

Still, she had yet to find what this place was for.

“And who might this lovely lady be?” the man asked, turning towards Irene just then—this was the first time Isaac brought a woman here.

“My wife.” Isaac nodded slightly. “Please show us the way to the horse stables.”

Irene’s eyes widened and turned in surprise toward Isaac, asking softly, “Are we riding horses?”

“Yeah. So? Are you afraid?” Isaac asked.

Horse-riding was certainly a novelty for Irene since she had never done it before.

However, she wielded scalpels and cut people open, starting out with corpses while she was an intern.

In that sense, what was there to fear about horses?

Spurred by her ego, she reared her chin. “Don’t underestimate me.”

Isaac chuckled. “Sure.”

They headed into the building and took a small cart to the stables.

It was ten minutes until they stopped outside the stables. There were forty stalls arranged in four rows, and each horse’s fur was a lustrous sheen and their figures robust.

Irene was no expert, but even she could tell that they were all good horses and well bred.

Carl Dunham approached them then—he was waiting there after learning about Isaac’s arrival.

Smiling at Isaac and Irene, he said, “I did hear that you weren’t alone, Mr. Jefferson.”

Turning to Irene, he continued, “Mr. Jefferson has never brought women here before, and to think that the first would be his wife! Do come by more often if you can.”

As Irene nodded politely, Isaac leaned in to whisper beside her ear, “He owns this stable.”

Irene nodded in realization, and she said, “It’s my first time, so do pick a more docile steed for me.”

“Don’t worry, ma’am. Just leave it to me.” Carl smiled and turned towards Isaac. “I’ll get your horses now while you get change, Mr. Jefferson.”

“Good,” Isaac said flatly.

There was a building to the rear, and Isaac had a private room to himself even though other visitors were wealthy patrons too.

Isaac even had his own rider apparel, though an attendant soon delivered Irene’s soon after they went inside.

The service was certainly top of the line, and the riding apparel fit Irene to the tee.

Isaac’s was black while hers red.

Although red clothing could look terrible if it did not suit the person, Irene appeared sharp and imposing.

The colors were a perfect match too: white shirt, red vest, red pants, and black boots.

When they returned to the stables, Carl had already picked them two horses: one white and one black.

The black one had a white patch of fur on its head that resembled a lightning bolt—Isaac usually rode it.

“Do you need help?” Isaac asked.

Irene shook her head—she wanted to do it herself.

It was delightful just seeing riders spurred their horses to gallop overcast open plains on TV.

Even though they were not in an open field now, the greenery here was a vibrant emerald and it was certainly wide enough!

The groundskeepers must tend to the grasscape meticulously.

“Did you use to come here often?” Irene asked.

“Occasionally. Not often,” Isaac replied—this had been one of his pastimes.

Irene was skeptical. “Mr. Dunham seemed to be really enthusiastic with your arrival...”

She stopped herself before she finished.

After all, this was a pastime of the rich, and as long as you had the money, they would certainly remember your name and be enthusiastic about your patronage!

Meanwhile, Carl had someone brought in shin guards and the attendants helped Irene put them on.

Isaac helped her on the horse and instructed her since it was the first time, “Keep a firm hold on the reins and don’t go too fast. Always keep your hands firmly around the horse’s belly.”

Isaac got on her horse, and one of the attendants led his horse to the meadow.

After that, the attendants let them have the reins to themselves.

Carl was on a horse as well, personally escorting them for safety reasons since it was Irene’s first ride.

Irene took a deep breath and spurred the horse with a prod of her foot.

The horse started off with a trot and moved quicker when she prodded a little firmer.

Still, the horse was certainly docile and well-trained.

As Isaac slowly followed Irene, she started to feel dissatisfied after a while.

Wanting to go fast, she held onto the reins and kicked firmly.

“Hyah!”

Isaac was caught off guard as Irene’s horse broke into a gallop.

Surprised by their sudden acceleration, he quickly gave chase!

Chapter 822

Still, Isaac was worrying for nothing—perhaps thanks to the discipline she honed from her job, Irene rode with calmness and steadiness.

Her strong guts also allowed her to take to riding like a duck to water!

She certainly loved feeling the sensation of wind against her face as she sat on the horse's back, blowing away all her worries.

"Hyah!"

She spurred her horse on whimsically, allowing it to dash over the near-boundless meadow to her heart's content!

Isaac had been worried that she would fall off her horse, and he was therefore surprised to find her riding so well.

Trotting his horse to Isaac's side, Carl asked, "Did the missus learn to ride before?"

Rarely was there a woman who could ride so quickly and steadily on their first try.

"It is her first time," Isaac replied.

Carl was naturally astonished. "Woah, she has the gift."

"Her gift is in saving people, actually."

Despite his usual attitude, Isaac had always been proud about Irene's career as a doctor.

Even if this was the epoch of capitalism, medical professionals who saved lives and cured sickness were always worthy of respect!

That actually surprised Carl further—he did not expect Isaac to marry a doctor.

After all, Carl was of the impression that doctors were always the quiet types, just as their jobs were dull.

And Isaac could have got himself any woman he wanted, given who he was!

Still, it seemed that he should change his opinion about female doctors... to think that they could let loose in such fashion!

...

Martin York had already cooked dinner when Lulu Adams arrived home from work.

Still, he was bad at it and the food was bad.

"I think we should just eat out," he said.

"Let's just finish it, or it'd be a waste," Lulu told him. "It's not that bad—you just forgot the vinegar in the brined ribs, so the meat tasted a little bland. The mashed potatoes are a little salty but not inedible, so less salt next time... the veggies are too burned to be edible though."

Martin scratched his head. "I overdid it."

Still, Lulu's gaze lingered on him—he could not cook, but he tried to do it anyway.

It was the sincerity that counted and the taste did not matter!

"Here, have a rib." Lulu put one on his plate. "I'll cook next time."

Martin waved her off. "No, I'll learn. Neither of us have parents, so someone would have to take care of you postpartum. I should learn while you're still in early pregnancy!"

Then, he remembered something. "You should resign around the third trimester."

Lulu paused then, and asked with a smile, "Oh? And I guess you'll pay for everything?"

"Of course. I'm your man," Martin said, nodding.

However, the air suddenly turned stiff at his words and silence ensued.

While there was nothing wrong with what he said, the problem was that they were married in name only!

And that was why things got so awkward after he said it.

While Lulu kept her head lowered, Martin found it awkward to linger and he rose to his feet. "Anyway, I'm on night duty."

However, Lulu stopped him as he picked up his jacket. "How long do you think we're going to do this?"

"But it's work..."

"I know you're avoiding me, but more than that, you're caring for me. I don't want you to have to stay away from your own home after you marry me and there's more room, so why don't we get another bed?"

Martin looked away, avoiding her gaze as he said flatly, "That would work."

Even so, Lulu could sense his disappointment and she slowly clenched her fingers.

"Sorry, I..."

"Hey, we're married. No apologies," he said, and quickly changed the subject. "Let's get a new bed!"

"Okay," Lulu said.

They left together after dinner and headed straight up to the second floor of the furniture store to look at beds.

While they were picking one, however, Lulu heard a familiar voice!

She turned around and quickly pulled Martin further into the store.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Chapter 823

Lulu told Martin very softly, "It's Johnny."

Johnny was one of their colleagues and gossip would be inevitable if they were caught as newlyweds coming out to get another new bed when they already got one for their wedding!

How could it not be weird? Johnny and the rest would certainly start gossiping or asking questions directly.

How would Martin and Lulu answer them when that happened?

Even if Martin was usually sharp and stern at his job, he was rather bumbling when it came to his own personal matters.

Nodding repeatedly then, they moved to hide behind a nearby wardrobe.

They waited a long while and only left when Johnny did.

With that, they continued to look for a bed and made an order.

However, when they were going to leave, someone called out, "Cap?"

Lulu was speechless.

They were seen despite all their effort, huh?

Martin then asked her, "Should I turn around?"

Lulu was even more speechless.

Everyone in the team knew him, and he would be recognized straight away if he did!

He was usually so sharp at work—when did he get so stupid?

Still, he soon said, "Getting spotted is bad, you said? I'll just pretend not to hear him. Let's go!"

He pulled Lulu along.

In reality, he had every reason to respond to Johnny. An excuse such as getting new furniture was acceptable, since they had already ordered a bed and they were nowhere near that department.

What a mess!

As they left the furniture store, Johnny seemed to be following them out.

Martin said quietly, "Let's not go to the car. Let him leave first."

Lulu nodded and they headed in the opposite direction from their car.

Johnny actually thought that he really did see Martin, but decided the man was not since he was not even turning around.

With that, he left.

Noticing that he was gone, Martin heaved a quiet sigh of relief.

Lulu watched his silly reaction and could not help giggling.

"What's so funny?" Martin asked.

She composed herself. "Nothing."

They waited a while longer, and he said then, "Let's go home."

“Yeah,” Lulu replied.

However, just as they reached their car, Johnny appeared out of nowhere and ambushed Martin. “That was you in there, right, cap?”

Martin raised a brow. “Where did you come out from?”

“I thought I saw you after I got a bookshelf. You ignored me when I called you, and I thought I had the wrong guy... until I saw your car. I just waited here for you since I know it’s you.”

Martin shot him a glare. “Waiting for me? What’s wrong with you? Don’t you have anything better to do?”

Johnny felt puzzled by his glare and pouted. “I just wanted to know if it was really you. I mean, it’s no issue to see you here, right? What were you sneaking around for?”

Did Martin do something that should not be seen?

“I’m here to get furniture too and I heard you. I just didn’t want to talk to you.”

With that, Martin opened his car and got in with Lulu, before quickly driving off.

Johnny was left speechless.

Did he do something wrong? Was he not supposed to greet Martin?

...

Irene had been riding her horse for an hour when Isaac gestured for her to stop for a break.

After having a glass of water, she asked, “Are we staying here the entire day? Don’t you have work? Do you really have time to hang out with me? Just go if you’re busy—I’ll go home.”

“It’s no trouble,” Isaac replied.

Even if he was, he would spare some time to spend with her or she would start imagining things!

“You seem quick interested in riding. Should I bring you here more often?” Isaac asked, watching for her reaction.



Irene was about to speak when her phone started ringing on the table.

She picked it up and saw that it was from Ray Hall.

Could it be about Dennis Turner?

Was it good news or bad news?

She answered the call nervously regardless.

“Hello?”

Chapter 824

The voice from the other end was as loud as it was urgent. “Come in right now! The patient is going into cardiac arrest. I’ll keep him alive for now!”

Irene’s heart skipped a beat, but she restrained her panic and answered, “Got it.”

“Take the back door when you come. The patient’s family might stop you if you come from the front,” Ray added.

“Got it,” Irene repeated.

As she put down her phone, she tried to act casual as she said, “I’m stopping here for the day. Ray Hall has just called, saying that Dennis is improving. I’ll go take a look.”

She did not dare to mention the bad news in fear that Isaac would stop her from going.

Isaac was in turn staring at her with a meaningful gaze.

“Really?” he asked, clearly skeptical.

“Yeah.” She smiled. “Come with me if you don’t believe me.”

“Alright. I will,” Isaac said, rising to his feet.

Irene was speechless—she thought that Isaac would not bother, and yet...

Whatever. Anything could wait until after they head to the hospital.

“Let’s go to our room for a bath and a change of clothes.”

Irene did not even have the time to do it. "I'll just get changed. The bath can wait—let's go to the hospital now."

Isaac got up, leaning against her.

After they returned to their room and got changed, they headed to the hospital.

However, they had just arrived outside and Isaac was going to alight as well when his phone rang.

It was James Cross—there was a document that needed Isaac's personal signature and he could not sign it.

Irene seemed to sense that he was needed. She said, "Go. I'll be fine—Dennis is better now, so his family won't harass me."

Isaac mused to himself for a while. "Call me if there's any issue."

Irene nodded and watched as he drove off. She was about to turn and go straight inside when she remembered Ray telling her to take the back entrance, and she did so.

However, Neil Turner caught her even as she reached the small door at the back.

"Irene Spencer!" he growled with a menacing glare, as if he would lunge at her and tear her into pieces. "How dare you lie to me! 'The surgery was a success', was it?!"

Irene took a step back by instinct, but she calmly told him, "It was a success. It's probably just a post-surgery symptom or rejection. That's a risk that comes with any major surgery—"

"Don't bother with your excuses! My mother fainted after she was told what happened to my father. There's no telling what would happen to her, but if she ends up hurt too, I will bring this down on your head until there's nothing left of you!"

"I'm willing to take responsibility," Irene told him. "But right now, you have to let me see your father—"

"Again?!"

Neil started toward her, clearly seeing red.

However, before he could reach Irene, Eagle appeared out of nowhere between him and Irene, and then kicked him away with swift precision.

As Neil landed on the floor, he was left stumped by Eagle's sudden arrival.

"...Who are you?!"

However, as Eagle leveled his cold, sharp eyes at Neil, he was immediately silenced.

"What are you doing here?" Irene asked, surprised by Eagle's appearance too.

She left with Isaac this morning, and Isaac was also the one who drove her here.

Could Eagle have been following them all along?

"I'm in charge of your safety, ma'am," Eagle replied. "I'm always watching."

Irene nodded—so that was it.

Still, she tugged at Eagle, "There's no need for further violence. Just keep him here."

"Yes, ma'am." Eagle nodded.

While Irene went inside the hospital, Neil got off the ground to chase after Irene, but he did not dare to move when Eagle was leering at him.

Fuming, he had to watch as Irene left.

## Chapter 825

Since Neil was not allowed near Irene with Eagle stopping him, he insisted on being given the evidence that Irene insisted on doing the surgery herself.

He could certainly get confrontational against the hospital since he had the moral high ground—they hence gave him the video where Irene declared that she would take responsibility for everything that happened, along with the entire surgical process.

It was not as if the hospital was trying to push the responsibility on Irene. For one, they never got Dennis's family to approve the surgery, and Irene broke hospital regulations when she insisted on going through with it.

Since they were at fault, it would only be their reputation getting hurt if things got messy, which was why they had to push everything to Irene.

...

At the emergency room, Irene took part in resuscitating Dennis and they managed to save him.

However, he remained unconscious, and whether he woke up was still to be seen.

There was also no telling if something like today would happen, or if they could save him again.

He might not wake up at all, or worse, die...

Irene felt exhausted even as she sat at the lounge.

Ray arrived then and sat beside her. "You need to be prepared. Our management already told the patient's family everything."

"I see," she replied.

"Do you regret doing it now?" Ray asked.

Irene raised a brow. "You're the second person who asked me that."

Ray's interest was certainly piqued. "And how did you answer?"

"No, I don't," Irene said, giving him the same answer she gave Isaac.

Then, taking a deep breath, he said, "If I can't come in the days to come, please do give Dennis extra care. Also, just stick to what you did today if the same thing happens. Add a stenting if things get messy too often."

"That's what I had in mind, and what I wanted to talk with you about. The artificial heart is keeping up with the circulation rate, but his valve is on the narrow side. Stenting would curb that issue easily, though."

Irene had to acknowledge that Ray was a doctor who showed devotion to his job then, and she pursed her lips. "I'm really relieved to have you around."

Ray gave her a look. "You should be more concerned about yourself."

Irene was not scared at all, however. "My conscience is clear."

Ray did not agree—he had seen too many people and how they behaved under pressure, or perhaps he kept himself a little too rational for his job's sake.

Doctors—especially heart surgeons—are constantly exposed to the adversity plaguing the human race.

Surgeries cost thousands, or hundreds of thousands in worse cases.

Some even give up on getting treatment because they do not have the money and simply wait to die.

If Ray got too sentimental and tried to save all the poor, how many of them could he really save? Or would he die from the regret of not saving everyone first?

“You were being reckless,” Ray said. “I hope you won’t do it again if you encounter something like this again. You would think me cold, but I’m sure you know that we’d save more if we keep our jobs, not to mention that we’re still here despite our disappointment. Do you understand me?”

Irene certainly understood—for example, she genuinely wanted to save Dennis, but his family proved less than understanding.

Such cases were only too common, leaving many doctors so disenchanted that they became a lot less saintly.

Some simply up and left.

Ray rose to his feet then. “I have to go. I have another surgery scheduled.”

Irene was left pondering about what Ray said.

Ray was right in many ways, but she still held her conviction that a doctor was not mistaken if they did their best to save someone.

She gathered herself, and left the hospital.

Eagle was waiting for her, and opened the car door for her when he saw her.

As Irene got in, she said, “New Waltz Bookstore, please.”

She wanted to get a few books, which was a good pastime when one was in a bad mood.

As the car stopped, Irene alighted and spent half an hour browsing.

After that, she returned home... and received a court summons as soon as she got home!

Chapter 826

Sheryl Harris passed her the letter. "Take a look at this."

Irene opened it, but she calmly said, "It's nothing. It's just an express parcel."

It was actually a court summons, but she stayed calm so as to not worry Sheryl.

She went upstairs, pausing halfway and turning to look at Sheryl. "Mom."

"Yeah?" Sheryl replied.

"Nothing. Just wanted to thank you. I wouldn't have so much freedom if you didn't take care of my children."

Sheryl rolled her eyes at Irene. "Why are you getting so polite?"

Irene pursed her lips. "I think I'll resign once I'm done with my present tasks."

Sheryl had been hoping that Irene would keep working, but she should not be meddling either.

"You can decide for yourself," she told Irene.

"Yeah," Irene replied before heading upstairs back to her room.

She sat on the couch, staring pensively at the books and the court summons nearby.

She was skeptical about her own decision for the very first time—she would be lying if she said that she was completely calm.

If anything, she would like to resolve the matter herself as soon as possible, since she did not want her family to worry.

After thinking about it considerably, she decided that she should meet and talk to Neil.

She just headed downstairs when Sheryl saw her and asked. "Leaving already? You just came home."

Irene said. "Yeah. I have something to do."

Sheryl nodded, but stopped Irene as she reached the door. "Irene, I'll support you in whatever decision you make."

Her family would always have her back.

Irene smiled. "I know."

"Now, go," Sheryl said, and returned to care for the children.

Irene left and got in the car.

Once inside, she took out her phone to call Finn Crowe and ask for Neil's contact details.

Finn was shocked. "Why are you looking for him? What are you going to do? He's actually looking for you, y'know! You should be hiding—don't find trouble on your own!"

"Just give me his number," Irene said. "I know what I'm doing. Don't worry, I won't fight him."

"It's not about fighting him—he's after your head!" Finn kept trying to persuade her. "You should really stay away from him."

Irene was already in a bad mood about the incident, and Finn's stubbornness got her gradually annoyed. "Just cut the crap and give it to me!"

Finn rarely saw Irene flip out and he was actually stunned!

As he came to his senses, he said nothing this time and simply texted her Neil's number and address.

Still, Irene knew that Finn was being thoughtful and explained, "Hiding won't solve any issues. He sued me—I have to see him."

"Should I come with you?" Finn asked. "I'm worried he'll get physical."

"No," Irene said—she had Eagle with her anyway.

"Alright," Finn said.

Once Irene hung up, she quickly called Neil's number from the text Finn sent.

He soon answered.

"Hello?" The voice on the other end sounded tired, probably because of Dennis's condition.

Irene told him, "It's Irene. I want to meet you."

Neil paused for a moment, seemingly surprised, but he soon scoffed. "Now you want to talk? What's the deal earlier? Either way, I won't meet you—the only person you'll meet is a judge."

With that, he hung up.

Irene's fingers clenched over her phone and took a deep breath as she stared at the phone screen.

She called him again, and it was some time before he answered this time. "What are you doing? I told you—you're meeting a judge. I won't be meeting you!"

Neil was at once annoyed and furious!

Chapter 827

"There's a misunderstanding," Irene reasoned. "I just want to meet you to explain—"

"You actually have something to say? Weren't you eager to hide from me? Even sicking your man on me? Now you're finally eager to talk after I sued you?! I'll make it very clear—I won't settle!"

Irene stayed calm even though Neil was bellowing at her. "I don't need your forgiveness, because I'm not hurting anyone. I wanted to save your father, which was why, under the circumstances—"

"Don't tell me. Tell the judge, and see if what you did was up to regulation!" Neil growled and added, "And don't call me again, or I'll sue you for harassment too!"

Irene certainly did not expect Neil to go that far!

Even as she sighed to herself inwardly, she said, "Your father is a medical researcher, and you should know why his research centers around the heart. He wants to save more people, or would you want to see him die because of heart failure? I broke regulations, but I saved your father. He would be dead if not for me—"

Beep, beep...

Neil hung up on her again.

Irene flung her phone on the seat, and rubbed her temples that were aching terribly!

Eagle turned to glance at her. "Can I help?"

However, Irene thought that Eagle actually would not be useful in this situation, and said, "No, it's alright."

"Just tell me who you want to meet. I'll bring them to you," Eagle told her.



Irene laughed in amusement. "Abduction is illegal. He already sued me, and that would just give him another cause to sue me."

"Itches fades when you get used to it." Eagle said.

Irene was speechless. Was that actually a good piece of advice or a bad one?

It felt to her like it was the latter.

"You're feeling a bit of schadenfreude, huh?" Irene asked, staring at him.

"No, ma'am," Eagle quickly explained. "I just wanted to help you."

Irene smiled. "I was just teasing you."

Eagle was speechless.

...

Irene knew Dennis's address.

If she could not get through to Neil, she would talk to Dennis's wife.

She would never believe that every member of Dennis's family could be that unreasonable!

She gave Eagle the address and he quickly drove her there.

Still, it was a while before they reached it.

Irene had Eagle stay with her this time, because she was not sure that things would get physical as she went knocking on the Turners' doorstep.

After all, Dennis was still lying on a hospital bed, his fate unknown!

Ding dong...

As she pressed the doorbell, she heard a man's voice from behind, barking, "How dare you come knocking on our doorstep?!"

Irene could tell it was Neil without looking and she frowned.

Turning around stiffly, she said, "I came to talk to your mother."

"She fainted at the hospital and hasn't come home. Didn't you know?!" Neil was glaring, though he restrained himself when he saw Eagle.

After all, the man was really intimidating and Neil did not dare to mess around.

For Irene's part, she had actually forgotten that Neil told her about that.

"Since we've run into each other, why don't we sit down and have a calm discussion?"

Neil wanted to refuse. "No—"

"I think you should," Eagle said as he leveled a pressuring glare at Neil. "The madam is always busy, but she's respectful enough to come see you."

The corner of Neil's eyes twitched. "Touch me again and I'm suing you too."

Eagle was silent for a while, and barked, "What can you do other than suing people? Do you even understand what people are telling you?!"

## Chapter 828

Though Neil wanted to flip out again, he restrained himself because of the difference in strength between him and Eagle.

"You're good with arguing, aren't you? Now leave, or I'm calling the cops."

Eagle had more to say, but Irene stopped him.

If they kept this up, they would really start fighting—and she came to make peace, not to fight.

"He doesn't mean it. You should calm down and listen to me telling you what happened at the time—"

"What happened at the time was that you did not get our consent and you implanted an artificial heart still in its test face," Neil huffed. "And now my father is lying in the ICU, hanging by a thread—and you say you are trying to save my father? Did you really, now?!"

Irene was stumped.

Yes, she tried to save Dennis, but she did not.

Even if he was not dead, he might be soon!

Still, she looked Neil in the eye and said, “I did my best—”

“Don’t bother!” Neil waved her off. “Leave, or I’m calling security!”

Irene stared at him, knowing that she had to leave with Eagle since she could not persuade Neil.

“Why is he being so unreasonable?” Eagle muttered.

Irene sighed. “No one would be able to stay calm if the same thing happens to their family. We can’t blame him—it’s just human nature.”

They left the apartment block, with Irene standing outside the gates, feeling at a loss.

Eagle seemed to see her anxiety. “Should we tell Mr. Jefferson?”

Irene turned toward him, but she simply watched him in silence.

Eagle’s heart was pounding. “Did I say something wrong?”

“No,” Irene replied.

Now, it seemed that she must go to Isaac and ask for his help!

He would not be able to hide it anyway—there was a lawsuit now.

“It’s procedure as a legal respondent to prepare my statement of defense in fifteen days, right?” she said self-deprecatingly. “I should prepare something now, shouldn’t I?”

Eagle listened to her, but he remained quiet.

Irene started to walk again. “Let’s go.”

Eagle opened the car door for her before driving off.

He glanced at Irene from the rearview mirror since she did not say where they were going, and he asked tentatively, “Should we head home, ma’am?”

“No,” Irene said. “Let’s go to the Twinrise Enterprise headquarters.”

They should have an in-house legal advisor there, and she needed to consult a lawyer!

If it really came to a lawsuit, she would need Isaac to get her a reliable lawyer.

...

They soon arrived at Twinrise.

Since Isaac had basically introduced her to everyone last time, they were all respectful to him.

The front desk did not stop her and she headed straight up the elevator to Isaac's office.

She knocked on the door, but no one answered.

Elliot the secretary came by and said, "Mr. Jefferson isn't here, ma'am."

"Where did he go?" Irene asked.

"I'm not sure," Elliot said. "It's not for work either."

Irene frowned.

Where did Isaac go, if it was not for work?

She whipped out her phone to call him, but his number was busy too.

Puzzled, she told Elliot flatly, "Alright, thanks."

With that, she headed to the elevator, though she had to wait since a car was coming up.

There was a jingle as the elevator arrived, and Irene was about to enter when she saw James Cross stepping out.

Stopping then, she asked, "James, do you know where Isaac is?"

James shook his head. "I don't know. Isn't he in his office?"

Irene was puzzled—even James did not know where Isaac was?!

Chapter 829

James could see that Irene was worried.

“Did something happen?” he asked.

Irene shook her head. “I can’t reach him.”

James thought about it. “Maybe he’s just busy. Maybe his phone is just out of juice. Don’t worry, he’ll be alright.”

“Yeah, I’m not worried,” Irene said, taking a deep breath before stepping inside the elevator. “I’m going now.”

James only realized what was happening then, and he called out to her just as she was about to enter the elevator. “Is there a reason why you’re looking for him?”

Irene paused and turned toward him. “No.”

“I can help, whatever it is,” James said.

Irene was quiet for a while before she said, “There is a little something.”

“Let’s talk in my office?” James asked.

“Sure,” she replied.

...

They headed to his office, where James made her a cup of coffee and put it in front of her.

“So? What’s the matter?” he asked as he sat down.

Irene went straight to the point. “I’m looking for a reliable lawyer. Is there anyone available here?”

“We do have a formidable legal team,” James replied. “Which field, specifically? And are you asking for yourself, or...”

“For myself—I was sued, and the responsibility is on me,” Irene admitted.

James frowned slightly. “Could it be a dispute about a medical case?”

“...I guess!” Irene was silent for a moment before saying, “I don’t have the moral high ground here. I need a lawyer just to buy me some time.”

She knew that Neil would give in once Dennis woke up.

On the other hand, if Dennis died, she would take the punishment due for her violation of hospital regulation!

But right now, what she needed was a little time.

James raised a brow. "A medical case, huh?"

Most patients' families would just settle for money and Isaac certainly had the money to buy anyone's silence!

Irene shook her head and patiently explained what happened.

She was hoping that should more people know, more options would present themselves.

Staring at Irene then, James asked, "You acted rashly, didn't you?"

What she did was certainly highly irregular and if the patient died, the lawsuit was inevitable!

Irene chuckled bitterly.

Maybe everyone would find what she did irrational, but her mind was clear at the time—just as she knew how troublesome the consequences would be.

"I'll get someone over to see our options," James said, rising to his feet.

Irene nodded. "Sorry for the trouble."

James smiled. "Oh, it's no trouble. As an employee, I can't wait to fawn over the boss's lady!"

Irene almost rolled her eyes at him!

James naturally knew where to stop and made a serious face again. "Just wait here for a while. I'll talk to Legal."

Irene nodded.

As she waited, she took a sip of her coffee.

After a while, James returned with a man in suit and glasses.

Although corporate defense was not his job description and Irene's query was not his forte, he was still

a member of the excellent legal defense team Isaac put together. One could imagine how impressive he would be!

After hearing Irene's summary, he simply said, "Your intent was to save a life, so they can't make a case of murder or manslaughter. You're also the patient's successor, and it's obvious that he was consciously trusting of you. As such, whether he survives or not, I'll be able to win the case for you."

Irene was left staring at the lawyer for several seconds, feeling at once stunned and impressed by his professionalism and the angle from which he examined the issue!

Having heard the lawyer's dissection, James assured Irene, "If he says he can, he will."

Irene nodded. She then asked several more questions since this was her first lawsuit and she did not know what she should be doing specifically.

The discussion with the lawyer lasted another half an hour, long enough for her to learn the basic process.

Still, she only needed to know—the lawyer would do everything for her!

After she left Twinrise headquarters, she decided to call Isaac again since it had already been two hours.

Chapter 830

Irene's call still did not reach Isaac and she could not help frowning, with worry showing on her visage.

Why could she not reach him?

It was certainly more puzzling that even James did not know where he was!

Getting in the car while feeling uneasy, she forgot to tell Eagle to head home.

Eagle had already started driving for a while before he eventually asked, "Where to, ma'am?"

Irene, however, was feeling a headache with the lawsuit and with Isaac being out of reach.

Closing her eyes, she said, "Home."

Eagle could see her worrying from the rearview mirror, but he drove quietly.

Once she reached home, Irene asked the instant she stepped inside, "Is Isaac Jefferson home?"

“No,” Sheryl said, staring at her. “Do you always use his full name?”

Irene was speechless—she was too anxious because she could not reach Isaac!

Still, she tried to stay nonchalant with Sheryl. “I always do. I mean, what else should I call him? Baby daddy? That’s vulgar.”

Sheryl was amused. “Every loving couple calls each other ‘dear’ or ‘darling’, don’t they? Why are you an exception?”

Irene simply got into the room and took her second child from Sheryl.

Sheryl gave her a smack. “You haven’t washed your hands after going outside. You’d pass your germs to your baby!”

It would have been better if Sheryl did not mention that—Irene went further right then, pinching her baby’s cheeks. “My hands are clean. Also, don’t you know what darling really means?”

Sheryl blinked. “Someone dear to you, right?”

“No, it’s a term they use for eunuchs,” Irene said, shaking her head. “Should I call Isaac that?”

Sheryl was speechless, and Irene grinned when she saw that.

Quickly realizing that her daughter was joking, she was at once annoyed and amused, and she gently smacked Irene on the arm again. “How dare you joke like that. Eunuchs? Really? That’s your own happiness at stake here—”

“What was that? Whose happiness is at stake?” Isaac asked as he entered.

Hearing his voice, Irene turned around and found him standing at the doorway.

Joy showed on her face, but it was soon replaced by anger. “What were you doing? Why couldn’t I reach you?”

Isaac walked up to him and teased their baby boy. “My phone was out of juice.”

Irene glared at him. “Did you wash your hands? Mom says that you should wash your hands, or you’d be passing germs to our baby.”

“Oh, stop it,” Sheryl snorted at her. “What I said was since the baby is a Jefferson, Isaac can touch him however he wants!”



Irene was left speechless at that.

Still, she did not keep bickering since she was just messing around with Sheryl to lighten her mood.

She did not want Sheryl to notice that she had something weighing on her mind.

It was only when Sheryl left the room that she asked Isaac, "You weren't out for work. Where were you?"

Isaac simply spread his hands. "Give me a hug."

Irene stared daggers at him, and asked sternly, "Answer me first."

"What?" Isaac chuckled. "You sound like you're going to bite. Also, were you talking about me?"

"What about?" Irene could not quite react just then.

"That I'm a eunuch?" He raised his brow, his jet-black eyes fixed on her.

Irene did a double take as she met his serious gaze.

"I was kidding," she said, unable to read what Isaac was getting at, before asking tentatively, "Are you upset?"

"Nope," Isaac replied, taking their baby from her.

"Then what's with that terrible look on your face?" Irene asked, staring at him.

Isaac returned her gaze for seconds before suddenly smiling. "I was kidding."

Irene was speechless.

Biting her lips and huffing, she gave him a poutish smack on the shoulder. "You're despicable. You only ever bully me!"

"How could I? I'm a eunuch." Isaac chuckled.

Irene quickly looked around, before giving him a firm shove. "You really have no filter at home, do you?"

Isaac smiled but said nothing.

“Wait...” Irene murmured, quickly noticing that she had been taken for a ride.

Grabbing his arm then, she snapped, “You haven’t answered me—where have you been? Spit it out already!”