

Runaway 831

Chapter 831

Isaac remained relaxed with their baby in his arms.

Sitting down on the couch while playing with the baby, he said, "The old man is dead."

Irene appeared stumped. "The old man?"

Which old man?

"The one named Jefferson," Isaac said flatly, without any emotion in his tone.

Irene, however, was stunned when she realized which old man he was referring to!

"He's dead? From illness?"

She knew about his condition, and while it was serious, they had managed to keep it in check with the best medicine available. He should not have expired that quickly...

That was when Isaac said nonchalantly, "He had a heart attack."

He kept his eyes away from him.

Irene lifted a brow. "You gave him said heart attack?"

"There was a connection I guess," Isaac replied.

Irene was speechless.

She then took their baby from his arms and left the baby with Mrs. Watson while dragging Isaac upstairs.

Once inside, she quickly asked, "What on earth happened?"

Isaac simply sat on the edge of the bed, staring at her nonchalantly with a smile. "What's got you worried?"

Irene simply could not read his emotion.

She knew that Isaac bore a deep grudge against Henry Jefferson, and it would make sense if he was apathetic about his death.

Even so, Henry was still his family—did he really feel nothing at all?

“You kept asking me what I was doing, right? Come, let me tell you,” Isaac said, holding out a hand to Irene.

Irene was hesitant, but slowly walked to Isaac and put her hand in his palm.

Isaac held her hand and with a slight pull, he brought her into his arms!

As Irene dropped onto his lap, Isaac wrapped his arms around her waist, leaning in to whisper beside her ear, “Don’t you find me cold?”

“I don’t,” Irene said, wrapping her arms around his neck. “I know you’re a good man.”

Isaac chuckled in amusement. “A good man? What assessment is that?”

“The best assessment. Or would you rather be a villain than a good man?” Irene caressed his cheek, looking at him lovingly. “Are you really alright?”

Regardless of what happened, Henry was his family, but he was now gone—meaning that the last of his extended family was gone!

Irene, on the other hand, had her own mother.

But who did Isaac have?

“I have you, don’t I?” he said just then.

Irene gave him a hug, “Yeah. I’ll take good care of you.”

“You’ll take care of me? Or is it the other way round?” Isaac chuckled.

Irene was speechless.

Clearing her throat, she said, “I’ll resign.”

She simply had to resolve the trouble at hand first.

Isaac held her hand, his thumb gently brushing over the back of her hand as he said quietly, “He wants me to spare Ian Jefferson, but I refused. The agitation caused a heart attack, and they could not revive him in time.”

“Ian Jefferson?” Irene frowned slightly. “Wasn’t he drugged out of his mind?”

“I’m not sure how he recovered, but he’s the one who did it.”

Isaac had suspected Ian from the start, but he did not have any evidence.

As such, he arranged for his men to watch Ian at Jefferson Manor, and as time went by, he got the evidence he needed!

When he headed over to recapture Ian, Henry stopped him, and in the ensuing confrontation, Henry had a heart attack!

As Irene realized what happened, she sprang to her feet, furious and indignant. “It was him? He was the mastermind, and the reason Erin...”

Irene hated herself even more then—she should not have been soft and suggested the drug, sparing his life!

Her mercy had caused this tragedy!

“Irene.”

Isaac tugged on her hand. “It wasn’t your fault.”

Chapter 832

Irene looked into Isaac’s eyes as she said, “I know you’re trying to comfort me.”

She could not help blaming herself because she was not the one who suffered.

But as a fellow woman, she understood what Erin was going through.

Nonetheless, Isaac said mildly, “Erin Gooding and James Cross made up. They’re both doing well now, so don’t shoulder the blame.”

Irene raised a brow. How was she unaware that they made up?

However, it was good news that Erin could come around and start over with James.

Making a serious face, she asked, “Where’s Ian Jefferson now?”

“Locked up,” Isaac said darkly. “He’s hanging by a thread.”

Even though everything was now in the past, Ian had hurt him and the people around him.

And that was unforgivable.

That was why Isaac did not relent despite Henry's relentless pleading.

He beat Ian half to death and kept the latter locked up in Jefferson Manor.

"Your grandfather's funeral—"

"His son will handle it. I just need to show my face for appearances sake," Isaac said, cutting Irene short.

He knew what Irene wanted to say, but Greg Jefferson was still alive although he was paralyzed.

Rumor even had it that he was now the sugar daddy of a young, pretty face.

He had always been a pervert, and since he was completely entranced by his lover, he did not ask a thing about Ian.

Irene nodded. "Good."

She was worried that Isaac would just ignore everything, making him a target for scorn—what happened in the family stayed in the family, after all!

Isaac laughed, his voice rising in pitch as he did. "Everyone knows that the old man and I were at odds, even mortal enemies, don't they?"

Irene was speechless, but cleared her throat. "Whatever happens, you should at least look the part now that he's gone."

She certainly did not want the public to think him cold, disrespecting even his own grandfather!

Even if the Jeffersons had always been hurting Isaac, he should at least present a gesture in this matter.

Isaac chuckled. "As you wish."

"Be serious." Irene shot him an unhappy look. "I'm being real with you. I don't want people to call you disrespectful or what not. I know you don't care about your reputation, but you have to maintain it because you are a father. You don't want your children to grow up hearing stories of your terrible

behavior, right? Your image as a lofty father would be ruined.”

“You’re right,” Isaac said, rubbing his sore neck.

“Is your neck uncomfortable?”

“No...”

“Here. I can give you a message.”

Irene got on the bed, kneeling behind him to make massaging his shoulders more convenient.

“Didn’t think that your hands would be that strong when you’re so scrawny.”

“It’s not my strength, but the pressure points,” Irene explained. “I know how to relieve exhaustion and bring comfort, so be careful when I tell you to be nice to me for the rest of our lives. Cheat on me, and I can kill you without leaving a mark.”

Isaac’s lips twitched. He slowly smiled and said adoringly, “I know you can do it, but you’d become a widow yourself..”

“I’ll just get me some pretty boy.”

“No one’s prettier than me.”

“Then I’d get a ugly one. As long as it’s a man...”

Isaac abruptly wheeled on her, staring darkly at her.

Irene met his stifling gaze and reared her chin. “Cheat on me, and I’ll cheat on you—”

Isaac pinned her beneath himself just then.

Irene tried to slide out from the side, but Isaac stopped her with his arms and said pointedly from above, “Uglies don’t deserve you.”

Chapter 833

Irene looked Isaac straight in the eye. “Uglies don’t cheat.”

Isaac raised a brow, his visage alluring. “Did I cheat?”

“...Not at the moment, but I wouldn’t know. In the future...”

Isaac leaned in and bit her nose. "I won't."

"Ow." Irene grunted, pushing him away.

Isaac beamed at her, his eyes twinkling beneath his thick lashes. "Where does it hurt?"

Irene was speechless.

Getting frisky again, huh?

"Stop it, I'm not in the mood," she said sternly.

"Yeah," Isaac tamely got off her, while both of them composed themselves and straightened their clothes.

"By the way, did you go to my office to look for me?" Isaac asked.

"Yeah," Irene replied. "I had something to talk to you about, but it's resolved now."

"Hmm." Isaac frowned. "What could be resolved so quickly?"

"I was sued," Irene admitted. "That's why I wanted your help looking for a good lawyer. You weren't there, so James introduced me to a member of your legal team. The man looked formidable, even agreeing to help me resolve it."

She did not want to trouble Isaac, but James would have told Isaac even if she did not. And since she was not resolving the issue herself, she had to ask for help.

"Yeah," Isaac said. "You can trust the legal team."

Irene nodded. "Yeah, so just properly deal with Ian Jefferson and that funeral. I'll consult my lawyer about the lawsuit."

Isaac nodded as well. "I'll talk to them too."

...

All of Cloud City was astonished once word of Henry's death got out!

They held influence despite their recent decline, and since Isaac's influence now surpassed them at their peak, it naturally garnered considerable attention.

Still, Isaac kept things quiet by having Greg preside over the funeral on the surface.

All the people who attended the funeral were either Henry's friends or close relatives of the family.

None of Isaac's friends came, however, because he did not let them.

Regardless, the funeral was quite grand, since Henry was an important person himself in his younger years.

It was only when he got old and senile that he left Isaac disillusioned, leaving his own family in pieces!

As his granddaughter-in-law, Irene should be showing up at the funeral as well out of obligation.

Irene did not, however, because she had a court summons to answer, while Dennis Turner remained unconscious and was still hanging by a thread.

Neil Turner sued her not for the money, but to have her admit her mistake in this issue.

She would have to take responsibility if Dennis died, and paying damages would be inevitable.

Throughout the court session, her lawyer answered every question.

The lawyer was certainly prepared, having investigated the entire incident as well as the people present.

Hotmesh Research employees were all taking Irene's side too, because they understood that Irene really wanted to save Dennis.

Hence, Irene's lawyer could argue righteously and earnestly. "Mr. Turner, I would be thanking Ms. Spencer if I were you. She's the reason your father is alive, and she even withstood the pressure and risk to perform that surgery."

"That is not the point. She broke regulations when she performed that surgery. She isn't Dennis Turner's family, and she does not have the authority to make the call."

"No, she isn't Mr. Turner's family, but she's close enough to be one. Moreover, your logic seems to postulate that if we find a patient lying on the street, about to die, we'd need their family's consent before performing emergency resuscitation. Are you sure there's always time to follow procedure? Or would you sue regardless, this time accusing the defendant of not helping when she could? Or perhaps regulations are more important than a person's life?"

“Regulations are there to enforce discipline, not to take a person’s life!”

Chapter 834

Neil’s lawyer certainly questioned that statement. “That’s merely an excuse. Are you saying that the patient would have died if the surgery was not performed?”

Irene’s lawyer in turn provided everything from physical evidence to material witness.

Ray Hall, one of the doctors in charge during the surgery, was willing to testify for Irene as well—that Dennis would have died if not for the surgery!

Even the initial diagnosis, the surgical process, and Dennis’s medical history pointed to that.

“You may consult other specialists for a third-party opinion with these data to verify if Dennis Turner had faced mortality. But one way or another, it is clear that without said surgery, Mr. Turner would be dead.”

Neil whispered something into his lawyer’s ear then and the lawyer nodded before saying, “That may be the case, but was the surgery performed in adherence to regulations?”

The plaintiff had no comeback with the defendants’ evidence and testimonies, so they could only repeatedly insist that Irene had broken regulations!

They were ignoring the outcome and kept coming after Irene, because Neil had messed up—he never tried to find out what happened.

All he knew was that Irene had decided to perform the surgery on her own and he vented his frustration on her.

But following her lawyer’s dissection of the incident, Neil knew very well that his father would be dead instead of just being unconscious.

Even so, he refused to withdraw the lawsuit because he felt aggrieved and did not want to take this lying down.

He was the victim, but ended up beaten up by Irene’s bodyguard!

Irene had no right, and he would see this lawsuit through to the end!

On the other hand, Irene did break regulations despite his intentions, and the court case entered a stalemate.

The court soon announced that they were adjourned for the day, to be resumed a week later!

Finn Crowe said, "If they still won't give in, I'll ask everyone from Hotmesh Research to come and prove it to you."

Irene shook her head. "It won't work."

The plaintiff only cared that she had broken regulations, not that she had saved Dennis!

And Irene could not argue against that.

"Let's go," she said, getting in her car.

"You should go on ahead, ma'am," her lawyer told her, and was not leaving with her.

Irene wound down the window to look at him and nodded. "Sure."

"I'll gather further evidence," he assured her.

"Thank you. Sorry for the trouble. You should leave soon."

"Of course, ma'am," the lawyer replied.

However, he remained at the front gates of the courthouse after Irene left, until a luxurious black sedan made its way toward him.

Isaac alighted and asked, "How did it go?"

"The plaintiff is clearly after your wife, Mr. Jefferson," the lawyer answered. "He's adamant that she broke regulations, and it's obvious that he's angry. It might be out of spite."

Isaac mused to himself for a moment before asking, "Would money settle it?"

"He's not after money," the lawyer said, shaking his head.

"Yeah," Isaac narrowed his eyes. "When would the court case resume?"

"In a week."

"I see." Isaac said. "You may go now."

Certain people were simply unreasonable, which was why they needed unreasonable measures to resolve the issue.

...

Neil had a long talk with his lawyer before leaving, and he then drove straight for the hospital to visit his father.

On his way home, however, he ran into somebody in his car!

Stan Hill certainly did not expect to arrange something so rotten as soon as he transferred back to the country.

Did he not at least deserve a party celebrating his return, or at least a nice dinner?!

He was immediately sent here to stage an accident instead!

Thank goodness that the driver was sharp and managed to jam his foot on the brakes, so he was only knocked off his feet.

If the driver had reacted too slowly, he might be dead!

Still, he lay still on the road—it was the first time he was staging an accident and he had to play the part.

“Ouch, it hurts everywhere, my leg, I can’t get up...” he chanted, having learned it from TV.

Neil soon alighted and when he saw that Stan was not at all hurt, said, “Here—it’s 200 bucks. You’re not that hurt, so let’s just settle it now.”

“What do you mean I’m not hurt?! My legs, my hip, my eyes, even my mouth hurts! It hurts everywhere, and I can’t even stand it!” Stan cried, refusing to even stand.

Neil frowned and growled unhappily, “You’re faking it, aren’t you?”

Chapter 835

Stan pretended not to hear it. “I’m hurt. You have to take me to the hospital.”

Neil was frowning. “I’m warning you—if you’re faking it, I’ll call the cops.”

“Call them! There are cameras nearby that would have caught you running into me. There were pedestrians who saw it too, and you’d even refuse to take me to the hospital after that? You’re not

weaseling your way out of this!”

Stan stayed on the ground, watching as Neil’s face alternated between different colors and ending up ashen.

He could not help pursing his lips, and wondering why the man had to upset Isaac of all people.

The man would end up destroying him!

Meanwhile, there was a crowd building nearby—who could resist looking when there was drama involved?

Naturally, some were paid actors, all just to make things awkward for Neil so that he was forced to take Stan to the hospital.

“You ran him down! Everyone saw it—you have to take him to the hospital!”

“Yeah! You definitely did it. Just look at him, a strapping youth knocked down to the floor, unable to get up. He must be seriously hurt.”

“You should have his family jewels checked too, or he’d be less of a man.”

As the crowd started to throw shade, Stan did not have to look to know that James Cross was there too.

His eyelid was twitching and he was cursing inwardly!

Him, less of a man?! Look who was talking!

Still, Stan’s role was a victim, and unable to get up, he could only shoot James a look of spite.

James was smiling smugly and he muttered under his breath, “Stay down, now. You have to stay there even if he doesn’t take you to the hospital. I’m busy, so I’m going.”

Stan rolled his eyes as James and Isaac slipped through the crowd and left.

Why did it have to be him and not James?!

He would have a word with Isaac after this!

As for Neil, things only got further awkward as the crowd around them increased in number, so he had to take Stan to the hospital.

However, the doctors found nothing wrong with him even after a thorough check-up.

Even so, Stan insisted that he was hurting all over, even claiming that he had trouble breathing and had to stay at the hospital.

“The doctors said you’re fine. Don’t try to con me!” Neil was glaring at him furiously, his eyes bulging as he resisted the urge to kill Stan.

“I’m feeling bad no matter what the doctors say,” Stan complained. “If you don’t foot the bill for my hospital stay, I’ll go to your house every day, shouting that you ran me down and refused to pay my bills!”

However, he was clearly trying to pull a con, and anyone would be upset!

Neil was just stopping short of getting a stroke!

“I’ve never seen someone as despicable as you. You at least look educated—how could you be so shameless?”

Stan blinked. “Look who’s talking. Your dad was saved, and you’d sue his savior instead! Do you even have a conscience?”

Neil understood right then. “Irene put you up to this, didn’t she? To set me up?”

“No, you have it wrong. You’re a murderer,” Stan said as he lay on the ground. “I want to be admitted and if you don’t pay for it, I’ll sue you.”

Neil was speechless. “You’re impossible.”

“Ow, it hurts so much... Ouch... Just taking a leaf out of your book, man. Ow....”

Unable to come up with a retort, Neil simply stormed off.

He just did not expect that Stan would follow him. Just as he got in his apartment, Stan started to cry out in pain and complained, “Everyone! Come, see! Neil Turner ran me down in his car but ran away! He stays on the eighth floor, and I heard his father used to be the director of some research center.”

Everyone naturally knew who Stan was talking about since it was a small apartment, and Dennis always had everyone’s respect there.

But while Dennis was humble and everyone had a good impression of him, Neil was a little too proud

and tended to belittle others, especially since he was a university graduate with a good career.

It was alright to be slightly proud when one's father was famous, but they would seem conceited if they did not show restraint!

Everyone did not like Neil much, especially since everyone else would greet each other when they saw each other in the apartment, while Neil did not!

Fuming, Neil ran downstairs, intent on giving Stan a beating!

Still, he was perplexed to find Stan covered in blood.

What the hell happened?!

Chapter 836

Still, Neil soon noticed that something was not right.

"Where did you get that blood?" he asked Stan—the man was perfectly fine earlier. Why would he suddenly start bleeding?!

"Still trying to set me up?! Don't forget that there were cameras. The footage will prove that you weren't bleeding when I ran into you!" he bellowed furiously. "Leave right now, or I'm calling the cops!"

"Call them! I just happened to want to call them too!" Stan stayed on the ground, looking miserable as ever. "You all heard him—he admitted that he ran me down, and there were cameras. I wasn't bleeding at the time, but now I'm bleeding from the mouth and my nose... I think it's my internal organs."

"That's right," an onlooker said. "Sometimes you get internal injuries from an accident and it won't show externally. You should get scanned at the hospital..."

"He refused to take me, and he even claimed that he did not run into me." Stan pointed a finger at Neil accusingly. "He refused to admit it, and said that it has nothing to do with him even if I die..."

"But he admitted as much," someone else added. "He said he ran into you—we all heard it."

There was even someone kind enough to tell Neil, "You should take him to the hospital. He might really be hurt, and it's bad if he keeps lying here in our apartment."

Neil was shaking with rage, but such was the indignation one would suffer from being set up.

"You're all blind! He's clearly framing me, and you'd side with him?! You're all crazy!" he bellowed,

before wheeling on Stan. "Get out of here or I'll beat you to a pulp. Believe it!"

Stan shook his head solemnly.

"I really doubt it," he said with a gleeful smile to provoke Neil. "I don't think you will."

Neil's cheek twitched as he gnashed his teeth, and lunged towards Stan at the next instant, grabbing him by the neck. "Die, bastard!"

Stan did not move, though he was thinking to himself that Neil was the bigger bastard!

Still, the crowd quickly pulled Neil away when they saw the violence. "Just take him to the hospital. He might really die!"

"Patience is a virtue."

"Calm down. You did make a mistake, so just take him to the hospital and everything will be fine."

"I already did!" Neil cried, almost jumping from sheer indignation. "He's blackmailing me, can't you see?!"

Someone was doubtful, however. "Well, why would he follow you home if you did?"

Neil growled through his teeth. "Because he's despicable!"

Stan appeared terrified. "Everyone, please call the cops. He wants to strangle me. I'm scared."

As Neil's face contorted with rage, everyone in the apartment block hurried off, scared and not willing to get into trouble.

Some were kind enough to call the cops, worried that someone would die and their property would drop in value!

Neil violently dragged him by the leg out of the apartment block then. "Trying to blackmail me?! Dream on!"

The cops happened to arrive on the scene just then and they promptly cuffed Neil when they saw what happened.

It was a gruesome scene, after all—Stan was covered in blood, and those who did not know would even think that he had been maimed, not to mention being dragged across the pavement!

...

Stan was once again sent to the hospital.

As he got undressed in his ward, he was complaining, “What are you doing here?”

“What, you prefer someone else?” James asked.

“Of course. Mr. Jeff—”

Stan paused halfway, not daring to say the name, and he instead asked, “Why was I assigned this crap job?”

“Because you’re such a good actor. I mean, you really looked the part!” James was grinning gleefully.

Stan was speechless.

“Fuck off. Don’t you know how badly chicken blood stinks?! I was going to be sick!”

Chapter 837

James continued to tease Stan.

“The chicken blood was fresh and it was quite difficult to get my hands on it. Don’t you see how shocked the cops were when they saw you? They looked so sure you wouldn’t make it.”

“You’re the one who won’t make it! If I knew I’d be given this crap once I came back, I wouldn’t have bothered!” Stan snapped as he strode off toward the shower in his ward.

Thank goodness there was one in his room—he could not stand the stink latching onto his body!

James smiled and left before returning with a medical record.

Stan was done with his shower then, drying his hair and watching James. “What’s that you’re holding?”

James passed it to him. “Take a look. It’s your medical record.”

Stan shot James a look. “Why do I have a bad feeling about this?”

“Your feeling is wrong. You get to enjoy yourself fully the next few days,” James sat by his bed and rested his legs on them.

Stan nervously opened the medical record, to find the terms: rib fracture, kidney bleeding, cartilage dislocation, ankle sprain...

Frowning, he asked, "Are you people messing with me?!"

He felt repulsed just from looking!

"We can't get him locked up if it's not serious," James said, walking up to Stan and clapping him on the shoulder. "Just live it for the next few days, and it's a nice dinner for me when you're done. You deserve it."

While Stan was left speechless, James continued, "Oh, and don't leave the hospital. Stay inside your ward and leave the rest to me."

Stan nodded. "Fine."

With that, James left the ward.

...

Over at the detention center, Neil was shouting the instant he saw Stan's 'case file'!

"He set me up! I never hit him that hard. It was staged!"

"This medical record is from the hospital. How did he stage that?" the officer interrogating him asked.

Neil was stumped and he soon became quiet.

Still, an idea struck him and he came to a realization.

It was payback for suing Irene and stubbornly keeping the case!

"May I contact my family?" he asked.

"You may," the officer said in agreement.

With that, he sent a message to his family, so that they would settle the lawsuit against Irene out of court.

...

Irene was shopping with both her children, Sheryl Harris, and Mrs. Watson.

They bought a lot, mostly for the children.

Irene also bought some skin care products for Mrs. Watsons and Sheryl, since she could see how hard they worked to take care of her children.

Since she had time, she had everyone leave the house together. While the chauffeur loaded everything in the car, they went to a restaurant for lunch.

The food was good, and Irene carried her younger son while letting Sheryl eat first.

“It’s rare that you’re so free,” Sheryl said as she put food on Tommy’s plate.

Irene was standing and rocking her baby. “So you should cherish the time you can spend with me.”

Sheryl rolled her eyes at her. “Don’t think I didn’t notice you’re acting strange lately.”

Irene’s heart skipped a beat. “How?”

Did she see through her?

“You used to be so busy and never talk this much even when you’re home. But now, you have so much free time and you talk too much. So, did something happen?” Sheryl asked.

Irene was speechless—so the more she tried to hide it, the more obvious it was?

“Can’t you think better of me, Mom?” Irene complained. “Think a little higher of me, at least?”

“Fine.” Sheryl waved her off. “Now eat. I’ll carry him.”

Irene was not feeling an appetite, but handed her baby to Sheryl nonetheless and sat down to eat.

After lunch, they brought Tommy to the amusement park and ate dinner outside as well.

She said that Mrs. Watson should have a day off instead of cooking every day.

She had no idea if Isaac would make it home tonight either.

As such, she called him to tell them that everyone was outside.

Isaac soon answered her call, but Irene immediately heard a loud scream!

Her heart skipping a beat, she exclaimed anxiously, "Isaac?!"

Chapter 838

Over at Jefferson Manor, Henry Jefferson's funeral was over, and it was now time to deal with Ian Jefferson.

Once James learned that Ian was the one who sent those thugs from before, he unleashed all his fury and indignation on Ian.

Isaac's phone happened to ring at the time, and as he took it out to answer it, James's fist landed squarely on the bridge of Ian's nose, shattering it and making him scream.

Irene heard it even as Isaac started to head outside.

"Yeah?"

Irene was relieved to hear him answer. "What was that?"

"Just James venting," he flatly replied.

Irene quickly understood what had happened and did not ask anything else.

"I might be home late tonight," he added.

"Oh," Irene murmured. "Actually, I was just going to tell you that there's no one at home. We're all out."

"I see. Head home soon, though."

"Okay."

"Shall I hang up now?" Isaac asked after a brief silence.

"Okay."

...

As they alighted, Tommy held Irene's hand as they headed into the mansion, saying, "I'm so happy, Mommy."

Irene lowered her gaze at him. "You're happy because we went out?"

“Yes.” Tommy nodded, his head bobbing like a bird’s. “Let’s go out more, I’ll be even happier.”

Irene gave his little hand a squeeze. “Alright.”

Tommy was so happy he was skipping all the way, and Irene smiled as she watched him on cloud nine.

Maybe staying home for the children was not that bad—her sons would at least be happy, would they not?

She even bathed both children for the day before coaxing them to sleep.

It was 9 PM when everything was done. Tommy put on his bear pajamas, sitting on the bed as he played with the paper windmill they bought from the amusement park.

He puffed at it, propelling that flap even as Irene tried to get him to sleep. “It’s almost ten. Time to sleep—you can play with it tomorrow too.”

Tommy reluctantly lay down then, but he was still holding the paper windmill.

Irene pulled his blanket over him and gave him a peck on the forehead. “Good boy.”

Tommy beamed happily and closed his eyes obediently.

Irene made sure he was asleep before going upstairs.

It was past ten after she took her bath, but Isaac had yet to return.

She could not sleep, so she picked up a book to read, but her mind could not calm down enough for her to take the words in.

As such, she headed downstairs and poured herself half a glass of wine before returning upstairs to stand out on the balcony.

She swirled her glass as she rested both hands on the railing, shaking the pale yellow liquid within.

She took a small sip and frowned.

She did not drink much and was not used to the taste.

She soon saw a car approaching from nearby, but it was too dark for her to see what it looked like.

Even so, she was sure that Isaac had returned.

Soon, the car drove into the front porch and its headlights turned off.

A towering figure then opened the door alighted, his shadow seemingly stretching on forever on the ground under the streetlights.

Licking her lips, Irene called out to him.

“Isaac.”

Isaac looked up. Seeing her on the balcony, he asked, “Haven’t you slept yet?”

“I was waiting for you.”

He smiled, his usual scowl easing above his dark gaze. “Were you drinking?”

“Yeah.” Irene swirled her glass and finished the rest.

“Had a lot to drink?” he asked.

“...I’m starting to feel tipsy.”

Putting her glass on the railing, she looked at him coquettishly and undid the sash on her sleeping gown, asking directly, “Can you catch it?”

Even as she said those words, her sash started to fall.

It was so light it seemed to dance in the air as it floated down, landing squarely on Isaac’s shoulder.

His gaze darkened further and he studied her with pupils as dark as bottomless abyss.

“Do you have more?” he asked softly.

His longer fingers took hold of the sash just then, feeling the soft black texture.

He glanced at it in his hands, remembering that most of Irene’s sleepwear were long sleeved and matched with pants—the conservative sort.

In fact, he had never seen the one she was wearing!

Chapter 839

Obviously, the sleeping gown Irene was wearing had no pants either.

She smiled faintly, and even that expression seemed to have an additional tinge of coquettishness.
“Yeah. Want some?”

For the first time, Isaac was being teased.

His dark eyes twinkled as he smiled, and his voice was as quiet as it was deep. “Yeah.”

Hence, Irene watched him as she tipped off her outer gown with her fingers, breathing tenderly and alluringly, “You have to catch it, or it’d get dirty if it drops on the floor.”

Isaac could not stop himself from smiling.

Did she take the wrong meds today?

“Alright, I’ll catch it,” he said.

The black silk gown slithered off Irene’s body then, baring her fair skin. The straps clinging on her shoulders were so thin they looked like they would snap at any moment, its soft texture hugging her slender but curvaceous figure.

She smiled. “I’m throwing it down now.”

She held the gown over the railing, and it would fall once she loosened her fingers!

Isaac raised his hands in return, but Irene ultimately stopped herself, clinging onto it as she exclaimed shyly, “Never mind. I’m too shy for this.”

She returned inside, but just as she was about to straighten her clothes, the door opened.

She turned to find Isaac standing at the doorway, leaning against the door as he stared fixedly at her.

“Don’t.”

“Does it look good?” Irene asked with an unfocused gaze.

Isaac studied her then.

Be it her face, her lips, her neck, or elsewhere... he was not sparing a single nook or cranny!

“Yes.”

She looked up, her lashes twitching. “Really?”

Isaac strode toward her and reached out to take the outer gown off her hands. He then casually threw it on the bed. “I like it. One layer is enough.”

Irene bit her lip and threw herself into his arms. “Did you know?”

Isaac wrapped his arms around her waist in turn, and buried his face in her hair which smelled so sweet. “Know what?”

“That you’re despicable.” Irene tightened her hold around his neck. “I doubted myself for the first time.”

She always believed that she was right and she did not regret her choice.

But when they browbeat her at court today without regard for what was wrong, insisting that she had broken regulations... She felt helpless.

She certainly did not want to imagine how far Dennis Turner’s family would go with the lawsuit if he really died.

Would she be in prison?

Isaac patted her on the back and comforted her. “Does self-indulgence calm you down?”

Irene gave him a peck on the cheek.

“It does. I’ve never worn anything this... risqué.”

“That it is,” Isaac said. “When did you buy it? I’ve never seen it before.”

“Just today,” Irene said, looking him in the eye as she asked. “Have you dealt with Ian?”

“I left him with James,” Isaac said, arching his back to carry him. “We don’t have to worry about him anymore.”

This time, things did not look good for Ian!

And Irene did not ask, but she mused to herself for a moment. “I don’t think my lawsuit would be resolved so easily.”

Isaac put her in bed and hovered above her, his fingertips dancing over her shoulder as he said, “Let’s not talk about our personal issues tonight, alright?”

Irene took the initiative then and undid her straps just as she reared her head, pressing her soft lips against his.

The rest was all history.

Irene had trouble sleeping, but after the exertion, she slept like a log.

...

It was morning, and the sun slowly rose, its rays creeping through the gaps between the curtains.

In their bedroom, their clothes were thrown messily on the floor.

There was a man’s suit, a shirt, a belt, a pair of trousers, and a black strapped sleeping gown.

Irene was nestled in Isaac’s arms on their bed, sleeping soundly.

Bzzt...

A phone started vibrating loudly, waking Isaac up.

He looked at the table, but the phone was not there—it was in a pocket of one of the garments on the floor.

He massages between his brows, annoyed by the sound.

Irene was awoken too and she asked, muddled, “Whose phone is it?”

Isaac got out of bed to start looking and he found it.

It was Irene’s, and the caller was unidentified.

He passed it to her.

She was still sleepy, and she answered without looking.

“Excuse me, is this Irene Spencer?” the voice on the other end asked.

“I am,” Irene replied.

And then...

Chapter 840

The voice on the other end asked, "Can we meet?"

Irene sat up right then. "Sure."

"9 AM, Hot Island Coffee."

"Sure," Irene replied right away.

She got out of bed once the other person hung up, while Isaac asked, "Who was it?"

"I think it's Dennis Turner's family, asking to withdraw the lawsuit... And they were just threatening me yesterday, but now they're giving up? Do you think it's a trap?" she said even as she got dressed.

Isaac stayed in bed and lay on his side, watching as she got dressed. "Just go see them."

Irene turned around. "Hmm. Maybe they found their conscience?"

"Maybe. Are you happy?" Isaac asked.

Irene nodded. "As long as they're willing to be reasonable."

She was not hurting anyone in the first place—she wanted to save Dennis from the start, but ended up being sued!

One could imagine how she would feel!

Now that the tides were turning, she was certainly pleased.

After getting dressed and washing up briskly, she started to leave.

Isaac frowned. "You're leaving without breakfast?"

"I'm worried I'll be late," Irene replied.

"What time are you meeting them?"

“At nine.”

Isaac was speechless.

“It’s not even eight. You’re not going to be late even after breakfast.”

With that, he forced her to stay, and he only allowed her to leave after she finished breakfast.

She was five minutes late when she arrived—the other party was already there.

She straightened her clothes before going over to them.

They told her that they would withdraw the lawsuit, but the condition was for her to release Neil Turner.

Irene was dumbfounded.

Release Neil? How?

Still, she soon heard the whole story and learned why the Turners were willing to settle now—they did not really come round, but rather, it was because Neil had been arrested.

She could not help feeling disappointed.

So they still did not understand her intentions!

She took a deep breath, but she decided that it was ideal to resolve the issue sooner even if they were reluctant.

Then, she excused herself and headed to the washroom, where she called Isaac.

Once he answered, she asked immediately, “You set up Neil Turner?”

Isaac said, “Not really. It’s just an obvious framing, so that he would understand how it feels to be wrongly blamed.”

Irene’s fingers clenched on her phone. “Thank you. I’ve made you worry.”

“What are you saying? You’re my wife.”

Irene pursed her lips. “You’re a busy man, too. But you had to deal with my mess as well.”

“You’re now the person closest to me, Irene.”

Irene felt her heart clenching at Isaac's rich voice. "Yeah, I know."

"Were they being agreeable?"

Irene nodded. "Yeah. They promised to withdraw the lawsuit once I agreed to let Neil free."

"Good."

Irene hung up and looked at herself in the mirror just then.

She smiled, adjusting her expression and washing her hands before heading outside.

Returning to her seat, she said, "I'll arrange for Neil's release, but I want to receive word of the withdrawal in a day."

"Agreed."

With the matter settled, Irene left the cafe and returned to the car, telling Eagle, "Hotmesh Research."

That was when her phone rang with a call from Ray Hall.

She quickly picked up, and he said urgently, "Please come to the hospital, quick."

"Did something happen?" Irene asked.

"Yes, you should hurry."

Irene quickly directed Eagle to turn the car to the hospital, and they arrived in half an hour.

Finding Ray, she asked, "What happened?"

"Oh, you're here!" Ray placed a hand on her shoulder in excitement. "It's great news!"