

## Runaway 841

### Chapter 841

Although Irene had an idea what it might be, she asked, “What is it? Is the director’s condition improving?”

Ray nodded. “Yes—in fact, he just woke up, and they just sent him for a checkup.”

Irene flinched a little in surprise.

Dennis Turner woke up—he woke up!

That meant she saved him!

Though she wanted to laugh, she could not.

Everything that happened over the last few days—from the misunderstanding, to being taken to court—had taken its toll on her!

But now, she finally had hope!

Nonetheless, Ray told her, “I’ve taken a look at him already. He’s doing fine—there probably won’t be any issues.”

Irene smiled and nodded, but she was not relieved—not until she saw Dennis with her own eyes.

Ray seemed to read her mind. He said, “Think positive. He’s awake, and that means your problems are over, just like that.”

That certainly was the case—they would not be harassing her relentlessly after this.

“Yeah,” Irene said. “You should go back to work. I’ll be waiting here for a while... Also, thank you so much. You’ve really helped me a lot all this while.”

“It’s fine.” Ray waved her off. “Saving patients is our obligation as doctors. Just wait here—I’ll go in for a look.”

“Okay,” Irene said, and she waited at the bench outside while Ray headed inside the examination room.

She received a call as they waited from the court.

It turned out that not only had Neil Turner refused to withdraw his case, but he was now also suing her for extortion!

Irene's heart sank—she did not expect them to renege on their agreement!

Still, she came to realize something after this incident.

Not everyone was capable of being nice. In fact, they were simply unreasonable!

“Understood,” she flatly said and hung up.

However, she did not call Isaac—the matter was utterly resolved now that Dennis had woken up.

Neil was notified by the hospital about that as well, and had rushed to the hospital.

Still, he paused when he saw Irene and glared at her hostilely. “You’re despicable!”

Irene heard him and looked up, pursing her lips when she saw who it was.

She said nothing, since she had nothing to be said with someone like Neil.

Even so, she could not understand.

How did someone as kind as understanding as Dennis get a stubborn son like Neil, who could not even keep his word?

How did he even make it in society?

Neil in turn continued as Irene stared silent, “Did you think I’d be helpless after you set me up?”

Irene frowned and shot him a cool look. “And did you do it without help?”

Though Neil was stumped for a moment, his neck straightened. “I’m smart enough to trick you by asking for a deal.”

Irene laughed jovially. “Smart? You meant you broke an agreement, just like a common crook?”

“What did you say?!” he growled and glared at Irene viciously as he started to lose face.

Irene simply ignored him, not bothered to waste her breath with him!

“This lawsuit will end with you sentenced, Irene Spencer!” Neil snorted, huffing and puffing without any

bearing of a gentleman—more like some loudmouthed thug!

The door to the examination opened then, and Dennis was wheeled out.

He saw Irene immediately.

“Come here,” he said, not bothered to look at his own son.

Irene walked toward him, though she kept a pace’s distance instead of getting too close and asked softly, “How are you feeling?”

Dennis said, “I feel spirited and physically healthy. It’s all thanks to you—”

“Dad!” Neil cut him short, and ran over to give him a hug. “You’re really awake! I was so scared when you were unconscious!”

Dennis, however, pushed him away. “Withdraw the lawsuit right now. Stop embarrassing me!”

Ray had told Dennis everything while he had his examination, and Dennis certainly wanted his son to withdraw the lawsuit and stop harassing Irene.

Neil did a double take and wheeled on Irene right then. “You told him?!”

Chapter 842

Neil’s face contorted with rage. “You devious witch.”

Irene, however, was unmoved—she had seen through Neil’s true nature and she was not interested in being petty like him!

Dennis, however, almost passed out again from sheer frustration toward his son!

Pointing at him, he snapped, “Don’t you know that I’d be dead if she didn’t insist on operating on me?! She put everything on the line to save me, but you sued her instead of thanking her?! Who taught you to be such an ingrate, huh?!”

Neil retorted stubbornly, “She broke regulation—”

“Do you think I’d be alive if she followed regulation?!” Dennis huffed.

Irene simply stood in her corner, watching quietly.

Ray, worried that Dennis would get a stroke again, quickly rubbed his back. “You just woke up—try to

stay calm or it'd hamper your recovery. Just talk things out with him calmly."

Then, he turned toward Neil and said, "I'm the one who told your father. In my opinion, you made a mistake, which was why I decided on my own to tell him. Complain to me if you have any grievances—stop taking it out on a woman."

Neil's face twitched. "What, so you are all the good guys, while I'm the villain?!"

"You made a mistake, so own up to it! Quit being so stubborn and blame everything except yourself. And go to court right now and withdraw the lawsuit, or I'm disowning you!" Dennis snapped, issuing an

ultimatum.

Even though Neil was pigheaded, he was still obedient to Dennis.

"Alright, I'll go. Just calm down, or you'll affect your health. The only people who really care about you is me and the family—"

"Whatever. I'm content as long as you don't give me a heart attack," Dennis said, waving him off and not willing to listen!

As Neil left, Dennis was wheeled to his ward while Ray returned to work.

Irene was alone with Dennis in his ward, and he watched her for a long while in silence before asking, "Weren't you afraid? You were using an untested prototype on me. You knew you would be in deep trouble if anything went wrong."

"I actually wasn't afraid of anything when I did it," Irene admitted. "I believe that saving people is my duty, and I want to do my best whatever it takes... Until your son sued me."

She paused before continuing, saying, "I hold no grievance against your son, Director Turner... but this incident made me understand that I might have been too naive—too idealistic. In fact, I might have considered myself much too noble to consider the pressure of saving a life, even breaking regulations to do what I had in mind. Now that I've calmed down and thought about it, my obstinance just occurred from the heat of the moment. And wouldn't it be a mess if everyone broke regulations?"

Dennis chuckled. "Why does it sound like you regret saving me?"

Irene smiled but shook her head. "I just did everything I could—I don't even know if I saved you."

“Then do you understand that this is simply extraordinary to me?” Dennis told her, bluntly and earnestly. “Thank you for preserving through the pressure, and for using that artificial heart our research center developed. My recovery will be the best testimony to our success, that all our efforts over the years have finally paid off.”

Irene’s sacrifice saved his life, while he became the first patient in the nation with an artificial heart!

And with Dennis being a precedent, more would come to accept the device, even using it.

That in turn would mean more lives saved.

Someone leaked news about Dennis’s artificial heart transplant as well, and journalists came there for interviews, interested in getting the latest development in the medical field.

Though Dennis was basically mobbed, he looked spirited.

Relieved, Irene left his ward, but she saw a person walking toward the ward as she turned!

Chapter 843

Although Irene tried to pretend she did not see him, Neil strode up to her and said, “Don’t get so full of yourself. You’re just lucky my dad is nice—anyone else would be giving you a hard time right now and not let you get off scot-free.”

Irene shot him a cool look. “It’s like you’re saying I should be thanking you for teaching me something.”

“No thanks necessary,” he said, striding toward the ward while deliberately knocking into her on the shoulder.

Irene remained where she was, but she had to admit that she had definitely learned her lesson.

She had no idea if she would do the same if the same situation happened again—impulsive decisions only led to terrible consequences!

She was lucky this one passed without further issue.

Stepping outside the hospital, she looked up at the skies at the blinding sun.

She had to narrow her eyes, but her lips were curling up into a faint smile.

She started forward as Eagle brought the car, although a familiar car soon arrived and stopped beside hers before she got in.

James Cross then alighted.

“What are you doing here?” Irene asked, already recognizing the car as his and surprised that it actually was.

“Nothing much. Just taking someone to the hospital,” James said.

While Irene was curious who it was, Ian Jefferson was dragged out of the car.

Bruised and utterly battered, his skin peeled off wherever he had been hit—by whatever it was James was clobbering him with!

As a doctor who had seen much gore, it was still rare for Irene to see something as bad as that.

James scratched his head. “I wasn’t really holding back.”

Still, Irene turned away from Ian after looking at him for a while. “He deserved it. No one would miss him if he’s dead!”

James pursed his lips. “True.”

Irene then told him, “Do what you have to. I’m going now...”

After she got in her car, she wound down the window and looked at James. “Are you letting him live?”

“I’d rather he die,” James replied. “But killing him so easily would be letting him off easy—anyway, I heard there’s many patients here, and they need B-type blood donors. He happened to be B-type, so I was going to have him donate some.”

Irene thought James was going to seek medical help for Ian, and then torture him again.

It turned out that James, like Isaac, detested villains and would not hold back when they got going!

“That’s about what he’s worth now, saving people with his blood,” Irene said icily before turning back to James with a gentle smile. “Anyway, I heard you made up with Erin. When did that happen? I never knew.”

James grinned. “Not entirely. We weren’t together that long and were already discussing marriage, so this is a good opportunity to reevaluate.”

“That’s good,” she said, and waved. “I’m going now.”

...

Irene returned to Hotmesh Research—she had not been there ever since what happened to Dennis.

When he saw her, Finn Crowe promptly ran up to her with his phone in hand. “Director Spencer, you have to see this.”

He played a video of Dennis being interviewed.

There was coverage everywhere of the successful artificial heart transplant, but Dennis fainted in the middle of the interview.

As the scene erupted in a pandemonium, he was rushed to the emergency room!

Irene frowned.

How?! Dennis was just fine when she arrived!

That was when she felt a sharp pain in her stomach.

“What’s wrong?” Finn asked.

Irene continued to clutch at her stomach, her back arched from the pain. “Stomach ache... but it really hurts... But right now, you’re coming with me to the hospital. We need to find out what happened.”

“You were just there—”

“Can’t help it,” Irene grunted even as her face turned pale. “Help me walk.”

“Okay,” Finn said, and he did as he was told.

As they left the building, Eagle hurried to them when he saw Irene needed help walking. “Are you sick, ma’am?”

Chapter 844

Irene waved him off and said. “I’m fine. Probably just bad food. Get the car right now.”

“Where are we going?” Eagle asked.

“Back to the hospital,” Finn said, answering on Irene’s behalf since she looked really sick.

Eagle quickly got the car without another question, while Finn helped Irene into it.

As Eagle drove to the hospital, Finn asked in concern, "Are you alright?"

Irene actually thought that her pain subsided since the initial pang. "Much better."

Color was returning to her face as well.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Finn said, "You must be under a lot of pressure lately. Maybe you were too anxious when you saw Director Turner faint?"

Irene ran the possibilities through her mind.

She did not eat anything cold or dirty, so it was not food.

Maybe it was as Finn put it—she was under too much pressure.

"Maybe!"

Her stomachache completely faded when they reached the hospital.

However, just as she alighted, James arrived and intercepted her, asking grimly, "What are you doing here?"

Irene said, "I was going to check on Dennis Turner—"

"Don't. He's dead—you should leave, and stay away. It's a mess over there."

Irene would have dropped to her knees if she was not holding on to the door.

Her voice quivering with disbelief, she asked, "H-He's dead?"

"Yes," James answered with assurance.

"What?! How?!" Irene had a hard time accepting it.

"What's happened has happened. We have to go—from here on, we must be careful." James then assured her, "It's not your fault either. Don't dwell on it."

As Irene returned inside her car, James told Eagle to keep both eyes on her. "Don't let her get out of the car. I'll be right back once I've arranged something."

It was always Eagle's duty to protect Irene. "You have nothing to worry about."



James then directed his men to retrieve Ian and keep a constant eye on him. Then, he ran back to Irene's car, telling Eagle to drive Irene home.

Along the way, he whipped out his phone to call Isaac since this incident might get blown out of proportion.

They had to resolve it as soon as possible!

However, Irene suddenly put a hand on James's arm. "Wait."

As James looked at her in confusion, she said, "I need you to look for a person."

"Who?" James asked.

"Ray Hall," she said, having gradually calmed down to think. "He works at that hospital and would definitely know the result of Dennis' most recent medical examination. I want to know how Dennis died—whether it's due to the surgery or the artificial heart..."

James hesitated for a moment, and he then said, "Alright."

...

It took almost an hour for James to bring Ray to Irene.

The instant he saw her, she asked, "You know, don't you?"

Irene nodded, and gestured for Mrs. Watson to bring him a glass of water.

Before Irene asked, Ray told her, "Dennis Turner was perfectly fine when I first examined him. Everything was good... So what killed him out of the blue?"

"Weren't you there at the time?" Irene asked.

Ray shook his head. "There were too many people in that ward—Dennis's family, the journalists... I couldn't even squeeze my way in."

"What's the cause of death?" Irene then asked.

"Unknown at present," Ray admitted. "His family—especially his son—is making a huge racket at the hospital as we speak!"

Irene pursed her lips. “I understand. Right now, I need you to keep Dennis’s body isolated. I’ll get a reliable forensic doctor for the post-mortem.”

Ray was hesitant. “Isn’t that up to his family?”

Irene, however, did not believe Neil would be agreeable—he would refuse a post-mortem.

She was the one who insisted on operating on Dennis, and the hospital even recorded a video of her stating as much to maintain their innocence.

As she was the one who assumed that responsibility, Neil would most definitely be after her!

That was why she must find out the cause of Dennis’s death.

She would assume responsibility if it really was the surgery.

But it was another thing entirely if it was not!

“Alright, I’ll go back to the hospital right now to keep an eye on the body,” Ray said, rising to his feet.

Irene had her old chauffeur send him back while she sat on the living room couch, pondering.

The only forensic doctor she trusted and was good enough was Lulu Adams.

In fact, she would only be relieved if it were Lulu who examined the body.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she whipped out her phone and texted the number Lulu used before.

[I’d rather not disturb you, Lulu, but I’m in a spot of trouble. Only you can help me. Please reply when you see this text.]

Chapter 845

Irene put down her phone after sending the text and waited for a reply from Lulu.

She would peek at the screen from time to time, but there was nothing...

Even as she reclined against the couch, she wondered the possible causes of Dennis’s death.

Naturally, she could not come up with anything, and that only left her more frustrated!

Still, as she scratched her head...her phone jingled with a notification.

She quickly picked it up, and tapped on the screen to find a reply from Lulu: [How can I help?]

Irene took a moment to consider her words: [Can you come back to Cloud City?]

There was another long pause before a reply came: [Do I have to go back to help you?]

Irene replied: [Yes.]

Still, she became worried about troubling Lulu since she was married now.

And since Lulu wanted to start over, Irene had even less reason to bother her.

[Actually, I was just joking. I missed you, that's all.]

Lulu, however, doubted that. [I know you, woman. I'll check if there's a bus.]

Irene pursed her lips and quickly typed. [Thank you.]

[Cut that out. There's no need to get formal between us.]

Irene stared at the screen and smiled.

It was good having friends.

Another text soon came. [Bought a ticket. Tonight, 8 PM.]

[Call me when you arrive. I'll come to get you.]

[Sure.]

Click—

The door opened just then, and Irene looked up to see Isaac entering, with Zachary Slate in tow.

Considering that she was still in touch with Lulu, Irene turned off her phone and slipped it into her pocket, while staying calm as she greeted Zachary.

Isaac was scowling, having heard from James about Dennis's death—which was also why he returned early.

As he sat on the couch, he stared at Irene as he asked, "You know, don't you?"

Irene nodded slightly and said quietly, "He died out of the blue."

Isaac found it fishy too, while she continued, "The examination after he woke up proved that he was healthy. Ray Hall was watching even though I did not personally examine him, and I trust Ray's character and competence."

Still staring at her, Isaac asked, "Are you saying that he died, but not because of the surgery?"

"Yes," Irene replied, and voiced her suspicion, "Dennis woke up—and that means his body was adapting to the artificial heart. I could tell that he was in good spirits as well. The sudden death is

simply abnormal."

"I'll have someone look into it—"

"It's alright," Irene said, cutting Isaac short. "I have an idea."

She did not tell him that she asked Lulu to examine Dennis's border since Zachary was there.

Isaac saw her hesitation in speaking, and he merely gave her a long look but stayed silent.

"Irene, if there's anything I can help with, just ask," Zachary said just then.

Isaac rolled his eyes at him, but Zachary pretended that he did not see it.

He knew Isaac hated him calling Irene by her first name, but he insisted on doing it the more it upset Isaac.

"I'm thirsty, Irene. Could I have a glass of water?"

Irene was just rising to her feet when Isaac caught her wrist while leveling a hostile look at Zachary. "Get it yourself."

Zachary shrugged. "I don't know where to get water here."

Isaac snapped, "Then go home. Drink your own water."

While Zachary was left speechless, Irene glanced between them.

What had gotten into them?

"Are you two having a fight?" she asked.

Zachary grinned. “No, it’s just your darling being petty.”

Chapter 846

Irene was confused. “Why is he being petty?”

She turned to Isaac with a look as if to ask: what are you being petty about?

Zachary then explained, “He doesn’t like me calling you ‘Irene’. I mean, we both go way back, and I’ve always been calling you ‘Irene’. But he’s so petty he forbade me from doing it—please reason with him if you have the time to do so.”

Irene was utterly speechless.

These two grown men could not have been more childish!

Meanwhile, Zachary appeared gleeful. “Don’t you think he’s petty, just like a child?”

Irene stared at him then. “There’s something I’ve been keeping from you, Zachary.”

Zachary was still smiling. “What is it?”

“Lulu got married,” Irene replied.

Zachary’s smile stiffened even before she was finished, and it was hilarious to see it left freezing on his face.

Naturally, it was Isaac’s turn to tease him. “You shouldn’t be petty. She’s married already, right?”

Zachary said nothing, but sprang to his feet in disbelief, staring at Irene as he snapped, “You’re really taking after him, aren’t you? It’s like you won’t suffer being on the backfoot. Did you have to lie like that to upset me?”

“I’m not lying,” Irene replied seriously. “It’s true.”

She certainly thought things through before she told him about Lulu’s marriage—she was hoping he would get over her and find someone better instead of continuing to wait.

As Zachary continued to stare at her, he saw that she did not flinch, just as her determined gaze told her that she was serious and not joking around.

Even so, he still had a hard time taking in the news.

He wanted to appear understanding, but he could not even smile.

Dropping back on the couch, he laughed self-deprecatingly. "I thought I'd be a winner with Ricky Spencer gone. It turns out that I'm still a loser."

Irene said, "Be more open-minded about this."

Zachary laughed coolly. "Would you be, if Isaac had another woman?"

Irene was speechless—she was playing nice, and he snapped at her anyway?

Locking arms with Isaac as she watched Zachary, she asked, "Do you know why I'm telling you this now?"

Zachary returned her gaze. "Because I was calling Isaac petty? That's why you're deliberately upsetting me?"

Irene nodded. "You're so smart."

Zachary was speechless for a moment, and he laughed despite himself. "You... You two are really Bonnie and Clyde! Criminals, both of you!"

Irene shrugged. "Just don't mock my man. I couldn't be happier if he's jealous over me."

"I quit," Zachary snapped, knowing that he would have to suffer more displays of affection if he stayed.

As he got up and left, Irene asked, "Don't let the door hit you on the way out."

Zachary waved her off. "You shouldn't keep flaunting your affection, you know—that's a death flag."

"I know," she replied.

She was going to withdraw her hands after Zachary left, but Isaac stopped her. "Stay."

"We're home," Irene said quietly.

Isaac lifted her chin. "I like it when you snap at people."

Irene blinked, her curved gaze flickering like a crystalline surface. "Were you jealous of Zachary? Was

that why you forbade him from calling me Irene?”

“Are you kidding? Me, jealous? That’s the behavior of men who lack confidence,” Isaac said, straightening his back, puffing his chiseled figure with pride.

Irene was speechless.

As she rose to her feet, he asked, “Where are you going?”

“Going on a date with another man,” she smiled faintly. “You won’t get jealous, after all.”

Chapter 847

Isaac was at once speechless, helpless, and amused. “You’re really not taking anything lying down, huh?”

Irene smiled. “I got that from you. Didn’t you hear Zachary? I’m taking after you.”

“Fine.” Isaac gave in, tugging at the hem of her blouse. “I am jealous.”

Irene sat down then, while he brushed her sidelocks with his clean, strong fingers.

“Stay home over the next few days, Irene,” he said in his deep voice solemnly.

Irene turned toward him. “Are you worried that Neil Turner would try to hurt me again? I have to show up at court if he maintains his lawsuit, not to mention that our priority right now is to find out what killed  
Dennis.”

“I’ll get a forensic doctor—”

“I’ve already asked Lulu.” Irene cut him short.

Isaac stared calmly at her for several heartbeats. “She agreed to it?”

Irene nodded. “Yeah.”

Isaac thought about it, and he then said, “Alright, let’s go with that. The cause of death is priority.”

They would come up with solutions afterwards, although Isaac had every intention to keep throwing money at Neil until he was satisfied.

But since Irene had a plan, he could go with hers for now.

Irene got to her feet just then. "I have to clean a guest room for Lulu when she comes over."

"Mrs. Watson can do it," Isaac told her.

Irene shook her head. "Mrs. Watson is cooking dinner. I can do it—oh, and spend some time with Tommy and our baby. It's rare for you to come home early."

"Okay," Isaac said softly.

...

Later in the evening, Irene got a call from Lulu, saying, "I'm around twenty minutes out."

"I was just about to head out," Irene replied.

In fact, she had been ready all this while—she left the hilltop mansion once she got Lulu's call, and she had Eagle drive her to the train station.

She waited at the exit when she arrived, and Lulu was stepping out within minutes in a petaled dress and a pale jacket.

However, it did not hide her bulging stomach.

Irene's eyes narrowed, while Lulu smiled in greeting when she saw her. "Irene."

Irene walked up to greet her. "The journey must be tiring?"

"It's alright," Lulu replied.

Unsure of how she should thank Lulu just then, she simply gave her a bear hug.

Moments later, Lulu pulled away and said, "I have someone to introduce to you."

Irene turned toward where she was gesturing, and saw the man standing behind Lulu, who was carrying their luggage.

He smiled at Irene as Lulu introduced, "This is Martin York, my husband."

Irene offered him a handshake. "Hello."

"Hello," Martin said as he took it.



With that, they headed out of the station, with Eagle helping with the luggage.

Martin rode shotgun with Eagle as he drove, while Irene and Lulu had a chat in the back.

“It’s been a while, and you’ve changed a whole lot.” Irene smiled and reached out to touch Lulu’s belly.  
“How many months?”

“Eight,” Lulu replied with a smile.

Things were going fine with Martin, since he was a good man who cared for Lulu and was understanding toward her.

Moreover, his composure gave her a sense of security, and she grew to accept him.

They just did not consummate since Lulu was heavily pregnant—they probably would become genuine spouses after she delivered the baby.

Irene sensed that Lulu had calmed down considerably as well.

Knowing that her life must be going well, she was really happy for her!

“I wouldn’t have called you over if I knew you were pregnant,” Irene said then, reluctant to have Lulu help her now that she was pregnant.

How could she examine a corpse while pregnant? It was such a jinx!

Still, she did not expect Lulu to get pregnant so quickly.

As she did her math in her head, she realized that Lulu must have gotten pregnant before marrying Martin.

Was this a shotgun wedding?

She quietly leaned closer to Lulu and whispered into her ear, “You must really like him, getting pregnant this quickly.”

Chapter 848

Lulu’s smile was forced as she quietly replied, “Yeah.”

Irene sharply noticed the change in Lulu’s expression.

Still, she blinked a couple times but said nothing.

If Lulu was keeping quiet, it meant she did not want to tell Irene.

As such, Irene simply smiled as if she never noticed. “When you stay with us—”

Lulu cut her short before she could finish, “We’re staying at a hotel, since there are many people in your home and you’d be inconvenienced. I’ll help you out, and I’ll be ready to leave once I’m done.”

Lulu was right—Irene did not expect her to bring her husband.

Considering that, staying at her home might not be appropriate.

“I’ll book a hotel room for you then,” Irene said as she whipped out her phone.

Lulu did not stop her this time. “Thank you very much. It’s your fault for being rich.”

Irene gave her a playful nudge. “Don’t tease me.”

Once she booked a room and hung up, Lulu asked, “So? What’s this favor you need?”

“Look, I didn’t know you were pregnant—I wouldn’t have called you otherwise,” Irene said, looking pointedly at her belly. “I think I’ll ask Isaac to arrange for someone else to do it since I don’t want to trouble you.”

Lulu frowned. “When did you get so cagey?”

“I’m not,” Irene replied before touching Lulu’s belly again. “I’m just being considerate of the baby.”

Lulu had a hunch right then. “So, a post-mortem? Who’s the deceased?”

Martin turned around at the mention of a post mortem, clearly worried that she had to touch a corpse while pregnant!

Lulu shot him a glare. “What are you getting worried about? I know what I’m doing.”

Martin cleared his throat awkwardly. “Just don’t push yourself.”

Irene saw their exchange and could not help smiling—they obviously had feelings for each other.

Still, she explained to Martin, “I didn’t know that she’s pregnant. I definitely wouldn’t have asked her to do it otherwise.”

Martin asked, "But would your issue be resolved if she doesn't?"

"I can get someone else," Irene told him—Isaac mentioned that he could help with that before.

"Well, could you tell us what's the issue? We might be able to help anyway," Martin asked kindly.

He was earnest with Irene as well since she was Lulu's friend.

Irene gave a summary of what happened, before concluding feebly, "Things really went out of hand with Dennis Turner's death. I need to know the cause right now, to decide if I have a responsibility for it."

Lulu was silent for a long while, but she eventually looked up and said very quietly, "You must never be this impulsive again, Irene."

Irene nodded. "Yeah."

"Anyway, I'm already here, so let's go have a look," Lulu said, deciding to help Irene right then and walking ahead before Irene or Martin could dissuade her. "Don't worry—I can hold my own. Trust me."

Irene was still reluctant because of Lulu's pregnancy.

Martin stopped her then, saying, "It's alright. She's made up her mind, and no one can change it."

Irene actually smiled. "You know her very well!"

Martin was about to say something when the car stopped outside the hotel.

Irene alighted first and offered a hand to Lulu, but she said, "You don't have to be so worried. I'm fine."

Martin walked up to her and held Lulu's arm just then, while telling her, "Here. Just be careful."

While Lulu smiled, Eagle helped bring their luggage along.

"Let's go in!"

Irene walked ahead. Having booked a room, she just had to show her ID at the front desk.

But just as she entered, she ran into Zachary, who was heading out after arranging for a client to stay there.

“Irene?”

Irene became nervous the instant she saw him. “W-What are you doing here?”

“I...”

Before he could finish, he spotted a heavily-pregnant Lulu and the man carefully holding on to her, and his face fell right then!

Chapter 849

Irene quickly strode up and grabbed Zachary’s arm, warning quietly, “Don’t do anything stupid. Lulu is happy now—please don’t affect her life now.”

Zachary lowered his gaze at her in turn, growling, “So you weren’t lying, Irene. She really is married.”

Irene tightened her hold over his arm, warning, “I’m begging you.”

Zachary shot her a look, but he soon started laughing.

And he was getting louder by the second.

Still, he was merely laughing at himself for being delusional!

“Calm down. I won’t mess with her,” he said, his voice turning calm just then. “Now, let me go.”

However, Irene did not because she was still skeptical. “Zachary...”

“Why don’t you trust me, hmm?” Zachary smiled.

As Irene slowly released him, Zachary looked up and met Lulu’s gaze.

She was frozen stiff, as if lead suddenly filled her body!

Feeling her stiffness, Martin asked softly, “Are you alright?”

Lulu promptly lowered her eyes to avoid Zachary’s gaze. “N-No. Just suddenly felt a little chilly.”

“I told you to wear layers before we came. You didn’t listen,” Martin said, adjusting her clothes before taking off his own jacket and draping it over her shoulders.

His warmth still lingered on the jacket, while Lulu came to her senses and whispered, “Aren’t you cold?”

"I'm a big man. I'm fine," Martin replied.

Zachary could not bear to watch—flaunting their affection in his face?!

"Lulu?" he called out very loudly, drawing every pair of eyes in the lobby.

Irene nudged him with her elbow. "What are you doing?!"

"We know each other. I should at least say hi," Zachary said as he strode toward Lulu with his hands in his pockets.

Stopping just a step away from Lulu, he asked, "Do you recognize me?"

"Yeah," Lulu said quietly, with an almost imperceptible hoarseness in her voice.

Zachary's hands clenched into fists in his pocket, but he remained nonchalant. "You're married already? I didn't receive anything though. How cold of you."

Lulu kept her eyes lowered in silence, while Martin asked, "You're Lulu's friend too?"

Zachary nodded and pointed at Irene. "Irene and I were best friends with Lulu. I was in the same year with Lulu at med school, too. She never told you?"

Martin shook his head. "She only told me about Irene, saying that she's her best friend."

Zachary added, "I was too. I used to fancy her as well, but she didn't like me—"

"Alright, I still have a favor to ask of Lulu," Irene said, cutting Zachary short with a warning look. "Weren't you busy? Don't you have to leave?"

Zachary did not want to make things that bad, and he pursed his lips in a light smile. "Alright. Go about your business."

Then, turning toward Martin, he said, "You owe me a wedding buffet."

"It's my treat when there's a chance," Martin replied.

"That's enough." Irene shoved Zachary.

Zachary turned around and shot her a look. "Oh, you look so spooked."

Irene, however, was really upset. “That’s enough from you.”

With that, Zachary stopped being weird, but he allowed his eyes to linger on Lulu before striding outside.

Irene smiled. “The room is ready. Let’s go!”

Arriving at the room, Irene made the excuse of girls’ talk and went into the bedroom with Lulu.

Martin glanced at the bedroom but said nothing.

With the insight he honed on his job, he knew the instant Zachary showed up that things were complicated between him and Lulu.

He just did not let it show, just as he decided not to ask—even feigning ignorance—if Lulu did not tell him.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom...

Chapter 850

Irene gingerly asked Lulu, “Are you alright? I just wanted to get a nicer hotel. I didn’t think we would run into Zachary—”

“Irene.” Lulu cut her short with a smile. “I’m fine.”

Studying Lulu’s face for seconds, Irene decided to keep quiet after ensuring that she was.

Changing the subject, she asked, “You’ve been away for a while. Anything you’d like to eat? It’s my treat.”

Lulu thought about it. “Strawberry cake.”

Irene was speechless—they could get that anywhere!

“Just cake? It’s not that often you come back.”

“Fine, but after dinner.”

Martin joined them as they headed out to eat, before getting the strawberry cake as well.

“When can I take a look at the body?” Lulu asked.

“Anytime. Isaac has already arranged everything with the hospital,” Irene said. “But you should rest before you go—it was a long journey and you’re pregnant.”

“No. If it’s alright with you, I’d like to get it done soon and head home.”

It was obvious that Lulu did not want to linger, so Irene called Isaac to make the arrangements, while she went with them in the same car.

After Eagle parked the car behind the hospital, they sneaked in since what they were doing was highly irregular.

If Neil were to find out, Irene would be in further trouble.

And since it was not as if Neil would agree to a post-mortem, they had to keep things quiet!

James Cross led them to the morgue, which was at a quiet corner beneath the parking lot.

They felt a gust of cold air hitting their face the instant the elevator doors opened, but Martin and Lulu remained composed since they were used to it.

Isaac, however, was worried—there was a chance Dennis’s death was caused by the surgery or the artificial heart.

Isaac was waiting in the corridor outside. He took Irene’s hand when she arrived, quietly saying, “Calm down.”

Irene looked at him in surprise. “Do I look that worried?”

She had already kept herself under control!

At the same time, James pulled Dennis’s body from the morgue drawer, while Lulu and Martin joined him.

Irene was going to do so since he was concerned about Lulu, but Isaac stopped her. “Don’t.”

“Why?” she asked.

“You’d just affect them.”

Even if they were not superstitious, corpses were still a jinx and Isaac did not want Irene to be near.

Irene was in turn speechless.

How would she affect them? Even if she was no forensic doctor, she more or less knew how things work.

Martin came to them just then and asked, "Can we cut the body open?"

"No," Irene said.

Martin appeared awkward right then. "Well, we're not finding anything unusual outside..."

"Do it," Isaac said.

"But..."

"I'll take responsibility for any issues afterwards," Isaac said, easing his mind. "Just do what you have to. Don't worry."

Seeing that Isaac was dependable, Martin returned to Lulu and gave her the green light.

James brought them the tools they needed, and everything went smoothly since autopsies were Lulu's specialty.

Her examination was thorough, too, and she soon found something suspicious.

"He might have been poisoned," Lulu said.

Irene frowned. "What? Poisoned?!"

She thought about a lot of possibilities, from her surgery to emotional trauma... but not poisoning.

"I'm basically sure," Lulu said, passing Irene a bag. "You can ask someone to perform a lab test on this."

"Okay," Irene said as she took it. She then told James to send Lulu and Martin back to their hotel.

As for her, she was heading to Hotmesh Research to test the substance Lulu handed her, with Isaac's company.

She put on a lab coat and headed inside the lab, while Isaac sat outside, watching her work through the window.

Cloud City was certainly quiet late at night...



Crash!

The silence was abruptly cut short!

Isaac sprang to his feet and opened the door, asking, "What happened?!"

He then looked to the floor...