

Runaway 851

Chapter 851

The remains of a broken test tube lay on the floor, and Isaac strode into the room, studying Irene from head to toe.

“Are you alright?”

Irene shook her head. “I’m fine.”

Isaac frowned—her face was pale, and she appeared weak as she lay against a desk.

Still, he asked, “Did you find something?”

“Dennis was definitely poisoned,” she replied. “I found traces of hemlock in the sample Lulu gave me.”

“Hemlock?” Isaac asked. “What’s that?”

“It’s a poisonous plant,” Irene explained. “You can extract enough poison to kill two oxen with a single shrub.”

However, she had no idea who would poison Dennis—he had been admired and loved during his time at Hotmesh Research, and no one held enmity against him.

“Maybe he consumed it by mistake?”

“No,” Irene said confidently. “That can’t happen because hemlock doesn’t exist here—it’s indigenous to another continent. Moreover, there should be initial symptoms such as exhaustion, accelerated heart rate, cerebral hypoxia, and fainting. It would then be followed by myocardial ischemia, leading to death—naturally, it would look as if the death was caused by a failed surgery. Either way, Dennis did not

consume it by accident. Someone trained in the medical field must have deliberately staged it to look like that.”

Isaac narrowed his eyes. “So, someone wanted to frame you?”

It certainly was the case, given the current observation.

If there was no experienced forensic doctor who could tell that Dennis was poisoned, they would have just considered it a typical death caused by blood loss.

In that case, people would believe that Irene’s artificial heart was useless, and everyone would turn

their crosshairs on her!

But she could not think of anyone who would do that...

“That’s enough. It’s late—let’s just head home for now,” Isaac said, putting an arm around her shoulder. “Don’t dwell on it.”

Irene nodded, but she was terrified.

It felt like she was caught in a web of conspiracy, but she had no idea who was behind it!

Once they returned home, Isaac took a shower while Irene got a call from Lulu, asking if she had found anything.

“It’s hemlock poisoning,” Irene told Lulu.

Lulu clearly knew as well. “Martin is suggesting that you pull footage of Dennis Turner before he fainted. There should be cameras around, and it might offer you a clue. Just give me a shoulder if you need more help—Martin and I will do our best.”

Irene had been standing out on the balcony, leaning against the wall as a soft breeze gusted.

It was a little chilly, but she felt a hint of warmth within herself.

“Okay,” she said.

As she hung up and returned inside, she saw Isaac in a bathrobe and holding a towel as he dried his hair. “Your turn.”

Irene, however, lowered her phone and said, “I need to go to the hospital again, to look through the footage before Dennis fainted...”

Isaac already thought about it, and told her, “I told James to save it already. You can check it anytime.”

“Can you give it to me now?” Irene asked.

Isaac heaved a long sigh—he knew she would not be sleeping if he refused. “I’ll send it to your phone.”

“I want to see it when I come out,” Irene said, undressing and heading into the bathroom.

Isaac headed downstairs and turned on his computer before uploading the footage they took from the security team to Irene’s phone.

Irene checked it after taking a bath, and then sent it to Lulu.

Isaac asked, "Can you go to bed now?"

Irene put her phone away, but she still had trouble sleeping as she got into bed.

Her mind was a mess, and it was only after some time that she fell asleep from sheer drowsiness.

As morning arrived, she was woken up by her phone's ringtone.

Chapter 852

Still feeling muddled as she picked up her phone, Irene answered, "Hello?"

"Were you still asleep?" Lulu asked.

Irene looked up at the clock and saw that it was already past nine. She sat up, rubbing her eyes. "I had a late night, so I overslept."

"I knew it. Anyway, we found something suspicious from the video you gave—up and at it, girl. Let's meet up."

Irene pulled off her blanket and got out of bed. "Alright, I'll meet you at the hotel."

"Okay."

Once she put away her phone, Irene quickly got dressed and washed up.

She headed downstairs, where Isaac was teaching Tommy chess.

"I need to go," Irene said, heading straight to the porch and putting on her shoes.

Isaac put down his chess piece and patted Tommy's head. "Let's continue when I come home."

Tommy pouted unhappily in silence.

Isaac told him. "Be a good boy, and I'll buy you a toy."

Tommy promptly looked up, beaming. "I want a Transformers toy."

"Okay," Isaac said, making his way to Irene. "You haven't eaten yet."

“I’ll just get something while I’m out,” Irene replied.

“What’s the hurry? Did you find something?” he asked.

Irene nodded without hesitation. “Yeah.”

They then took Isaac’s car and headed straight to the hotel.

Lulu had ordered the hotel’s breakfast set for Irene, knowing that she had just woken up and would have come without breakfast.

Irene ate as she said, “You really know me.”

Lulu rolled her eyes. “How long have we known each other? Do you think I wouldn’t know what you’re like?”

Irene simply smiled.

At the same time, Martin was speaking with Isaac.

Being an inspector, Martin was naturally able to offer better insight into Irene’s case.

“I’ve found a suspect from the video, and we can start with two presumptions.”

“The first is premeditated murder—and the suspect is someone who bears a grudge.”

“If that isn’t the case, it brings us to the second. In this case, we would have to think in terms of motives, because who would Dennis’s death affect the most? Naturally, it’s Irene. But if the target wasn’t actually her, that’d eliminate that scenario as well, and we would have to start elsewhere.”

Irene was puzzled then.

Was there a third scenario if both deductions were eliminated?

“Of course, there’s a third scenario,” Lulu told her then. “We need to look at the entire case as a whole. After all, Dennis’s death would not only suggest that your surgery was the issue, but the artificial heart too. Perhaps someone doesn’t want your artificial heart acknowledged, and they thus poisoned Dennis? That way, they’d be proving to the world that your artificial heart is unreliable.”

Irene realized with a start at Lulu’s words. “I’ve got it!”

“What is it?” Lulu asked.

“We had a technical issue during the development of our artificial heart before, but a man named Professor Lane had the technique to make what we needed. When we tried to recruit him, a company called New Suns Pharma, who were developing artificial hearts as well, used a honeytrap to blackmail him. I had some help, but we managed to save Professor Lane from that issue, and he signed a contract with us later on.”

“So New Suns Pharma didn’t want your research to succeed?” Lulu asked.

Irene certainly thought it possible—poaching Professor Lane from them was no different from poaching their golden goose.

And the money to be made with a successful artificial heart was endless!

Irene sprang to her feet right then.

Chapter 853

Irene appeared agitated, but Lulu held her hand and made her sit. “You should be pleased that they’re not after you.”

“No, I won’t be pleased. They killed a man just for money!”

Still, Irene soon noticed that she was getting too emotional, and she quickly apologized, “Sorry.”

Lulu smiled, thinking nothing of it. “I know you can’t accept the evils of humanity... Well, I’m used to it.”

Which was why she thought it perfectly natural.

“Either way, we now have a suspect. Top that with some evidence, and we’d be able to prove your innocence.”

Still, Irene’s phone rang just after Lulu was finished and she glanced at it.

She snorted, but she was otherwise calm—it was yet another court summons as Neil Turner sued her again.

She was not at all surprised, and she sat down to gather herself.

Nwo, she just had to wait for Isaac to do his thing, since Martin had already pointed out the suspect.

It was the nurse who brought Dennis a glass of water.

Dennis fainted soon after, and he died as emergency aid proved futile.

With that, Isaac went to work!

...

Soon, James and his men intercepted the nurse named Molly, who was trying to leave the country.

“Please come with us.”

Molly’s fingers clenched on her luggage case as she asked warily, “Who are you?!”

James simply gestured at his men to take her, and she promptly struggled while yelling, “What are you doing?! Are you kidnapping me in broad daylight?! I have my rights!”

She naturally drew much attention, but James simply said, “We’re the police.”

Molly was skeptical. She kept yelling, “Why don’t you show me your badge if you are?!”

“There’s no rush,” James said calmly. “I’ll show it to you.”

With that, Molly was dragged out of the hospital and stuffed into a car, fear creeping into her just then.

“W-Who are you people?! Why did you kidnap me?”

James leveled her icy look. “You don’t know? What, is trying to run away not a sign of your guilt?”

“I’m just traveling abroad. Is the law against that?!” Molly snapped stubbornly.

James took out a bank statement. “Then tell me, who transferred this money to you?”

“My parents. Is there a problem?” the nurse argued.

James was almost shocked by her wit, and he smiled despite himself.

“Fine, be stubborn,” he said, and his expression abruptly darkened. “I guess you won’t give up until you see what we have in store for you!”

Molly was certainly smart enough to start playing nice instead, “Look, friend. Just let me go—I’m still young and a little ignorant...”

“Who’s your ‘friend’?” James lifted a brow. “Or you think we’re friends?”

“No, no...” Molly apologized awkwardly. “Come on, handsome. Just let me go...”

“Nah, that doesn’t work on me.” James snorted. “Why don’t you call me daddy instead?”

Molly blushed.

“Now, just be honest and cut the crap,” James said darkly. “Admit everything, and you just might be free. Be stubborn and refuse to talk, and I promise you that you won’t leave unscathed.”

Molly shuddered, but kept her lips tightly pursed, afraid to say a single word!

“You know very well that I must have obtained enough evidence before I find you. I wouldn’t have intercepted you otherwise... So, think carefully if you want to stay stubborn or spill the beans.”

The car stopped just then, and James dragged Molly out of the car and threw her on the floor!

She stayed down on the ground shuddering but silent, until James announced, “We’ve got her.”

Molly finally looked up, and she was almost petrified when she saw the crowd surrounding her!

Chapter 854

Molly was quickly on her knees, begging for mercy. “I really don’t know anything! Please, just let me go!”

“She’s stubborn. She’s really refusing to talk,” James said then.

Isaac looked at her in disdain with his cool visage. “Stubborn? I believe that they always talk. If they don’t, it just means that the approach is wrong.”

“Yes, sir. Leave it to me—I’ll make her talk in ten minutes,” James said, and beckoned. “Someone bring me a—”

“Alright! I’ll talk, I’ll talk...” Molly could see that the men around her were no angels, and that there would be pain if she stayed silent.

She had gone straight to internship after graduating university, before earning her certification as a proper nurse. Naturally, she could not even stand the thought of physical pain since she never suffered.

And if she would talk after being put through the pain, she would rather talk before.

“Then, talk!” James dropped to a crouch, glaring at her. “At least you understand. If you were any slower, you’d really suffer.”

Molly cringed, but she said, “Someone brought me a glass of water and paid me to give it to a patient who just had a surgery.”

“Who?”

“I don’t know,” she said. Worried that James doubted her, she quickly added, “I really don’t know who he is. He just told me to take the water to him, and I’ll be given fifty grand. That’s a lot of money, so I went with it.”

James showed her several photos, each of whom were executives of New Suns Pharma. “Is that person one of these people?”

“No,” Molly shook her head after looking through the photos, before adding, “No, they’re really not there. The one who gave me that glass of water was skinny and had a lot of acne on his face.”

James did not keep harassing her at that point. “Fine, you can leave. But don’t leave town—I want you around, and you must show up when I call for you.”

Molly asked gingerly, “Don’t you think I’d be in danger? I told you everything I know.”

James sighed. “I don’t know about that, but I do know that you’ll definitely end up in jail. That glass of water was poisoned, and you killed that patient.”

The nurse fell to her knees as her legs went limp. “P-Poisoned...?”

“Yes. What, did you think that they’d pay you fifty grand to pass a glass of drinking water? You knew, didn’t you?” James said, and directed his men to send Molly’s home.

They still had to find the person who brought Molly that glass.

Now, they had two leads—Molly and New Suns Pharma, and that would do for their investigation.

...

As Isaac returned to his car, Irene asked, “Did you find anything?”

“There’s another person involved. James will find them,” Isaac said.

“I just received another court summons. Neil Turner is suing me again.” Irene told him.

Isaac glowered—he had really gotten sick of that man.

It was as if he lacked any common sense, if he was not actually crazy!

“I’ll have my lawyers handle it. You don’t have to show up at court.”

As Irene nodded, Isaac asked, “Home?”

Irene thought about it. “The hotel... No. Hotmesh Research.”

She just received a text from Finn Crowe—everyone was asking to see her.

They probably wanted to know why Dennis died.

Isaac sent her over.

...

After she arrived at Hostmesh Research, Irene had Finn gather everyone in the conference room.

Soon, people began to arrive, and once everyone gathered, Yolanda King asked, “What happened, Director? Why did Director Turner die? The hospital was saying that the cause of death was myocardial ischemia. Does that mean our artificial heart wasn’t actually finished, and that human application isn’t viable?”

“No,” Irene told everyone assuredly.

Chapter 855

Yolanda blurted, “Then what killed him?”

“Poison,” Irene replied.

The room was suddenly silent, but they were skeptical.

Poison? That was simply unbelievable!

“What poison?” Yolanda asked with a clearly skeptical tone, and even her reaction was basically asking if Irene was trying to avoid responsibility.

After all, they knew that Irene had insisted on performing the surgery on Dennis, and she must bear

responsibility for his death.

Still, Irene patiently explained, “I hope everything I say here will stay in this room. We’re gathering evidence, but we don’t have everything yet, which is why I must ask for your silence. If we make too much noise, we’d alert the culprits—right now, no one knows that I’ve already discovered that Dennis was poisoned.”

Pausing, she continued, “I know you won’t believe me, and you’d think that I’m trying to excuse myself from this responsibility. So, I’m obliged to tell you that I’m not—everyone must know that we had technical issues during our research, and we only entered the test phase thanks to Professor Lane joining our ranks. Before he did, New Suns Pharma tried to recruit him, and even blackmailed him to do it. But Professor Lane joined us in the end.”

“I should also explain that the market potential for artificial hearts is immense, but while our research center is funded by our government, News Suns Pharma is a private enterprise. All they want is the money, and poaching Professor Lane from them was no different from poaching their golden goose.

That is why they must at least prevent our research from succeeding, while they make something marketable in the meantime... I’ve even heard that they were continuing their development despite losing Professor Lane. So, if we announce our success now, we’d capture the market even if they succeed later. This is the reason they were willing to resort to murder.”

The room was silent as they thought about Irene’s words.

Finn was the first to break the silence. “None of you believe Director Spencer, do you? She insisted on the surgery, and you all know that she’s doing it to save Director Turner. We’ve been working together for so long, and none of you trust her character—”

“Shut up, Finn. Who says we don’t believe her?” someone snapped, cutting him short. “You think you’re the only nice guy in the hospital, that the rest of us are unreasonable?”

“That’s right,” someone else echoed. “If someone is so despicable that they want our years of research to go to waste, we need to show solidarity and stand against them.”

“Yes! Yes! We stand together!” Yolanda exclaimed.

Finn turned toward her just then. “When did you grow a conscience?”

Yolanda rolled her eyes. “Please. I’ve always had one.”

Finn smiled but said nothing.

...

After that, Irene asked someone to bring her the observation records of the goat with the artificial heart, which was still doing well.

It had been more than a month since its transplant, and it was suffering from no major issues. Moreover, its survival was actually proof of its success.

Closing the notebook, she told Finn, "We can stop monitoring the goat for now."

Finn nodded. "Are we going to keep it with us?"

"For now," Irene replied, issuing instructions on what to do in her absence before leaving.

However, she had just stepped out of the entrance when she spotted Neil waiting to intercept her.

She turned to leave, but Neil saw her anyway and started yelling, "You're a quack doctor, Irene Spencer! You killed my father, and you'll pay for it with your life—"

The yelling abruptly stopped.

Irene turned and saw him floored!

Chapter 856

Irene then saw Eagle standing beside Neil.

As Neil scrambled to his feet, he was pointing and snapping at Eagle, "Y-You hit me again! I-I'll sue you for physical assault!"

Eagle simply raised his fist and Neil flinched, clutching his head. "No! Don't hit me!"

"Then get out of here!" Eagle barked sternly.

Having had a taste of Eagle's strength and knowing that he would not win, Neil promptly fled.

Irene walked toward Eagle just then—the man certainly offered a stalwart sense of security as a bodyguard.

"I won't go easy on him if he shows up again. There's really no end with him."

"Yeah," Irene agreed as she got into the car. "Just keeping him away is a blessing."

Neil was unreasonable, and he latched onto people annoying like chewing gum.

“It’s the first time I’ve ever met someone like him,” Eagle said.

“There are all sorts out there,” Irene replied.

Just as there were every variety of oddity out in the world.

Once a person understood that, they would certainly be at ease.

“When would we be solving this case, ma’am?” Eagle asked just then. “I don’t think he’s going to rest.”

However, Irene’s head hurt at the mention of the case. As she rubbed her temples, she said, “I have to hide for the time being whenever he comes to me.”

She certainly did not want to get into further conflict with him.

At the same time, she felt a stickiness on her skin, and she whipped out her phone.

She was on her period, and it was not surprising that she felt ill lately.

“Eagle? Can you stop by a mall?”

“Sure, ma’am,” Eagle replied. “Is there anything you need? I can get it for you.”

“It’s fine,” Irene told him.

After a while, Eagle parked the car outside the mall, and Irene alighted to get herself some pads, putting them in her pocket. She also bought a bottle of the water and left the mall after paying, returning to her car.

“Oh, you could have just sent me, ma’am,” Eagle said.

Irene nodded. “It’s just one bottle anyway. You can have the rest.”

“I’m good, ma’am,” Eagle replied. “Are we heading home now?”

Irene considered it, but she gave Isaac a call first. “Has James found anything?”

“I think he has. He’s returning to the office soon.”

“I’ll get to you right now,” she said immediately at that, hanging up and returning her phone to her pocket. “To Twinrise’s headquarters, please.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Eagle replied.

However, they were soon stuck in a traffic jam, and Irene fell asleep in the car.

There was no telling how long had passed until Eagle woke her up. “Ma’am? We’re here.”

She opened her drowsy eyes. “Really?”

“Yes,” Eagle replied.

Rubbing her eyes and lowering the window, the fresh air outside crept in and cleared her head right then.

She alighted and headed inside the building, with the front desk receptionist greeting her respectfully. “Greetings, Mrs. Jefferson.”

Irene returned a smile, but just as she waited for an elevator, the receptionist approached her.

“Mrs. Jefferson?”

“Yes?” Irene asked, turning around.

“Your pants.” The receptionist pointed at it, which was wet with blood.

At the same time, the receptionist angled her stance so that she blocked it from others’ view.

Irene slapped herself on the forehead—how on earth did she forget about that?

“The washroom is over there.” The receptionist then pointed. “I also have a clean skirt. You could change into it, if you don’t mind?”

“Thank you,” Irene said a little awkwardly.

The receptionist soon brought her the skirt. “It’s new, so don’t worry. I kept it under my desk after I bought it, but I always forgot to bring it home.”

Irene carried the bag to the washroom, and it was not a while until she stepped outside.

Her face was really pale.

The receptionist certainly paid attention to details and brought her a glass of honey.

However, Irene still appeared out of it even as she took it.

“Are you feeling sick, ma’am?” the receptionist asked.

Irene shook her head. “I’m fine.”

She started to leave, still holding the glass in her hand until she came to her senses, returned to the front desk, and put down the glass. “I forgot—how much for the skirt? I’ll wire you the money.”

The receptionist waved her off. “It’s alright. It’s nothing that important—as long as you don’t hate it, ma’am.”

Irene smiled at her, then quickly took the elevator upstairs.

Chapter 857

Irene knocked on the door to Isaac’s office, and it soon opened.

Isaac stood at the doorway as he noticed the bag she was holding. He asked, “What’s that you’re holding?”

Irene entered and replied, “Dirty clothes.”

Isaac was just about to ask her what dirty clothes she was referring to when James Cross entered as well.

“Sit down. Do you need a drink?” Isaac asked.

“Yeah,” Irene murmured distractedly, nestled on the couch.

Isaac could tell that she was under the weather, but he asked nothing and instead returned to his desk.

“You said ‘almost’. Did you find the guy?” he asked James.

“Yeah,” James nodded. “Our man is a subordinate working under New Suns Pharma’s deputy CEO.”

And that man had asked someone to bribe the nurse.

Since they had already found the perps, they just had to deal with Neil.

That man was still adamant that Irene's surgery and the artificial heart was what killed Dennis. He would have trouble accepting that his father was poisoned, and was not killed because of the surgery.

As such, they still had to work on Neil even if they already had key witnesses.

After thinking about it for a while, Isaac asked, "Where's the dossier on Neil Turner you compiled before?"

"I'll get it right now," James replied and turned to leave.

At the same time, Isaac turned toward Irene.

She should be exceedingly concerned about the case, but she was somehow out of it today.

Walking over to her, he asked, "Are you feeling sick, Irene?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed as she came to her senses. "Wait, what?"

Isaac stared at her for a moment before putting a palm on her forehead. "What's got you distracted? Do you have a fever?"

Irene shook his head and mustered her spirit.

"No." She forced a smile and took his hand. "What's wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Something's off with you today," Isaac told her seriously.

"Really?" Irene asked in return, even feigning composure as she did.

Holding her gaze for seconds, he said, "Talk to me."

She simply smiled. "What, don't you know everything about me? I'll be resigning once this is over."

"Yeah," he said, patting her head. "You should have done so long ago."

Irene leaned on him just then. "Would you forgive me if I made a mistake, Isaac?"

Isaac was speechless.

No, something was definitely wrong!

There had to be something that made her say this.

“What mistake are you talking about?”

Irene quickly shook her head. “I just meant theoretically.”

“I doubt it,” he said, lifting her chin. “Look at me and spit the truth.”

Irene gave him a shove. “You’re despicable—I was just kidding, and you took it seriously?”

“I don’t think you’re joking. It’s more like you’re testing me,” Isaac said directly.

“Sir?” James returned with the dossier just then, and started to turn and leave when he noticed that things were weird.

Irene stopped him.

“What did you bring? Show me,” she said, getting off the couch and walking up to James.

James passed her the dossier, and she opened it to see that it was everything on Neil—his interpersonal relationships, his job... and everything there was to know about him.

She kept reading it while asking Isaac, “What are you planning to do?”

“We’re tipping off the police,” Isaac replied simply, instinctively sensing that Irene had something weighing on her mind.

He then spotted the bag on the couch.

As for the dossier, it was prepared much earlier, but they thought they did not need it after Dennis woke up.

They were now taking it out because they were worried Neil would keep hounding Irene, and they were planning to harass him at work so that he would stay in line.

There was a legal process to go through to connect Dennis’s death to New Suns Pharma, and Isaac was not about to handle it personally.

Irene naturally agreed that it was the right decision.

“You boys talk. I’ll get some water.”

She was thirsty too.

After a while, James had already left when she returned with the water, and Isaac was alone.

He was holding the pants she changed out of while staring at her.

Chapter 858

Putting down her glass and walking over to Isaac, Irene took the dirty pants off his hands and put it back in the bag before looking up at him.

“Why are you always so paranoid, Isaac?” she asked, and pointed at the back. “I’m on my period and I stained my pants. That’s why I got changed—or did you think I was hiding something?”

Isaac actually thought that was the case.

Her behavior today was certainly too peculiar, which made his imagination run wild!

Still, Irene wrapped her arms around his waist and put her face against his chest. “So you do get childish. It’s just my period—I’m distracted today because of that. Don’t worry.”

“Yeah,” Isaac murmured softly.

But was he really just being paranoid?

“Get home soon and rest,” he then added, gently patting her on the back. “I still have stuff to do. I’ll head home once I’m done.”

Irene purred even as she held tightly onto him, kissing his neck and Adam’s apple. “I want you to take me home.”

Isaac smiled, feeling at once enfeebled yet needed. “Okay.”

Irene smiled too—she could not care what others would say, or that they were in his office.

She simply kept her hands around him, refusing to let go.

It was unprecedented, but she was really clingy today.

“Aren’t you worried that everyone else in the building would accuse you of bewitching me with your good looks?” Isaac asked.

Irene certainly did not seem to care. “You already embarrassed me so much last time I was here. Why would I be worried?”

Isaac put a hand around her shoulder. “Fair enough. I have nothing to worry about since you’re not.”

She giggled as they left Isaac’s office together.

“Mr. Jefferson,” an employee greeted them, and Isaac nodded slightly at him.

Irene had been acquainted with everyone when she last visited, so they recognized her as well.

And since she gave the impression that she was clingy before, none of them were surprised—if anything, they envied her inwardly for her pretty cheeks and good fortune.

Which in turn ensured her a life of riches and glamor!

Ding—

The elevator arrived downstairs, and they both stepped out.

When Irene saw the front desk receptionist, she told Isaac, “She lent me her skirt. Everyone here is so nice.”

As Isaac looked up at the front desk, the receptionist smiled in greeting. “Mr. Jefferson, Mrs. Jefferson.”

“I’ll tell Finance to give you a raise,” Isaac said.

The receptionist was at first stunned, and she quickly thanked him when she came to a realization.

“Thank my wife. She’s in a good mood because of you,” Isaac told her.

As the receptionist got a little embarrassed, Irene smiled at her. “Do your best!”

“I will,” the receptionist said determinedly.

Once they were outside, Isaac said, “You’re a real boss lady now, the way you’re encouraging employees.”

Irene nudged him with her elbow. “Is teasing me that fun?”

“Yes,” Isaac replied.

Irene's car was just ahead, and she said, "This will do."

"I'm going home with you."

Irene shook her head. "No, I was just playing with you—go back to work, but come home earlier."

"Okay," Isaac said, and walked her to her car.

Irene waved him goodbye, and told Eagle, "Let's go home."

However, as he drove off and Isaac returned inside the building, she told Eagle, "Wait. Let's go to the hospital instead."

Eagle frowned. "Neil Turner is going to hound you when he sees you, ma'am."

"Not that one," Irene said.

"Which one, then?"

"Any would do. Check if there are any hospitals nearby," she said softly, suddenly appearing tired as she reclined against her seat.

Eagle tapped on the GPS system in the car, but the nearest one was quite far.

Still, seeing Irene was tired, he did not ask any questions and drove straight there.

It was after a long while that the car stopped and Irene alighted.

"Don't tell anyone you brought me here," she told Eagle.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

With that, Irene headed inside...

Chapter 859

Irene headed to the gynecologist's clinic and went through several tests before heading to the waiting area for her results.

It was after over an hour when she was given her medical slips, and she took them to the doctor.

After screening through them, the doctor looked up at her and said, "The tests showed that you had a

biochemical pregnancy... But what made you suspect it? Most patients wouldn't even feel it."

Irene breathed a deep sigh—her hunch was right.

Even if her period was punctual, she was bleeding more than usual and there were chunks.

Though her speciality was cardiovascular diseases and not gynecology, she more or less had the basics and definitely knew more than the average woman.

As Irene stayed silent, the doctor simply presumed that it was just a shot in the dark and patiently explained, "They've named biochemical pregnancy after the development of HCG tests, and in such cases, you won't notice any signs of pregnancy, or it was such a short pregnancy it doesn't interrupt your menstruation. However, the embryo would in turn quickly die of natural courses—it's both atypical and a natural variant of miscarriage. Under normal circumstances, no one would go through HCG tests or pay it attention, and they'd just presume it's an odd session of menstruation where they bleed more and for longer than usual. You should come again in a few days. After you bleed everything out, future pregnancies won't be affected, but..."

Holding her gaze just then, the doctor finished, "The scans suggest that your uterus lining is too thin for pregnancy."

Irene certainly knew that herself. "Yeah, I know."

"In that case, you should always use protection," the doctor lowered her head and wrote something. "I'll give you a prescription for a diuretic to clear everything out."

As Irene nodded, the doctor reminded her, "But it's no different from a typical miscarriage. You need to be careful and stay healthy."

"Yeah," Irene murmured softly.

After leaving the clinic, she headed downstairs for her medicine, touching her belly gently as she stood in queue.

Her fingers clenching as she spaced out, as if she was having a dream.

She would actually think it was one if she was not queuing up at the pharmacy—it was simply unreal.

After getting her medicine, she left and headed home, though her complexion remained slightly pale.

Sheryl Harris saw her and asked, "Are you sick?"

When Irene shook her head, she glanced pointedly at the bag of medicine she was carrying. "What are those, then?"

Irene lowered her gaze, her eyes widening in realization.

Still, she smiled. "I was having my period, but my hip was hurting too. So I got some medicine."

Sheryl nodded. "I'll make you some cranberry juice."

"Okay."

"Now go upstairs and rest!"

...

Irene felt cold even as she lay under the warm blanket, so she curled up.

"Mommy."

She opened her eyes when she heard that sweet, tender voice.

Seeing Tommy sprawled on the edge of the bed and staring innocently at him, she reached out to pat his head.

"Do you want to take a nap with me?" she asked mildly.

Tommy shook his head. "I don't want a nap."

Irene pursed her lips and pinched his soft cheeks. "Okay, then will you watch me sleep?"

Tommy instead asked, "Can you play with me?"

Irene certainly could not bear to reject her adorable son.

Pulling off her blanket, she got off bed and scooped Tommy up in her arms. "What do you want to play?"

Tommy tilted his head in thought just as Sheryl arrived upstairs.

Seeing her carry Tommy, she asked, "Does your hip not hurt anymore?"

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Irene smiled. "It hurts."

"Then why are you carrying Tommy?" Sheryl asked as she put the glass of cranberry juice on the table. "Don't you know how heavy he is now? I guess you weren't hurt enough, huh?"

Still, she was sympathetic enough to take Tommy off Irene's arms.

"Carry him when you're better," Sheryl said as she carried Tommy downstairs, not forgetting to remind her, "And finish your juice."

Tommy pouted unhappily. "I hate you, Grandma."

Sheryl tapped his little nose. "Be a good boy. Your mommy's sick right now, but she'll play with you when she's better."

"You're lying. Mommy can carry me and she's smiling. She's not sick." Tommy started flailing his little feet. "Let me down."

Sheryl did so, and he promptly ran up to the couch and threw himself on it angrily.

"Be a good boy now," Sheryl coaxed. "How about I buy you another Transformers—"

"I don't wanna!"

Tommy snapped, refusing it despite his recently developed fondness for Transformers.

Unable to coax him whatever she did, Sheryl simply ignored him, since he would just pick himself up afterwards.

However, Tommy was still pouting when Isaac returned, and he threw himself at Isaac's arms when he saw him. "Daddy."

Isaac picked him up, asking, "What's wrong? Why are your eyes red?"

Tommy immediately started pouting again, his eyes puffy and welling with tears.

"He's upset because I didn't let Irene carry him," Sheryl said.

Tommy in turn nestled his face against Isaac's neck and sobbed, "But Mommy really wanted to carry me."

Sheryl was speechless. "Who would want to carry you? You're so heavy."

Tommy merely clung tightly to Isaac's neck. "Daddy, take me upstairs. I want to see Mommy."

Isaac sat on the couch instead and told him, "Grandma didn't let Mommy carry you because Mommy is sick. How could you throw a fit because of that?"

Tommy blinked his round, bright eyes. "Mommy was so nice. She's smiling. She's not sick."

"She's smiling because she didn't want to worry you. It doesn't mean she isn't sick—be a good boy and listen to Grandma."

Tommy nodded, as if he understood, his eyes still puffy and red.

"Now that's a good boy. Come here—check out what I bought you," Isaac said.

"What is it?" Tommy asked expectantly, leaving Isaac staring at him for a couple heartbeats.

Did he already forget what he asked him earlier?

Still, Isaac did not remind him. "You'll know when you see it."

He had Elliot buy it for him, but it would not fit in his trunk, so he asked that the seller deliver it to the hilltop mansion director.

The wooden crate that stood over seven feet tall sat in the courtyard, and Tommy ran over on his little legs and gave it a good smack.

What could be in there?

Isaac had the chauffeur help open the crate, cutting the rope around it.

Inside stood a seven-foot Bumblebee.

"Wow!" Tommy exclaimed in awe, and happily hugged one of the legs. "It's so huge!"

Standing nearby, Isaac asked, "Are you happy?"

Tommy nodded, and Isaac pointed at the compartment behind which could fit a person, along with control sticks to move it.

"You can sit in here," he said.

“So cool!” Tommy gasped, already forgetting the unpleasantness before as he happily moved the Bumblebee around the courtyard.

As he made the Bumblebee raise an arm one moment and lowered it the next, Isaac told Eagle to keep an eye on Tommy while he returned inside the mansion.

Heading upstairs to the second-floor bedroom, he found Irene lying in bed, where a glass of cranberry juice that was almost finished lay on top of the bedside drawer.

Isaac remembered that she was having her period, and sat on the bed, asking, “Are you feeling better now?”

Irene opened her eyes, her eyelashes batting slightly.