

Runaway 891

Chapter 891

Irene was not the two-faced type who could behave in one way in front of others while keeping another personality aside.

In fact, she was not used to socializing in the first place, but she could not ignore everyone's greeting given her status.

She was heaving a sigh of relief even as she stopped smiling, having been spared the need to be cordial.

The elevator brought her straight to the basement parking lot and she pressed on the button on the car key. The headlights of Isaac's car flashed and beeped loudly right then, and she strode over to it when she found its location.

Driving to the bookstore, she picked two recipe books on typical dishes before returning straight to Isaac's office and reading them on the couch.

She would peek at Isaac's desk from time to time, and it appeared that he was having a teleconference with the Remy headquarters. His body appeared relaxed as he reclined against the chair, and depending on what the other end said, he was at times frowning or nonchalant.

Irene stayed very quiet so as to not bother him.

Then, noticing that his coffee cup was empty, Irene made him another and put it on his table.

She smiled when Isaac looked up at her, said nothing, and returned to the couch.

She took a sip of her fruit juice before continuing to read the recipe book.

Then, tired from sitting, she took off her shoes to lie down.

Isaac eventually picked up his coffee and took a sip, sliding a glance at her as he put the cup down.

He smiled faintly, since she seemed to be enjoying the quietness.

Returning his gaze to the screen and the video conference, he was once again solemn.

More time passed, and Irene started to become anxious, but Isaac's video conference was not over yet.

Mrs. Watson was not at home, while Sheryl would definitely not have time to cook since she had her hands full with the children.

Walking over to Isaac, she whispered, "I should go home first."

Isaac knew why she wanted to leave, so he called Elliot in. "Make a reservation at a restaurant, and then head to my house to pick up my children and mother-in-law."

He would head over once he was done here.

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson," Elliot replied.

Naturally, Irene had no choice but to go back to the couch and wait.

It was not until the skies were dark when the video conference was over.

Stretching her arms, Irene asked, "You're finally done?"

Isaac walked over to her and tousled her hair. "Getting impatient?"

"I'm fine," she replied. "I'm just worried my mom would be too busy with our children."

Isaac shrugged. "It's not that easy to find servants who cover all bases."

Irene knew that. "That's of no concern—I'll be staying home."

"You can't apply for leave every other day," Isaac told her.

Irene simply stared at him but said nothing.

With that, they both left Twinrise Enterprises.

On the way to the restaurant, Irene asked Isaac, "What's your favorite? I'll learn to make it for you."

Isaac was speechless for a moment. "We sleep in the same bed, but you don't even know my favorite food?"

Irene was left speechless for a moment too, but soon asked, "Then do you know what my favorite food is?"

Isaac realized that he did not, but said, "I'll keep an eye out in the future. I guess we were too busy with work to take notice before."

Irene wrapped her hands around his arm. “I love plain food. And I’m not that picky, as long as it’s healthy.”

It was probably a common ground for all doctors—preferring plain food and prioritizing health.

“I’m not picky too,” Isaac said.

“Then tell me a few of your favorites. I’ll make them for you once I learn it.”

Isaac mused to himself for a while and said, “Eggplant risotto, chickpea crepes, omelets, escalivada, potato and cod soup, steamed crayfish, and rack of lamb.”

Irene smiled—he was just listing the dishes she made the other day.

Those were too simple and needed no skill, and basically a menu of average homemade dishes.

“I like anything you cook,” Isaac added.

“Alright,” she replied. “I’ll do my best to learn more dishes, so that you have warm food when you get home next time.”

Isaac turned to her. “What, are you dropping the scalpel and picking up a kitchen knife for my sake?”

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Irene pretended to think about it. “We’ll see. I can consider becoming a housewife if you’re nicer to me.”

Isaac was at once amused and annoyed. “Have I mistreated you?”

“That remains to be seen,” Irene replied.

Isaac smiled helplessly and pulled her toward him. “Don’t upset me now.”

Irene nodded repeatedly as she leaned against him. “I’ll be good.”

Elliot was outside the restaurant as they pulled into parking, and greeted them as they alighted. “Everything’s as arranged, Mr. Jefferson. They are waiting in a private room.”

Isaac nodded slightly. “Got it.”

He entered with Irene, but Irene asked as Elliot lingered outside, “Have you eaten yet?”

“I’ll eat later,” Elliot replied.

He stayed because he was anticipating more orders from Isaac after dinner.

After all, he brought Sheryl and Isaac’s children there, so he was wondering if he had to drive them home as well—he was considerate that way.

Irene then turned to Isaac, asking with a look if Elliot could join them.

Smiling as he gave her his silent approval, she told Elliot, “Come join us. Eat a little, at least.”

“Well...”

Elliot sneaked a glance at Isaac’s reaction—it was a family dinner, and an outsider should not join in, should he?

“My wife has spoken,” Isaac said. “Join us.”

“Yes, Mr. Jefferson,” Elliot said, leading them to their private room before informing the kitchen to start cooking—he had already placed the orders.

Naturally, he also put the children into consideration as well.

Thankfully, Isaac was never picky during dinners with business partners, so he was not hard to please. As such, Elliot picked this restaurant since the menu was not too specialized.

He also picked some dishes that Isaac’s family would probably like.

In fact, the yogurt pudding served to Tommy immediately earned the boy’s favor.

As Tommy asked for seconds, Elliot quickly brought in the waiter.

Then, Irene was going to take her baby off Sheryl’s hands, he beat her to it so Sheryl could eat.

Nonetheless, Irene took her baby off Elliot’s hands, saying, “You eat.”

Elliot felt a little awkward. “I think I should do it, Mrs. Jefferson. You should eat first.”

“No, you should. You’ve had a long day helping Isaac around the office already—my baby also gets more attached to faces he recognizes during nighttime and he might start crying.”

Elliot was naturally worried about the baby crying too.

Like your average grown man, he did not know how to coax babies to sleep, and had zero experience in babysitting.

“Thank you, Mrs. Jefferson,” Elliot said as she sat down.

He certainly had a good opinion of her following the brief exchanges they shared.

After dinner, Isaac took everyone home.

—

It was soon Dennis’s funeral.

Irene was there, dressed in full-black alongside her colleagues from Hotmesh Research.

Neil Turner was definitely a good son, as the funeral arrangements were carried out in a dignified manner and many mourners were present.

It was obvious that Dennis had been affable in life, and everyone held vigil with solemnity.

Irene noted that Neil had lost a lot of weight, and Finn whispered to her, “Thank goodness the late director’s murderers were brought to justice.”

Irene did not check out the news, so she had no idea how things went with New Sun Pharma.

However, it seemed that this time things really got out of hand, and the law enforcement were thorough this time.

New Sun Pharma already had a history of criminal wrongdoing, and their victim this time was the director of a rival company.

Dennis was the first director of Hotmesh Research, but he was oblivious to profiteering.

Even so, he ended up dying at the hands of people bent on profiteering even though he did so much to contribute to the successful development of the artificial heart.

Everyone naturally found it tragic and regrettable.

Now, New Sun Pharma was shut down pending investigation, and those involved were in custody until their trial started.

They could only hope that the director could rest in peace after all that.

After the funeral, Irene left alone in her car.

She appeared exhausted, and she whipped out her phone to check the time.

“Eagle, take me to the hospital before,” she said, intending on getting checked again.

She was wondering if she had bled out everything from the biochemical pregnancy, and she would only be at ease after an examination.

Eagle did as he was told and they quickly arrived.

Irene headed inside for the examination and left earlier this time—the doctor told her that she was fine, and she checked her ultrasound for good measure.

She was indeed clean.

She just did not know that Isaac was tracking her car.

He was already suspicious because of her behavior earlier and he wanted to know where she was going lately.

The hospital she went to was also far, even though there were hospitals that were closer.

And that alone was suspicious.

He headed to that hospital after work, intent on finding out what she was doing there.

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Isaac used his contacts and influence to pull up Irene’s clinic records there.

However, he had no idea what the term ‘biochemical pregnancy’ meant in Irene’s case file.

The gynecologist there hence told him, “To put it simply, it’s an extremely early case of miscarriage. The embryo would be flushed out of the uterus before the amniotic sac is formed, and it’d look no different from menstrual bleeding.”

In Irene's case, her miscarriage coincided with her period, which passed it off as just that.

Isaac understood then, just as he realized why Irene was apologizing while she was drunk.

His mood was affected considerably, though something else concerned him more.

"Would it affect her health?" he asked.

He knew that Irene had already been hurt during her second pregnancy, and that she could no longer bear another child.

But he was definitely content with both his sons.

The doctor then said, "No, but her health is already not ideal."

Isaac already knew that, so he left the hospital.

...

Irene did not head straight home after her hospital trip, and instead made a stop to buy some food ingredients.

There were some recipes she was interested in making, and she went to work as soon as she reached home, washing ingredients and slicing them to the right size for serving.

Isaac reached home later, and he headed to the kitchen since she saw someone there.

He found Irene hard at work with an apron tied around her dainty figure.

She was focusing on marinating the meat before dipping it into batter.

She had a photocopied recipe taped on the wall, and she was working as she referred to it from time to time.

Isaac entered the kitchen and wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder as he asked quietly, "What are you making?"

Irene turned, and smiled when she saw him. "Fried butter chicken."

"A new recipe?"

"Yeah," Irene nodded. "I can't just stick to a vegetarian menu every day, can I? I have to add some

variety or you'd all get sick of my cooking."

Isaac suddenly grasped her hands and she struggled. "My hands are greasy."

"It's fine," Isaac said, lowering his gaze and holding onto her tightly. "You don't have to cook. We will eat outside."

Irene leveled a perplexed look at him. "I'm already done here. What's gotten into you? Bad day at work? That's a bad look on your face."

Isaac said nothing, but he merely kept his hands tightly around her.

He would only feel better, holding her in his arms.

Irene struggled a little. "I can't breathe. Let go."

"I just want to hold you," he murmured.

Irene sighed helplessly. "When did you get so clingy? You're just like Tommy."

"That's him taking after me," Isaac replied. "I'm the daddy, y'know."

Irene was speechless, but she could feel that something was weighing on him.

As such, she simply stayed still and let him hold her without struggling.

Tommy suddenly ran into the kitchen, and he covered his eyes when he saw them hugging each other. "Shame!"

Isaac turned toward his son. "Come here."

Tommy scuttered toward Isaac on his little feet and Isaac patted his head, asking, "Were you a good boy today?"

Tommy nodded. "Yes."

Isaac then released Irene and dropped to a crouch to look his son in the eyes, asking softly, "Are you still upset?"

Tommy shook his head.

Isaac picked Tommy up right then. "Alright. Let's stay here and watch mommy cook."

“No—outside, both of you. I’d be too nervous because this is the first time I’m cooking this dish, so don’t embarrass me,” Irene said, wiping her hands before pushing Isaac out. “Go watch TV in the living room.”

Tommy clapped his hands happily. “I want to watch TV too.”

Isaac therefore had to take Tommy out to the living room, and Irene made sure that they were watching before returning to her cooking.

She poured and heated a pan worth of oil, and put in the marinade meat now covered in batter to fry it.

However, Isaac returned when she was halfway done.

“Why are you here again? Shouldn’t you be staying with Tommy?” she asked.

Isaac, however, simply held out her phone to her. “You have a call.”

“From who?” she asked, but Isaac simply held it to her ear.

“Hello?” she said even as she gave Isaac a dirty stare.

Chapter 894

Lulu Adams’s voice spoke from the other end. “Irene? It’s me. I’m calling you about Ricky... Have you heard from him lately?”

“No,” Irene answered in reflex. “Was he looking for you?”

“No,” Lulu replied, and was suddenly hesitant. “Oh, nevermind. It’s nothing...”

“Wait, why would you ask about him if he’s not looking for you?” Irene certainly knew that Lulu would not call her over no reason, and certainly not to ask about Ricky.

She must have news on him.

“Well, he did leave me a letter saying he wanted to make something for himself for leaving,” Irene continued. “He never contacted me since, and I don’t know where he is. You have to tell me if you have something on him.”

Lulu hesitated for a while and said shortly, “Martin is onto this case... which I think Ricky is involved in.”

Irene frowned. “He was committing crimes?”

“We’re not sure at the moment, so calm down,” Lulu assured Irene. “I’ll talk to him when I actually see him.”

Irene was still worried. “You have to call me if you find him.”

“Yeah. I’m hanging up now,” Lulu replied.

“Okay,” Irene replied.

Isaac lowered her phone at that. “He’s an adult. Don’t worry too much about him.”

Irene looked up at him just then.

In the past, she was uninterested in her stepbrother, but they grew close since Samantha White’s death, which meant no one was leading him astray.

She was definitely worried since he was out there alone, and they were related by blood in the end.

She even feared that Ricky would strayed to a criminal path.

“Don’t think if you don’t have the facts,” Isaac added.

“Yeah, I know,” Irene smiled at him.

She returned to cooking.

Her first fried butter chicken was a little lean, since she was inexperienced with heat control.

Still, the rest was alright, and it was not that bad overall.

Naturally, it was lacking compared to restaurant food, which were cooked to perfection inside out.

“I’ll cook something simpler next time,” Irene said, so that it would not be that terrible.

“It’s alright,” Isaac said.

“You’re lying,” Irene said, though she was pleased that he did—her laboring was acknowledged.

Isaac then put another piece of fried butter chicken on Tommy’s plate. “Have some more.”

Tommy blinked his large round eyes.

“But Daddy, I’ve eaten so much,” he exclaimed, and grabbed it with his hands to put it on Isaac’s plate. “You should eat more!”

Irene smiled at Isaac. “It’s no good after all?”

Isaac was speechless, since he just told her that it was alright.

“Then have some more,” Irene said, and put another piece on his plate.

And Isaac could not say anything to that.

—

Washing the dishes became Irene’s job as well since Mrs. Watson was not around, while Sheryl was busy with the children.

It was very late after a simple cleanup around the house.

He had a call during dinner, probably something from work that needed seeing to.

Irene headed upstairs herself and got into bed to sleep after a shower.

She quickly fell asleep, probably because she was too tired.

She then vaguely felt movement on the bed.

“Urgh...” She tossed around and twitched, asking with a very mild voice, “Done with work?”

“Yeah,” Isaac murmured softly as he took her into his arms.

She closed her eyes and leaned on his chest. “You’re such a busy man.”

But even as he lowered his gaze at her, he was not feeling sleepy at all.

“Irene,” he called her name ever so softly.

She narrowly opened her eyes. “Yeah?”

Chapter 895

Isaac's voice was calm and quiet.

"Don't you have something to tell me?"

Irene flinched right then, all her drowsiness suddenly gone.

She opened her eyes to look at him, but she could not see his face because the room was too dark.

However, she could feel him looking at herself.

Her lips were twitching and her throat suddenly felt parched.

"Don't you know everything about me?" she asked.

Isaac's hands tightened around her waist, pulling her dainty figure firmly up against his own body.

Her breath seemed to stop just then, and she called out to him softly. "Isaac..."

"You were at the hospital today," he said into her ear.

Irene froze, her body stiffening.

It took a long while for her to gradually calm down.

"Y-You knew?" she murmured softly.

"Yeah."

Silence ensued, as if it could go on forever.

As neither of them spoke, it was so quiet that they could hear each other's heartbeats.

Ba-dump, ba-dump...

In the end, it was Irene who broke the silence. "Don't you feel sad?"

"I don't," he replied.

Irene looked up and tried to see his reaction.

All she found was an outline because it was too dark.

“You have to tell me if something like that happens again,” Isaac said as he brushed his fingers through her hair. “Don’t burden yourself alone.”

As Irene nestled into his arms, she asked, “Don’t you want a daughter?”

“I have two sons,” he said. “And that’s enough.”

Irene closed her eyes and pressed herself against his body. “Yeah.”

If Irene were healthy and was still able to get pregnant, he might find it slightly regrettable if she refused, denying him a daughter for the rest of their lives.

However, she could not get pregnant, and it was an irreversible condition.

She was not to be blamed.

Her heart and body had been wounded far more severely than his.

It was during such times that he must treat her better, understand her, and accommodate her, which just might offer her comfort.

—

Irene stayed in her loungewear for the entire morning, and after breakfast, she stood on her toes as she helped Isaac with his necktie.

She eventually started frowning since she could not get it right no matter what she did.

Isaac grinned. “I can do it myself.”

Irene quickly hid her hands behind herself. “I’m very stupid, aren’t I?”

“No,” Isaac said, but she had much to learn before she became a good housewife.

After straightening his tie, Irene looped her arm around his and headed downstairs with him, even walking him to his car.

After that, she returned to the kitchen and cleaned up the table, coaxing her baby to sleep before leaving as well.

She was going to formally submit her resignation today.

Arriving at Hotmesh Research, she called Finn to gather in the conference room.

“Are you going to announce your resignation?” Finn asked.

As Irene nodded, he said, “I don’t think you can.”

“What?” Irene exclaimed. “Why?”

“There’s this livestream you have to attend,” Finn said.

Irene was puzzled. “What livestream?”

“Now that the medical board has certified the artificial heart, it can go into mass production,” Finn explained. “I say ‘mass’, but it’s more like a handful since it’s a delicate instrument that requires high precision engineering. Anyway, we need more publicity so that patients with heart conditions would know about the artificial heart, and the patient before will attend the livestream as well.”

Irene was actually not used to that stuff. “Do I have to?”

“Yeah,” Finn answered assuredly.

“Actually, you can go in place of me,” Irene pointed out.

“I can’t,” Finn said, shaking his head. “You were the director when we successfully developed the artificial heart, and you saved a patient whose condition doctors declared untreatable. Only you would be persuasive enough.”

Irene waved him off regardless. “Try to ask if anyone else is interested.”

Someone else would definitely be eager for such publicity—she refused to go, one way or the other, even if she knew that it was a good thing.

Moreover, she was planning to resign and head home.

“Actually, send Brian Adams,” she then said. “I was hoping he would succeed me.”

Brian was a senior personnel and down-to-earth, and she also saw that he was dutiful and took his job seriously.

“But...”

“Just ask him,” Irene said, and headed to her office to pack up.

Finn sighed feebly, but had no choice but to look for Brian... only for the man to turn them down.

He was not the one who performed the surgery on the patient, and it would therefore be unreasonable for him to take center stage.

As such, Finn returned to Irene with the news. "Mr. Adams said no."

Irene was left speechless.

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Putting down her belongings, Irene said, "I'll go talk to him."

"It won't work even if you go—Brian Adam isn't going to say yes," Finn told her. "He was not the one who performed the surgery, so how would he answer the details when asked?"

Irene remained adamant. "I could make a list of all the details..."

Frustrated, Finn snapped, "You don't believe me? Fine. Go to him yourself!"

However, it was not as if Irene doubted Finn—she just thought it was wrong to attend a publicity event when she was leaving.

Moreover, she hated the spotlight.

As such, she went looking for Brian.

But even before she could say a word, he told her as soon as he saw her, "I'm not going. Don't try to talk me into it."

"You're saying no even before I said a thing?" Irene asked.

"I didn't perform the surgery. I'd just be stealing your credit if I went," he replied.

"You're taking over as director soon anyway. It's nothing," she insisted.

In fact, they had already agreed that he would take over as director beforehand.

Brian was willing to take up the role since there was a new research project and he was already involved as well.

Even so he waved her off. “I won’t go even if you talked me to death—in fact, you should be going instead of giving away your accomplishments further. Otherwise, you won’t be leaving with anything.”

Irene laughed. “I have something—memories with everyone here. I’ll visit whenever I’m free, too.”

“Good, but you still have to get someone else.”

Brian was determined, so Irene left to ask someone else.

But no one was willing, as they were worried they would mess up.

It would be embarrassing if it was exposed live that they were not the doctor who performed the surgery!

And given how advanced the world wide web was, they would be flamed to death if caught red-handed!

Having no other choice, Irene naturally had to do it herself.

“What do I have to prepare?” Irene asked Finn.

He quietly passed her a script.

As she took it, she asked, “When is the recording starting?”

“Tonight.”

Irene was gaping. “So soon?”

She was not prepared at all... but when she thought about it, there was nothing she needed to prepare, since she just had to answer anything the reporters asked.

She scanned through the list before—thank goodness it would just take forty minutes!

It was short enough, and within the limit of her tolerance.

She made some simple preparations and looked through the list, and she met the artificial heart transplant patient, who arrived at Hostmesh Research with his parents in a wheelchair.

They had a short conversation after the meeting and headed to Drogon Media, who had organized the livestream.

They met the host, discussed the flow of discussion and confirmed each other's scripts since it was a livestream, as the script includes the questions to be asked.

That way, Irene could prepare beforehand, and decide how she would answer.

All the questions were acceptable for her, though she insisted on avoiding sensationalism by presenting a doctor-patient bond.

From where she was standing, the doctor-patient relationship should remain strictly professional, and trying to spice it up was unnecessary.

Naturally, the media representatives were uneasy about that.

"It's the recipe to earn clicks. Who would watch anything without sensationalism?"

Irene suddenly lowered her script. "In that case, cancel the livestream."

Her stance was staunch, but though the media was hesitant, they insisted on persuading her anyway.

"There's nothing bad about sensationalism, and it only earns points in your favor. Think about it—you'll earn fame if you touch some souls, while we get more clicks. Isn't that a win-win?"

Irene certainly would not agree to it, and she turned toward the patient and his parents.

"We will follow your decision," the patient said.

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The patient naturally sided with Irene, supporting her choice.

"Very well!" the media representatives said.

After all, everything from the promotional efforts to planning was already completed. Having to edit out the sensationalism was much more preferable to throwing away everything they had prepared.

Irene was a little nervous since she was not used to facing the media, but the composure she honed from her career quickly calmed her down.

At the start of the livestream, the patients' parents described their child's condition and how difficult it was to seek medical treatment. They went on to tell everyone that their child was only saved because Hotmesh Research managed to develop an artificial heart in time, and that gave their child a chance to live.

The host then asked Irene, “Were you nervous when you took the scalpel, Dr. Spencer?”

“That would hinder my performance,” Irene replied calmly. “Nerves have no place in this line of work.”

“Indeed, most doctors possess a stout heart,” the host said.

Irene would not deny it.

During autopsy lessons, they would watch their professors slice a body open, using cadavers as specimens to introduce every part of the human body, as well as the layout of the internal organs. It was certainly too overwhelming a scene for any newcomer to adapt to immediately, and those who could not would throw up right away!

“And why have you chosen this profession in the first place?” the host then asked.

“Because I love it,” Irene said shortly.

“You are quite young, but you already became the director of Hotmesh Research. You must have worked very hard.”

“Not all effort is rewarded equally... In fact, I only became director because of a series of lucky coincidences.”

After all, she first met Stephen Carr, and it was thanks to him that she got a job at the Mead Clinic before she eventually met Dennis Turner.

She was convinced that a lot of people had worked very hard, but not everyone had such opportunity or luck.

The host actually paused since her flow was disrupted by Irene’s candid reactions.

Clearing her throat, she asked, “Then, you must have put in plenty of hard work on the development of the artificial heart as well.”

“Every member of the research team at Hotmesh certainly has, and it’s far from my personal achievement. If anything, Dennis Turner—our late director—contributed more than I have, starting from the founding of Hotmesh, which I’m convinced would be the most difficult obstacle he had to face.”

It would never be difficult to build something out of a foundation.

On the other hand, establishing a foundation from nothing was a challenge not all can conquer.

“That certainly is the case.” The host smiled, but it was a begrudging one as she tried her best to retain her composure.

Even so, the host was complaining inwardly to herself—how was she supposed to work with this?

“You must be pleased that the transplant surgery was a success.”

“Indeed,” Irene replied. “Every successful surgery is worth celebrating for every doctor.”

There were supposed to be more questions, but they were edited out since Irene demanded that there be no sensationalism.

Still, the media insisted on the patient sharing a testimonial for Irene toward the end.

And with that, Irene left—she was not used to such publicity and sensationalism.

Finn was waiting for her outside. “How did it go?” he asked.

Irene smiled but said nothing, and as she got into her car, he asked, “Where are you going?”

“Back to Hotmesh, since I still have to pack my things. Everyone has a new mission and a new director, so do your best!”

Finn sighed. “I would really rather you stayed!”

Irene laughed. “All good things must come to an end.”

—

Returning to Hotmesh, she packed her belongings and gave her colleagues a head’s up.

“Are you really leaving so soon?” Yolanda King asked.

“Yeah, I really am in a rush,” Irene replied.

There was no one else at home, while Sheryl had to take care of Irene’s two children and the housework, so it would really be exhausting.

Irene needed to head home soon.

On the way back, she asked Eagle to drive her to the hospital to visit Mrs. Watson.

Mrs. Watson appeared spirited, and the doctor was saying that she could be discharged in days, so Irene was considerably relieved.

Irene cooked more than usual in the evening, and she was planning to tell Sheryl and Isaac that she had already resigned when everyone gathered at the dinner table.

But before she could speak, Isaac told her, "I need to tell you something, Irene."

Chapter 898

Irene's heart was pounding. "What is it?"

"I'm going on a business trip," Isaac said as he put a slice of steak on her plate. "This one might take longer."

"How long?" Irene asked.

"Half a month," Isaac said, looking at her just then. "James found a good servant, and they will come by tomorrow..."

"You have nothing to worry about," Irene said, looking between Sheryl and Isaac. "I've resigned. I'll take care of things at home."

Isaac's expression clearly stiffened and he looked at her pointedly.

Before he could speak, Irene said, "I think I've really not spent any time with my children. I would like to take care of things at home now."

She always understood that Isaac had to bear with her a lot and had to work online most of the time.

He must have had to leave since one too many issues were piling for a while now.

"I can't help with your work, so I'll take care of things at home, so that you have nothing to worry about here."

Isaac slowly lowered his eyes but said nothing.

He knew that she was sacrificing her career.

Even so, Irene no longer felt any regret in this.

Every family should have someone taking care of the house.

For Sheryl, she supported both Irene's decision to work before and her decision to stay home now.

They had a big family, but it lacked warmth because Irene and Isaac often worked late.

Patting Irene on the shoulder, Sheryl said, "You can take care of Tommy from now on."

After all, Irene was Tommy's mother.

Moreover, she was already absent when Tommy was a baby, so she should not be absent for her second son as well. Even if she did check on the baby every day, she never really took care of him.

"Thanks, Mom." Irene nodded. "You've worked so hard."

She would never have been able to work without Sheryl, and caring for two children in Tommy and the baby must have been difficult.

Irene understood that, and she was therefore filled with gratitude.

—

Late at night, Isaac had Irene in his arms when she asked, "Would you miss me, not seeing me for half a month?"

"Yeah," Isaac murmured softly.

She turned and stood on her toes to hug his neck, whispering into his ear, "I don't believe you."

Isaac held her slender waist and asked, "How shall I prove it to you, then?"

"Hmm..." Irene mused.

Before she thought of anything, Isaac scooped her up in his arms and placed her on the bed.

As her body pressed into the soft mattress, he unbuttoned her pajamas as he kissed her.

She felt a slight chill as her straps dropped off her shoulder, just before his muscular figure pressed down on her and his body's warmth radiated into her.

His hand seemed to be charged, and she shuddered wherever he charged.

As she panted, he leaned in to whisper into her ear, “Would you miss me?”

His long, chiseled fingers were caressing her thighs, softly and warmly dancing over her skin.

Irene hid her head against his chest and murmured mildly, “Yeah.”

And with that, all their clothes were on the floor as they tangled with passion.

But at the very last moment, he suddenly stopped and lowered his eyes at her. “Would I hurt you?”

Irene opened her eyes, seeing the fire in his eyes which he was restraining.

Her mind was a mess as she slowly realized what he was talking about.

Despite it being a special case, she still had a miscarriage, and he was worried about hurting her.

Irene came to her senses right then—she had been so lost in it that she forgot.

The biochemical pregnancy was no different from a miscarriage, even if it was very brief, and that meant she needed time to recover.

Caressing his cheek, she said, “Yeah.”

Her long black hair was spread over the bed like seaweed, her beautiful face scarlet at the center.

Her lips were pink and her eyes were not fully focused just yet.

That appearance was just so seductive, and it left the imagination running wild.

Isaac was gulping.

Chapter 899

Irene could clearly hear Isaac panting heavily as he turned and lay down beside her, pulling their blanket over her.

Irene did not move—she needed time to calm herself down.

It was a while before she did, and she had always been the cool-headed one.

Isaac, however, did not share her temperament. He got out of bed, growling, “I need a cold shower.”

“That’s bad,” she said, getting up to put on her clothes.

Then, pouring him a glass of cold water, she said, "Here. Drink."

Isaac stared at Irene for a while before taking it and having a couple of sips.

"Can't sleep?" Irene then asked.

"Yeah, so?" Isaac asked.

"We still have time," she replied. "Let's go catch a movie with Tommy."

Isaac was not going to fall asleep anytime soon, and that went for her as well.

"Okay," Isaac said, and both of them got up, dressed up casually, and headed downstairs to Tommy.

Their son was just about to go to bed and he blinked in confusion. "Mommy, weren't you sleeping?"

"Daddy and I will take you to the cinema," Irene said as she helped Tommy get dressed. "Do you want to go?"

Tommy nodded repeatedly.

"Yeah," Tommy exclaimed, his eyes narrowing with his smile. "I'm happy going out with Mommy and Daddy."

Irene gave him a peck on his little cheek. "Mommy will have plenty of time to spend with you from now on."

Tommy blinked, his thick little brows fluttering as he grinned, revealing rows of tiny white teeth.

He happily hugged Irene's neck and gave her a kiss on the cheek, and her heart could melt right then.

Hugging Tommy back, she said, "I'll buy tasty food later."

Her motherly love was overflowing, and all she wanted was to give him the best of everything.

She led him out of the mansion and got into Isaac's car.

Since Isaac was driving, Irene swiped through movies that were showing at the moment.

There were a couple that caught her eye, though she picked the cartoon for Tommy's sake.

The reviews were good, and it was said to be good for children.

With that, Irene bought three tickets, and it was just a while before it showed that they arrived at the cinema.

They had time to buy popcorn and drinks, while Tommy was so excited he was skipping around.

Seeing him being so happy left Irene smiling too.

Isaac placed a hand around her shoulder just then. "Let's go in!"

They headed to Hall Fourteen, which was not really crowded

They quickly found their seats just as the lights turned off and the movie began playing.

Still, it was over 130 minutes long and Tommy was asleep on Irene's lap halfway through, though there was still a happy smile on his tiny, flushed cheeks.

Irene leaned closer to Isaac and whispered, "Should we go home?"

"I'm not feeling drowsy yet. Let's stay until the movie finishes," Isaac said while taking off his jacket and wrapping it around Tommy.

With that, they continued watching the movie until it ended.

Isaac wanted to carry Tommy, who had been putting on weight lately.

Irene said, "You still have to drive, and you might wake him. I'll carry him."

After they returned home, Irene carried Tommy up to their bed, putting him between her and Isaac.

However, Isaac was still tossing and turning by midnight, so he got up and walked around the bed to lie down on Irene's side of the bed.

"No..." she groaned.

"I know," Isaac said, laying on his side and wrapping his arms around her. "I just wanted to hold you."

—

Martin York was watching Lulu Adams as she stared into thin air. "What's wrong?"

Coming to her senses right then, Lulu shook her head. “Nothing.”

“There’s something on your mind.” Martin, however, was sharp.

It had also been two days since he noticed that she had been getting distracted.

“You can tell me, whatever it is,” he said, putting his arms gently over her shoulder. “You’re due soon, so you shouldn’t be so gloomy. You should tell me, so I can help you with it too.”

Lulu looked up at him just then, hesitating for a while before saying, “I know Ricky Spencer.”

Chapter 900

Caught by surprise, Martin did a double take.

Still, he soon became serious. “How do you know about Ricky Spencer? Anyway, we’ve already gathered solid evidence on that case. You know how serious it is too, since he’s a murder suspect. You really shouldn’t lose sleep over a person like him even if you were close. He’s not worth it!”

Lulu stared at Martin seriously in return. “He’s Irene’s stepbrother. I’ve always thought of him as my younger brother too.”

Martin actually frowned at that and sat down.

That was a real shock, but the law had no place for sentiment.

Anyone who committed a crime must bear the consequences, just like how adults should take responsibility for all their actions.

Even so, Martin tried to assure Lulu. “Maybe there’s a mistake. Don’t worry about—just focus on the baby.”

Lulu understood that he wanted to calm her down, and she held his hand, squeezing it. “Try to think of something.”

Martin grinned. “Alright, alright. Just don’t worry too much about it and be happy. Anyway, are you craving anything? I’ll get it for you... Sweet and sour ribs, maybe?”

Lulu actually liked that dish, but she shook her head since she was in no mood.

She sighed. “Can you promise me? To help him?”

She was undoubtedly making things hard for a straightlaced, righteous man like Martin, who would never bend the law for personal reasons.

Lulu knew that, and that she was not supposed to make Martin forsake his own duty.

He would be punished if it was a minor bending of the rules, but dismissed if it was serious, so she did not want him to take the risk.

“I’ll prepare a hot bath for you.”

As Lulu got up, however, Martin caught her wrist.

“I’ll do it myself. You shouldn’t move around while you’re pregnant,”

“It’s fine,” she said, making him sit. “You’ve been on your feet all day.”

There was no way Martin would make her prepare a bath when she was pregnant.

“I can do it myself. You should go to sleep for now,” Martin said as he helped her to their bedroom.

Lulu had no choice but to listen, but she was left tossing and turning in bed, unable to sleep throughout the night.

Martin sighed inwardly, but there was no assurance he could give her.

“It’s fine. Stop thinking about it. Sleep,” he said, gently patting her back.

“I’m sleeping,” Lulu replied. “You should sleep too, or you’ll be tired when you go to work tomorrow.”

“How are you talking to me if you’re asleep? Or are you perhaps sleeptalking?” Martin chuckled.

While Lulu was left speechless, he gave her a gentle peck on the forehead. “I’ll do my best to help. Don’t worry.”

Lulu opened her eyes in the dark. “You really shouldn’t.”

She did not want Martin’s career affected over this.

“I know what I’m doing. Now, sleep!” he told her.

Lulu closed her eyes, but it still took her a while to really fall asleep.

—

As Martin arrived at the precinct the next day, he immediately asked one of his officers to bring him everything they had on Ricky.

He understood that Lulu was concerned, and that he must put in extra effort because Ricky was Irene's brother, and Lulu and Irene were very close.

"Cap? We have a tip from our informant," Johnny said as he entered just then. "The deal is set at midnight, at the port."

As Martin looked at Johnny, he said, "Bring me a map of the port."

"Okay. Be right back."

Johnny soon returned with a map.

There were many piers with cargo ships berthed, along with stacks of containers.

Their men could use those to set up an ambush.

He beckoned at his officers and began to make plans for their operation that night!