

Runaway 881

Chapter 881

Irene asked Isaac, "Why aren't you saying anything?"

Isaac seemed busy playing with their baby, asking in return, "Say what?"

It was no big deal for Zachary to stay in custody for a couple days so that he cooled off.

This time, he was not being impulsive like before, and that meant he had matured enough so that people did not have to worry about him.

"Eat," Isaac said, and pushed the bowl of soup Irene poured for him back to her. "Have this too."

Irene did not, and pushed it back to him. "You drink it. I poured it for you"

Then, she added, "Make sure to finish it."

Isaac was speechless.

—

James left to send Erin to the airport while the others drove home.

This time, Tommy did not want to go in the same car, and insisted on taking the same car with Irene.

As such, she sat at the backseat with Tommy sprawled in her lap, looking listless like a withering flower.

The baby was sleeping quietly.

"What's with him?" Isaac asked softly—the boy looked unhappy for a while now.

Irene patted Tommy on the back and said, "He's sad that Erin is leaving."

Tommy still refused to admit it. "I'm not."

"Okay, you're not," Irene said, playing along. "Then can you tell Mommy why you're sad?"

"I'm not sad," he said with a drooping face. "I want Grandma."

"We'll be home soon," Irene told him.

"I want Grandma," Tommy huffed, throwing a tantrum.

Isaac lowered his gaze and said quietly, "Tommy."

The sudden quietness in his voice left Irene almost shuddering, let alone Tommy.

Shrinking his little figure just then, he kept his head lowered dolefully, tugging at the hem of Irene's clothes but saying nothing this time.

Irene wrapped her arms around him while looking at Isaac reproachfully.

Once they reached home, Tommy ran straight into his room and shut the door behind him.

While Sheryl carried the baby to the other room for his nap, Irene pulled Isaac to his study for a talk.

"Tommy just wants someone to keep him company," she said. "He's just a toddler. There's a lot he doesn't know."

"He shouldn't throw tantrums no matter how old he is," Isaac replied.

Irene stared at him, silent for a while before saying, "His bad temper is just him taking after you."

Isaac was left speechless.

"Sure, you're much nicer now, do you know how many times you used to lose your temper at me?" Irene asked him.

Isaac cleared his throat. "Don't mention the past."

"Why not?" Irene asked.

"You provoked me into losing my temper in the past. You pushed me."

It was Irene's turn to be speechless.

"You're impossible," she said, heading for the door. "I'm heading to Hotmesh Research. Are you going back to work?"

Isaac loosened his collar a little impatiently. "Love children, but don't spoil them."

"I know," Irene said calmly. "That was my bad."

She felt guilty for not spending much time with Tommy before, and felt bad for Tommy when Isaac was disciplining the boy.

“I was at fault too,” Isaac rasped.

As their eyes met, Irene smiled. “Yeah. Come on—let’s go together.”

Isaac was driving, and asked along the way, “What time are you returning home tonight?”

“Earlier than usual,” Irene replied.

“Let’s bring Tommy along for a movie. There’s a cartoon in cinemas at the moment—he’ll probably like it,” Isaac said.

“Yeah,” Irene said quietly.

Her phone then rang just before she reached the research center and she took it out, saw the caller, and answered.

“Hello?”

“Are you coming in today?” Finn asked.

“I’ll be there soon. What’s up?”

“We’ll talk about it when you’re here,” Finn briskly said and hung up.

As the car stopped, Irene put her phone back in her bag and alighted.

As Isaac lowered the car window, she told him, “Drive safe.”

“Yeah,” he replied.

With that, Isaac drove away while Irene headed into the building, wondering what mystery Finn had in store for her!

And why could he not tell her over the phone?

Chapter 882

Why did Finn have to tell her at the research center?

Still, entering the building just then, Irene called out, “Finn?”

He usually would be scuttering toward her whenever he saw her before, but he was nowhere to be seen today.

Or maybe he was not around?

But he sounded like he was already there when he called her just now.

“Finn—”

Before she finished, there was a pop just then, and confetti shot into the air.

Then, a group of her colleagues streamed into the lobby, encircling her as the colorful confetti and party poppers floated down over her, landing on her hair and shoulders.

She was left staring blankly—what was going on here?

Finn suddenly appeared out of nowhere, exclaiming, “Congratulations!”

Irene appeared dumbstruck. “For what?”

“The patient with the artificial heart woke up and is perfectly healthy, showing no signs of discomfort, organ rejection, or other conditions.”

Irene was actually surprised. “He woke up already?”

She smiled as Finn nodded.

“There’s more good news,” he then said.

Still, Irene quickly guessed it this time. “The medical board approved it?”

Finn nodded, and Irene was jubilant.

It was certainly worth celebrating!

“Anyway, we’re going out to celebrate tonight. You haven’t bought us dinner ever since you became director. How does tonight sound?”

“Alright.” Irene smiled. “Everything is on me tonight, but I’m not going.”

“Why not?” Finn asked. “It would be pointless without you! You’re the main event.”

“I have things to do at home,” Irene excused herself. “I can’t leave...”

Someone joked just then, “Who doesn’t know that Director Spencer has a rich husband? What’s the agenda for tonight?”

“Wait, maybe she’s still upset that we harassed her when she first joined?”

“No.” Irene smiled. “It really isn’t that.”

Finn leaned in to whisper, “Aren’t you resigning? Shouldn’t you tell everyone your thoughts in the end? We’ve been working together for so long, or do you not care about us at all?”

Irene looked at everyone’s eager gazes, the rejection she had in mind stuck in her throat.

“Come on, just say yes.” Finn joined in with the rest. “We’ll have a project if you stay.”

Irene, however, had made up her mind—she was definitely resigning, and Tommy’s tantrum today only made her even more determined.

And she would not cave.

“Alright!” She agreed to it, thinking this would be a chance to tell everyone that she was leaving. “You’re reserving the place, Finn!”

“Okay,” Finn said.

“Make sure it’s a nice place. Director Spencer can afford it,” someone said.

“Got it,” Finn replied.

Irene began, “I’m not that rich...”

“No, but your husband is.”

Irene was speechless.

She could not argue since everyone else knew.

Irene smiled helplessly and headed for her office, where she took out her phone to call Isaac.

He soon answered, and she quickly said, “I’m not going home tonight.”

They would have to delay their plans to watch a movie together with Tommy.

“Okay,” Isaac said quietly on the other end without asking her why.

Irene naturally did not explain—she would do it once she was done over here, so that she could surprise him!

—

Later in the evening, they arrived at the place Finn booked—a private room at a fine restaurant serving local cuisine.

Everyone was especially enthusiastic about serving her tonight, and Irene smiled as she asked, “Could it be that everyone has found out that I’m leaving? Is that why you’re all celebrating?”

The air in the room turned cold right then!

Chapter 883

Irene’s words came out of the blue, leaving everyone thinking that she thought badly of them.

“How could you say that, Director Spencer?”

“We heard from Finn that you want to leave, but we’re really reluctant to see you go. The time we shared was neither brief nor long, but we could see your character and came to acknowledge you...”

“That’s right, Director Spencer. Don’t think that badly of us,” Yolanda King chimed in.

“Really?” Irene raised a brow. “If my memory serves me right, you were the one who harassed me the most.”

Yolanda was left awkwardly speechless, but she had certainly bullied Irene a lot.

Still, Irene smiled just then. “It’s just a joke. Come on, everyone. Be seated.”

Everyone did so, and the table that was full of people was quite lively.

Eventually, Yolanda asked, “Are you really leaving, Director Spencer?”

Irene nodded. “Yeah.”

“Why? We were getting along!” Yolanda exclaimed.

“Yeah.”

“She’s right.”

Everyone agreed.

Irene took a deep breath. How was she supposed to answer them?

Nonetheless, she began, “Women more or less have to start thinking about their family once they get married—”

Someone butted in before she could finish, “Is your husband forbidding you from working?”

Everyone else turned toward the one who said it, leaving him dumbfounded. “What are you looking at me for? Am I wrong?”

They all shook their heads at the first time—it was on their minds too.

“Nope.”

“That’s a good question.”

Irene said sternly just then, “We’re talking about us. Please don’t keep mentioning my family.”

“Then why are you resigning? We can all tell you love this job,” Finn pointed out.

Irene cleared her throat. “Why do I feel like I’m being interrogated?”

“No, we just want to know your reasoning. We’re all just starting to get familiar and accepting each other, so why leave now?”

“Accepting each other? You say it like we’re in a relationship.” Irene waved them off. “Let’s eat.”

“We won’t be in the mood to eat if you don’t make yourself clear,” Finn said.

He was the one who was most reluctant to let Irene leave, since he was the one who spent most of his time with her and was very close to her.

Irene sighed. “Honestly, everybody... I just want to spend more time with my children. It’s that simple.”

Everyone else was silent. “You even have a bodyguard. Can’t you hire a babysitter?”

“Can babysitters play the role of a mother?”

They were once again silent.

Eventually, a female colleague said, “I understand where you’re coming from, Director Spencer. I can’t afford to do it, but if I could, I’d like to stay home and be there for my children as they grow up, too.”

Yolanda then added, “My son and I are really distant because I never had time even as he was a child. That’s why he’s closer to his grandmother, since she was the one who raised him.”

Women naturally had an easier time understanding the desire of being there for their children as they grew up—even the rich faced such a problem.

The only difference was that the less wealthy needed to work to sustain their living, whereas the rich did it for their passion or interests.

There was a world of difference—the rich had the luxury of choice, while those who did not did not.

This was the case for Irene, since she did not have to worry about money even if she did not work, let alone worry about expensive school fees or living expenditure.

The rest would not leave their jobs because they could not afford to.

Yolanda took a chug of beer just then and told Irene, “You have my support. You can afford to stay home and take care of your child and family, and working is not a must. To be honest, I would’ve quit long ago if my husband were as rich as yours.”

“In that world, my son would not be so distant.” Yolanda chuckled self-deprecatingly.

However, there was also something she did not understand, so she asked Irene, “Honestly why do you think men can focus on being the breadwinner for the family? Why would us women have to work and care for homes too?”

Irene could not answer that!

Still, it was likely that women got more sentimental.

Men would never understand how much women cared about the child they carried around for ten months!

“Why would you leave now, though?” Yolanda then added.

Irene actually never thought about that.

When did she decide to resign?

Perhaps it was after knowing she had a biochemical pregnancy, perhaps?

Even if it was now assured that she could no longer give birth, she felt like she owed Isaac.

He wanted a daughter so badly, but she could not give him one.

Chapter 884

Yolanda got up and walked to Irene’s side just then, pouring her a glass of beer while asking, “Why aren’t you saying anything, Director Spencer? Is there something you can’t say?”

Irene picked up the glass of grape juice nearby, saying, “I can’t drink. I have to stick with juices...”

However Yolanda put a hand over hers, and spoke a little drunkenly, “You’re leaving soon. Can’t you spill your guts to us a little? Or maybe we’re not worth that much...”

“What are you talking about?” Irene frowned, and looked around the table. “In my mind, everyone here is noble, because you all put in quiet sacrifices for the nation’s medical field.”

“In that case, why don’t you come clean with us in these last moments you share with us?” Yolanda said as she passed her the beer. “Let’s all just speak our minds today, instead of getting all tight-lipped.”

As everyone watched, Irene took the beer since she really could not turn Yolanda down.

Yolanda then called for a toast, “To fate, for bringing us together.”

Everyone got on their feet and clinked glasses.

Even Irene had no choice given the situation—even though she really was not supposed to drink.

Still, the alcohol really burned, and she had to put food in her mouth to ease it.

Then, Finn said, “A toast from me, Director Spencer.”

Irene was speechless. “Look, Finn, I—”

“Why? Have I fallen short of expectations?” Finn asked, cutting her short before she could think of an excuse, even pressing further. “Or you’re just not willing to accept my toast?”

“No, you’ve done very well and helped me immensely. I’m grateful,” Irene said just then.

She could not reject Finn, so she had to drink again.

However, after Finn’s example, everyone began to toast her consecutively.

Whenever she tried to turn them down, they would say, “You already accepted Finn’s toast. Why not us? What is this partial treatment?”

Irene could not say anything against that, and eventually drank so much her head was in a daze, although she was just taking tiny sips with each toast.

“Will you miss us after you leave, Director Spencer?” Yolanda said, putting an arm over Irene’s shoulder just then.

Irene nodded. “Yeah...”

“We’d rather you never left.”

As Irene looked up, she was clearly drunk—her eyes seemed unfocused, and she was having double vision. “Family is very important to me... My children, my husband... I have a responsibility.”

And with that, her head fell onto the table.

Finn quickly headed outside to call for Eagle, telling him that Irene was drunk.

Eagle was carrying Irene into the car when she suddenly retched miserably. “Bleurgh...”

She obviously wanted to vomit, so Eagle quickly carried her out.

Leaving her crouching by the road while he told Finn to get a glass of water, Eagle even asked disapprovingly, “How could you all make her drink so much?”

“Lots of people were there. We got a little too enthusiastic,” Finn replied.

“Here, ma’am. You should gargle,” Eagle said, opening the bottle for her.

Irene took it but drank from it twice instead of gargling.

With that, Eagle carried her back to the car and whipped out his phone to call Isaac.

“Hello?”

“Mr. Jefferson, Mrs. Jefferson is drunk. I’m taking her home now.”

“Okay.”

With that, Eagle started the car and drove.

Soon, they reached home, and Isaac’s car just drove inside as well.

He alighted and walked up to their car as soon as he parked his, and Eagle opened the door for him.

As Isaac looked inside at the drunken woman, he arched his back to carry her.

“Why would you drink when you know you can’t?” he asked, before turning to Eagle. “Who was she drinking with?”

“The staff at the research center were having some sort of dinner,” Eagle replied.

Irene was still in a daze, but when she saw Isaac, she threw herself into his arms while sobbing, “I’m sorry... I’m so sorry, Isaac...”

Chapter 885

Isaac was left dumbfounded for a moment, but he quickly and gently patted Irene’s back. “You’re drunk. Be good now, and don’t say such silly things. I’m carrying you inside.”

“No...”

Even so, Irene was holding onto his waist relentlessly while keeping her face buried in his chest. “You don’t get it.”

Isaac lowered his gaze at her and asked, “What don’t I get?”

“I’m afraid to tell you,” she rasped.

Isaac turned to Eagle right then, “Go in for now!”

“Yes, sir,” Eagle said, and turned to head inside.

“It hurts.” Irene, meanwhile, was tightening her hands around his waist.

“Do you want to vomit?” Isaac asked mildly.

Irene shook her head, still leaning against him. “My heart hurts.”

Isaac sharply noticed that there was something weighing on her mind, and he asked softly, “Why?”

That was when she suddenly looked up, staring him straight in the eye.

“Bleugh.”

Her stomach was churning.

As he was unable to carry her out in time, she vomited all over Isaac.

The stench...

Isaac put a palm over his face.

Why would he waste time with her rubbish? He should have carried her out of the car immediately instead of getting puke on himself!

Taking off his jacket and wiping himself a little, he then threw it on the ground and carried Irene out of the car.

He called the chauffeur to clean the car. “And throw that jacket away.”

The acidic stench of vomit, mixed with the odor of alcohol, was traumatizing.

Even after they got inside, Irene was retching again.

“Bleugh...”

Isaac quickly carried her to the washroom, while Sheryl appeared with her grandson in her arms.

Seeing that Irene had to be carried and smelled of alcohol, Sheryl frowned. “She was drinking?”

“Yeah,” Isaac replied.

“What is she doing?” Sheryl groaned. “She never drinks, and now she’s absolutely drunk...”

Isaac explained, “There was a dinner among the staff of the research center. It won’t do if she was the only one who didn’t drink.”

“I’ll prepare a hot bath. She would have to bathe downstairs.” Sheryl entered the room, intending to help.

“It’s fine. I can do it,” Isaac said. “You should stay outside with the baby—she will start vomiting again, and the whole room is going to smell.”

Sheryl nodded. “Alright, you take care of her. The baby is going to sleep soon anyway, so I’ll coax him.”

“Yeah,” Isaac replied, and closed the bathroom door.

Irene was leaning on the toilet and vomited again, though there was less of it this time.

Meanwhile, Isaac filled the bathtub with warm water, and the room was soon filled with thick steam.

“Do you feel better yet?” he then asked her.

Irene was sitting on the floor, her clothes a mess and slightly caked in vomit.

Being drunk hurt, and her eyes were narrowed.

“No... I feel sick...”

Isaac helped her out of her clothes. “You really realized that now? So? Are you going to go drinking again?”

Irene flashed a silly smile. “No... It feels terrible.”

At the same time, Isaac stripped her, baring her fair, delicate skin.

She then reached out, her dainty fingers reaching under his collar, leaving him speechless.

“Cut it out,” he said, prying her hand off and carrying her again, and gently putting her into the bathtub, causing a rise in the water level.

At the same time, he took off his dirty clothes—it felt sickening to leave it sticking onto his skin.

“I don’t want a bath... I want a bed,” Irene suddenly said unhelpfully.

As she spoke, she tried to crawl out of the bathtub.

However, she did not even have the strength for it and slipped, dropping back inside, soaking even her hair.

Isaac was left speechless again, and put a foot down on the bathtub to keep her down. "Cut it out. I'm getting you cleaned up—it will be over soon."

Still, Irene purred playfully, "Or you don't have to clean me..."

Isaac had no choice but to get into the tub as well, causing the water to overflow as he wrapped his arms around her to keep her in place.

"Stop it. You vomited all over and you'll smell if you don't take a bath. Be good—I'll wash you, and it'll be over soon."

"Oh, you're so annoying..." Irene complained, but she leaned tamely into his arms.

As Isaac bathed her, his hands were dancing over her skin.

Chapter 886

Perhaps it was ticklish or something else, but Irene was moving around a lot.

She then wrapped her arms around Isaac's neck and pressed her face against his, purring tenderly, "It's hot... I feel so hot..."

Her cheeks were pinkish and droplets covered her devilish figure.

And the way she wiggled in his arms was utterly alluring, just like a seductive succubus!

Isaac lowered his eyes through the steam from the hot bath, but restrained himself.

Gulping, he rasped, "Don't move. It will be over soon."

"Urgh..." She kept struggling nonetheless. "It's so stuffy."

It was certainly the case in this bathroom!

"That's enough," he growled, forced to firmly hold onto her flailing hands as he washed her hair, soaking it thoroughly with bubbles.

When he was done, he carried her out of the bathtub, and they both stood under the shower sprinklers to wash off the suds.

Through it all, Irene's body was glued to his.

After everything was done, he pulled out a bathrobe and draped it carelessly over himself before trying to put one on Irene as well.

Naturally, she was being uncooperative again—it was hot since she just bathed, and she did not want to put on anything.

"It's too warm," she complained.

Isaac was almost sweating all over from having to cater to her whims, but he had to compromise again nonetheless.

He wrapped her in a bathrobe like a cocoon without making her wear it and carried her out of the bathroom.

It was safe to go out into the living room as well—Mrs. Watson was not around, while Sheryl was busy with the baby.

He carried Irene upstairs to their bedroom and put her on the bed.

Still feeling too hot, Irene tugged on the bathrobe, loosening it.

Isaac could not help sighing even as he dried her hair.

"Don't go drinking ever again," he said—the work alone was enough to kill him.

After cleaning up, he fell asleep with her in his arms.

—

Perhaps sleeping was especially comfortable after a bath, Irene slept like a log and only woke up at 10 AM.

However, she started rubbing her temples soon enough as her head felt heavy and hurt.

"Thirsty," she rasped with a parched throat.

Isaac poured her a glass of water, while she narrowed her eyes, her head slowly clearing as she took the glass. "What time is it?"

“Past ten.”

“That’s late,” she said, getting to her feet and finishing her drink, placing the glass on the table nearby.

She tugged on her bathrobe, and then saw that she was naked underneath.

“You bathed me?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Isaac replied softly. “Shouldn’t everything be washed and dumped after you vomited all over yourself?”

Irene was speechless. Was she some sort of object to be disposed of after getting dirty?

“You’re not working?” she then asked.

“I was waiting for you,” he said, sitting on the edge of the bed and watching her.

“For me?” Irene scratched her head in slight confusion. “What for?”

“You were apologizing to me last night. Did you do something wrong?”

Irene frowned. “I did?”

Isaac nodded assuredly, but Irene could not remember a thing.

In that case, that meant she never said anything.

“I forgot. Must be some drunken mumble,” she said, getting up to leave the bed.

Isaac, however, caught her waist. “You haven’t told me why you’re hurting.”

“I can’t explain how much it hurts to be drunk,” Irene said, and leaned in to breathe warm puffs of air into his hair, purring coquettishly, “Since when did you get so paranoid, Isaac? Are you really that concerned about drunken gibberish?”

Isaac held her gaze for seconds, his eyes piercing within.

Unable to find evidence that she was lying, he turned away, got up, and growled, “No drinking from now on. Now go downstairs—breakfast is ready.”

“Okay,” she replied.

But as Isaac headed downstairs, closing the door behind himself, Irene's tense nerves finally eased and she heaved a long sigh of relief.

She smacked herself on the forehead as well—she really should not go drinking.

Getting out of bed, she got dressed and headed downstairs... but Isaac was still there.

“Don't you have to work?” she asked.

“I'm waiting for you,” he replied.

Irene was speechless—did he ever mention that they were going to work together? Why would she go with him to Twinrise?

Heading downstairs just then, she said, “I'm not going out. I'm staying home with Tommy.”

Isaac turned and leveled her a cool look. “Are you sure about that?”

Irene was left speechless again.

Chapter 887

Irene soon met Isaac's eyes and guiltily averted hers.

Did she say something while she was drunk last night? Did he catch on to something?

Why else would he sound a little... threatening?

She searched her memory, but did not think that she had done anything to upset him!

Whatever the case may be, it was time to play nice.

Smiling, she said, “Alright, I'll come with you.”

Isaac's gaze was impassive. “Come!”

He left the mansion first, while Irene followed.

In the car, she leaned against him and asked softly, “Did I upset you while I was drunk yesterday?”

“Nope,” Isaac replied.

Irene heaved a sigh of relief—she actually thought she somehow did that!

“Then why are you taking me to your office? I don’t know anything about your work, let alone help—”

“Just stick with me,” Isaac said, and suddenly leaned in to growl into her ear, “Don’t you know how much you harassed me last night?”

Irene’s eyes widened.

She did that?

How?

“You’re lying. Why would I harass you?”

“You kept seducing me, knowing I won’t lay a finger on you when you’re filthy. I couldn’t sleep the entire night, so it’s a punishment—you’re coming to my office.”

Irene was speechless. “Oh! Is that it?”

“What did you think it was, then?” Isaac asked, leveling her a dark look.

Irene quickly shook her head. “Nothing.”

“Really? Then why do I have this feeling that you’re hiding something from me?” Isaac asked.

Irene shook her head vehemently, like a dog shaking its wet fur. “Why would I lie to you? There’s nothing I can hide from you either!”

Isaac said nothing to that.

—

Irene alighted with Isaac once the car stopped, only for her to see Finn walking toward them with the parents of the patient who had that artificial heart transplant.

Irene’s heart was racing right then, and she asked, “What are you doing here?”

It was not as if she was paranoid, she had to, because she was worried about getting hounded again after Dennis’s case.

“Wasn’t your child recovering well? Was there a problem?”

“No, of course not,” the patient’s mother walked up, taking Irene’s hand in hers. “We came here to thank you. We couldn’t find you at the research center, so this young man brought us here, saying you’d be here.”

Isaac leveled a warning glare at Finn for bringing Hotmesh Research business to his office.

“They were looking for you, so I had to help,” Finn explained nonetheless. “There’s a chance that you’d be here, or was I not supposed to tell them?”

Irene said, “You could have just given me a call to show up at the research center...”

“I’m sorry, are we imposing?” the patient’s mother asked apologetically just then.

“No,” Irene quickly said.

“Okay, then bring it here, John.” The woman beckoned at her husband, who walked up and handed her a large scroll.

The woman handed it over to Irene with both hands, saying, “We wanted to thank you properly, but we basically have nothing left after paying our child’s medical bills. That’s why we made this as a token of gratitude.”

“It’s my obligation as a doctor. You really don’t have to do this...”

“Oh, just take it. It’s just a little something from us.” The patient’s mother was looking at her with eyes filled with sincerity.

As such, Irene had to accept it.

“I...” Irene was so anxious she was unsure what to say, since it was the first time she accepted something like this.

She turned to Isaac with a look pleading for help—she really had no idea how to deal with this.

Isaac stood behind her and put a gentle hand over her shoulder. “Calm down.”

She had managed to retain her motivations as a doctor even after Dennis, and receiving such gratitude was a fair reward.

"You're a good person," the patient's mother added just then. "You will live long and prosper."

Irene smiled.

Live long and prosper?

Her?

Chapter 888

Irene smiled. "Thank you."

She was grateful that the patient's parents would offer such blessings.

Living long could become a double-edged sword, but she really hoped that she and Isaac could stay together for that long.

Still, Finn could tell that Irene was not used to this. He told the patient's parents, "Well, you've met her now. We should go if there's nothing else."

"Of course, of course," the couple replied, and the father did not forget to tell Irene before they left, "You're the best doctor I've ever met."

The best doctor?

Irene was actually emotional from that, and felt for an instant that it was all worth it.

Still, she was left staring at the scroll in her hand as they headed off into the distance. She asked Isaac, "What do I do with this?"

"Hang it up, of course," Isaac replied. "It's a token of honor."

Irene looked up into his eyes. "You're not mocking me, are you?"

"Of course not," he said, putting a hand around her shoulder. "I'm proud of you."

"Really?" Irene never knew he took pride in her career.

Isaac frowned. "Are you doubting me?"

Irene was speechless. Could she say yes?

She certainly did not dare to say it!

“No, of course not,” she said.

“Alright, let’s go in already!”

“But what about this?” Irene asked. “Do I leave it in the car?”

As she spoke, she turned to open the car door, but Isaac stopped her. “Hold on to it.”

“For what?” she asked, puzzled.

“Hang it in my office since you have no place to put it.” Isaac grinned.

Irene was speechless again. It would stick out like a sore thumb against the decor of his office!

It would be hilarious if he hung it there!

Certainly not wanting that, she quickly put it in the car—there was no telling what Twinrise employees would think if they saw it!

However, she just did not know that Tina, the front desk receptionist, saw what was happening outside, took a photo, and sent it to her colleagues’ chat group.

Everyone there was a Twinrise employee, and they were left guessing what Irene’s job was after seeing it.

Someone even typed: [Could it be just for show? Is Mr. Jefferson being tricked? What even is her job, where someone would give her a scroll outside our office? Isn’t that just weird?]

Tina, however, was convinced that Irene was nice, especially because she was given a raise for helping Irene.

Tina argued: [You’re just jealous. They are thanking her, meaning she did something good.]

[I mean, it’s either to brag or just to make herself look good in front of Mr. Jefferson.]

[True. Isn’t it weird giving it to her here at our office? She doesn’t even work here.]

[Yeah...]

The others seemed to agree with that, leaving Tina flustered. [Why are you people like this?!]

She sent the video in hopes that others would see the good side of Irene, only for their speculation to go astray.

[It's not like we want to think badly of her, but rumor has it that she was so clingy to Mr. Jefferson the last time she visited. You can also see how pretty she looks—she's definitely the type who can bewitch men.]

Tina was speechless. [This is getting ridiculous!]

[Well, Mrs. Jefferson is beautiful. Maybe that's why Mr. Jefferson likes her, so cut it out, people.]

[She does look like a succubus...]

Tina could not stand that remark, and she snapped: [Succubus?! You're just jealous, aren't you?]

[Hey, that's slander.]

Having had enough, Tina tried to delete the video, but realized that it was saved since it had already passed the time limit.

She huffed angrily. [Alright, that's enough.]

[You posted it, didn't you?]

[I just wanted everyone to see that she's really nice!]

[Or maybe you just wanted to fawn over her? Everyone knows you were even given a raise for that before. A receptionist, getting paid as much as us regular desk jockeys...]

As the comments in the chat group erupted into pandemonium and all sorts of inappropriate remarks about women were spewed, Tina angrily left the group.

Irene, however, was completely oblivious and leaning on Isaac intimately, not knowing that doing that would make her look just like the seducer they labeled her.

Somehow, being beautiful was a crime!

Even so, the company's employees greeted her warmly wherever she went, not letting what they typed in the chat group show at all.

They were certainly shrewd.

—

Entering Isaac's office later, Irene asked, "Am I supposed to just sit here and do nothing while you work?"

Isaac looked up as he took off his suit. "Make me a coffee."

Irene took it and said, "Fine."

She put it at the jacket rack and went to make a coffee, though she opened the door to find Tina standing at the doorway, catching her by surprise!

Chapter 889

Tina was looking at Irene apologetically, "Mrs. Jefferson..."

Irene asked, "Were you looking for me?"

Tina nodded.

"Well, just come in..."

Tina quickly shook her head, and seeing that she had her concerns, Irene asked, "Is there somewhere quiet?"

She was not that familiar with this place, after all.

"The stairs are usually quiet," Tina suggested, and Irene followed her there.

After closing the doors behind them, Tina said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Jefferson. I messed up."

"You should tell the person in charge if you messed up at work," Irene told Tina. "Not me. I won't meddle in this company's affairs."

Tina shook her head. "It's not about work."

"Then what is it?" Irene asked.

"I took a video of you receiving that scroll outside," Tina explained. "But when I sent it to the chat group among colleagues, they all said that it was just for show. I felt like I messed up, so I came to apologize."

Irene appeared speechless for a moment, though she quickly got over it.

Still, she soon understood and asked, “What did they say?”

Tina quickly threw her hands up. “N-Nothing.”

“No way,” Irene said. “They must have said something else, right?”

Tina hung her head, while Irene leaned against the wall and continued, “I rarely come here, so I would understand that people would talk about me.”

Tina looked up right then. “You knew?”

“Yeah. I guess they must be talking about what Mrs. Jefferson is like, and why she managed to marry Mr. Jefferson?”

Tina stayed silent, but she might have admitted it.

Irene certainly understood why people would talk.

If she was someone of equal wealth and influence, she and Isaac would have held a grand wedding when they got married, and people would not speculate so much.

“I understand. You can get back to work.”

“But...” Tina murmured. “I brought you a lot of trouble.”

“It’s nothing. They’ll only talk behind my back—none of them dare do it to my face,” Irene said, giving Tina a clap on the shoulder. “Now go back to work, and try to keep your distance from me too. The others might ostracize you, calling you a sycophant or whatnot.”

“Oh, you seem to know a lot of workplace politics!” Tina exclaimed. “May I ask what your profession is?”

“I was a doctor,” Irene flatly replied.

Tina’s phone jingled just then, and she whipped it out to check what it was.

Another friend just sent a screenshot of the text group, with the highlight being a text that read: [Mrs. Jefferson is a doctor. Don’t spout nonsense if you don’t know! It’s normal for patients and their families to bring doctors gifts too, so don’t speculate as you like.]

Tina quickly showed it to Irene. "Someone knows that too!"

Irene smiled. "Maybe!"

Her job was no secret anyway, and anyone more well-informed could find out.

Irene herself would not hide it either.

Moreover, this was a huge enterprise. The employees in the chat group were probably low-ranked too, so it would not be a surprise if they were not that well informed.

"Alright, you should get back to work now," Irene told Tina—she had to make Isaac his coffee too. "Don't mind what happened too much."

"Okay," Tina said and left.

As for Irene, she quickly made Isaac's coffee, though he looked up at her when she returned. "What took you so long?"

Irene put his coffee where he could easily reach. "Was gossiping a little, so I was delayed."

"Who about?" he asked, staring fixedly at her.

"You." Irene smiled.

Then, Isaac smiled too.

"Wait, why are you smiling?" Irene asked.

"If it's gossiping about me, it's probably going to be why I'd marry you," he replied.

"Because I seduced you?" Irene asked.

Isaac leaned closer, his eyes fixed on hers. "Don't you agree?"

Chapter 890

As their eyes met, Irene pretended to be pensive. "Well, yeah. I'm too beautiful I bewitched you, making me fall so deeply in love with me..."

Isaac was speechless—when did she become so thick-skinned?

Irene sighed then and cupped his face with her hands. “I’m now the subject of gossip no thanks to you.”

Isaac smiled and put a hand on the back of her head, before leaning in to give her a light kiss. “Being gossiped about means you have their attention.”

Irene pouted. “I don’t want that. Who knows what they are saying behind my back even though they keep smiling in front of me.”

Isaac rose to his feet, making an angry look. “I’ll go warn them right now.”

“Stop,” Irene exclaimed as she caught his wrist. “They’d say that I bewitched you if you really did.”

“Right,” Isaac said, giving her a meaningful look. “You only warm my bed, after all.”

Irene was speechless for a moment and gave him a shove. “You’re despicable.”

Isaac chuckled and caught her hand. “Get over here.”

Irene walked around his desk, and followed his pull to naturally fall in his lap.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she leaned her head over her shoulder and purred playfully, “From now on, don’t you take notice or get upset if you hear gossip about me.”

“Yeah,” Isaac replied lovingly.

Bzzt...

Irene’s phone was vibrating, and she took it out to answer.

It was Finn, telling her that Dennis’s funeral was arranged for the day after tomorrow, and that everyone from Hotmesh Research would attend.

Irene was being informed since she was being invited too.

“Okay,” she said, hung up, and pocketed her phone.

Turning to Isaac, she said, “They are probably done investigating Dennis’s death. They are arranging for the funeral already.”

They would not have proceeded so quickly if there was still an issue.

Looking deep into Isaac's eyes just then, she said, "Thank you."

Dennis's case would not have been resolved so easily if not for Isaac, and she leaned on Isaac, brushing her cheeks against his chest before rearing her head to kiss him. "You're so good to me."

Isaac leaned downward to meet her lips, and they were at it for a while as he replied vaguely, "Yeah... Who would I be good to, if not you?"

She smiled and poured more passion into their kiss, the air in the room becoming rife with hormones as they tangled.

Isaac was panting slightly, and he reached under her blouse to caress the fair skin on her waist. "You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

She was tempting him just because he could not go over the line just yet.

Why else would she do this right now?

Still, she pulled away just then and wiped the wetness over his mouth, her finger brushing over his soft, damp lips. "Nope."

She was not doing this on purpose—she simply loved him and wanted to kiss him.

She would convey her feelings, because words were not vivid enough.

"Is my presence interfering with your focus at work?" she asked softly.

Isaac tightened his arms around her waist. "No."

"Then do your job," Irene said, getting off him just then. "Hurry up and finish up, so that we can go home sooner."

"Okay," Isaac replied.

Irene had nothing to do and idling was boring.

Remembering that she would soon be resigning and staying home, she would first have to improve her culinary skills to take care of her home. That meant learning a few specialized dishes first.

"Is there a bookstore nearby?" she asked.

Isaac was putting away a stack of documents, and paused to look up at her. "What, you want to check out some books? I'll ask Elliot to buy them for you."

"I'd like to check it out myself," Irene insisted.

Isaac said, "Well, it's not far."

Irene held out a palm. "Car keys."

Isaac opened a drawer and took it out for her. "Use the GPS if you don't know the way. And drive slowly."

"Yeah," she murmured sweetly and left his office with the keys.

Everyone greeted her with warm smiles when they saw her, and she smiled in return.

Once she entered the elevator and was alone, her smile gradually faded.