

Runaway 101

Chapter 101

Harvey had made the arrangement to force Isaac into making a higher bid.

Whatever happened, he would make sure to slice a fat chunk of money from that man, because it took one to know one!

It did not even matter if Isaac loved Irene-given the man's usual style, he would never allow a portrait of his own wife to fall into a stranger's hands.

Moreover, it was proof that he was cucked, since Irene was pregnant with another man's child. The portrait was simply a reminder to Isaac that she had been with another man, even bearing her child!

He had a hunch that once Isaac brought it home, he would tear it into pieces!

Meanwhile, the crowd was in utter chaos.

Everyone present was rich, but it was not as if their money was made out of thin air!

Was that simple portrait worth over 41 million? They just could not understand!

Moreover, Isaac was a champion who would never suffer losses when it comes to business, and the fact that he would spend that much money to buy that painting made everyone properly appraise it.

On the other hand, Isaac could see what Harvey was up to, but he did not mind it.

Money did not matter-the portrait mattered far more than that to him.

It was proof that their children existed.

"50 million," he said, raising the bid, leaving the crowd gasping.

That was certainly far beyond what they would pay for that painting-and they had already thought so at the starting bid.

Beside him, Irene was stunned to hear him make the bid, and she turned to look at him. "It's not worth

that much money.”

Isaac simply smiled and said nothing-worth was in the eye of the beholder, and for him, that painting was priceless.

That was why he would spare no expenses!

At the same time, Harvey felt the corner of his eye twitching in confusion.

He knew that Isaac would be eager to buy that painting, but for 45 million at best!

That was why the man he had arranged to raise the bid just increased the bid amount by a million, so that he would raise it on his own.

He just did not expect Isaac to simply push it up to 50 million, an amount far beyond estimated!

Was he that vengeful a man that he would throw away all that money just to settle a grudge?!

He hence announced the new auction amount, because he was eager to see how far Isaac could go!

“51 million.”

Harvey tried to keep it low, while offering Isaac more space to raise the bid -he was a little afraid to mess up and shoot himself in the foot!

Isaac certainly knew what Harvey was up to, but he could not care less.”60 million.”

Harvey lost all composure right then. “What’s this, Mr. Jefferson?”

Isaac leveled him an impassive look. “You sell, i buy. It’s that simple.”

“65 million,” Harvey snarled through his teeth right then-not caring about making a show now!

“70 million,” Isaac replied without batting an eye. Harvey was speechless, and no longer had the courage to raise the bid.

He was a businessman who valued profit above all, and he could not afford to push when he did not have a read on Isaac at all.

Sure, Isaac was rich, but logically speaking, he should not be squandering his riches no matter how humongous his ego was.

“Sold!” Harvey declared, since no one would make any bids now.

Through it all, Irene was actually left confused as to what Isaac’s intentions were.

The portrait was never worth that much money, but she would not stop that man from biting that bullet.

However, she could not abide with Harvey using her to con Isaac!

Right now, she had a child to raise, and Sheryl could not work.

She decided to take her cut. “Harvey, that’s supposed to be my painting, isn’t it? Why are you auctioning it off instead?”

Chapter 102

At that moment, Harvey realized that he had actually forgotten about that little fact.

Back when the painting was done, he had promised to give it to Irene for free.

Still, under the impression that she was on his side, he asked, “Shall we speak in private?”

After all, Isaac had pushed her off a building, leaving her with a broken foot.

Reasonably speaking, she must hate him, and the fact that he was conning so much money. from Isaac should please him.

“We can talk here,” Irene said, but she certainly did not protest that Harvey was tricking Isaac for his money.

However, she felt as if Harvey was using her, and she should get a cut.

She never valued money that much before, but circumstances were different now-she had no income,

and she needed a lot of money for Tommy and her mother’s living expenses.

She must think for their sake.

Harvey could see what she was getting at, and simply said right in Isaac's face, "30 percent. How about that?"

He had lost too much money because of Isaac, but he also knew where to draw the line even if he did put the art exhibition together just to mess with the man.

Irene was no greedy soul either, and she was actually surprised that Harvey would offer that much. She just wanted a solid amount of money which she could send to Sheryl, so that her mother and Tommy

would not have to worry about money for a while.

"You're not satisfied?" Her silence left Harvey uncertain about her position-perhaps she thought the distribution unfair?

"No, I'll take it," Irene simply said then, since it was far more than what she could imagine.

Meanwhile, Isaac was still standing behind Irene, but he appeared unconcerned.

Was he such a menace to these two?

They were already discussing how they would share the profits even before he paid up... and right in front of him at that!

Still, he found the cost worth it at the thought that some of the money would simply land in Irene's pocket.

"I have one last item. Would you happen to be interested?" Harvey was grinning.

Isaac ignored him, and started to wheel Irene elsewhere.

Harvey was not at all upset he had just made a killing, and that was enough to leave him in a very good mood.

He started to follow them despite their lukewarm reaction to his presence, as if it was not awkward at all. "I'll personally deliver the painting to you tomorrow. By the way, what do you think about most of the pieces you see around you?"

While Isaac ignored him completely, Harvey did not hold back his eagerness to offer introductions. "Would you like to hear about the person who drew these pieces?"

Irene looked up at Harvey again. What was he up to this time?

Was he not done squeezing Isaac for money?

Noticing her gaze, Harvey smiled. "What's with that look? Missing me already?" Irene was speechless, and wondered why men could not act more normal.

First, it was Isaac, and now Harvey! They were all nuts!

Saying that right in Isaac's face was nothing less than pure provocation!

"You really want to die, don't you?!" Isaac snarled-this was the first time he had ever flipped out in public.

Harvey was not afraid, however, as he chose his words properly. After all, Isaac was showing complete disinterest in the paintings exhibited, so he had to direct their conversation toward

'Now, now. I'm not as narcissistic as you think. Look at this painting if you doubt me, Mr. Jefferson," he said as he unveiled the other hidden painting.

It was a portrait of a person's profile as well, but this one was of Harvey himself and not Irene. The details on his profile were immaculate, and the aesthetic seemed to overflow!

"Did K draw this too?" someone asked.

Harvey shook his head. "I'm afraid not. Like I said before, this is my personal treasure and not for sale after all, a beautiful woman painted it for me."

you

As he spoke, he threw a glance at Isaac and chuckled. "What is that woman like? Would care to hazard a guess, Mr. Jefferson?"

Isaac stared at his eyes as dark as the abyss.

Harvey would not go so far to tease him if it were any other woman.

But it was clear that the man was filled with confidence that he would take notice of the painter.

And the only woman whom Isaac himself would ever take notice of was Irene. Still, Irene Spencer? A painter?

Chapter 103 Irene Spencer was a great doctor, a dancer, and a pianist. And now, a painter?

Isaac actually doubted it-those other talents already made her plenty impressive.

In fact, it was already impressive for the average individual to have two expertise.

On the other hand, Harvey was getting smug because he could tell that Isaac missed his point,

He laughed out loud, because he knew something Isaac did not.

“I heard that some artists only draw their beloved. Do you think that this artist loves me, Mr. Jefferson?” Irene scowled. “You forced me to do it. I don’t...” She paused mid-sentence-why should she even explain herself? In fact, she needed Isaac to hate her and divorce her right now!

Hence, switching gears, she said, “I mean, you were pushy, but I definitely wanted to draw you.”

It was basically acknowledging that she was in love with Harvey.

Despite it being a complete lie, those who hear that might not agree. Harvey actually did a double take,

but glee soon appeared on his face. Turning toward Isaac with a smug grin, he exclaimed, “Did you just get cheated on, Mr. Jefferson? Haha!”

Isaac might have been able to bear with all of Harvey’s antics until now... but not this,

He was well and truly furious. Even if he was already tolerant toward Irene, her words left him seething.

She could throw tantrums and hate him, but he would not suffer from her messing around with other men!

That was his inviolable limit-he did not want her interested in other men, or to flirt with them!

However, he kept acting nonchalant despite his rage, and set his mind on getting back at Harvey right then.

That man was persistent, and Isaac would be a fool if he did nothing!

With that, he wheeled Irene out of the building. "Leaving already, Mr. Jefferson? Not getting another look?" Harvey called out, adding more fuel to the fire.

Isaac scooped Irene up in his arms and put her inside the car as he did when they arrived.

The journey back to the hospital was quiet, and it was almost suffocating to be in the car just then.

Irene knew then that he was very angry just then, and asked tentatively, "Are you upset?"

Isaac was not looking at her, but the car was so silent one could hear themselves breathe!

When Jimmy the chauffeur arrived at the hospital, Isaac once again carried her out of the car, quietly moving her to the ward and putting her in bed.

Then, glaring straight into her eyes, "You were sincere about drawing a portrait for Harvey Gooding, weren't you?"

Irene inched away from him and said coldly, "Of course. I was staying in his house for months. in Sunny City. It's only natural to develop feelings... Ah!"

She was pushed and pinned against the bed right then. Fortunately, the bedding was very soft and it did not hurt her, though she was certainly startled.

"What are you doing?" She returned Isaac's glare and tried to push herself up, but he threw himself on top of her, preventing her from getting up.

Irene paled in panic. "W-What are you doing?! Get off me!"

She kept pushing him with both hands in resistance, but Isaac simply caught her wrists and held them over her head, and leaned in to kiss her lips.

Irene's eyes widened, her pupils dilating in shock!

She quickly came to her senses and turned away, but Isaac held her chin to stop her from moving.

With one foot injured, she tried to kick him with the other, but Isaac quickly sensed her intentions and used his own legs to restrain her free leg.

He had to move his knees up to her groin to do it, making her flush in frustration and embarrassment!

At the same time, Isaac's kiss was not gentle-it was punishment, a deliberate attempt to hurt her.

Irene could not do a thing, allowing him to do what he wanted!

There was no telling how long it lasted until she became numbed with pain, her bright eyes welling with crystalline tears.

Finally releasing her, Isaac wiped a tear trickling out of the corner of her "Did that hurt?"

Chapter 104

"I'm hurting worse than you," Isaac finished.

In fact, his heart was broken!

Tenderly brushing a finger against the corner of Irene's eye while he was aflame with emotion, he told her, "You're married to me and you're therefore mine. It's our destiny, and you should play the part of a wife too."

In the past, he never believed in destiny-but he found belief because of her, and he was convinced that fate tied them together.

On the first night of their wedding, they had somehow consummated their marriage even though he was insistent on not meeting her at the mansion.

What was that, if not destiny?

On the other hand, Irene gulped.

She would have been willing to follow her agreement with Henry to uphold her marriage with Isaac-regardless if he loved her or was nice to her.

The only thing that stood between that was the fact that she had a son who was not Isaac's.

There was no telling what would happen once Isaac found out, what with his breathtaking anger management issues!

That was why divorce was the ideal choice for her-she was convinced that going on their separate lives was the best thing for everyone now.

"You know that I'm unclean," she rasped. "Don't you find that humiliating?"

Isaac held her gaze. "No."

Irene gaped.

This was not Isaac Jefferson-where had that haughty man from before gone? How could he not care?

She still remembered the disgust in his eyes when he found out that she had done it with someone else.

"D-Did you lose your mind?" Why else would he say something as nonsensical as that?

"I'm perfectly lucid."

Isaac then growled threateningly, "Stay away from Harvey Gooding from now on. I don't care. If you're really interested in him, but from this moment on, you're mine, and you won't think about any other man."

That was perhaps the humblest thing he had ever said.

Still, Irene pursed her lips in silence. Even though Isaac was prostrating himself, she was not going to give up on getting a divorce.

There was no way she would stay with Isaac and become his wife nominally.

She had to take care of her child, because he needed a mother in the absence of a father.

She would be there for him in life, and she would work hard to watch over him. And for that, she must divorce Isaac! Isaac frowned. "Why aren't you saying anything? Do you want to leave me that badly?"

“Yes,” Irene replied. “I want a divorce.”

Isaac’s patience had its limits, and there was no way he would not be angered when she stepped out of line repeatedly! “Because of Harvey Gooding?” His dark eyes flashed with a coldness that stung the bones.

“Yeah,” Irene murmured softly while avoiding his gaze. Isaac wanted to strangle her right then, but stopped himself. “I don’t care who you love. You’re now mine, and if you mess around with another man, I’ll kill him!”

Bang!

Someone suddenly barged into the ward-Zachary had stormed inside without knocking, his eyes entirely red. However, he finally regained his senses when he found Irene in bed, with Isaac on top of her.

Isaac bellowed furiously, “Get out!” Zachary promptly closed the door, his mind clearing as he stood outside.

He was being reckless because he was in too much of a hurry to find Irene, and entered without knocking the door.

In the ward, Isaac got off Irene. Her clothes were a mess, baring her thin waist, so he straightened it and moved her to a more comfortable position, pulling the blanket over her feet.

Knock, knock This time, Zachary knocked. “Come in,” Isaac said. As he entered, they both could smell alcohol on him, and he was cutting a sorry figure. “Were you drinking?” Isaac watched him as he sat on

the couch. “Then go home. What are you doing here?”

“I’m looking for Irene,” Zachary said. ““She’s busy-”

Chapter 105

“I have something to ask her, or I’ll die.” Zachary cut Isaac short.

Isaac stared at him for a while, and stayed silent.

Considering that to be his silent approval, Zachary stood at the doorway without getting near Irene, staring at her as he asked, “Tell me-did Lulu leave me because she fell for someone else?”

Irene thought to herself that she had never asked Lulu that, and Lulu never mentioned it.

"I don't know," she admitted.

Zachary, however, believed that she was lying-how could she not know, when she had constantly been in touch with Lulu?

"I'm sure I've never wronged you in any way. Why did you hide this from me?"

Irene replied, "I didn't."

Zachary doubted that, and simply sat down, leaning against the doorway.

Irene had never seen him so despondent-the sun seemed to shine whenever he went, and it hurt her to see him like this.

Zachary was a good man who had always been good to her, just as he had been kind and caring to Lulu when they were in a relationship. He rejected all the girls flocking to him, which gave Lulu some sense of security.

In reality, she was curious as to why Lulu would suddenly just leave-she knew that Lulu could not say it, but it would never be because of another man.

"H-How could she do this to me?!" Zachary cried then as he buried his head in his arms.

Irene wanted to offer him words of assurance, but was not sure what to say to ease his pain maybe such words did not exist at all.

Moreover, no one ever leads the same existence, and they would not truly understand how another person feels if they did not go through the same thing.

"Just let it out. It just might make you feel better."

Zachary shrugged and chuckled quietly and self-deprecatingly

What was there to let out? He was somehow getting even more lucid despite the ton of alcohol he had.

There was no easing this unbearable pain. Anything he did only seemed to make it hurt more.

And he could not take it!

“How could she get married and even have a child?! How could she hurt me like this?!”

Irene was perplexed. “She had a child?”

As far as she knew, Lulu did not... but Irene soon remembered that her mother was with her, and it was likely that Lulu had used Tommy to deceive Zachary.

A

She went that far to make Zachary give up?

While Irene never asked why Lulu had left before, she was suddenly interested now.

What unspeakable horror could it be that Lulu was compelled to hurt a man so in love with her? “Don’t

bother pretending. She told me everything,” Zachary growled, convinced that Irene was still trying to help Lulu hide the truth.

Irene did not offer any explanations, so he sat there, not intent on leaving.

Meanwhile, Isaac called Stan, who arrived in no time at all.

“Take him away.”

Stan glanced at Zachary on the floor. “Okay.”

As he helped Zachary to his feet, Stan remembered something else and said, “Harvey Gooding’s potential partner-the one we poached-is really keen on a partnership with us, and they’ve sent a proposal. Would you like to read it?”

“Tomorrow,” Isaac replied.

“Okay.”

With that, Stan began to take Zachary away, who was still mumbling to himself.

“I’m not leaving...”

“I need to talk to Irene...”

“How could she be so cruel? How could she and Lulu lie to me...?”

“How could they do this to me?!”

His voice echoed in the walkway as they headed to the distance, with Irene listening quietly and feeling sympathy for Zachary.

He was genuinely in love with Lulu, or he would not be hurting so much.

She certainly envied Lulu for having the earnest affection of a man.

As she breathed a deep sigh, Isaac started toward her-she was relaxed for a moment, and was on edge again.

Staring warily at him, she stammered, “S-Stay away from me.”

Chapter 106

Naturally, there was no way Isaac would listen.

Walking up to Irene’s bed, he sat on it and lay down

beside her.

Irene had to slide away to make enough room for him, or he would be on top of her again.

“This bed is too small for two,” she whispered.

Isaac pulled her into his arms, nestling his nose against her neck. “We’re married. We would be sleeping together.

Irene was speechless, but her whole body had stiffened and she was afraid to move!

Isaac was so close that her skin seemed to burn and flush where there was contact. His hot breath was

spraying over a sensitive spot just behind her ear, leaving her on edge.

“Could you let me go?” she asked drily.

Isaac growled, "No."

With that, he did nothing else, and his breathing was soon rhythmic.

Irene was speechless. Did he fall asleep already?

But there was no way she could!

The bed was too small for her to get away from him, and so she sighed in resignation and started at the ceiling, planning various ways to calm herself.

She felt better eventually and fell asleep after a while.

That was when Isaac opened his eyes. There was clarity in his gaze beneath those thick eyelashes of his, and he certainly did not look sleepy -he was just pretending.

While Irene was asleep and not offering any resistance, he caressed her cheek, his lips curling in a faint smile.

She would only be this tame while she was asleep, and not shying away from his touch!

He gathered her firmly in his arms.

Isaac was nowhere to be seen when Irene woke up. She had no idea when he left, but was relieved that he was

gone anyway.

She was just about to get up when Mrs. Watson arrived with breakfast and a new phone, which she had asked Mrs. Watson to buy secretly. After all, it was very

inconvenient to not have one these days.

"It's time for breakfast, Mrs. Jefferson—let me help you up," Mrs. Watson said.

Irene said, "I need the washroom."

After Mrs. Watson helped her inside, she sat down and whipped out her phone, but resisted the urge to call Lulu since it was still very early.

She put a hand against the wall and tried to get out by hopping on one foot, but Mrs. Watson quickly came to help her. "Please call for me next time, Mrs. Jefferson we can't have you getting hurt again."

"I'll try." Irene smiled, understanding that Mrs. Watson was genuinely concerned.

Mrs. Watson brought mushroom soup with meat chunks, which was very nourishing.

Irene also ate most of the scrambled eggs and pancakes.

Her chest was swelling less now as her lactation subsided.

After she finished eating, Mrs. Watson left with her dirty laundry, leaving her alone.

Taking out her phone, she finally called Lulu, and her call was answered quickly.

"Hello?"

"Lulu? It's me."

"Yeah."

"You met Zachary?" she asked.

"Yeah," Lulu replied. "He came to meet me in Sunny City."

11

Remembering Zachary's miserable state, Irene told her, "Did you know that he was piss drunk last night? I've never seen him so miserable, and it honestly hurts me to see him like that..."

As Lulu became quiet, Irene remembered that no one should be meddling with a couple's relationship, but she felt injustice for Zachary regardless.

“Do you really not love him anymore?”

She decided that she would not say a thing if Lulu had a new lover, but if that was not the case, she was sure that they should be sitting down and having a proper talk instead. Leaving things unresolved would only leave them both hating!

As Lulu stayed silent, Irene considered the circumstances and said, “Can I take your silence as admission, Lulu? Look, I’d never poke my nose in your affairs, but I’d really like to know what this is

actually about. Why do you have to hide it from Zachary? Why can’t you tell him?”

“Irene...”

Chapter 107

Lulu had no idea where to start, just as she had trouble spilling her guts.

Nonetheless, Irene was very patient and did not rush Lulu -she knew that Lulu needed time, and

afforded her silence even as the clock on the wall ticked away.

“Irene... I’m sure you know that Zachary comes from riches, and there is a clear gap in our statuses. His mother actually approached me when she found out about our relationship-”

“And she told you to break up with him?” Irene asked. “Using money to coerce you, like they do on TV?”

She was naturally aware that Zachary’s family was a dynasty of its own.

“What are you talking about? Of course not!”

Lulu had been downtrodden at first, but Irene’s urging somehow made her relieved.

“Look,” she explained, “all she said was that she hopes for Zachary’s future wife to be someone who

can actually help him. She favors the daughter of Centric United’s CEO, and that woman is definitely an ideal support for Zachary with her family influence.”

“She told me in confidence that Zachary’s father actually

has a mistress, who also had a son. That boy clearly wants to be the family's heir, and Zachary never

liked family conflict. That's why Zachary's mother is worried that the mistress and her son will take over everything, and she needs a daughter-in-law with influence to keep them at bay."

"Naturally, that would never be me—my father is an average Joe and my mother recently passed away

from stomach cancer. I myself am a measly forensic doctor, and I'd never be able to help Zachary in any way if I stayed with him. I don't want things to get unpleasant between him and his mother, which is why I can't tell him anything. I'm sure she loves him—that's why she worries so much about his future... Do you understand me?"

Irene had no idea, and was left confused as well—she would not know what to do if that happened to her either. Lulu had her own perspective and considerations, and it was not to say that she was being unreasonable.

That being said, were those two decisions made for Zachary's sake in the name of love... ideal for the man himself?

Irene believed that Zachary's own decision would be ideal in this situation. However, she was not personally involved in the matter, and she certainly should not tell Zachary without Irene's permission...

"Okay, I understand. I won't tell Zachary—this is

something you have to resolve among yourselves."

"There's nothing to resolve," Lulu replied. "It'll all be over once Zachary gives up on me."

"What about you?" Irene asked, because she knew that Lulu was still in love with Zachary.

"I'll give up on him too, and find someone better... Get married, have children, and enjoy an ordinary life."

She and Zachary were ultimately from different worlds.

Somehow, that made Irene remember the difference

between herself and Isaac.

She became even more determined to get a divorce right then because of that!

“Is Tommy doing fine?” she asked then.

“I’ll send you a video after the call,” Lulu replied.

Irene pursed her lips. “I really don’t know what to say...”

“I’m fine.”

“Oh, save this number—it’s mine. Just give me a shout if you need me.”

“Okay.”

With that, they hung up, and Lulu quickly sent Irene a video of Tommy.

It had only been days, but the infant was plumper already.

Irene’s gaze was filled with tenderness as she watched. She wanted to hold him in her arms, and the thought that she could not be there left her melancholic.

Harvey arrived enthusiastically at Light Group’s offices with his painting, only to spot Isaac having a meeting with Mr. Layton.

Mr. Layton was the the partner whom Isaac had poached from Harvey, and after spending so much time and effort just to bring Mr. Layton to the negotiation table, Harvey suddenly became depressed despite having swindled Isaac for millions. After all, the partnership with Mr. Layton was potentially worth over a hundred million!

Now, he realized that Isaac had more than enough reason to throw away all that money just for the partnership he had poached from Harvey!

“Mr. Gooding.” Stan approached him just then. “Mr. Jefferson has asked me to get the painting from you.”

Harvey snapped, “Pay up first!”

Stan took his annoyance in stride. “Of course. Please allow me to verify the painting.”

Harvey did so, and after ensuring that it was the right painting, Stan led him to the finance

department... where Harvey flipped out!

“What the hell is this?!”

Chapter 108

“It’s the amount Mr. Jefferson told us to prepare,” Stan

said.

Harvey was fuming. How did 70 million dollars end up as 21 million dollars?! Isaac was clearly renegeing!

He stormed off to look for Isaac to argue his case, and Isaac just happened to finish his discussion with Mr.

Layton.

Mr. Layton flashed an awkward smile when he saw Harvey, and left without even a greeting. Still, he was clearly set on a partnership with Isaac than Harvey

anyway.

Harvey did not leave him with any harsh remarks, since no agreement was actually signed and calling it off beforehand was not renegeing. They were all business people, and making things awkward for one another was

unnecessary.

And Harvey was a man who could see the bigger picture.

After Mr. Layton was out of earshot, he finally spoke, “Are you breaking the deal, Mr. Jefferson?”

||

Isaac simply turned and headed back to his office, so Harvey followed him, snapping relentlessly, “You made the bid yourself! So why are you paying me only 21

million dollars?!”

Behind them, Stan was left gaping at the portrait he was holding, and then at Harvey...

Was that man really complaining that he got 21 million for this?!

He also had no idea why Isaac would spend so much to buy that when it was hardly worth that much!

Meanwhile, Isaac sat behind his desk, loosening his collar, and looked up at Harvey. "Weren't you

splitting the money with Irene Spencer? If I recall, 30 percent was what you said of course, I'll pay her myself. Do you take issue with the fact that I did not pay you the full amount?

||

Harvey was left speechless.

"No..." He tried to argue.

He had been feeling proud that the art exhibition he had gone through great lengths to put together had somehow benefited Irene as well...

So how could he let Isaac be the nice guy here?

Moreover, would not Irene think better of Isaac when he gives her the money, while Harvey himself somehow ended up as a father buying a dowry?!

It was unpleasant just thinking about it!

"It's 30 percent Irene, 70 percent me," he tried to argue

he could not care less about anything else just then, because he deserved that 49 million!

However, Isaac was not about to play along. "I'm paying, and I therefore call the shots. You could just forfeit my payment if you think it's not good enough for you."

Harvey was once again speechless.

What on earth was that reasoning?! Isaac was killing him!

Still, he took a moment to compose himself—he realized then that never got the drop on Isaac before, given the man's cunning nature.

From that perspective, 21 million was better than nothing.

“My project is suspended and I’m losing more money by the day because you ratted me out. My

hundred million dollar partnership with Mr. Layton fell through because you poached him. Sure, I admit that you’re better and that’s inevitably the key to winning in business, but don’t get so smug, Isaac. I know what others don’t—Irene Spencer is your secret wife, isn’t she?”

Isaac stayed impassive as if he never heard Harvey, and calmly opened a file folder to read.

However, there was a storm brewing inside him.

Irene told Harvey about them?

His heart sank!

Naturally, Harvey kept pushing him when he saw that

Isaac appeared unaffected. “I also know that she made you a cuck.”

“You can leave when you’re done,” Isaac said as he signed the document, and pushed the folder aside.

Harvey was left fuming, feeling as if he had hit a wall and did nothing to Isaac!

“Are you really that magnanimous? You bought that painting to destroy and ease your frustration, did you not?”

||

Isaac would have been incensed if he had not known the truth that he was the one who had made Irene pregnant.

Why should he be jealous of himself?

As such, he gave Harvey a mysterious look.

Harvey was left confused. What is the man up to?

Nonetheless, Isaac soon growled, "Stan, please escort him out."

He did not want to waste his time with Harvey.

While Harvey was left speechless again, Stan gestured at the door, "Please, Mr. Gooding."

As such, Harvey could do nothing but leave in frustration –he could not stay when Isaac had basically told him to leave.

But just as he arrived at the door, his phone rang.

Once he picked it up, his staff cried out, "Sir! Someone took your painting!"

"When?"

"Just now!"

Harvey's face darkened. "Who was it?"

"...I think it's Mr. Jefferson's people!"

Harvey flew into a rage right then and turned around, storming toward Isaac's desk, slamming his fist on it so hard that it hurt his knuckles.

Still, he was snarling ferociously, "That was out of line, Isaac Jefferson!"

Stan approached them just then, and reported to Isaac, " We have the other painting, sir."

Chapter 109

Isaac finally looked straight at Harvey then.

So he was upset about the painting... But Isaac did not mind that at all!

"Burn it," he told Stan nonchalantly.

Irene painted him? Fine. He just had to burn it into ashes!

Harvey was at a loss for words from sheer frustration. Isaac had gone too far!

At the same time, Stan promptly called someone to get the job done, before telling Harvey, "Please

leave, Mr. Gooding!”

Harvey’s chest was heaving with a fiery rage, but he had nowhere to rant!

To add insult to injury—it might even have been Stan’s plan- the instant he stepped out of the building, he found the painting being burnt!

Rage could hardly describe how he felt just then.

“Stan, is your boss actually in love with Irene Spencer?”

He had no idea why Isaac was calm despite everything he said, but there was one plausible explanation: Isaac was in love with Irene.

But if he was, why would he throw her off a building?

Naturally, Stan knew that for a fact, but there was no way he would tell an outsider like Harvey about Isaac’s personal affairs.

“It’s Mr. Jefferson’s business,” he smiled. “Would a lackey like me be privy to that?”

Harvey snorted coolly. “You’re a real villain. Guess the dog takes after its owner!”

Stan simply smiled without offering a retort, while Harvey stared at the painting of himself reduced to ash.

What was this supposed to be? One only burns a person’s picture if they are dead!

Were they trying to jinx him?

He headed for his car, but suddenly made a turn on his way back, heading to the hospital to visit Irene instead.

She was asleep, and Mrs. Watson just happened to have

left.

Harvey was in a bad mood, however, and barked, “Irene Spencer!”

Jolted awake, she rubbed her eyes and saw that it was Harvey.

“Were you lying to me?” he asked sharply.

Still groggy from sleep, Irene was naturally confused. ”

About what?”

“The reason you were running away from Isaac Jefferson! You never cheated on him, did you?!”

Irene stared at him in surprise. “You talked to him?”

“What do you think?” Harvey snorted grumpily.

“I wasn’t lying,” Irene explained. “Why would he push me off a building if he didn’t hate me? You saw how I ended up with this leg, or do you actually need me to explain?”

Harvey certainly had no retort against that, since he had seen Isaac push Irene off the second floor with his own eyes.

Isaac would not have done that if he did not hate her!

“Then why didn’t he get upset when I told him that you made him a cuckold?”

“Do you even know the man? He knows how to disguise his mood. Why would he let anything on?”

Moreover, he’s just making himself a laughing stock if he gets upset right in front of you—and you know he’s not that stupid. Even if he gets upset, he’ll keep it in or just vent it on me.”

Harvey thought so too... Then Isaac must just be feigning composure!

He also realized something else. “Oh... I’ve been a bother, haven’t I?”

“It’s fine,” Irene replied flatly. “I’d rather he get upset with me and divorce me.”

Harvey licked his lips- after being foiled by Isaac, he suddenly had a nasty idea. “Like I said before, we can put up an act to upset him. You’ll get what you want! It’s a good plan, so just agree to it.”

Irene became silent as she pondered.

She certainly needed that divorce soon, since she missed her son already.

“Fine...”

Before she finished, the door to the ward suddenly opened!

Chapter 110

Irene was stunned. Surely it was not Isaac?

More importantly, did he overhear what Harvey just said?

Still, she relaxed as she looked toward the door and saw that it was Mrs. Watson.

Naturally, Harvey saw the way she reacted.

Was she that afraid of Isaac?

Still, her fear made sense—Harvey himself could not beat Isaac at all, and it was only imaginable how much abuse Irene suffered in his hands!

While Harvey quietly mused to himself, Mrs. Watson looked at him warily and put the food she brought on the table. “You should be resting, Mrs. Jefferson.”

Irene could see that Mrs. Watson did not like Harvey, and smiled. “I know.”

Even after all that had happened, she cared for Mrs. Watson because she had really been nice to her.

“I’m having lunch now, Harvey, and I’m afraid I don’t have anything to spare. You should go.”

Harvey pursed his lips—why did it feel like he was being shown the door the entire day?

Be it maids or Stan, every single employee Isaac had were disgustingly protective of their master!

“See you around,” Harvey simply said then.

“Yeah,” Irene replied.

“Who is he?” Mrs. Watson asked after he left.

“An acquaintance.” Irene simply replied.

Being as kind as always, Mrs. Watson did not want Irene to fight with Isaac again, “Mrs. Jefferson, please don’t upset your husband again. He’ll be angry if he finds out that I bought you a phone behind his back—surely you understand enough to tell that he has been very nice to you.”

Irene lowered her gaze.

While she did feel Isaac changing recently, there was so much that stood between them, so she would never even allow herself to imagine.

Somehow, she found herself lacking appetite just then.

“I don’t think I’m hungry, Mrs. Watson.”

“Why? Did I upset you with my words, Mrs. Jefferson? If that’s the case, I apologize...”

Mrs. Watson would naturally rather not meddle, but she was convinced that Isaac had compromised as much as possible in his marriage, and it was Irene instead who was having an attitude.

After all, should spouses not be understanding toward each other? How was Irene ever going to make things better between them if she kept up with that attitude?

“No, that’s a misunderstanding.” Irene smiled—it certainly was not Mrs. Watson’s fault, but she felt a little depressed when she remembered how things were between her and Isaac.

“Fine, I’ll eat or you would worry over nothing,” Mrs. Watson said feebly then.

“You should eat more since you’re injured.” Mrs. Watson smiled. “I’ve boiled that soup overnight, so it’s plenty nutritious.”

Irene certainly accepted Mrs. Watson’s kindness, and joked, “It’s all nutritious, though?”

Mrs. Watson smiled.

The good-natured conversation improved Irene's mood, and she was actually smiling.

Isaac entered just then, and saw that—the brightness of her visage was as bright as the stars!

And yet, she had never been this carefree in front of him. All he ever had from her was pretension!

Naturally, Irene's cheeriness vaporized the instant she saw Isaac, and her smile faded visibly.

Isaac usually arrived in the evening, but it was just noon at the moment.

"Have you had lunch yet, Mr. Jefferson?" Mrs. Watson asked.

"No," he replied.

"I've made a lot, so you can share some with your wife."

With that, she left the room and attentively closed the door behind her.

Isaac sat beside Irene's bed and stared at her. "Does it really hurt you so much to see me?"

Irene simply kept both hands on her bowl and continued sipping the soup quietly—as if it was a silent admission.

Isaac took a deep breath to calm himself—it felt like he had to use up all his patience whenever he was around her.

"Here." He gave her a black card.