

Runaway 121

Chapter 121

"That's enough!" Lionel snapped at Samantha.

The woman simply snorted and ignored him, while warning Irene, "You're married and you're no longer a part of our family. Don't even think of getting a dime from the Spencer estate- everything belongs to Ricky now."

Lionel was incensed. "I'm still alive, and you're talking about inheritance already? You really want me dead, don't you?"

If he died now, it would be from all the stress Samantha gave him!

Knowing that she had misspoken, Samantha quickly caved and started rubbing his back. "What are you saying? You're my dependent..."

Naturally, she did not want Lionel to die now, because she had yet to persuade him to leave a will!

Irene shot Samantha a look then. It was obvious to her that the woman was already gunning for the

Spencer estate, but she said nothing and left the ward.

"Let's go, Mrs. Watson," she said, letting Mrs. Watson hold her wheelchair then.

After Irene had her plaster cast removed, the doctor told her that she could start walking in a few days.

However, she should also refrain from anything strenuous that involved her legs, such as running.

With that finished, she checked in with Dr. Kelly and asked about Lionel, who admitted that he was in bad shape and probably would not survive for long.

The news left Irene's heart sinking.

"However, we will do what we can to ensure that he gets as many remaining days as possible," Dr. Kelly finished.

"Thank you," Irene said earnestly.

Nonetheless, her head felt muddled as she left the hospital, and she was too distracted to finish her food during dinner. She simply showered afterward and lay down in bed.

Perhaps because work kept him, Isaac returned home late.

He put on a gray silk bathrobe after he showered. His tall, muscular frame looked good in anything-naturally, he was a delightful sight to behold in that bathrobe too!

He lay behind Irene, who woke up when he entered. Still, she pretended to be asleep and did not move.

Isaac simply wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into him deep within his embrace. His chest was sturdy and very warm, and the sensation left Irene's heart racing.

She kept her eyes tightly shut and lightly clenched on the pillow when Isaac leaned in and whispered into her ear, "Are you sleeping?"

Irene stayed silent, but Isaac's body wafted with a faint scent of herbal freshness. Even as his warm breath spilled into her ear, he chuckled in amusement and heart-melting tenderness. "You're really bad at pretending."

He knew!

Irene flinched, his body turning soft in his arms and rasped, "Why were you late?"

"Had things to do," he replied. "Actually, I'll be busy over the next few days as well."

"I see. Now, sleep-it's very late," she replied, not daring to move or continue the conversation.

She was afraid things would spiral out of control from there.

Isaac was a healthy, strapping man, and he would be lying if he said that he did not want to do anything now-with the woman he loved in his arms.

Still, tensions were just beginning to ease between them. He did not want to scare her off by coming on too strong.

Slow and steady was the way forward.

However, if he were to sleep while holding her in his arms now, she would eventually accept that they were married.

*Irene woke early the next morning, and she put the Centurion Card that Isaac had given her in front of him at the breakfast table, saying, "You told me that this card only has the money for the painting. I can't take something this valuable."

Isaac put down her fork. "We're married. What's mine is yours."

"I'm not good with money-it's better if you keep it," Irene said, deliberately avoiding mentioning a divorce.

For all she knew, Lionel would have spoken to Henry already, and she must not keep the card at all.

Nonetheless, Isaac glanced at the card once but pushed it back to her.

"Hold on to it for me," he said, before asking, "Are you going anywhere today?"

Irene stared at the card and sighed. "No."

"Your leg has recovered, so how about going to work at Central Hospital again?" Isaac suggested. "I can make the arrangements."

Irene's fingers clenched around her glass of milk.

She wanted to work, but she could not say yes.

If Lionel succeeded, she might really get to divorce Isaac soon and be free to move to Sunny City, but she would have to give up on her dream job in turn.

Bzzt-

Isaac's phone suddenly started vibrating on the table.

It was a call, and when he answered it, his expression darkened right then!

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"When did that happen?!" Isaac barked.

"I'm guessing in the last 48 hours," Stan replied from the other end. "I just received word myself."

"Find her!" Isaac bellowed then.

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson."

When he hung up, Isaac flung his phone at the table, smacking it loudly as if to reflect his mood.

"What happened?" Irene asked. "Is it really that bad?"

For Isaac, it could well be-Whitney Cox had just been rescued by her former flame, the rich kid named Chad Ross.

Meeting Irene's gaze, Isaac told her, "It's nothing."

However, he would never allow Whitney to stay unpunished-she had impersonated Irene, and had indirectly caused him to kill his own child!

On the other hand, Irene did not dwell on the matter. She simply presumed that it was a bad day at the office, and kept eating.

After they finished breakfast and were ready to leave, Moneypenny-the butler from Jefferson Manor-

arrived, and told Isaac, "Master Isaac, Master Jefferson is asking to see you. Please return to the manor with me, if convenient."

"Understood," Isaac replied, and turned toward Irene, "Stay here. Take your time to rest."

Irene nodded her leg had recovered but was hardly limber.

As Isaac headed out, Moneypenny followed. Just as he stepped out the front door, he turned to look at Irene.

When she saw the look in his eyes, she realized why Henry was asking for Isaac.

Did Lionel speak to Henry already? Was Henry really going to tell Isaac to divorce her?

Even as she moved to sit on the couch, she felt a little tense, and her eyes seemed unfocused.

But why was she being tense? She wanted a divorce, did she not?

Still, she found herself heinous when she considered how nice Isaac had been lately. However, she soon perished the thought, hating herself to even think it.

This was not right. How could she fall in love with the man who had indirectly killed one of her children?

Be that as it may, she knew very well by now that she had become attracted to Isaac.

Perhaps that was never in her control in the first place.

Meanwhile, Henry was waiting by the time Isaac arrived at Jefferson Manor.

"Come, sit," he beckoned.

Isaac politely refused, and asked directly, "What is it?"

"Well..." Henry sighed. "I've been mistaken to think that Irene would be a loyal, upstanding person like her grandfather. I wanted her to care for you, but I've now realized my mistake- she was never the right person for you."

Isaac felt a foreboding sensation right then. "What do you mean?"

"You never wanted this marriage. It's time for a divorce." Henry said.

In fact, Henry had been increasingly unhappy with Irene.

First, she went missing for months-how could a married woman do something as scandalous as that?

And then there were the shady rumors that she had a man before marrying Isaac, and became pregnant as a result!

Naturally, a woman like her did not deserve Isaac.

Moreover, Lionel had visited Henry, begging for him to get Isaac to divorce her!

It was like an apple falling right into his lap-he naturally agreed to do it.

“Did she come to you? Did she tell you that she wants a divorce?” Isaac growled, maintaining a stoic expression although the air around him was suddenly icy.

“No, it was her father,” Henry replied. “He was on knees, begging for my help. I’m sure Irene must have talked him into it too-do you remember how much he wanted to have her marry you before? I know the man, and she must have been obstinate enough to actually make him desperate enough and regret his choice. That’s the only reason he came to ask me for help ” Pausing to sigh, Henry added, “You never loved her anyway-”

“Grandfather,” Isaac said, suddenly cutting him short, “it doesn’t matter why we got married

we’re married now, and she’s my wife. I’d never agree to a divorce even if she wants it!” With that, he rose to his feet and strode outside.

Then, pausing by the door while keeping his back to Henry, he added, “Also, I hope you won’t meddle in my affairs ever again.”

With that, he left.

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Money Penny walked up to Henry. “Sir, don’t you think Master Isaac looks a little upset?”

Henry sighed. “What, can’t you tell?”

Isaac’s stance was only too obvious!

Money Penny then offered a theory.

“Perhaps he is refusing because he fell in love?”

Henry naturally picked up on it too. “This is all on me. I never did check on Irene Spencer thoroughly before I arranged for her to marry Isaac. And now, it’s going to be difficult to get him to divorce her.”

“You know his temper,” Money Penny pointed out. “Things will only get difficult if he really doesn’t want

a
divorce.”

“Not exactly,” Henry countered. “Did you forget that he has an Achilles’ heel?”

Money penny was puzzled. “Are you referring to that?”

“Yes. He had always been obsessed with it—the silver crucifix of the girl who had saved him when he was ten, when he fell in the pool. He tried looking for her, and I helped too, but we never could because

there were too many people visiting our house on that day.”

“But if we can’t find her after so many years, there’s surely no reason we’re able to do so now?”

Money penny asked.

”

Henry gave him a look. “That’s not the point. The point is to get Isaac to believe it.”

Money penny appeared confused.

“Old fool,” Henry chuckled. “We just have to find a girl we can count on, and have her tell him that she’s the one he was looking for.”

Money penny was worried. “But would Master Isaac buy it?”

Henry was miffed that his butler was so slow just then. “He was just ten—how many details. can he

remember? We just have to tell our girl every detail we know, and Isaac will buy it once she gives him the same story.”

Nonetheless, Money penny was prudent enough to catch on to a little detail. “Yes, but if she showed up out of the blue, Master Isaac would be sharp enough to catch on. Just think about it —why is she showing up now, just as you’re trying to get him to divorce Irene Spencer? Doesn’t, that look suspicious?”

Henry suddenly realized that it was true. “What do you think we should do, then?”

“Well, it’s not that difficult,” Money penny replied. “First, we embed a girl you appreciate in Master

Isaac's orbit, and have her inadvertently reveal that she had been here in the past and saved a boy. That way, Master Isaac will connect the dots on his own, without getting suspicious of anything"

Henry gave Moneypenny a look of approval-it was a good idea, but the question now was: who was the right girl?

"Plenty of fish in the sea, sir," Moneypenny replied when Henry asked. "You can take your time"

Meanwhile, Irene was sitting in a private booth opposite Zachary. He had been drinking himself silly for a while now, as he was still hung up on Lulu.

He came to the mansion looking for her soon after Isaac left. She wanted to say something to comfort him, but could not find the right words, and simply gave him company as he got drunk again.

"You women are liars-all of you." His shirt was unkempt, and he burped a mouthful of alcoholic gas, and pushed himself off the couch, wobbling for a while and grabbing himself another bottle. As he sat, he missed the couch and dropped on the floor on his posterior, but simply leaned against the couch and stayed on the floor.

As he drank, he asked, "Tell me, Irene... What's Lulu's husband like?"

Irene pursed her lips. "I don't know,"

How could she, after all? Lulu was never in another relationship after Zachary.

As she took a sip as well, Zachary was mumbling blankly while misery showed in his eyes. She

betrayed me... married another man and even had a child. Have you met the kid?"

"He was just a tiny button," he rasped as he gestured with his hands. "If only the kid were mine..."

Irene listened to him ramble in silence, suddenly able to understand Zachary's pain.

She knew that Isaac might divorce her soon, and actually felt a sense of loss.

She knew she should not feel that way-to harbor such unnecessary feelings.

"

Finishing her drink, she said, "That's enough. No more juice for you-get up, it's time to go home."

"No..." Zachary waved her off.

Unable to move him by herself, Irene asked Jimmy the chauffeur to help carry him to the car and drove him home, after which they returned to the mansion.

She was feeling tipsy and wanted to take a short nap, but dozed off instead.

She was sleeping soundly and did not wake up even though the door opened.

It took a while when she woke up with a groggy head. Night had fallen outside, but since no one turped on the lights in her room, it seemed even darker inside.

She rubbed her eyes, but noticed a shadow standing by the bed just as she got up.

"Is that you,

Isaac?" she asked tentatively.

There was no response!

As she reached out to the shadow, however... she was suddenly pushed down!

"Kyah!" she yelped as she felt as if she was pushed into the mattress, and pinned down violently!

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Amidst the confusion, Irene saw that Isaac was on top of her.

"W-What's wrong?" she asked, but it was as if he was unable to hear her as he violently shredded her clothes.

He was no different from a rampaging beast-violent and unreasonable.

Irene struggled, but her strength was insignificant to him, and she felt chills all over as her clothes were torn off, leaving her naked right before him.

Her eyes welling with tears, she rasped, "Why are you doing this?!"

"That's my question!" he snarled with a coldness that reverberated from his throat. "You had your father beg for a divorce! Could you stoop any lower?!"

Irene did a double take-Lionel had actually begged Henry just to help her get a divorce?

She felt a stuffy sensation over her chest, and suddenly could not breathe.

Isaac furiously grabbed her chin then, "Have I not done right by you? Is your heart really made of ice? Huh?!"

Irene looked him straight in the eye then, and saw his disappointment, heartache, and desolation.

Her lips were trembling she wanted to say something, but did not know where to start.

Eventually, she blinked back her tears and braced herself, snapping, "Yes, I want a divorce that badly! Oof-"

Isaac clasped a hand over her mouth!

He was being rough and merciless, but she did not hate that at all.

She knew what made him so crazy.

It was her demand for a divorce her insistence on leaving him!

That was the very moment she found love.

Every grievance and grudge between them suddenly seemed to vanish, as she reveled in the moment!

She suddenly felt an odd sense of familiarity as if they had known each other even before their sham marriage, but was soon brought back to reality before she could ponder the idea.

Isaac leaped off the bed when it was over, got dressed, and left the room.

Irene was left laying in bed, unable to get up as she was aching all over. She stayed silent as she listened to her storm off, saying nothing as she stared at the ceiling

She felt feeble and lost, and behind her eyes was a turbulence of emotions.

Her lips suddenly curled up in a self deprecating smile.

She had always despised women who were loose with their morals, but after a year, she was one of them now, spreading her legs to two different men.

Her nostrils were moist and she was on the verge of tears-it all began with one mistake, and everything was a downward spiral from there.

She would never have been pregnant or went into labor if she had defended herself that night, and she would never have had a child.

And she could have properly considered Isaac's feelings for her without any pressure.

But now?

She breathed a long sigh and closed her eyes, a crystalline tear trickling out of the corner of her eye and disappearing within her hair.

...

Meanwhile, Isaac had left the mansion.

When Stan arrived for work the next morning, he found Isaac standing before the curtain wall, his shirt loose and wrinkled.

It was a far cry from his usual primness.

Walking up to the man, he asked, "What brought you here so early, sir?"

Isaac's response was a complete non sequitur. "Tell me, why do you think Irene Spencer is so *bent on divorcing me?"

Stan Hill did a double take.

Isaac had always been high and mighty, never once deferring to anyone.

It was certainly the first time Stan had seen him like this.

Stan suggested, "Maybe she does have feelings for you, but she refuses to acknowledge it because you hurt her before?"

Isaac certainly agreed that it was one of the reasons-especially when it had caused her miscarriages.

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Isaac knew that he had no one to blame but himself.

Even so, Irene's obstinance on getting a divorce left him feeling unbearable, no matter how he tried to endure and tolerate her actions-she would even go as far as to have her own father beg Henry!

It was clear that she would not change her mind once she made her choice, but such was her nature.

Now, he was even less eager to tell the truth of what had happened that night-would she not hate him more if she found out?

"Why don't you test her, and see if she cares?" Stan suggested.

Turning to him, Isaac asked, "How?"

"Well, just hang out with other women," Stan said. "She would not care if all she feels toward you is spite, but she would be jealous if she has feelings for you."

Isaac scowled. "Why do I even bother asking?"

Stan was speechless-what was wrong with his idea? It was basically perfect!

Naturally, confident as he was, Stan said, "Well, do you have better ideas? That's the only option to test her now."

Isaac mused to himself for a while, and eventually said, "Fine, you're in charge. Just get a woman that we can get rid of easily."

"Understood," Stan replied.

Suddenly, Isaac asked, "By the way, have you found Whitney Cox yet?"

"We're on it, sir."

"Find her-dead or alive." There was a sinister tone in Isaac's voice just then.

"Of course, sir," Stan replied. "It was my negligence that afforded Chad Ross an opening."

Irene did not leave the mansion for the day, and was rehabilitating her foot per her doctor's instructions.

She could walk now, and was fine as long as she did not stress her foot.

However, she simply could not focus today, and had no idea why that was happening.

Her mind seemed muddled, and she caught herself checking the time on occasion...

As if she was waiting for something-or perhaps someone?

Mrs. Watson could see that something was weighing on her mind, and hence asked, "Mrs. Jefferson,

you've been staring at the clock for a while now. Are you that eager for Mr. Jefferson to come home?"

Irene snorted. "I'm not."

"Now, now, I've been watching." Mrs. Watson smiled. "You're married, and this is just how it should be."

Irene lowered her gaze. "Really?"

"Of course-the way you're waiting for Mr. Jefferson coming home is exactly that." Mrs. Watson beamed.

"Am I being that obvious?" Irene asked her.

"What do you think?" Mrs. Watson asked in return. "When you're married, you should be honest. I don't know why you were so distant from Mr. Jefferson before, but you should come clean if there's

something you've been hiding. It's everyone's win if he can accept it, and even if he can't, at least you two understand each other."

Irene pursed her lips. "I'm afraid that he'll hurt..."

Her son.

And she had witnessed how furious Isaac can get.

"But hiding is not the way either, y'know?" Mrs. Watson told her.

Irene agreed, and seeing that she was moved, Mrs. Watson pressed, "Just go to him, Mrs. Jefferson. You're done with rehab for the day anyway."

Beguiled by Mrs. Watson, Irene actually got Jimmy the chauffeur to drive her to the Light Group offices.

Still, she realized that she was being impulsive when she arrived at the entrance.

She turned and was about to leave when she saw Isaac stepping out.

It was too late for her to hide, so she braced herself to greet him... only to see the young, pretty girl following him.

And the instant Isaac saw Irene, he put an arm around the girl's waist!

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Irene's expression darkened as she stared at Isaac holding that girl.

It hurt-as if someone had shoved her heart on a meat hook

"Did you come looking for me?" he asked her then, looking fixedly at her as if afraid to miss a sliver of her reaction.

Irene, however, feigned nonchalance and flashed an impeccable smile. "No, I didn't. I was just passing by, and I have something else to do. I'll be leaving now."

With that, she returned to the car, and urged Jimmy to drive away as fast as he could. "Move, now!"

All she wanted right then was to get out of that place, and even as the car moved, she did not even

look out of the window once, as if fearful that she would see Isaac holding another woman again.

She wanted to slap herself right then she actually came to make peace, and come clean to him!

“He’s the enemy!” she murmured, giggling self-deprecatingly. “You must have gone crazy- .or drugged,

Irene Spencer! To think you’d fall for the man who killed your child!”

“Mrs. Jefferson...” Jimmy murmured as he glanced at her through the rearview mirror.

Talking to herself and looking a little too agitated... Did she finally lose it?

Irene rubbed her face behind her palms and composed herself. “I’m fine,” she said.

“Shall we head to the mansion?” Jimmy asked.

Irene shook her head. “No. Let’s go to the hospital.”

They soon arrived, but as Irene alighted and headed to Lionel’s ward and knocked on the door, she heard Samantha’s voice from within.

“Come on, Ricky. You know that your father won’t live long, so curry his favor and always be wary of Irene. There’s a chance she’ll beat you to your father’s estate, even though you’re his only son and you deserve everything he has.’

However, it appeared as if Ricky did not like what his mother was saying. “Why are you talking about the inheritance already, Mom? Dad is still alive!”

“I’m just planning ahead for you, alright?” Samantha insisted, because she knew that Lionel still cared about Irene and wanted to be prepared for any surprises.

“You really have to be smart now, Ricky. Be sweet to your father, make him happy and don’t cause more trouble. Also, stop Irene from meeting him at all costs, or she’s going to try to sweeten him up for favors. I mean, what would happen to us if your father suddenly has a rush. of poo to the brain, and gives her everything? You know I’m not married to him, and you’re still an illegitimate son. We have to

be cautious.”

Ricky, however, was not as devious as Samantha. “I’m his son. He’d never abandon me.”

“Don’t you see?! Sheryl Harris left town for almost a whole year just to force him into a

divorce, but your father refused’ He must still have feelings for her he doesn’t care about us!

“Samantha snapped, the very idea leaving her fuming

Sheryl was clearly eager for a divorce, but Lionel just had to refuse!

It was obvious that he never wanted to marry her.

In that case, what did she amount to?!

Irene had wanted to meet Lionel, but overheard that conversation instead

While the Spencer family did have some estate left, she was not sure about the precise figures.

However, Samantha was already ready to round up everything while Lionel was still alive?

She certainly did not want to see Samantha, but just as she turned to leave, Lionel stepped out of a room after finishing a test

“Irene?” he called out to her when he saw her

Irene turned, and saw him smiling

“Did you come to see me?”

Lionel was naturally happy that she would come to visit without being asked, especially since she had been indifferent toward him before

Irene nodded. “Yeah.”

“Come in, then,” Lionel said warmly.

“Maybe next time,” Irene replied, excusing herself because Samantha was there.

However, Samantha must have heard them, and opened the door to greet her with an ambiguous tone.

“Oh, Irene! Did you come to visit your father?”

Irene could not stand the sight of Samantha just then. Though she had come to realize Ricky was relatively innocent, Samantha could corrupt him no matter how kind hearted he was

Also, coveting the family estate just because Lionel was sick? Had she ever been sincere toward Lionel, or was she after his money from the very start?

"I'm my

father's daughter," Irene said. "Is there something wrong with me visiting him?"

Samantha's face fell. "Haven't you hated him all this while? And now, you're suddenly his daughter again? You just want his money, don't you?"

Irene never wanted to argue about inheritance, but Samantha's repeated mention of it left her repulsed, so she snapped, "Oh, I never thought about it thanks for reminding me. I guess I should properly fawn over my daddy, so that he'll give me a bigger share!"

Samantha was furious. "You little-"

"That's enough," Lionel was getting irritated with the way they had to bicker every time they met. "You'll annoy me to death even if this cancer doesn't kill me!"

Considering his health, Irene quickly said, "Thank you, Dad."

She was rarely this sentimental toward him, and Lionel actually felt emotional just then. "It's what I should do," he replied.

With that, all the past grievances between father and daughter were cleared away, while

Samantha was left utterly confused.

"Lionel, why is she thanking you? What did you do for her?" she asked. "It's none of your business," Lionel answered coolly.

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As Lionel stepped inside his ward, he told Samantha, "You can leave. I don't need you here."

Samantha quickly tried to appease him. "You can't be alone, right? I'll stay."

However, Lionel had already seen through her and what she wanted.

“You just want my inheritance, don’t you?” he asked, exposing her right then.

“No!” Samantha quickly explained. “I’m fine without it, but you have to take care of Ricky. He has a criminal record, and there’s every chance he won’t get a good career. You have to think of him!”

Lionel was not bothered with her rant, and simply lay down in bed!

Was he that stupid that he would not look after his own son?

Meanwhile, Irene had left quietly, and Ricky followed her out of the building.

“Sis,” he called out to her.

Turning to look at him with an impassive expression, she asked, “What?”

“I heard that you’re the one who got a specialist to help Dad,” Ricky said earnestly, his hostility toward her before nowhere to be seen. “Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me. He’s my father too,” Irene replied, and left.

They had nothing else to talk about anyway.

Back at Light Group’s offices, Isaac released the girl beside him the instant Irene turned around.

Her name was Kathy Young, and she was a secretary that Stan had hired for Isaac!

Naturally, Isaac had another secretary and did not need Kathy-in fact, Kathy was

incompetent and inexperienced, and had nothing going for her aside from a certification from a famous university.

Stan kept her just for her looks, and she was a good choice to make Irene jealous.

“Mr. Jefferson...”

She had felt despondent when Isaac removed his hand.

“Tell Stan Hill to come downstairs,” Isaac coolly told her, and strode away.

Kathy was puzzled – he was being intimate one moment, and icily distant the next. What was he thinking?

Still, she was new here and should not ask too many questions, and did as she was told. When Stan arrived downstairs, he walked up to Isaac’s car. “Yes, Mr. Jefferson?”

“She saw us, but she’s not upset. Does that mean he really doesn’t care about me?” Isaac asked him

Isaac was smart, but tended to fumble when it came to Irene perhaps he was having tunnel vision, or because he was just too impatient to conquer her

It was also why he bought Stan’s advice.

Naturally, he was despondent to see that Irene could smile even when she saw him with Kathy

He was hence irritated and convinced that Stan’s idea was a dud Irene was not jealous at all!

“Are you sure she’s not pretending?” Stan asked

“Just send that woman away,” Isaac snapped, and drove off

Stan was left behind, feeling that Isaac was already giving up on a good plan halfway!

After all, it might not be enough for Irene to see them together once

As he turned around and headed inside the building, he found Kathy waiting

“Did I make a mistake?” she asked softly. “Is Mr Jefferson upset?”

Upset?

Stan wanted to tell her right then that Isaac was suffering a terrible case of unrequited love!

Nonetheless, he suddenly had the idea of sending her to Isaac's mansion, to cook him his favorite food, but mostly to get Irene to react.

"Can you cook?" he asked.

Kathy shook her head.

So that was another dud.

"Well, what can you do?" Stan asked.

"Sing and dance," Kathy replied.

Stan was speechless.

"Mr. Hill, you're not really hiring me as a secretary, are you?" Kathy asked just then. "Everything you've told me to do isn't within a secretary's job description..."

"A secretary's job is to care for their boss," Stan retorted. "Walk with me."

Kathy nodded and followed him, and Stan issued instructions as they walked. "There's something you need to do, and do well."

"Of course. Tell me," Kathy said.

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Stan beckoned for Kathy to come closer before whispering into her ear.

Her pretty eyes abruptly lit up with a twinkle, and when Stan was finished, she said, understand."

"Don't even think about stepping out of line, understand?"

"Understood," Kathy said tamely.

"Good."

"I

Later in the evening, once Stan had confirmed that Isaac had returned to his mansion, he notified Kathy.

In the mansion, Irene was nestled on the couch and reading a book, and acted as if she did not see Isaac return-even if her mind already drifted away from her book.

She wondered how Isaac could pretend that he loved her when he had other women on the side ... even doing that to her!

She knew it. All men thought with their scrotums, doing it just because they wanted, even if love was not involved.

And here she thought Isaac lost control because he was furious! He was no exception to the scrotum rule any pretty face will do!

Casually throwing his jacket on the couch just then, Isaac stood beside the table and stared at her.

“Don’t you have anything to say to me?”

Irene turned toward him and smiled. “Nope.”

She acted as cool as a cucumber even if she did not feel that way, in fear that she messed up again.

Also, if she threw a hissy fit, would she not be exposing herself that she cared?

Even if she did, she would act like she did not because he was not worth it!

Meanwhile, Isaac was pursing his lips and staring straight at her.

Was she really this cold? This indifferent, even after they literally bared themselves to each other?

Annoyed, he forcefully pulled off his necktie and threw it at Irene-acting petty like a child! “Heartless woman!” he snapped, and stormed upstairs.

Irene was actually left between laughter and tears.

Why was he upset? What was there to be upset about?

He was surrounded by babes at work, and now he was trying to tell her that he cared about her?

She was not falling for it this time!

“Don’t you know how fake you are?” she dissed him coolly.

Isaac stopped in his tracks, just as Irene continued, “You refuse to divorce me and tell me that you love me, but you’re fooling around with other girls the next instant. Hell, did you swindle them the way you swindled me?”

Was she jealous?

Isaac tried to keep his excitement in check as he strode downstairs-but there was no hiding his glee, as it was showing in his visage.

“Are you upset?” His tone was suddenly light.

Irene was not about to fall for his tricks again. “Upset? What’s there to be upset about? I’d rather you mess around with as many women as you want, so that you can divorce me sooner and get out of my hair.”

Isaac’s glee quickly faded-replaced by disappointment, even anger!

“Out, Mrs. Watson!” he snapped.

Mrs. Watson kept her head down and did so immediately, whereas Irene became wary. “What are you doing?”

“What do you think?” Isaac sneered.

*Irene had no idea, but it would definitely not be anything good.

She had ended up with one broken leg the last time he flipped out, which she had just happened to recover from.

She certainly did not want to get hurt again!

Leaping off the couch, she hid in a corner while snapping, “What’s your deal, Isaac Jefferson, constantly abusing a woman?! Divorce me if you consider yourself a man!”

Chapter 129

“Divorce you?!”

Isaac’s cheek was twitching as crimson fury flared in his eyes.

He really wanted to gouge her heart out and see what it was made of-how could she be so heinous?!

“No, you’ll never get a divorce. Your soul belongs to me even if you die!”

Irene felt like she could lose her mind just then.

She tried to give up on her spite and have a heart-to-heart talk with him, but he was messing around with other women! She felt so stupid for almost believing that he actually loved her! “Fine! I’ll announce

to the world tomorrow that I’m your wife, and I cheated on you all the time with different men, even getting pregnant! I’ll make you get sick of me!”

Isaac almost choked from that just then.

She was really killing him!

“Just try it!!!!

”“You think I won’t?!” Irene retorted with equal staunchness.

It was going nowhere, so Isaac took a deep breath to compose himself. “How could you be so callous?”

At the same time, Irene’s chest was heaving from sheer frustration. Did he really just say that? When he had toyed with her feelings?!

And now he is acting like he cared again!

That was when they heard a knock on the front door, and Mrs. Watson called out, “Mr. Jefferson? A Ms. York is asking for you.”

Irene turned towards the door. Ms. York?

On the other hand, Isaac frowned. He remembered telling Stan to get rid of her! Why was she showing up here now?

"Tell her to leave!" he barked coldly.

Kathy was actually at the door, and did not leave even though she heard Isaac. "I am just here to deliver a document, sir."

Isaac frowned, but Irene thought that he was still pretending.

He even had a hand on her waist, and now he was acting as if there was nothing between them?

She really wanted to tell him that he would make a good actor just then!

Deciding for him just then, she said, "Let her in, Mrs. Watson."

Kathy entered the instant Mrs. Watson opened the door-it was obvious that she had dolled herself up before coming, having changed into fresh clothes and putting on even more elaborate makeup.

Irene looked at her, and then herself-her clothes were wrinkled from sitting on the couch, her hair was a mess and there was no makeup on her face at all.

Kathy was her polar opposite. It was as if every inch of her had been worked on immaculately.

Judging from that alone, it was no coincidence that Isaac would desire her-she had what it took to seduce man.

Irene actually felt herself a mess before her.

Picking up her book, she told Isaac, "You need to talk about work, right? I'll stay upstairs-I won't impose."

But even as she tried to make her escape, Isaac caught her wrist just as he walked past her.

He had the feeling that this was another of Stan's terrible ideas... but Irene was getting even more distant due to their misunderstanding, and he did not like being around a woman he did not know.

In fact, it was annoying and even revolting.

"You're not imposing," he said.

Irene leaned in to whisper into his ear then, "How are you going to cop a feel when I'm around?"

There was no telling if she was mocking Isaac or being jealous, leaving him a little speechless just then.

Lowering his gaze, he asked quietly, "Are you jealous?"

"Nope." Irene naturally refused to admit it.

That was when Isaac suddenly had a thought. Was she being cold and contemptible because she had seen him with Kathy and got upset?

His gloomy mood eased considerably, and he smiled, "If you say so."

His reaction left Irene puzzled. Why is he being so volatile? She simply could not get a read on him!

Meanwhile, Kathy was left standing there, feeling out of place.

Isaac was even acting as if she did not exist.

To draw their attention, she said, "Mr. Jefferson, the documents?"

"Put it on the table, and you can leave," he said flatly.

"Of course," she said evenly, and after she did so, she asked, "So, are we going to the hotel today?"

Isaac's face darkened at her words!

Chapter 130

Furious, Irene knocked Isaac's hand away

They had already planned to get a room, and he was still pretending as if he cared about her? Right in front of his lover?

His talent was wasted as CEO. He should be an actor instead!

"You're a liar!" she snapped, and started to run upstairs.

However, her foot might have been still too stiff, or she was moving too quickly, or perhaps she was simply too distracted... she almost tripped on the stairs, but caught the scaffolding in time so that she did not actually fall

That left her even more frustrated. Forget making a fool of herself in front of Isaac she was doing it in front of his lover too!

“Stupid mansion!” she snapped grumpily. “They can’t even get the design right when they built it!”

Isaac stared at her and said, “If you say so. Let’s demolish this place and build it in a design you prefer.”

*Irene wheeled on him and shot him a glare

See? He was flirting with her again!

“Why do you care? Go to the hotel already!” Irene huffed as she rushed upstairs.

Isaac was actually happy to see Irene upset.

Did that mean she was jealous, and cared about him?

Delight showed on his face at the very thought, and his tone was a lot less cold.

Turning to Kathy, he asked, “Stan told you to do this?”

Kathy spaced out for a moment. Realizing that Isaac was talking to her, she quickly said, “Yes, Mr. Jefferson.”

In reality, Stan did not—he had only told her to show up at the mansion using the documents as an excuse, so that Irene saw her again.

Kathy, however, intended for them to split up!

“Got it. You may go now,” Isaac said, once again distant as he asked Mrs. Watson to escort her out.

Still, Kathy was not in a rush to succeed, and politely left with Mrs. Watson.

Isaac then called Stan and called him to the mansion.

While Stan's plan did help, he had done it without Isaac's permission and almost messed up everything!

And that was unacceptable!

After finishing his call, he headed upstairs.

Irene was in her room, having hidden herself under her blanket.

Her head was much clearer now.

She got agitated just now, did she not?

What was Isaac going to think of her now?

Argh! How could she have done something so embarrassing? It was killing her!

If only she had a hole to hide in!

Even if she was really upset, she should never have shown it to Isaac.

He must now be laughing at how silly she was!

That was when Isaac opened the door, and found her lying sprawled in bed looking utterly vexed.

He grinned. To think that she had this adorable side to her....

Though he tiptoed inside, Irene sensed a presence and promptly sat up.

Seeing that it was him, she dissed, "Why are you in my room? Shouldn't you be in a hotel room?"

Isaac simply stared at her calmly, completely unaffected.

His stare somehow left her bristling and bad-tempered, and she snapped, "I'm not falling for it again! Don't bother putting the moves on me!"

"Are you upset?" He smiled.

Irene snorted. "Upset? What's there to be upset about? I'd rather you mess around with more

Women

"Can you be honest for once?" Isaac interrupted.

Irene was not about to let up, and she certainly would not admit her feelings. "What, am I not honest enough? I'm just telling it as it is! All I want is a di-

Isaac suddenly lunged toward her, held the back of her head, and kissed her lips to stop her mid-sentence.

He refused to hear the word 'divorce'!

Nonetheless, Irene repeatedly punched him on the chest and shoulder, and clawed at him when that failed. "Umph... Let... Me... Go!!!"

"Irene." Isaac grabbed both her hands and looked her straight in the eyes with a serious gaze. "I'm not involved with other women."

"You're a liar-"

"I'm not. Stan Hill arranged for that lady to come just now. It was his idea to have you see me with other women, and he said that you have feelings for me if you end up jealous."

Brushing his finger over the back of her hand, Isaac then added softly, "Did you know how happy I was to see that you were jealous?"

Irene bit her lip.

Did that mean she had fallen for his ruse?

She hung her head-that was even more embarrassing than before!

Nonetheless, Isaac held her chin and made her look up at him. "Stop asking for a divorce. Can't we just stay like this?"

As Irene looked into his eyes, she understood that her feelings were now under his control.

Because she was in love with him.

"I..." she murmured, her voice turning hoarse instantly while her eyes welled with tears.