

Runaway 131

Chapter 131

Looking into Irene's eyes, Issac told her, "If you still hate me for causing your miscarriage and pushing you off the building, you can curse me and hit me all you will, or demand anything —I will accept everything you ask, but not a divorce."

Irene sniffled. "I hate you, but..."

But she could not control her own feelings, and fell for him.

Biting her lip, she asked, "Don't you care that I've been with other men?"

"I don't," Isaac replied, because he knew that she was squeaky clean and had given him her first time!

Irene made up her mind then. "But... do you mind if I had a child with another man?"

If he accepted it, so be it.

If he refused to, she would hold no qualms about leaving, so that neither of them would be hurt because they had to stay!

On the other hand, Isaac did not catch her hint, and presumed that she was talking about their lost child.

His heart sank at the thought, and his chest felt as if it burned. "If your children were still here, I would love them as my own.

Irene was left in disbelief. "Really?"

"I wouldn't lie!" Isaac replied with determination.

"Alright, then I have something to tell you...."

Bang!

The door suddenly swung open, and Stan appeared at the door, huffing. "Bad news, Mr. Jefferson! Whitney Cox is headed for the docks, where a boat is waiting to take her overseas!"

Stan's appearance interrupted Irene's confession, while Isaac promptly remembered how Whitney had swindled him.

Glowering, he asked, "Did you let her escape?!"

"No, our people are still following them, but they already boarded a boat. There's little hope of catching up..."

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As Stan's voice trailed off, Isaac barked furiously, "You're all useless! Move, we have to stop them!"

He then remembered Irene and turned to her. "Stay home. There's something I must do."

"Why is Whitney escaping?" Irene asked in curiosity.

"She made a mistake," Isaac replied simply.

Irene nodded. "Okay. You should go."

So, Whitney was getting her just deserts after putting her through amniocentesis during her early pregnancy, exposing her to a heightened risk of miscarriage?

Isaac turned, barking orders as he strode, "Tell the people following them don't let them get away at any cost!"

"Yes, sir," Stan replied.

"Do we have any boats available right now?"

"A yacht, sir."

"Good. We'll be there right now," Isaac said as he strode out of the mansion.

As they drove to the harbor, there was no question that they were a little late, but the men Stan sent to tail them had intercepted Whitney's boat.

By the time Isaac arrived, a fight had broken out on the boat and confusion ensued, with some people

being knocked overboard.

Stan steered their yacht while his men docked the boat with a plank. Isaac walked over and stood on the deck, even as the sea's breeze blew violently against his jacket, causing it to flap loudly.

Be that as it may, he stood firm and unaffected.

Chad narrowed his eyes when he saw Isaac. "Whitney is my woman. Show me some respect ,and spare her."

Isaac snorted coldly. "There's no respect for you here. Stan, find her."

"Yes, sir," Stan replied.

When Isaac and Stan arrived, they brought more men, outnumbering Chad's men.

Defeat was at hand, and Chad started to panic. "Why do you insist on going against me?!"

"You're the one who's doing that," Isaac replied in disdain.

That was when Whitney ran up to Chad, hiding behind him as she cried, "No! I'd rather die than go back to prison!"

She was terrified of being recaptured. Forget losing her freedom in prison-she was constantly tortured and left wishing she was dead!

"You have to save me, Chad..." she murmured as she grasped tightly onto Chad's arm, afraid. that she would be captured as if she released him.

But Chad's men were falling one by one... and soon there were none.

Stan glowered and threatened him, "Give her up, Chad Ross-or do you want us to do it the hard way?"

My men here are all meatheads who don't hold back. Don't blame us for not warning you if you get hurt."

Seeing that he had no choice, Chad told Whitney, "I'll save you some other way."

Whitney panicked. "Are you giving up on me?"

“No, but we have no choice right now.”

Chad simply had no way out in the face of Isaac’s overwhelming threat.

No good man would bite the bullet for nothing. He must think of the big picture!

Meanwhile, Whitney despaired. Laughing coldly, she knew right then that Isaac would not allow Chad any chance to save her again if she were brought back to prison.

And she would rather die than suffer again!

Pushing Chad away, she dove headfirst into the sea!

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Stan was utterly dumbstruck.

Really? Was she going that far?

Did she really have no will to live, throwing herself into the ocean?

“Find her-even if she’s dead,” Isaac growled just then.

He wanted a body even if she was really dead!

Stan promptly left and ordered the men to put on their gear for a search effort.

Meanwhile, Chad buried his head under his palms. He was still in love with Whitney-he would not have challenged Isaac’s wrath to rescue her from prison otherwise.

“You’re a murderer, Isaac Jefferson!” he bellowed in rage.

Isaac’s expression was icy, but he did not even glance at Chad.

On the other hand, Stan snorted at Chad, knowing that he was messing with the wrong man. Who murdered her again? She jumped into the sea on her own! Hell, we’re going down right now to save

her!”

-Chad’s face went red from frustration. “That’s not true and you know it!”

“But it is the truth,” Stan said, shrugging at him with a look that basically said ‘what can you -do-about-that?’

Chad almost could die from sheer rage right then!

After over an hour, the recovery team returned to the boat. “Sorry, we couldn’t find her. It’s already difficult to launch a search in the middle of the sea, and in the darkness of the night.”

Chad leaned against the scaffolding and looked out at the borderless sea.

Land was not in sight, and only the moon’s glow flashed a crystalline reflection off the surface.

Anyone falling into these waters in the middle of the night would either drown, freeze to death, or be eaten by sharks.

“Whitney...” Chad started to bawl in heartbreak.

Stan was pursing his lips. Had this man never seen another woman? Was Whitney worth mourning over?

However, Chad had done nothing wrong-he had simply fallen in love, and she was worth the world to her even if no one else agreed.

He loved her, and that was all that mattered.

It was mostly the same principle with Isaac, being in love with Irene...

Reasons? He loved her, and that was reason enough!

“What should we do, sir?” Stan asked Isaac softly then.

There was no way they could keep searching. They were in the middle of the sea and it was nighttime, and the divers would be exposed to serious danger.

Isaac mused to himself for a while and said, “Stay on the boat. Watch them for the night.”

That was in case Whitney survived by chance and returned to Chad’s boat after they left.

“Understood, sir,” Stan replied.

At the mansion, Irene was waiting for Isaac’s return after he left-to tell him what she wanted to say before: that she had managed to save one of her twins, and delivered it safely.

As she waited, she contacted Sheryl on video call and checked on her son, who was beaming happily.

“Did something good happen over there, Irene?” Lulu asked from the other end.

“I guess,” Irene replied-she was relieved to be able to come clean with Isaac.

“By the way, I might be making a trip to Cloud City soon, Irene,” Lulu said then.

Before Irene could ask if it had anything to do with Zachary, Lulu told her, “It’s work.”

Irene thought that she could be honest with Zachary too, but she sighed feebly since she should not interfere. Composing herself and smiling, she said, “Let’s meet up when you arrive.

“Actually, I don’t think we can,” Lulu said. “I’m coming with my team.”

Irene thought nothing of it. “I’ll meet up with you even if you can’t make time.”

“Okay.” Lulu smiled.

“Boo-hoo” Tommy suddenly bawled.

Irene asked worriedly, “What’s wrong, Tommy?”

“Oh, he’s either hungry or he’s just pooped,” Sheryl said then.

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Sheryl then asked casually, “When will you be done over there and come over?”

“Soon,” Irene said after thinking about how things were, before asking hesitantly, “Mom, have you considered coming back instead?”

“Why?” Sheryl asked.

Irene wanted her to meet Lionel Spencer, since he would not survive for long.

“Who knows, we could actually stay in Cloud City...”

“Sunny City is quite good,” Sheryl retorted just then.

In fact, she was getting used to life over here-she had no problems, and just had to help babysit Tommy.

Irene did not try to push her, and made up her mind to talk to her about Lionel once they met.

After asking more questions about Tommy, she eventually ended the call and headed downstairs-she was feeling a little hungry.

She found a cake in the fridge and had a spoonful. The texture was soft and had a buttery sweetness, with a fruity later in between.

That was when the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Watson was not around, so she put the cake on the table and answered the door, when she was left stunned by the visitor-it was Samantha White.

Scowling, she asked, "What are you doing here?"

Samantha cried the instant she saw her, "Your dad is dying soon, Irene! He wants to see you one last time, but I don't have your number-I had to come looking for you!"

Caught in shock and disbelief, Irene felt as if she had a bucket of ice water thrown over her. "S- So soon?!"

But Dr. Kelly said that he would have more time.

"Yes, he just suddenly

"Samantha started bawling.

Irene quickly went looking for the chauffeur, but he was not around.

"I brought my car," Samantha said. "Your father can't wait. There's no time."

Irene was too worried to think straight, and hastily put on a jacket and shoes before running outside:

"Let's go."

Samantha, however, was smiling smugly as she watched her, though she made herself look worried once again as she drove, even crying, "The doctors were saying that he still had time, but he suddenly deteriorated..."

Irene clenched her fingers to stay calm. "Eyes on the road."

“Don’t worry about me,” Samantha replied as she drove out into the road.

There were less cars since it was late, and as Irene stared outside the window, she soon realized that this was not the right way to the hospital. “Didn’t you miss a turn?”

Samantha replied, “I’m just taking a shortcut.”

“I know the shortcuts from the mansion to the hospital, and this isn’t one-in fact, we’re going on a detour. What are you doing? Where are you taking me?”

Samantha calmly replied, “To see your father, of course.”

“You’re lying!” Irene finally realized that something was out of place.

“Now, tell me the truth-what’s going on between you and your father?” Samantha’s tearful face was suddenly replaced by a murderous look.

Irene narrowed her eyes, “So, you were lying? My father is fine?”

“Hah! Of course he is-but I can’t say the same for you soon. Once you’re dead, Ricky will inherit everything!” Samantha replied icily.

She had noticed that Lionel spoke to his lawyer behind his back, and she had a hunch that it was about

his inheritance.

The lawyer was loyal, so Samantha could not get anything out of him-but there was that moment when Irene was suddenly nice to Lionel, even thanking him.

It was obvious that they were sharing a secret.

That was why Samantha must be... cautious.

Irene could not believe it. "You're going to kill me?"

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"Hah! Aren't you a smart one?" Samantha did not hide her intentions at all

Despite knowing that Samantha wanted her dead, Irene stayed calm "You're breaking the Law

"I won't leave evidence since I planned to do it," Samantha laughed icily "Hell, I don't mind getting shot or jailed-I'll make sure that Ricky claims every cent of the Spencer estate I lose nothing if he lives worry free for the rest of his life! He'll be the sole heir, whether Lionel likes it or not!"

"Why wouldn't Lionel want to give it to him?" Irene reasoned "He's Lionel's son being paranoid."

"He never cared about Ricky! If he did, he would've divorced your mother long ago Naturally, Samantha held a serious grudge against Lionel

you're

What did he take her for? Why did he refuse to make her his legal wife? She just wanted to hold her head high was it really that wrong?

And yet, he insisted on keeping her a mere mistress, subjecting both her and Ricky to all scorn and contempt.

"Lionel just wants to use my mother as leverage against me That's why he refuses to divorce her it's not as if he still loves her.

"I thought so too, until I slowly realized he's still in love with your mother. He just wanted a son from me!" Samantha snapped, cutting Irene short, believing that she had seen through Lionel now.

Irene, however, did not wonder if Lionel still loved Sheryl; the most important thing to do right now was to get away.

It was obvious that Samantha was prepared, since she was driving further into the quieter parts of the city.

Right now, Irene must come up with a plan to make Samantha stop the car.

"Don't you want to live and see your son get married and start a family? You're still young, there's still much to live for..."

Her reasoning merely fell to deaf ears, because Samantha has made up her mind! Naturally, Irene had no choice but to brace herself, and opened the car door on her side.

As the safety indicator clicked repeatedly, Samantha exclaimed in shock, "What are you doing?!"

Irene ignored her and yelled, "Help!"

She wanted to draw attention, but there were not many cars around at night, and they were in an isolated area. There was no one there to help!

It was exactly why Samantha went looking for her at this hour. She had planned this!

Glaring at Irene, she snapped, "Shut the door right now!"

Irene refused, intent on having the door crash into a scaffolding to force the car to a stop, only for Samantha to floor the gas pedal.

"I made up my mind before I came, Irene Spencer! I'm not stopping for anything!"

The door soon collided with a scaffolding and snapped off, almost sending the vehicle on its back—Samantha simply kept driving.

Irene started panicking. Gritting her teeth, she calculated how many injuries she would sustain if she leapt off the car at this speed...

Samantha simply gave her a look. "Jump, and you'll get seriously hurt with no hope of escape. Also, I have your father-I'll kill him, believe it!"

Irene naturally did not buy her threat, and knew that the more she cared about Lionel, the more Samantha would keep threatening her with his life. In fact, Samantha might be less wary if she acted hostile against Lionel.

"I'm not that close with him. Kill away! You know how much I hate him-hell, I'd thank you if you killed him!"

Chapter 135

Samantha was left in disbelief. "Cold, aren't you? That's your father, y'know?"

"My father? He used me like a tool. I was never his daughter!" Irene retorted as she feigned spite.

Samantha did not buy it, however. "Aren't you quite close with him now?"

"Since when?" Irene shot back.

"Weren't you two being very polite at the hospital the other day? You even thanked him after you got him a specialist's help-you knew he's dying soon, so you were trying to earn his favor and get a share

of his estate, weren't you?" Samantha exclaimed as if she had just gained an epiphany.

Irene did not bring her phone because she left in a hurry, and had no choice just then.

Her foot had just recovered, and she would really become cripple if she jumped!

Right now, she had to wait and see where Samantha was taking her, and then try to come up with a

plan after that. Jumping out of the car was not a good plan!

Seeing that she was staying put, Samantha chuckled. "Now, that's better."

Irene laughed coldly.

Soon, Samantha stopped the car in the middle of nowhere, and two men stepped out of the thicket once she did. She had arranged for them to be there, even paying them since she knew that she could not handle Irene alone.

Smiling and knowing that she had won, she said, "Get out."

Irene suddenly leaned forward, pulling her seatbelt and looping it around Samantha's neck, threatening, "I'll take you with me!"

Samantha paled. "You wouldn't dare."

"You think I wouldn't? When you're trying to kill me?" Irene started to clench.

Samantha was equally vicious. "You think you're getting away if you kill me? A pretty face like you-what are your chances with those thugs?"

The two men beside the car were leering at Irene. One of them was tanned and skinny, while the other was muscular, and Samantha had paid them to drown Irene in the sea. They did not expect their victim

to be such a beauty, and naturally had other ideas now.

Nonetheless, Irene pulled harder and Samantha began to suffocate. Her face was flushed, and the fear of death gripped her despite her insistence otherwise.

"Get her-off!" She breathed with much difficulty.

It was only then that the two men got inside to stop Irene.

Strangling took more time than slitting the neck, and that was how the men had time to drag Irene out

of the car and save Samantha. Still, it took Samantha a while to catch her breath and talk again. There was a dark red mark that hurt to touch, and she was furious as she alighted. "Irene Spencer!"

She raised her hand, ready to slap Irene. However, although Irene's hands were restrained by the men and kept immobile, she kicked at Samantha before she could reach her.

Samantha was sent stumbling backwards and falling on her backside, fuming, "What are you spacing out for? You have such a beautiful woman, but you don't even want to have a good time?"

The men's eyes twinkled. "Can we...?"

"Of course! Do whatever you want!" Samantha exclaimed viciously.

Trading glances, the men dragged Irene further into the thicket.

It was a coastal area, and one could hear the waves and smell the salt in the air.

Irene knew that it was difficult to fight them for freedom, and she had to do this smart to stand a chance.

Pretending to give in, she trained her sights on the tanned man since he looked skinny and weaker, offering her a better chance to escape. "Now, boys, let's do this one by one-I'm not getting away now that you have me anyway."

Smiling at the tanned man, she asked, "How about you first?"

The tanned man's ears pricked up. Did he just get lucky? Why else would this woman choose him?

Why else would she let him go first?

Studying Irene indecently since he had never seen a beauty like her, he turned to the other man. "How about you let me go first?"

The other man was reasonable. "Fine. Make it quick." The tanned man happily pulled Irene to a clearing!

Chapter 136

Irene tamely followed the tanned, skinny man, who started to let down his guard since she was compliant.

He undid his belt, while urging Irene to undress!

Irene appeared to play along, but even as she did, she was looking around for anything she could use as a weapon.

There were only rocks and weeds around, but she spotted a sharp rock that she could use. Stamping on the grass as if to make it even, she said, "Just making sure it's not too rough to lie down on."

The tanned man was not wary at all, and even praised her for being such a tease.

Irene flashed a smile that did not reach her eyes. "How about you take off your clothes and lay them on the ground?"

"Fine." He was getting undressed anyway, and was actually delighted that she would say that. Irene, however, picked up that sharp rock while he took off his shirt. Gripping it tightly and sneaking close to

the man, she smashed it as hard as she could on his jugular, catching him unawares and sending blood spurting.

The man howled in pain and clutched his neck. "You bitch! You hurt me!"

He tried to grab her by the hair, but she was prepared enough to dodge and run off!

The muscular man ran toward them when he heard the noise, and so did Samantha, who ordered the man, "Stop her! Don't let her get away!"

Irene had thought of an escape route-she knew how to swim, and started heading toward the sea.

However, the quicker she ran, the more her foot seemed to burn. She had yet to fully recover, but she gritted her teeth and kept running, because having a limp was better than being caught here.

That was when she reached the edge of a cliff, which stood moderately high above the sea!

Still, it was too dark, and she could not see if there were rocks beneath the surface under the moonlight.

Meanwhile, Samantha and the two men caught up, with the tanned man's face contorted with savagery. "I'll destroy her once I get my hands on her! She tricked me!"

The muscular man growled, "You've done it now."

Samantha just found them stupid. "Grab her already. She has no place to run off to!"

As they approached her, Irene knew that she could not win against three. Gritting her teeth and

rejoicing that she was a good swimmer, she decided not to hesitate-she would not stand a chance once they reached her.

She jumped.

“Oh, shit!” the tanned man exclaimed in shock.

Smanatha promptly ran to the edge to look below. She was worried because she did not see Irene’s corpse, and told the men to jump too. “Go, find her!”

“We can’t swim,” they replied.

Samantha threatened, “You don’t want to be paid?”

The two men traded glances. “There’s a path that reaches below. We’ll look there.”

“Go,” Samantha urged.

However, Irene was nowhere to be seen as they walked up to the beach.

It was dark and they did not know how to swim, and hence soaked themselves to pretend they did.

The tanned man was clutching his neck, feeling dazed from blood loss. “I need the hospital, or I’m going to die.”

The muscular man thought about it and said, “Let’s just tell her she’s dead. We’re only doing this for the money anyway.”

“Yeah,” the tanned man replied.

They were not staking their lives on this anyway.

As they returned in their drenched clothes, they told Samantha that they found Irene’s corpse in the sea. “We made sure she’s at the bottom. There won’t be anything left of her once the sharks are done with her.”

Samantha was not convinced. “Really?”

“Why would we lie? We can take you there if you want.”

The pair appeared confident, and Samantha thought that they would not lie since they offered to take her there.

Moreover, jumping from that high? The height would have killed Irene, if not drowning.

“Fine.” Convinced, Samantha paid the men and happily drove home, believing that her son was Lionel

Spencer’s sole heir now, and that the entire Spencer estate was now hers.

Chapter 137

Although Samantha was in a good mood, she did not know that Irene survived.

Irene was a good swimmer, and where she landed was deep enough to break her fall.

She was not familiar with the area and wanted to get ashore, but did not do so immediately since Samantha might still be around.

The skies were brightening a little when a light suddenly flashed on her, and someone called out, “There’s someone here!”

Irene was startled. ‘Is it Samantha?’

She swam as fast as she could, but was quickly overtaken by a boat.

“Whitney? Is that you?” Chad called out, and frowned in disappointment to see that it was not when a light caught Irene’s face.

Stan and his men had left the boat, confident that Whitney was dead since they did not find her after an entire night.

Chad was searching as well, but there was no sign of her, and there was not much chance of her surviving.

He fell to despair.

“Are you swimming here?” he asked.

He was puzzled since this was no place to swim, and the beach was far. How did this woman get here?

As Irene floated with just her head above the surface, she looked up at Chad on the boat.

Had that man mistaken her for Whitney? Was he looking for Whitney?

She then remembered Isaac telling her that Whitney was trying to flee the country on a boat, and Chad was now looking for her... Did that mean she had gone missing?

One of Chad's men whispered into his ear just then, "That's Isaac Jefferson's woman."

Chad then remembered Whitney mentioning Isaac having a woman named Irene.

Was it this woman?

The thought that Isaac had pushed Whitney to her death made him turn his spite on Irene.

He could certainly handle a woman even if he could not handle Isaac.

Ashe ordered his men to bring Irene up the boat, she quickly tried to swim away.

She was exhausted, however, and eventually gave up. The water was chilly and she had been in it too long as well.

Moreover, Chad had no reason to hurt her since they had no quarrel.

Since she was soaking in seawater, her clothes accentuated her figure even though she was dressed in layers.

She stood behind her chest, keeping herself away from Chad's gaze as she asked, "Are you going ashore?"

"Of course," Chad replied. "We're not fishermen-we don't live at sea... So what's your relationship with Isaac?"

Irene stayed silent because she did not know why he had suddenly asked that.

Chad snorted coldly. "Keep quiet all you want. I know you're with him."

Irene quickly realized what was happening. "Did things get heated between you two?" Why else would there be an undertone of hostility in his voice?

"He made Whitney jump into the sea, and she's probably dead now-we can't find her anyway. Heated would be an understatement after he killed my girl, don't you think?"

Chad's lips then curled up into a grin. "Karma's a bitch... He killed my girl, but now you fall into my

hands. Don't you think I should get an eye for an eye?"

Irene was stunned.

Out of the frying pan into the fire!

Still, she tried to set herself apart, saying, "If you have a bone to pick with him, then settle it with him. We're really not that close."

"Don't bother lying. I know everything." Chad replied.

As the boat reached the docks, he told his men, "Tie her up. Take her with us.

Irene wondered how she could be that unlucky just then.

Her fingers were clenched over the scaffolding. She was excused after such a long night, and trying to jump and swim away was impossible-they had a boat, and they would catch up in no time at all.

She tried to persuade Chad with another approach right then. "If revenge against Isaac is what you want, I can help you."

Before she could escape, she must delay the inevitable!

Chapter 138

Naturally, Chad doubted her and sneered. "Do you think I'm an idiot? That you could trick me so easily?"

Irene forced a smile and kept trying to cajole him. "I'm not lying-I'm being honest here. I have a bone to pick with Isaac Jefferson as well."

“What, you have a bone to pick with him too?” Chad remained doubtful.

“You were saying that you know about us, but do you know what’s really going on between us?”

Irene patiently reasoned.

She was quick on her feet-this way, she could find out about Chad’s intentions, along with how much he actually knew about her and Isaac.

Chad raised a brow in response. He certainly was not aware of the relationship between Isaac and Irene aside from Whitney’s brief mentioning.

In fact, he would not have remembered her if his men never reminded him.

“What else could it be? You’re his girl,” he replied.

Isaac was not married, so she had to be his lover!

Irene breathed a sigh of relief then-it turned out that Chad knew about them, but nothing specific.

This meant that she stood a chance.

“Send people to ask around if you want. He abuses me everyday, and I was just able to walk after he broke my leg. I despise him-that’s why I’m telling you that I can help you if you want revenge.”

Chad was hesitant then. “Fine, I’ll ask around, but you’re still coming with me.”

Irene had more to say, but he cut her short. “I’m not letting you go just because of what you said. What if you’re lying and give me the slip?”

Chad was ugly but not stupid!

Irene shuddered even as she leaned against the scaffolding.

Her clothes were wet, and a gentle brush from a sea breeze left her with goosebumps all over. Folding

her arms and rubbing them firmly, she said, “I’ll come with you, but you have to agree to my condition.”

“What is it?” Chad asked.

"I'm staying in a hotel. You can have your men stand watch outside."

Right now, she needed dry clothes, but she was onboard a boat full of men. After that close shave with the two thugs before, she must be prepared!

Moreover, there would be others at the hotel, and she could save herself if there were any surprises!

Chad hesitated for a moment. "Fine."

"Thank you," Irene replied politely.

She was now his captive, and she had to be compliant.

For Chad's part, he presumed that she would never try to run after seeing her looking meek and delicate.

"Untie her. Just keeping an eye on her is good enough," he told his men.

Naturally, he would not have thought so if he had known what happened before she ended up in the sea.

As the boat reached the docks and everyone got off, Irene was escorted by men left and right, but they were not touching her. She did not stop for a moment even as she got into Chad's car as ordered,

though she kept herself very close to the car door.

"Have I met you before?" Chad suddenly asked.

Irene shook her head. "No."

But if his memory served him well, they had met back at university when Chad was wooing Whitney.

He probably would not remember, and he certainly could not even after he tried to recall.

Still, he just found her appearance familiar, but could not remember where he had actually met her.

Thinking nothing of it, he muttered, "Maybe I was mistaken."

Right now, his priority was revenge!

After sending Irene to the hotel, he had two men stand guard outside, before sending his people to find out if things were hostile between Irene and Isaac as she had claimed.

Once inside the hotel room, Irene used every lock on the door behind her to ensure that no one was getting in, before undressing and taking a warm shower, and left her clothes out to dry.

“Achoo!” She sneezed, catching a cold regardless.

Sniffing, she waited until she started to sweat.

Wrapping a towel around herself, she waited for her clothes to dry when she saw the phone beside the bed.

She picked it up and called Zachary, but he turned out to be drunk although he quickly answered.

He had been getting drunk every day recently!

“Zachary, please help me contact Isaac,” Irene said.

“Oh, Irene?” Zachary mumbled drunkenly. “Just call him yourself...”

Glug’

Chapter 139

It sounded like Zachary was chugging a beer!

“Quit drinking, Zachary!” Irene whispered.

“Hah! Why not? She betrayed me.” He chuckled in disappointment, misery, and disbelief!

“Listen, Zachary, I only have your number. That’s why I called you. Someone is holding me hostage in a hotel right now, tell—”

Someone knocked on her door before she could finish, and she quickly hung up.

On the other end, Zachary was too drunk to think about what Irene said he was actually puzzled that she hung up on him.

Meanwhile, Irene answered the door after putting on her clothes, and found Chad standing at the doorway.

He actually doubled back, remembering that there were phones in the hotel room, and that Irene could call for outside help

He strode inside, glancing at the phone as he asked, "Did you contact Isaac Jefferson?"

Irene could not remember Isaac's number, or she would have.

"I didn't." She smiled.

Chad doubted her, and told his people to check with the front desk.

Irene, however, was not worried because she did not call Isaac anyway, and Chad's goon soon returned. "She did make a call, but it wasn't to Isaac Jefferson."

Irene smiled. "See? I wasn't lying."

Believing her for the moment, Chad then said, "Do me a favor, and I'll let you go."

"What is it?" Irene asked.

Passing Irene a white bottle, he said, "I have a rough idea now, and what you said is true- Isaac has been abusing you. Since he's our mutual enemy, shall we work together now? You can get close to him, so spike his food with this and it's a job done."

Irene took it, unable to tell what the bottle contained since there were no labels on it. "Is this poison?"

"No, it just causes nerve damage and mental issues after prolonged consumption," Chad replied.

"Dying would be letting him off easy-we'll make him a nutcase and the laughing stock of Cloud City, so that he wishes he was dead!"

Though Chad's plan sounded ruthless, Irene did not hesitate to take the bottle and agree to it. "You have a deal."

Still, she was laughing in her head of Chad's stupidity- would Isaac care about how others saw him if he became a nutcase?

“Good. Your compliance spares me a lot of trouble,” Chad said with satisfaction, and looked around the room. “Does this place suit you?”

“Yeah,” Irene replied, pausing for a moment before asking, “When are you releasing me?”

“Right now.” Chad smiled. “However, I need assurance that you won’t renege on our deal, so I need leverage on you.”

Irene frowned. “What leverage?”

Chad studied her from head to toe then. “Your modesty, of course-it applies to all women. Let me take photos of you nude, and I’ll be less worried.”

Irene glowered then, and clenched her fingers repeatedly before finally calming down.

“Now, now-I’m not out of line here. I have to think for myself, too!” Chad said as if it made perfect sense.

Irene lowered her gaze when an idea struck her. “Sure, but only if you’re alone with me in the room.”

Chad was naturally pleased since she was easy on the eyes, and ordered his goons out of the room.

However, the instant he locked the door, Irene picked up a glass cup and smashed it onto the floor.

“What the hell?” Chad exclaimed, wheeling on her.

*Irene smiled. “Sorry, it’s an accident.”

She dropped to a crouch to pick up the fragments and throw them into the trash can-save for one shard.

“Okay, now take it off,” Chad urged, eager to see if her figure matched the splendor of her beauty.

Irene moved close to him with a grin. “You want to see?”

Chad did not hide it. "Every man loves a beautiful woman. It's in our nature--"

He was not even finished when Irene suddenly extended her hand, pressing something sharp against his neck.

His eyes widened in shock. "What are you doing?!"

Chapter 140

Irene knew for a fact that rich kids like Chad were very afraid of death

Her visage was calm and her words direct. "Let me go "

Chad refused "I doubt you'd kill me

He was convinced that a girl like her would never go that far, unaware that she was a doctor that anyone brave enough to pick up a scalpel was no coward!

Irene simply pressed the sharp glass shard until it broke his skin, and as Chad felt the sharp pain in his neck, and reached up for a touch

His soul almost left him when he felt the warm, sticky sensation of his own blood'

"W-Wait a minute!" he stammered nervously

"You're trying to humiliate me I'd really deserve it if I didn't fight back" Having performed surgeries, Irene's hands were steady she kept pressing the glass shard against Chad, making him feel the pain and kept making him bleed

It would look serious on appearance, but it was hardly life threatening

After all, a doctor knows the human body from top to bottom, and what could be potentially lethal or otherwise!

Naturally, Chad cowed immediately, "I was just worried you'd renege on our deal' I just needed leverage-1 didn't want to humiliate you! No photos, okay?"

Irene's response was more pressure. "Let me go now!"

“Didn’t we agree to destroy Isaac together?!” Chad cried, still convinced that she had a grudge against Isaac.

“You actually believed that?” Irene laughed coolly.

“You lied? But I thought he was mean to you...’

“He is, but I’ll avenge myself by my own actions. I dislike partners it’s that simple,” she said, and forced Chad to move to the doorway. “Open the door.”

Chad hesitated, but quickly gave in when Irene promptly made him feel that death was coming. Chad’s men saw him being held hostage and promptly became alert, glaring at her viciously. However, Chad

was still bleeding from his neck, and certainly did not dare to make any false moves. “Don’t come closer,” he told his men. “Let her go.”

”

They eventually got downstairs, where there were enough bystanders.

Seeing her chance, she pushed Chad away and bolted-but was not really seeing where she was going, and ran headlong into someone’s arms.

She was just going to look up and apologize when she saw that it was Isaac.

Her eyes widened. “W-Were you looking for me?”

Isaac’s expression, however, was impassive-devoid of his earlier gentleness, with only cruelty showing.

He was silent, and looked past her to Chad, who was clutching his neck.

The man was still terrified since he was still bleeding from the neck, and worried that he was in mortal danger.

“Why are you just staring?” he yelled. “Call an ambulance already!”

Isaac had a general idea how he was injured just then.

He lowered his gaze at Irene... and turned around without a word.

Irene was confused! What had gotten into him this time?

Was he upset again?

Biting her lip, she gave chase but said nothing either.

She felt puzzled—she had clearly just escaped, and he was now flipping out at her before she could catch her breath?

She was not in the mood to be sweet!

As they reached his car, Isaac got in.

Just as Irene reached for the door handle, he told Stan, “Drive.”

*Stan glanced at Irene, but floored the gas pedal, leaving Irene standing there and breathing

fumes!

She frowned.

What was his deal? Did he regret being nice to her already?

Why the silent treatment? He could have just told her it was not as if she wanted to stay with him!

Taking a taxi back to the mansion, Mrs. Watson promptly rushed to Irene’s side when she saw her.
“Where have you been, Mrs. Jefferson?”

She thought that Irene was running away again.

“Something came up,” Irene simply said, and headed upstairs.