

## Runaway 141

### Chapter 141

Once Irene returned to her room, she picked up her phone and saw a few missed calls from Lulu.

She called her back, and Lulu soon picked up.

"Irene?" She sounded very worried.

"I'm here," Irene replied.

"Are you alright? I was so worried when I couldn't reach you."

"I'm fine. Have you arrived at Cloud City? Where are you now? I'll come to you."

"I'm at work right now," Lulu replied. "I'm only free after six. Let's meet up somewhere." "Okay," Irene said, and asked, "Is my mom and Tommy alright?"

"Yeah. They're staying at my home-don't worry."

"Good."

Irene missed her family-especially Tommy, who was separated from her soon after birth.

She wanted to hold him so much.

Suddenly, Mrs. Watson came upstairs and called out, "I've made you something to eat, Mrs. Jefferson. Please come downstairs to eat."

Lulu heard that, and said, "Well, as long as you're fine. Let's talk later!"

"Okay," Irene replied, hung up and followed Mrs. Watson downstairs, where Isaac was sitting by the dining table.

She stopped in her tracks.

"Mrs. Jefferson, you should eat," Mrs. Watson told her when she saw that she paused.

Irene quickly composed herself and sat down at the dining table.

Isaac never looked at her even when she arrived, and moved his fork unhurriedly.

Irene could not help it and said, "You can just tell me that you regret what you said. You don't have to give me the cold treatment I'm not that clingy."

She knew a man like Isaac would never accept a woman who had been with someone else, even having their child.

She was just being delusional, believing that they could have a proper relationship!

Still, Isaac's expression turned icy and he slowly looked up angrily at her.

"You've really perfected the art of playing the victim, haven't you?"

After all, she was the one who had gone missing when he returned last night.

Also, he found the card she left on his desk, placed over the note that read: [Isaac Jefferson, I want a divorce.]

He almost lost his mind, thinking that Irene had run away again!

He was sitting around the entire night without sleep, but eventually could not take it and started a

search, finding out that she left with Samantha White, and tracked her all the way to the hotel!

It was certainly no coincidence that he was there.

Irene frowned in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

Isaac laughed despite himself-how could she be so pretentious?!

"Tell me, what's written on this card and note is in your handwriting, isn't it? Are you pretending you don't know now? Afraid to admit it?"

Irene slapped her own forehead. How did she forget about that?!

She had written that because she had been furious when she saw Isaac getting chummy with Kathy York!

She would have completely forgotten about it if he never mentioned it.

Was this why he was so upset?

“Hold on-”

“Tell me,

did you write this?” Isaac demanded, cutting her short!

“Yes,” she admitted.

The instant she said that, however, Isaac’s expression darkened, and he appeared colder than before!

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Isaac was glaring at Irene as if he would cut her into little pieces—if looks could kill, she would be dead already!

“I was just -”

Even as Irene tried to explain, Isaac sprang to his feet, clearly reluctant to listen to her, and strode out of the dining room.

Irene pursed her lips but did not follow—he was furious, and he was not calm enough to listen to her explanations.

She should give him time to calm down before talking to him.

“Achoo-”

Irene suddenly clasped her hand over her mouth as she sneezed!

Seeing that, Mrs. Watson asked, “Do you have a cold?”

Irene nodded, and she quickly brought her cold medicine.

“Thanks,” Irene sniffled.

Mrs. Watson smiled. “You’re Mr. Jefferson’s wife. It’s what I should do.”

Irene lowered her gaze at the mention of Isaac, but quickly took the medicine and washed it down with water.

After having breakfast, Irene changed into fresh clothes and headed to the hospital.

Ensuring that Samantha was not around, she visited Lionel, and told him that Samantha was coveting the Spencer estate. She also warned him to be wary, in case Samantha tried to harm him for the money-she was willing to kill Irene for it, after all!

Lionel, however, frowned. "You weren't like this before, Irene."

He was aware that Irene disliked Samantha-even hated her.

It was understandable from Irene's standpoint, but hatred aside, she should not make false accusations.

In fact, it disappointed him that Irene would say something like that was Irene the one who actually wanted the family estate? Was that why she resorted to slander?

"How was I before?" Irene asked in return.

"You always tried to give her a wide berth," Lionel replied.

Irene could tell right then that Lionel doubted her!

Taking a deep breath, she said, "Would you believe me if I told you that she tried to kill me?"

Lionel did a double take it was too much to take.

He was certainly aware that Samantha was a heinous gold digger, but he still doubted that she would resort to murder

"She wouldn't go that far!"

Irene was not in a hurry to explain, and she already had an idea. "Well, I can prove it to you."

"H-How?" Lionel asked.

“She thinks I’m dead. How would she react when she sees me?”

Lionel thought about it. “Spooked?”

As Irene stayed silent, Lionel started to believe her a little now-she would not be this confident otherwise.

“I’ll help you,” he said.

“Thank you,” Irene replied.

“Is there really such a huge wall between us?” Lionel asked, looking at her then.

His cheeks were sunken and yellowed, while his eyes almost seemed dried and lifeless after he was tormented by sickness.

But now, his eyes twinkled with a yearning for kinship-people inevitably yearned for warmth when they were vulnerable, and Lionel was no exception.

However, Irene remained aloof and said nothing.

\*After all that had happened, she could not offer warmth even though he asked-because he

had never loved her like a father before.

Lionel sighed then, but did not try to push her.

The rift between them had existed for far too long. It was impossible to desire more kinship ‘from her.

“Samantha will visit around five with dinner,” he said.

Irene nodded.

Time flew by, and it was soon 5 PM.

“Lionel,” Samantha greeted him as she entered with a food jar.

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Samantha was in a great mood since Irene was gone, and was convinced that the Spencer estate now

was all her son's to take.

Naturally, what belonged to her son was hers as well.

"As the doctor ordered, I made a blanched meal of meat and vegetables. You should eat more, and you'll get better soon," she told Lionel.

When Lionel tried to push himself up, she quickly came to help him, even putting a pillow behind him for him to lean on.

Then, as she poured him a bowl of broth, she said, "By the way, I heard that Irene went missing."

Lionel's head jerked toward her right then, and the look in his eyes puzzled her.

"What's with that look?" She smiled.

Lionel realized that he was overreacting too, and quickly tried to hide it so that she did not notice. "The broth looks good. It must have taken a while to cook it, right?"

"Yeah! I spent hours on it-have as much as you like." Samantha handed him the bowl, and \*quickly changed the subject. "Don't you think Irene would meet an accident, going missing

like that?"

As Lionel stared at Samantha, he did not need Irene to tell him that Samantha knew something he did not, given the way she was testing the waters.

Moreover, Samantha had never liked Irene, but she was somehow eager to mention her today.

Irene must have been telling the truth-Samantha had tried to harm her, or worse.

"She'll be fine. Why would she get into an accident?" Lionel said, appearing calm but he was already turning cold inwardly. "She went missing for months last time too. Maybe she's just hiding again-why panic?"

"I'm just worried." Samantha kept probing. "You need to plan ahead if something really happened to her."

"What are you talking about?" Lionel asked, glaring at her now.

"I mean, Ricky is your sole heir now, so you should focus on him. Don't think about your daughter—she's married and belongs to another family, and the Jeffersons would never want for money..

Lionel could no longer stand it right then, and cut her short. "Did you do something to Irene, Samantha White?!"

Samantha laughed. "No way-

That was when she heard a sound behind her, and turned to find Irene standing there.

"No!" she cried out in panic and terror from guilt. "You should be dead! Don't come near me!"

"That's not what you said when you tried to kill me!" Irene said as she strode toward

Samantha

Still panicking, Samantha cowered. "No, I didn't kill you! You shouldn't be haunting me!"

"Your men, your plan," Irene said, baiting Samantha to confess as she had already started recording their voices with her cellphone.

Once Samantha admitted it, it was proof enough that she tried to kill Irene—even if she failed!

It was conspiracy to murder!

Nonetheless, Samantha kept shaking her head. "It wasn't me, it wasn't me!"

Her near-manic state left Lionel glowering, and he barked, "Do you have a death wish, Samantha White? You actually attempted murder?!"

Samantha's head seemed to clear up from his scolding, and she looked between Lionel and Irene. "Y-You're not dead?"

"You'll be if she really was!" Lionel bellowed.

Finally coming back to reality, Samantha promptly denied it. "No! I'd never kill anyone! It's all a misunderstanding!"

“A misunderstanding?” Irene laughed. “Your goons tried to rape me and kill me, but I managed to escape. Did you think I’d let it go after all that?”

Samantha played dumb. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Your thugs tried to rape her?” Lionel asked, his voice turning quiet—he was less agitated, but furious nonetheless.

“Don’t listen to her! I’d never do that,” Samantha said fawningly. “Don’t you know what your own daughter is like?”

“I do that’s why I trust her,” Lionel replied.

Samantha tried to defend herself further, but Lionel cut her short. “I know you want Ricky to inherit the family estate, and I am death’s door. It is understandable that you would desire that to happen, but do

you think I’d forgive you for trying to murder Irene, my daughter?”

“I’m not

“If you want Ricky to inherit the family fortune, surrender yourself at the precinct. Refuse, and Ricky won’t get a cent.”

It was not as if Lionel did not love his son, just as he was not cold enough to cut him out of his

will

He had to do this to force Samantha to give in, because she was the only reason Irene would refuse to acknowledge Ricky as a sibling

Irene was older and had discipline, whereas Ricky had been spoiled too much by Samantha, and only ever caused trouble!

To entrust Ricky to Irene’s care, he must punish Samantha!

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Lionel was convinced that after he sided with Irene on this one, she would not refuse him. Should he ask her to look after Ricky in the future.



He had certainly thought of everything, and had already left a will dictating the distribution of his estates.

Everything Samantha did was in vain!

For her part, Samantha knew that Lionel never loved her.

However, she never expected him to side with Irene, even going so far as to force her to surrender herself to the police by using his fortune as leverage!

“I’ve been with you for over twenty years Don’t you trust me at all? I said I didn’t

“Just stop already! Are you going to surrender yourself or not?!” Lionel promptly cut her short, because he was not in the mood for her nonsense

Samantha was left trembling even as she stood. While she did not love Lionel that much, they had been partners and he genuinely cared for her!

How could he be so heartless?

““I’m the mother of your son!” she snapped.

Lionel remained calm despite her outburst and mania. “I never denied that.”

“Then why are you pushing me so far?” Samantha cried, unable to believe that Lionel would go so far for Irene.

But it was now reality.

“I knew it... You still love your ex-wife and your daughter! Ricky and I were just spares... Fine! Ricky and I will leave!”

She stormed off, convinced that Lionel would ask her and Ricky to stay since they were together for so long... But Lionel did not, leaving her utterly disenchanted!

They had lived together for years, and were more than spouses even if they were not legitimate.

But Lionel insisted on being this cold toward her!

Bloodlust overflowed within Samantha's heart just then, and before she left, she glared at Lionel pointedly!

"Dad..." Irene began.

She was surprised by Lionel's coldness towards Samantha too!

"Don't worry. I'll settle this for your sake!" Lionel insisted.

Seeing that he was determined, Irene had nothing to say, and turned to leave. "I see, I'll be leaving now."

Lionel stopped her. "Do you think... Your mother will visit me?"

Irene did not look back. "I told her about your condition, but she refused."

With that, she left.

Once outside the hospital, Irene whipped out her phone to call Lulu-she happened to be free, and they arranged to meet at a teahouse.

But by sheer coincidence, Irene ran into Zachary just outside the teahouse.

He seemed to have withered considerably after getting constantly drunk for a while now, and a lot less bright or cheerful.

"Are you going in too, Irene?" he asked.

Remembering that she was going to meet Lulu, Irene felt a little guilty. "I... guess?"

"What a coincidence. You can join me," Zachary said, but he appeared tired and unenthusiastic.

It hurt Irene to see him like this, and she really wanted to tell him that Lulu did not actually get married or loved someone else.

However, it was not up to her to tell him.

"You came alone?" Irene asked, actually curious since Zachary never liked tea and had no reason to

be here.

She and Lulu had agreed to meet here since this was a quiet place.

"I have a blind date," Zachary said as he dragged her inside. "Can you do me a solid? I don't know how to turn her down otherwise."

Trene pushed him away. "I won't be your shield."

"Why?"

Zachary actually thought that nothing could be easier his mother might have arranged this, but once his blind date saw him with another woman, the whole thing would quickly go sour.

And he did not have to bother anymore!

"I have something to attend to." Irene began, whipping out her phone to call Lulu and change the venue

Before she could do it, however, Lulu arrived and saw Irene and somehow missed Zachary as she called out, "Irene.."

Irene turned around stiffly-she was too late!

Lulu was already smiling and walking toward them, while Zachary's whole body had stiffened, and he could not move after he heard her voice

"What's wrong? You don't look well," Lulu asked.

trene glanced sideways "I caught a cold"

"Did you take your meds?" Lulu pressed in concern. Irene simply stayed silent

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Lulu noticed the strange look on Irene's face just then. "What's with you-

"Lulu."

"

Zachary suddenly stood up, leaving Lulu stunned!

Just then, she felt surprise and pang of delight-delight to see him.

Still, she quickly came to her senses and maintained an indifferent look as she asked coolly, "Why are you here?"

Zachary simply stared at her fixedly-she was questioning his presence, without greeting or asking after his health.

Irene quickly said, "We met outside. I was going to call you, but you came already..."

Lulu saw that she was holding her phone and hence telling the truth-she did not mean to set up this meeting between them.

"Let's go elsewhere," Lulu said.

"Okay," Irene replied, while Zachary pursed his lips beside her.

Just as they were ready to leave, he strode forward in an instant and grabbed Lulu's wrist, dragging her further into the tearoom, telling Irene as they moved, "I need to talk to her. Don't interfere."

"Let me go! There's nothing to talk about, I'm married

Zachary suddenly wrapped his arms around her and kissed her, stopping her mid-sentence.

Irene stood nearby and watched.

Knowing that a proper talk would do them some good, she quietly turned and left.

She was going to get a taxi and return to the mansion, but changed her mind-she should go look for Isaac and clear their misunderstanding anyway.

He must have calmed down by now, and would readily listen.

Directing the taxi driver to take her to Light Group's offices, she only found Stan there, who told her,

"Mr. Jefferson is not around-he returned to Jefferson Manor."

"Is there a reason?" Irene asked.

"I'm not sure," Stan replied. "Money Penny himself came looking for him, so I'm sure that Mr. Henry

Jefferson asked.”

Irene nodded in understanding, and returned to the mansion since Isaac was not around.

Isaac appeared a little impatient as he played chess with his grandfather.

He was summoned here, but Henry was not saying a thing.

“Can you tell me what I’m here for, Grandfather?” he suddenly said, interrupting the old man who was contemplating his next move

Seemingly remembering that he was there just then, Henry laughed cheerfully. “Oh, my memory is really failing me these days... Getting so engrossed with chess after getting you to come!”

He told Moneypenny to pour them two cups of tea, took a sip, and slowly said, “Actually, it’s nothing much –I have a friend coming by today, and it’s impolite since I would be alone receiving them. That’s why I asked you to help me show them some hospitality.”

Isaac frowned. “Your son is better suited for that.”

He was obviously displeased.

At the same time, Henry’s face paled.

He had two sons the eldest, Isaac’s father, had long since passed away.

Isaac was clearly referring to his second son, Ian Jefferson... And he knew very well what his own son had done!

That was why he had no authority even if he was Isaac’s elder, because he defended his son

Breathing a deep sigh, he remembered the two reasons he handed the entirety of the Jefferson estate to Isaac.

For one, Isaac had the ability to bring them to new heights.

“And the other was to make amends.

“Your uncle is just too soft-he’s not meant for great things,” Henry said, pushing all the responsibility to Ian’s wife, Quincy Moore.

After all, when the day comes and he departs, Isaac would have no qualms to destroy Ian. He was therefore doing his best to talk Isaac into training his crosshairs on Quincy, and be lenient on Ian since he was his uncle.

Money Penny returned to the room then and announced, “Sir, they’re here.”

“Good. Bring them here!” Henry exclaimed.

Money Penny left once more, and returned with a man who appeared around the same age as Henry, but appeared more spirited than himself!

“Long time no see, old friend.”

“We never had much chance to meet after you moved out of the country,” Henry said warmly.

Isaac remained in his seat, but when he finally looked up and saw the woman with the visitor, he could not help furrowing his brow!

Chapter 146

Kathy York was obviously surprised to see Isaac there as well.

Still, she did not speak with him as the elders were talking, and stayed quietly beside her own grandfather.

However, even if Isaac did not speak, his mere presence certainly caught attention.

Cedric York noticed him immediately, and smiled. “Is this the grandson you’re so proud of?”

Henry did not hide his pride at all and chuckled heartily as he said, “Of course. He certainly outshone my son and myself in our prime!”

Then, turning toward Kathy, he said, “And this is your sole granddaughter, I presume?”

Cedric sighed. “Indeed. We only have each other, now that her father has passed away due to illness and her mother remarried.”

Henry sighed as well-he had lost his son too, and knew the pain of a parent who had to bury his child!

“Isaac, would you mind showing Kathy around the manor while we old friends catch up?”

Isaac could tell immediately what his grandfather was up to.

Henry had told him to divorce Irene last time he was here, and was now trying to have him mingle with another woman. What else could it be other than attempting to hook them up?

He was certainly upset. Although he would not throw a fit because Henry was still his grandfather, he was not about to play along.

He suddenly suspected that Henry had arranged for Kathy to show up at his company in the first place.

With that, he left the room with no intention of bringing Kathy along.

Henry was about to offer some assurance, but Kathy quickly said, "It's fine."

As such, Henry waited until Isaac had left and said, "He's actually not as cold as he looks. Please be patient with him."

"I will." Kathy smiled.

She was good-looking and had a sweet smile. Henry was naturally satisfied with her, especially since she was the only granddaughter of a friend and had a clean background.

"Well, it's now up to you to get them together," Cedric said.

"Yes, but this will take time. I've told you about the situation, and patience is needed here."

In truth, Henry was not confident about their plan at all, but was willing to try.

After the disappointment that was Irene Spencer, he was forced to find another woman he can count on!

Still, Cedric clearly admired Isaac. "Of course. Your grandson is a fine man, and Kathy likes him. Even if I can't wait, I'd have to be patient for Kathy's sake."

Henry arranged this after all, and they should likewise be confident.

Smiling at Kathy, he said, "It takes time for feelings to develop. Just try to reach out with Isaac more. He should be outside, so go hang out with him."

Kathy lowered her gaze with a shy smile. "Okay."

Naturally, everything that just happened was staged for Isaac's benefit.

Once Isaac strode out of the manor, he headed to the back garden and called Stan.

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson?"

"Did you actually do a background check on the woman you hired yesterday?" Isaac asked. If his hunch was right, Henry had arranged for Kathy to show up at Light Group in the first place!

"I did. She graduated from a famous university, but has no work experience..."

"What about her family?" Isaac coolly cut him short.

"Well, she told me that she was living abroad and only returned recently, but not much else..."

Did something happen? Is she stalking you? But I've already sent her away..."

\*Isaac was frowning and had a hand over his forehead. "You're an idiot!"

However, his outburst was meant for himself as well!

How could he listen to Stan and get a woman to make Irene jealous?

Now he had brought trouble down on his own head!

On the other end, Stan was utterly puzzled by Isaac's scolding.

"What did I do?"

Isaac promptly hung up, since he was in no mood to explain.

Chapter 147



On the other end, Stan was utterly mystified.

Even if he had made a mistake and deserved a scolding, Isaac should at least make things clear.

After all, a man should at least have his crimes read out to him before his execution!

Naturally, no one could hear his musings, let alone Isaac!

“Hey, how did you get in here? Come out already, Ms. York!”

On the way back to the mansion, Isaac overheard Moneypenny and walked over to find Kathy standing in his room, holding the box containing the photo of his parents.

His gaze turned dark and strode up to her, his voice ice cold. “What are you doing?!”

Kathy was calm and composed. “I was just curious, so I took a look.”

“Put it down already, Ms. York,” Moneypenny told her. “That’s very precious to Master Isaac

“But it’s mine,” Kathy said confidently-even though it was the first time she had seen the silver crucifix.

After all, Henry had taught her to say that, adding that the owner of the silver crucifix was very

important to Isaac, and that he would be nice to whoever it was.

“What?” Isaac narrowed his eyes. “You’re saying that it’s yours?”

“Of course. It’s a keepsake from my father, but I lost it so long ago. Ask my grandfather if you don’t believe me.”

Kathy reared her head and showed no signs of guilt at all, and anyone who saw her would be somewhat convinced.

“If it’s yours, how did you lose it?” Isaac asked, staring fixedly at her.

"I don't remember," Kathy replied. "I must have been a child at the time."

She avoided mentioning anything specific since it had been a while anyway. If she did, she would appear a little eager, and someone as sharp as Isaac would just get suspicious.

By being ambiguous and vague, Isaac would just get curious enough, and eventually be convinced that it was hers, and that she was the one who saved him.

"Perhaps the crucifix you lost simply looks like this one?" Moneypenny suggested, affording Kathy a chance to strengthen her claim.

"No, I remember that this is the one, down to the necklace. Why wouldn't I remember a gift from my father?"

Then, putting up a miserable look, she said, "This is very important to me. May I have it back?"

Isaac became silent, but did not give in right away.

He walked

up and took the chest from Kathy, opening it to check its contents.

There was a look of tenderness in his eyes when he remembered those clear, crystalline eyes he saw all those years ago.

Even after so long, he remembered that face and those eyes when he regained consciousness after almost drowning.

"If it really is yours, I'll return it to you." With that, Isaac shut the chest and returned it where it was.

He was going to leave, but it seemed that he must stay now—at the very least, he must ensure that Kathy had been here at Jefferson Manor when he was rescued!

Kathy tamely pouted. "Fine."

Moneypenny then smiled. "Shall we head to the dining hall? Dinner is ready."

Isaac told him, "Lock my room from now on."

With that, he turned and strode off.

"Of course," Moneypenny said, and traded glances with Kathy.

Even if Isaac was angry, they did what they came to do.

Both Cedric and Henry were already waiting at the dining hall.

Seeing his granddaughter arrive, Cedric asked, "So, how was your stroll? Do you remember this place?"

"I do," Kathy replied as she walked up to him. "You brought me here for a funeral, and I also remember saving a boy from drowning."

Isaac had sat down quietly, but looked up at her when she said that!

#### Chapter 148

Kathy naturally noticed the look from Isaac, and her smile became even brighter

With that, he got up and left, though he got a call from his grandfather on the way back.

"Isaac, I heard that your company hired Kathy, but she was let go because she was not up to her task? Can't you arrange for something easier for her?"

"You arranged for her to show up, didn't you?" Isaac asked in return.

Even if everyone at the manor was convinced their act was good, Isaac did not even need to guess what was happening-the signs were all there, not to mention that there were one too many coincidences.

Regardless, Henry tried to keep up the act anyway. "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

"Do I look like an idiot, Grandfather?" Isaac growled, his tone turning cool. "You were telling me to

divorce Irene Spencer the last time we met, and now that woman shows up at the manor? You're just trying to get us together, aren't you?"

Henry was convinced that his plan was foolproof, but Isaac saw through it anyway.

. It really gets troublesome when people are too smart for their own good...

“Well...” Henry began, but he could not offer an explanation.

What else could he say other than ‘I was doing this for your own good?’

Naturally, his voice just trailed off into a sigh.

“I’ll have Stan arrange for a job for her, but don’t ever do that again,” Isaac said then.

His patience was limited, especially since Henry was meddling in his personal life.

“Fine, I won’t,” Henry promised. “I did want you to get along with Kathy, but I’m being honest when I asked you to get her a job. You see, she was living abroad with her grandfather for a while, and she led a lonely life like you, since she lost her parents early...”

Henry then realized that he had spoken too much, and quickly stopped there. “Ah, I’ve really gotten old.”

Isaac calmly said, “I’m hanging up if there’s nothing else.”

But when he did so, he was not calm at all!

Driving back to his mansion, he threw the car keys to Jimmy the chauffeur and strode inside. Seeing no one else around the living room, he asked Mrs. Watson, “Is she out?”

“She’s in her room,” Mrs. Watson replied.

“Okay,” Isaac replied softly and headed upstairs.

He paused for a moment outside Irene’s room, but just as he was about to knock, he paused and refrained from doing so, striding to his own room instead.

In her room, Irene was holding up a book, but could not focus enough to read it.

She was feeling especially irritated, but had no idea why.

She eventually gave up, put away the book, and headed downstairs.

Mrs. Watson rarely saw her restless, and it was obvious that she was not in a good mood.

“Is there a problem, Mrs. Jefferson? You seem distracted, and you don’t seem to have an appetite either.”

Irene scratched her head. “Do I?”

Mrs. Watson smiled. “Perhaps the food isn’t as good without Mr. Jefferson around?”

Irene blushed, and denied it fervently! “No way! Why would I not have an appetite when he’s not around?”

She thought that Mrs. Watson was being outrageous!

Nonetheless, Mrs. Watson smiled and waved her off. “Then pretend I never said that, though you know the truth yourself.”

Irene did a double take.

## Chapter 149

Was Isaac the reason she was restless today? Did that mean he affected her emotions now?

No! That was impossible!

She did not want to admit it...

But it was a harsh reality. She was getting reckless because of Isaac

She shook her head to try to get him out of her head. How could she have feelings for him, after he hurt

her and indirectly caused her to lose one of her twins?

However, the more she tried to stop thinking about him, the more she did in fact, his image was now imprinted in her mind, and memories they shared replayed like a movie

“By the way, Mr. Jefferson is upstairs. Didn’t he talk to you?” Mrs Watson asked just then

Irene paused and wheeled on Mrs Watson “He’s back?”

Mrs. Watson nodded, and Irene became even more distracted then

She headed upstairs, but was caught in a dilemma on whether she should see him

Impulse eventually trumped rationality, and she headed toward Isaac’s room.

The door was not shut, and there was a narrow slit. As she gently pushed it, she felt a little blinded by the brightness within, and she narrowed her eyes until she got used to it, and saw Isaac standing inside.

He was looking at something...

Irene pushed the door further and then saw that he was looking at a painting-the same painting depicting her during her pregnancy, which he bought from Harvey Gooding at the auction!

She strode inside and asked softly, “Why would you spend so much to buy that painting?”

Isaac sensed a presence the instant she pushed the door, but did not turn to look at her.

He kept his eyes fixed on the painting, thinking to himself that she would only stay still and stay with him when she was asleep... or memorialized, such as in that painting.

“Because it’s you,” he said.

Irene felt her breath leave her lungs, and her heart began to pound.

Those words were lovelier than anything else, and she admitted to herself then that she had fallen for him.

Without knowing it, she walked over to him and firmly wrapped her arms around his slim waist-perhaps because he looked so lonely from behind, or maybe she just had an uncontrollable burst of emotion.

Either way, she did it, and even she herself could not believe it.

When she finally came to her senses and tried to pull away, Isaac caught her wrists and stopped her, saying quietly, "I love you like this."

Irene lowered her gaze as her cheeks turned red, struggling against his hold as she asked shyly, "You like me to take the initiative?"

Isaac turned toward her then. "Can't you be a little more obedient?"

Irene bit her lip. "Why? I'm not a child."

Isaac frowned-she could really upset him in a split second.

"Irene."

"What?" She looked up, and found Isaac leaning forward.

She held her breath, and closed her eyes as she felt his warm, tender lips against hers.

He gathered her in his arms at the same time-his kiss was possessive, but somehow captivating as well.

Irene thought that the reason she had fallen for him was because he really had what it took to steal a woman's heart.

"Please don't run away again, alright?" She seemed to hear his voice despite her daze, and there was a plea in his quiet voice.

He had always been high and mighty, but his words now were humble.

Irene would be lying if she said she was unaffected.

"I wasn't trying to run. Samantha White tried to hurt me because she wants the Spencer estate

Chapter 150

As Irene quietly explained everything, Isaac realized that while he had a general idea of what happened, he did not have the details.

Now that he knew Samantha had picked that quiet place to attempt murder, he stiffened and asked, "Were you hurt?"

Irene shook her head.

Isaac was relieved, and remembered the injuries she inflicted on Harvey as well.

She knew her way around a scalpel—she was not about to get hurt that easily.

Even so, she was a woman—she had limits to her strength no matter how smart she was.

"Be more careful next time," he told her. "Contact me at once when you get in trouble next time."

"Okay," Irene said, her bright, crystalline gaze flickering just then. "Isaac, I..."

She wanted to tell her that she had a child just then, but swallowed her words just as it reached the tip of her tongue.

"What is it?" Isaac asked.

Irene hung her head, wondering how she should piece the sentence. "I had something to say yesterday, didn't I?"

"Yeah?"

"I..."

Bzzt-

Her cell phone suddenly started vibrating in her pocket.

Isaac could see her hesitation. "Just say what you need to say. You don't have to hesitate."

Mustering her courage, she said, "I had a child!"

Isaac pursed his lips—she had told him that before.

For Irene's part, she knew from his gaze that he thought she was referring to her other twin which did



not survive delivery... which was a lie.

"No, I mean..."

"I don't mind," Isaac insisted.

As her phone started to vibrate again, Irene became worried that it was Sheryl, and she could not afford to wait if something happened to Tommy.

"Never mind," she said, and turned to leave when Isaac caught her wrist!

His gaze was almost searing. "Where are you going? Just stay here for the night."

"I have something to do," Irene said quietly.

I

"What is it?"

"I have to contact my mom. My father is terminally ill, and he wants to see her. I should at least tell her about it."

It was a half-truth, but Isaac could not meddle anyway since it was serious business.

"Okay," he said and let her go.

Irene strode out of his room, returning to her own and sitting on her bed to scroll through her call logs.

It turned out to be a missed call from Lulu instead.

Hesitating for a moment, she then called her back, and Lulu quickly picked up.

"Irene..."

"Yeah. How are things going over there?" Irene asked, concerned about how things were going with Lulu and Zachary.

Lulu did not answer, but Irene soon noticed sniffles from the other end.

"Were you... crying?" she asked.

Lulu did not respond, and Irene knew right then that she was in a bad state!

“What happened?” she asked urgently, but it seemed that Lulu was emotionally torn and could not compose herself enough to talk.

“Where are you right now?” Irene asked then.

It took a while for Lulu to eventually answer, “I’m at Zachary’s place. Could you come give me a ride?”

“Of course,” Irene replied. “But I don’t know where he lives—I’ve never been there. Why don’t you send me your location?”

“Okay,” Lulu replied.